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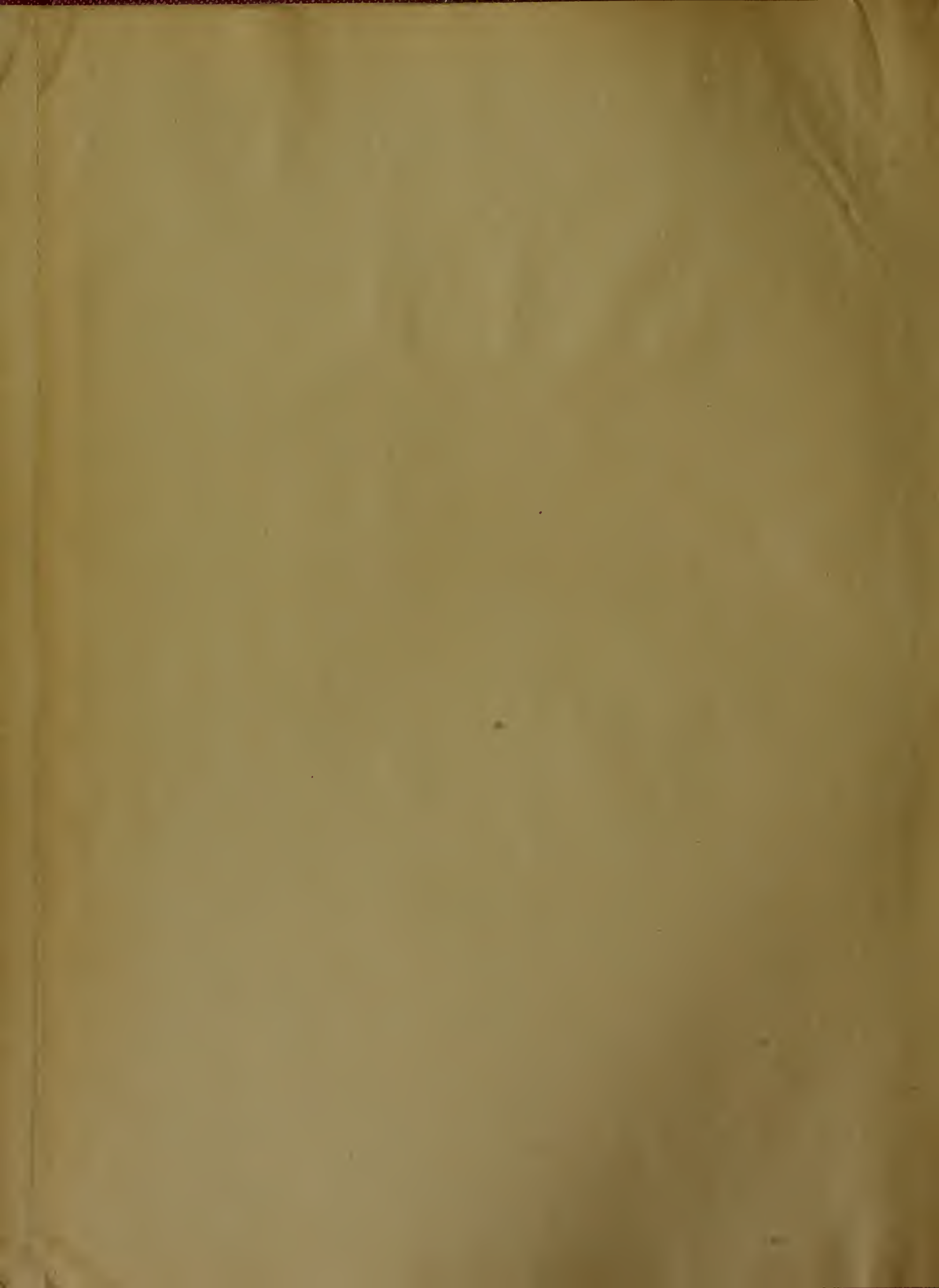
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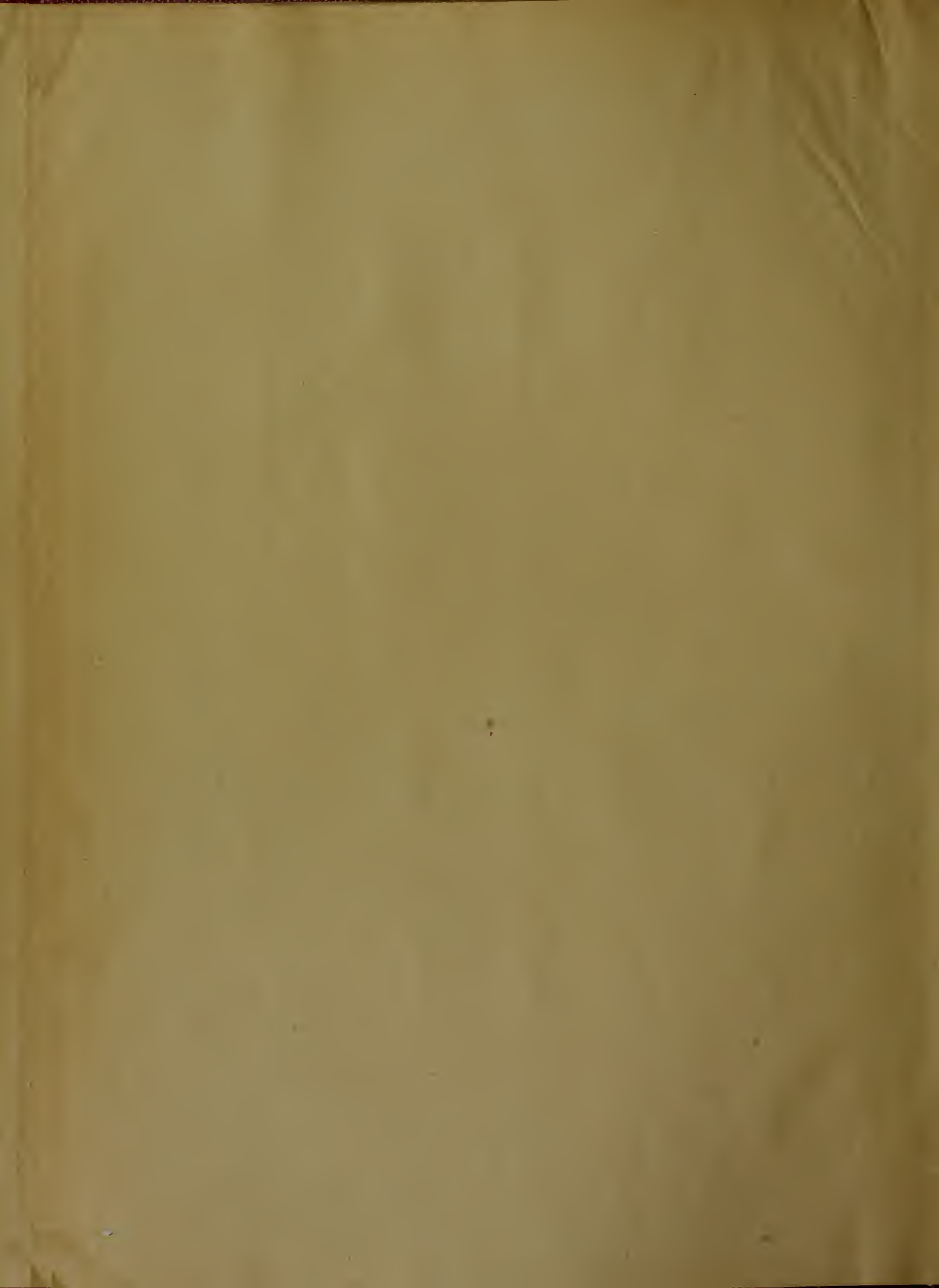
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Official Journal of

The National Council of Women—
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JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR, Editor

Gentlemen,
Give Us More
Statesmen
and Fewer Politicians
Think of
Our Country First
and
Parties After

Vol. XI. No. 8/1

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1916

15c Per Copy. \$1.50 Per Year

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

EVERYWOMAN takes great pleasure in letting our readers know that Mrs. Philip North Moore is now the president of the National Council of Women. This good news came too late for the last issue, and the name of Dr. Kate Waller Barrett went into the magazine as usual. Dr. Barrett, believing that she could be of better service to the Council by working for it as treasurer, took that office. And, as we all know, the Council needs all the money for its great magnanimous work, we hope and feel that she must succeed, and we feel that California and the Pacific States will willingly do their share.

During her stay on the Coast thousands knew and loved Dr. Barrett, and, when Lady Aberdeen came, and added her sweet influence to the cause, we justly felt that not only the National Council of Women, but the International Council derived great benefit from the constant devotion, which these two generous hearted ladies gave to its service at all times.

It is, indeed, a delight to EVERYWOMAN, as the official organ of the National Council, that Mrs. Moore, whom thousands of our readers knew and admired during the Biennial of the National Federated Woman's Clubs, when we entertained them in San Francisco four years ago; and, who was then the popular president of the Federation, is now the president of the National Council of Women.

So, you see, we are not to have a stranger as a successor to Dr. Barrett, but a friend; and, without doubt, a lady who has few, if any, equals in executive ability and the broad, sympathetic nature which is a necessity to any woman who is

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a successful leader in the great club movement of today.

As president of the National Federation, we all remember what a delicate situation Mrs. Moore had to handle with the suffragists and the opposition straining every nerve for the support of the Federation. But she handled the momentous question with such unbiased fairness that she won the admiration of every one.

So, EVERYWOMAN wishes her all success in this her most humane undertaking, and we are sure Dr. Barrett feels the same. Following is a list of the officers who will serve with Mrs. Moore:

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The Children's Hospital of

The Life Work of

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

EVERY month, *Everywoman* takes great delight in telling something new in the Kiddies' Corner—something new and something pleasant; for, all the surroundings of the little people should be pleasant, as they are, in themselves, so intensely interesting. They—when they are permitted by the grown-ups—bring great sunshine into the world, and they keep it there as long as the grown-ups will permit them to. So, we have a great deal for



Mrs. John F. Merrill

which to cherish and thank the little ones. Last month our Kiddies' Corner was packed full and overflowing with the pictures, the pleasures and the actions of the children who came under the inspection of physicians and nurses during Baby's Welfare Week. A week which provided one of pure delight to hundreds of people, as well as to the proud parents of the little tots who were under inspection for any traces of disease which might be taken in time and helped or cured as soon as possible. But, for the most part, these little ones developed perfections instead of diseases; and, one Perfect Baby, little Katherine Dermody, proved to be a child of exquisite beauty, as well as of remarkable mentality; all of which gave certain joy to all who met her.

But this month we have another story to tell of a Kiddies' Corner which can only create pain and pity in the heart of anyone capable of feeling. These are the children who are confined in the incurable ward of the Children's Hospital—"The Little Jim Hospital," as it is named. We give you, our readers, a few of the pictures of these little ones in this issue, and you'll agree that they speak louder than words. As you can readily see, the shadow of the incurable is stamped on the baby faces of many of the children who are far too young to understand the tragedy of their lives. These little ones, for the most part, are the children of the poor, and many of them are orphans. There are some, however, who are the children of parents in good circumstances, who realize the value of the scientific care which the children receive in the hospital, and which would be impossible for them to receive in their own homes. But, to the officers and nurses of the institution, they are all simply suffering babies. They are neither rich nor poor, high-class nor low class. Not even the color line is drawn. Whether they are paid for or not, no one knows nor cares, once they are received.

Just from merely a study of the accompanying pictures of the suffering children, books could have been written bearing out the prophesy: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, even unto the third and fourth generation thereof." This cruel truth is clearly proven in the living testimony of these little incurable ones. Incurable from birth, for the most part. The greatest blight which can be placed on innocent humanity is



Mrs. I. N. Walter

their heritage, for they have done nothing—of themselves—to deserve this. Then another phase of ignorant selfishness is forcibly suggested, which comes well under the head of

"The Unfit Parents." But, as this is not a scientific article in any sense, the physicians and scientists, who are struggling against varied and immense obstacles, are the ones to use all means within their power to bring about a cleaner and more enlightened life for the children of the future.

Our purpose is to call the attention of thinking people to the necessities of the incurables, and to arouse in all people a sense of their duty to the helpless children and women who must be cared for at the hospital. This tremendous duty is left to the few, when it should be shared by all. Now, the hospital is deeply in debt, and also the children's wing is sadly needed, according to the daily demands.



Mrs. Latham McMullin



THE KIDDIES' CORNER FOR THE INCURABLES —Photo by Cardinell-Vincent Co.

To-Day and Other Days

Great Souled Women

In the Grip of the Destroyer

As you will see, practically all of the children are crippled, from the inroads of one disease or another. Tuberculosis of the bone is a common cause, but far from the only cause. Paralysis, too, makes violent havoc among the incurables. Indeed, it is looked upon as about the most hopeless of all their afflictions, and, in a way, the strangest, according to the location of the disease. It may leave part of the victim an imbecile, while other parts of the body are in control of their usual functions; or, it may leave a clear and normal brain, while other parts of the body are helpless.

In the case of Bobby Verner, a child of striking physical beauty from the waist line up, you find a singular proof of this affliction. From the waist-line down Bobby is dead, and has been from birth, in so far as any feelings in that part of his body are concerned, or in so far as his mind registers any message to his brain of the necessities of the lower half of his body; nor is there any hope that this condition will change, as for seven years out of his ten years of life he has received every known scientific treatment which is believed useful in his case. Through these treatments he was saved from remaining a hunchback. Bobby is not only a beautiful child, but he is gifted with an excellent mind. With all his handicap, he is a student. His splendid head and grave, sad eyes make you feel, instinctively, a mind, the growth of which is far beyond his years, even though the round, handsome face is that of a child, affectionate, magnetic and lovable.

Of Bobby, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, the general secretary, says: "The little fellow is a natural born gentleman. At three years of age he was remarkable for his politeness and gentleness.



Mrs. George Batchelder

He endeared himself to all; but the problem confronting us is: What will become of Bobby when he reaches the age of fifteen? At that age the law of the hospital is that the patient must find another home, and this change will be particularly hard on him, as he is so helpless."

The Sorrow of Separation

Another great sorrow which confronts these children is that of parting from the only home, friends and protectors the greater number of them have ever known, and the facing up of strangers in their extreme helplessness. They become devotedly attached to the young nurses and officers, who, while maintaining a strict discipline, have, through their kindness, won the love of their little patients, who are, with a few exceptions, mentally normal, and gifted with sunny dispositions.



Mrs. George Falkman

As Bobby Verner will be the first to leave this protection of his childhood, will not some great-hearted reader of ours with sufficient means to provide him with an education, and the care which his helplessness demands, come forward and enable him to cultivate the fine mentality which was left him, when robbed of his physical perfections? All who come to know him agree that he is capable of becoming an exceptional mathematician, and also has a fine taste as a colorist. In fact, his box of colors lie close to his hand in this picture, and in all his spare moments he makes use of them to the delight of his teacher and little friends.

Miss Mooney, a U. C. graduate who loves and trains these children, has strong hopes for many of them becoming useful, if their education can be carried on after they leave the hospital. And that "After they leave the



Mrs. Henry Payot

hospital," when it is spoken by Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Miss Mooney, or the nurses, a perceptible catch comes in the voice, and it is plain to be seen that the incurables have won a large place in the hearts of these loving women who are devoting their lives to the care of their little friends.

There are quite a few children who are there only for surgical operations, such as club feet, hunchbacks, and other malformations, which the surgeons now deem curable. So science leaves nothing undone which can benefit the children, money or no money.

At present there are about forty-five children in "The Little Jim" wards. Every service and care which can be provided by the patronesses of the hospital, by the board of managers, by the large staff of physicians, nurses and attendants is theirs. Cleanliness reigns everywhere. Sunshine and sanitation in abundance, with even a playground, wherein those who are able can make mud pies to their heart's content; yet where do you think the children find their most endearing pleasures? Many grown-ups would hardly guess, so we'll tell them—in the sunny, cosy schoolroom. The pupils range from five to ten years, and not one of them ever shirks a lesson. In fact, the only tears I saw shed during my visit were shed by a bright little Italian girl, who could not attend class just then.

This school room which has proven such a benefit and pleasure has been fitted and maintained by Mr. Wm. R. Hearst. And its most advanced pupils are as present: Bobby Verner, Adrienne Bidou, Cecil Mason, Alvin Evens, Willie Forseth, Louis Hamroll, Nannie Scheippe, Cyril Matlin and Genevieve Isum.

Some Who Make Life Possible for the
(Continued on page fourteen)

The Anti-American Attitude of Japan

(Second Paper)

Charlotte Baldwin Frost

THE amazing objection and criticism called forth by the first paper on this subject in the April *Everywoman*, merely proves the time is ripe for a plain, straightforward discussion of the subject. Those who are opposed to Preparedness very naturally do not wish to hear of the anti-American attitude of Japan, and decline to believe that Japan is anything but friendly. The supporters of Preparedness have already looked into the situation as regards Japan—and have found a very real and lively hostility growing and spreading against the United States in the Island Kingdom. That Peace Parties in America should blind themselves to so obvious a truth seems unbelievable. It is not the intention of the writer to argue for or against Preparedness, but only to point out the true attitude of Japan toward America. However, it is my aim and purpose to prove that the high and beautiful ideals of peace promoters will never be realized by stubborn refusal to face facts, much less by trying to foster their unreasoning faith in the friendship of Japan. President Wilson said in plain words a few weeks ago, "You cannot afford to postpone Preparedness. New circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for America to defend herself. I do not know what a single day may bring forth."

Since the last issue of *Everywoman*, the agreement between Japan and Russia (foretold in my last article) has actually been signed. Yet a few days ago many readers of *Everywoman* scoffed at the idea of any treaty between Russia and Japan. In this article I will forecast a like agreement between Japan and Germany, and ask you to listen to no less an authority than one foremost international law expert, Frederic R. Coudert, who says, "The very possible combination between Japan and Germany would be fraught with peril to the very life of our Republic. That such fears are not chimerical, history amply demonstrates and recent events make very clear." The fact is that the near future will bring about an alliance between Japan, Germany and Russia. Does any living human being believe that such an alliance will not be against the United States of America?

The present agreement already signed between Russia and Japan means the joint exploiting of China by these two countries. The United States is bound in honor to interfere. This is a fact to be faced by every American. You may refuse to be interested, or to listen. You may smile or even sneer, but the day is close at hand when your country and your flag will be brought very prominently into the affairs of China. We, as a nation, have protested against treating international agreements

as mere scraps of paper—we cannot go on record as treating our own agreements in the same dishonorable and disgraceful way. Do those who believe that Japan is our friend, think that the friendship will stand the strain of our interference in China? Why not admit what is so plainly before our eyes, and why not make sure of peace by taking the necessary precaution against war? Yes, war—for that is what will come to us unless we wake up from our idiotic dream of security. We have pledged ourselves to the open-door policy in China. We cannot, in honor, sit idly by while Japan closes the door. The signing



Charlotte B. Frost

of the agreement by Russia and Japan is merely the forerunner of other treaties and agreements between Japan and other powers, which will mean, with absolute certainty, the end of the Anglo-Japanese treaty and the joint interference of Great Britain and the United States in China against Japan and Russia and Germany.

To enable us to interfere *anywhere* about *anything*, we must protect ourselves at home. Our Western Coast defenses are absurdly inadequate. The Panama Canal—our pride and boast—is at the mercy of attack from the south. Does any sane person doubt that Japan knows this and has already planned the best possible way to take advantage of it, should we dare to interfere in her designs upon China? *Japan knows*. She is delighted when we laugh at the idea of an attack upon our Western coast. Our peace parties are precious in the eyes of Japan, and without doubt she will do all in her power to tighten the bandage we ourselves bind across our eyes to keep out the strong light of disagreeable truth.

The talk of Preparedness which has filled our papers, the Bills for Preparedness before our Congress, *these signs of national intelli-*

gence, are the saddest blows Japan has ever received. Japan had counted on our continued blind stupidity while she secretly enlarged her own navy and prepared to be able to answer our objections to her plans in China. If we carry out our plans for a reasonable national defense, Japan's plans will be very rudely upset. But we must realize that it will take us some time to carry out these plans, and that in the meantime our situation is a very undignified one, to say the least. If Japan should begin to enforce her designs upon China while England and France are engaged in war, what could America do about it? Think it over!

Suppose—just suppose—that we should disagree with Mexico, and Japan should offer to ally herself with Mexico? What then? What could we do? How long would the canal be safe? Do we remember that Japan has a population about equal to that of Germany, and that her military spirit quite equals that of Germany—that, individually, her men are even more devoted—glad and proud to die for Japan? Do not make any mistake about it—Japan would ally herself with any enemy of ours without a moment's delay. In the great game played by the nations, for the future, we will find Japan standing on the side opposed to us. Carranza has sent a special envoy—General Iturbe—to Japan on a secret mission. In other words, Mexico seeks the aid of Japan. What for? And do you think Mexico would send an envoy to Japan if she did not know Japan's feeling against the United States? Japan wants Magdalena Bay and other concessions in Mexico, and, but for our opposition Japan would have these concessions now. It is plain that Mexico would like to make some give and take bargain with Japan.

Before the next issue of *Everywoman* there will be other moves in the great game made by Japan. Are we to sit by and watch; shall we keep our eyes closed and not even watch, or shall we get into the great game ourselves and show that we *understand*? Of course, if we do not antagonize Japan, if we do not interfere in China, if we do not refuse to allow large numbers of Japanese to settle in the countries south of us, if we do not arrange for a merchant marine which will rob Japan of her supremacy on the Pacific—if we overlook all her own Preparedness, why, then Japan will surely be friendly. Why not? But should we prefer to retain our national honor and maintain our dignity as a nation, we shall certainly contest our right to do so with the nation whose ambitions will be checked by each step we take toward our own protection at home and abroad.

Blue Mountain Folk

Remote Settlers Quaint Ways

By Idah Pratt

THERE are many interesting places to go to see in Washington; so many rambles about parks and galleries and headquarters of almost every important organization in our United States, and I thought I had seen almost everything of interest in and around Washington, but I was mistaken. In my effort the other day to find Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, who is now interested in the formation of the Women's Self-Defense League, I walked into the Southern Industrial Educational Association room at 331 Southern Building. Mrs. Gielow was the organizer of this association, too.



All Dressed Up and No Place to Go

I did not find Mrs. Gielow, but the display there appealed to me at sight. I think most women have a greater or less sense of appreciation of work (particularly art work) done by hand.

I know any woman would feel a great interest in the work I saw displayed, and when Mrs. Stone, who is the corresponding secretary, told me it was all work done by women in isolated and remote parts of the Appalachian Mountains of North Carolina, I began to take notice.

Mrs. Stone walked around with me, showing me the "kivers," the wood carving, basketry and woven rugs, and dozens of other articles, the workmanship of which was perfect, and explained that this little room so full of precious articles constituted their office and exchange. There were bed spreads of heavy white cotton, done in the most exquisite design, in a kind of French knot, some of them tufted, and all finished with hand-tied fringe. There is a cover for the bolster roll which goes with each spread, for no other pillow covers could well be used with just this type of spread.

I noticed on the wall an instrument made of

graduated reeds such as Pan is represented as playing on; in fact, the mountain people call this instrument a Pan pipe. The Pan pipe and dulcimer, or "dulcimore," in the vernacular of the mountain people, are the only two instruments used and are the heritage of an utterly vanished past, the traditional instruments of mountain music.

As an accompaniment to the music, the crooning of the old ballads is often heard. It is hard to imagine the artistic effect of these old English songs or ballads sung to the weird melody of a dulcimer.

The ballads are sung slowly and in as high pitched a voice as possible, and as William Aspinwall Bradley says in "Song Ballads and Devil's Ditties," "As one listens to the peculiar nasal insistence on certain notes, the strange slides, quaint quavers and affecting falsetto breaks, he can not help thinking of Chaucer's nun, who sang the 'Servyce Dyvnye.'"

The dulcimer on display at the association rooms is of walnut in long graceful lines, and has three strings. It gave forth the sweetest tone, somewhat similar to the Hawaiian ukelele. I felt the pathos of the music which seemed to me to be reflecting the hearts and lives of those Scotch-Irish emigrants, who, because of evil and religious persecutions in their own country, came to the United States in about the year 1720, and are today living among us—a shy, proud, uneducated people, with their old world ideas and inheritance.

Their language is extremely picturesque. A woman being asked if she thought the climate was cooler where she then lived than it had been down the valley, remarked, "Not so much—I think about two 'kivers' colder here than it was in the valley." Mrs. Fanny Gresham, while

on an investigating tour in West Virginia one day, found a baby lying on a straw pallet burning with fever and apparently dying. She lifted the little one up and asked for water with the intention of bathing it, thinking she might revive it. When she asked for water there was no response to her request. She said, "Have you no pan, no tin pan you can fill with water?" "We hain't nary a pan—we totes water in the gourd, and goes to the crick to wash." From a gourd she sponged the sick baby with her handkerchief. Several little girls with entangled hair watched her with intense interest, and after making friendliness, asked her shyly, "Lady, how did you slick your hair like that?"

Mrs. Gresham, who had removed her hat, smilingly took out her side combs and showed them how she smoothed her hair. When she was leaving she left her long comb for the use of the family. Some weeks after she went back to see how the baby was getting on, and found the little girls had broken the comb into four small ones and were wearing them as side combs.

Mrs. Stone talked very interestingly of the work done by the teachers and settlement workers, who go from home to home, teaching the use of materials these people have at hand, and training them in the art of producing goods which will find a market. The exchanges provide the means of a better subsistence, and a desire for knowledge.

To the labor of the workers of the association, all of whom are cultured women, sympathetic and interested in bringing these poor mountain people up to the moral and intellectual standard of the rest of the world, is due oceans of credit, and to the women who, like Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and

(Continued on page eighteen)



The President's Blue Mountain Room at the White House

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

EVERYWOMAN IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MATTERS IN CONTROVERSY, OTHER THAN THOSE VOICED IN THE EDITORIAL COLUMNS.

Our Declaration of Independence

DURING the early days of the American revolution Tom Paine made the following statement, which is as true today as it was 140 years ago, and burns with the same kind of fervor when necessity calls:

"These are the days that stir men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of every man and woman." Yes, and you may be quite sure he will get it, too.

From Tom Paine's stinging rebukes it appears that they had much the same kind of people to deal with then as we have today. The sunshine patriots have no more hesitation in trying to impose their views on those who have to protect their country now, than they did then. But when called upon for the real defense, their stock in trade consists in glittering generalities.

So, having little use for generalities, we have maintained our principles from the first day of the destruction of that "scrap of paper" down to this day and shall maintain them for all the days to come, as the back numbers of EVERYWOMAN will show.

Needless to say, we are not for-peace-at-any-price, or for-war-at-any-cost. But we do stand squarely for the first law of nature—self protection, preparedness, or any other name which may be chosen for the same cause.

We would deem it a curse if any influence were brought to bear which could in any way lessen the chances of the most thorough protection for our country at this time, and, indeed, for all time.

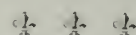
So, very naturally, we insist that the heads of our government, the heads of our army and navy, the men who have to give up, and who are giving up, their lives for our country's sake, when called upon to do so, while we sleep securely, are the best judges of the amount of protection necessary.

Indeed, with the knowledge which we must possess, were we to pursue any other course, we feel that we would be encouraging the forces which are slaughtering civilization as well as humanity, and which are robbing millions of their faith in God.

Such are our principles, and such are the principles of all who have the interest of the magazine at heart, and who know intimately the policy thereof.

Owing to these facts, we realize that it is our duty to our readers and to ourselves to withdraw from all who hold erroneous views regarding the proper functions of this magazine, and the problems it must deal with during these trying times, and the still more threatening times to come. Consequently, we must beg to enlighten all who hold views to the contrary, that we shall not allow any person or persons, other than our authorized advisers, to indicate the policy of this magazine.

While we shall treat all intelligently expressed views with courtesy if signed by the writer, we shall not give editorial sanction to any views which we cannot support with all our heart. Nor shall we be influenced by the propagandists of foreign governments, nor by the deluge of "peace literature," by which they seek to manufacture ready-made opinions for us. We far prefer to be loyal to the enlightened heads of our own government—whose cause is ours—than to become inoculated with the theories of those who would deprive us of the means of any kind of peace.



The Cost of Peace

THE cost of peace to America may be very great, but we must have it. The question is how shall we maintain it. From every side we are bombarded with talk, talk, and more talk until we feel quite sure that the poor men who went on a death chase after Villa and his band would prefer to face a bombardment of bullets rather than hear any more talk of how to preserve peace without the means of doing so. One does not need much imagination to put himself in the place of the men who are sacrificing their lives and the happiness of their families fighting for their country, in the desert and mountain wilds of a robber-ridden country. A country where the blackest treachery, disease and lack of food and shelter go to make up the day's work.

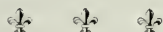
There, in Mexican wilds, Statevo, Parral, Santa Cruz and the out of the way settlements which lead to the mountain passes, are at all times in a most poverty stricken condition, but when the land is swept clear of even the grease-weed and cactus by the army of bandits who flee before the Americans, and who, in fleeing, hope to draw their pursuers into traps from which there can be no escape, it is easy to see the plight of our officers and soldiers. When every school boy and girl knows these conditions are facts, we wonder how any grown man or woman can spend their days talking of peace, without enough means to protect us from the outrages of a filthy band of common ordinary murderers. We wonder if they have sufficient imagination in the waking hours of the night to see the corpses of soldier boys and their officers strewn along the mountain trail or the desert waste—and, we wonder if they think about it at all and how they feel about it.

What disgust and contempt must fill the hearts of those soldiers who see their comrades die by the wayside, and who must anticipate death at any moment, all because they are unprepared, through the lack of proper equipment to protect their lives, or in other words, to keep the peace.

Has lack of self-protection saved the precious American lives which were murderously taken in the sinking

of the Lusitania or that of the Sussex? No, not one! The cost of peace, so far, has been paid with the blood of our citizens; and all that is as nothing to what price we shall be called upon to pay, if every effort of science and government is not put to work instead of being dissipated in verbose arguments.

What matter now whose fault it is that we are unable to keep the peace? It takes a generation at least to accomplish all that the politicians would have us believe should grow up like Jack's Bean Stalk in a night. But the real trouble is that we have had too many politicians and too few statesmen since the death of Lincoln. Now, it is time that they got together, irrespective of party, before they lose the respect and confidence of the people, and put the nation through such a course of preparedness as will serve warning on all who are treacherously inclined—that we are ready and willing to maintain peace at any cost. Then they will respectfully let us alone—and not 'til then!



Take the Civic Auditorium out of Politics

IN the April number of EVERYWOMAN we published an article entitled "Save the Civic Auditorium for All the People." In that article, we set forth, as far as space would permit, the history of the Civic Auditorium from its conception in the brain of the architect to its present place in the hearts of the people to whom it belongs.

The danger to the civic use of the Auditorium, which EVERYWOMAN discovered and pointed out, was of so subtle a nature, we were somewhat afraid that enough people would not grasp the full scope of that danger before it became too late. Now, however, it gives us the greatest satisfaction to be able to state that the instant response from men and women's clubs and organizations and individuals was almost overwhelming. When the first few hundred names came and the first batch of letters and resolutions, we fully intended to publish them; but, now we realize the impossibility of that. And, it would not be fair to publish the names of the wealthy people who condemn the nefarious methods by which all the people were to be deprived of the use of the Auditorium for the purposes for which it was built—and, for which they pay, and leave out the thousands of humble contributors, who need it most. So we concluded to hold all names until we have the full survey complete, when we hope the supervisors will see the wisdom of looking more carefully into the interests of the many, instead of accepting the dictation of the deeply interested few.

We have, at this writing, April 20, letters and resolutions from men and women's organizations and clubs whose membership is over twelve thousand (12,000), approving the stand which EVERYWOMAN has taken and the article which has set forth the facts. We have, also, between ten and eleven thousand (10,000 to 11,000) individual names of the business and social men and women of the city who have registered their protest against the revival of the old methods, of depriving the people of what is theirs by right.

As we would be quite unable to give our readers the full facts in an editorial, we will refer all who have not read them before, to the April number of EVERYWOMAN, and to the coming number in which we will set forth the full injuries to the people and to the city which this scheme would en-

Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. John F. Merrill	Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. John Rothschild	Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper
Mrs. Edwin Goodall	Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps
Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder	Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. A. W. Scott	Mrs. E. Gerberding
The Countess of Aberdeen	Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs	Mrs. Georgea Sperry

compass. What first called our attention to the uses which the Theatrical Managers' Association and the forces which it was able to enlist, had consigned the Civic Auditorium to, was the refusal of the supervisors to consider the petition of Signor Pasquali for the use of the Civic Auditorium in which to give a season of opera at popular prices. Then, the reasons for this side-tracking of the rights of the people were soon made manifest. So,

to that extent we have to thank Signor Pasquali for waking us up to the truth. Pasquali is merely the precedent set in the refusal of the Auditorium for its proper functions. Everything of like nature for the enlightenment and entertainment of the people, in general, will be barred from the Auditorium if this precedent is allowed to stand.

But, the Pasquali affair is only one incident; it is for the future and for all that the great Auditorium means to the people today and the children of tomorrow, that EVERYWOMAN is now contending. It is true the Theatrical Managers' Association will be able to coin a few millions more or less by killing the use of the one building in the city which belongs to the people; but, we maintain that it is not the province of the supervisors nor the will of the people, to cater to any association which arrogates to itself the power to absorb the rights of a great city and the thousands of visitors who come to us and to whom we owe high-class quarters and high-class entertainments, without extortionate rates.

There has been no objection used to prevent public organizations, nor charitable organizations to the use of the Auditorium, because they pay little or nothing. Nor—and we are very sorry to have to say this—has there been any opposition to the so-called "social clubs," which take a fancy name and a one-night's license to sell liquor, to men and women, boys and girls, during the long hours of these "social dances." Many of the uses for which the Civic Auditorium is now let would soon bring it into such disrepute that it would be no longer desirable for the purposes for which the people of San Francisco are taxed.

If the educational and enlightened moral side of this question does not fully appeal to all, we offer you again the financial reasons as we offered them last month and they are as follows:

The taxpayers of the city have a vital interest in the utilization of the Auditorium. The building and the land on which it stands cost the city \$2,000,000. Half of this sum is represented by Civic Center bonds; the other half by bonds issued in the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Eventually the city must raise by taxation the money necessary to pay off the capital of this \$2,000,000. Meantime, it is costing the city \$100,000 a year in interest. The cost of running at this time is \$1,500 a month, and the sum may be expected to increase rather than diminish. The average income for the first three months of the city's possession was \$1,400, with nothing to indicate that, if the present policy, or lack of policy, is pursued, the income will be any greater in the future.

EVERYWOMAN cannot sufficiently thank the devoted women and men who work with such zeal for the right in this matter. But, when the time comes we shall give them full credit, for we could have accomplished very little without their unselfish efforts.

Take the Civic Auditorium out of politics.

All who wish to register their disapproval of the uses to which the Civic Auditorium has been consigned, are requested to sign the petitions which are at the Information Bureau of the Emporium and the Owl Drug Store in the Phelan Building.

Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine

The 1916 Partheneia

By Casu Wood

IT was a wonderful summer's day—although April had barely shown her lovely face to a grateful world—when

I was taken to see "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine," the 1916 Partheneia presented by the women of the University of California in Faculty Glade, on the beautiful University grounds.

We walked through the charming woodsy campus, into the green dell, and sank happily on the grass under a huge oak tree to watch the many-colored crowd of gay young people assemble and to revel in the atmosphere of light-hearted, high-minded youth. The University students were there in hundreds, as spectators. The young men I thought rather a fine lot of sturdy fellows and the girls perfectly charming in clothes of every known color, looking very lovely and quite unconscious of their loveliness.

The Partheneia was written by Maude Marion Meagher and the music by Catherine Urner.

The scene is laid in an Indian forest in legendary times. Muni, the ruler of a minor Indian kingdom, having been driven from his throne by a usurping rajput, has fled with his infant daughter, Aranyani, to the forest, where he leads the calm life of an ascetic. At the time the play opens Aranyani has grown into young maidenhood, having never been outside the forest. Her only playmates are a young prince—exiled like herself—who has grown up with her, and forest nymphs whom he calls from the trees and streams to play with her. But she grows weary of these simple pleasures. She longs for the busy life beyond the forest. When Wansuki, the prince of a neighboring kingdom, rides by chance into her retreat, she follows him willingly enough back to his gay court. A year passes and the wood nymphs and their minstrel playmate, Girija, are disconsolate, for Aranyani has not returned. At last she comes stumbling and weary, heartsick and fleeing from the artificiality and evil of the Prince's court, back to the simplicity of her home in the forest. But mocking courtiers pursue her, Kali, the Prince's jester, jeers at her distress, gay dancing girls try to win her back to laughter. A Devil-dancer whirls hypnotically about her,

but she withstands them all. Then Bhairawi (Pain), the Prince's jailor, steps forward threateningly, his coward henchman, Gauri (Fear), gibbering in his shadow. Almost conquered at last, Aranyani suddenly remembers the strength of her minstrel lover. She calls his name and he responds, ordering away her tormentors, who flee from the glade, leav-

so still and the hundreds of listeners so quietly attentive, the soft breeze stirred the leaves of the trees so lightly, the sun smiled on us all so gently.

The widespread popularity of dancing, one is glad to see, has gone farther than the fox-trot and the one-step. The three hundred girl students who made up the cast of "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine" showed a love and a gift for the more artistic phases of the



ARANYANI'S RETURN TO HER GLADE

ing Aranyani once more at home in the simplicity of her glade.

The stage management was most excellent and the costumes of the players an artistic triumph. The choruses of Bubble Spirits, Wood Nymphs, Willo' the Wisps, Spirits of Spring, Spirits of Summer, Spirits of Autumn, the Storm Dance, the Dance of the Spider, Dance of the Butterfly—all were wonderfully well done, and the incidental music, orchestrated for the production by its composer, was scored for the following instruments: Two flutes (piccolo), two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, three horns, kettle drum, bass drum, harp, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, glockenspiel, minstrel bones, strings. Miss Urner conducted the orchestra. I thought her happiest moments were in the Storm Dance compositions, "Gray Clouds," "Storm Clouds," "Lightning," "Rain Spirits." The air was

dance. They danced with a grace and freedom that gave pleasure to the eye and to the mind.

Doris McEntyre, a tall, beautiful girl with a rich, ringing voice and perfect ease of movement, was the "Aranyani" of the piece, and entered so heartily into the spirit of the part that she carried the audience with her through all the play, from the little touch of tenderness she showed for the frightened rabbit to the flash of tragic despair when she thought her tormentors were about to conquer her.

I am not the dramatic critic, nor yet the music critic that's writing this. No critic at all am I—just a lover of youth and beauty and joyous grace and high spirits, and the clear, cool brains behind them. I'd rather have seen the Partheneia on that wonderful golden afternoon than the finest professional performance in the world.

San Francisco, the Wonderful

With war on every side and all kinds and qualities of peace sprinkled thickly all over everything, San Francisco has had at least half a dozen worthy causes on hand, all of which demand large sums of money and immediate attention. This, too, following upon the heels of the reconstruction of our city, and of the enormous expenditures which the Panama-Pacific International Exposition demanded and received.

And, San Francisco makes it go. If our pockets were not so flat and our wardrobe so transparent we'd be apt to think that there was a private mint somewhere, which stood ready to be tapped at the touch of the fairy fingers of well-beloved philanthropists. But, no! It all comes out of these now-flat pockets, only you don't realize it at all until your wardrobe becomes illegally transparent, and all but invisible.

Of course the Red Cross comes first, and, it

should come first, last and all the time; for, there is no question of its merit and its service to all who suffer. With long and accomplished experience, Mrs. John F. Merrill, whose association with the Red Cross, national and local, from its introduction to California, as usual, summoned her forces. Then the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Citizens' Red Cross, of which she is president, started out on a campaign for a membership of 25,000.

That indeed, was a wonderful campaign. Mr. Marshall Hale was almost as executive and useful in the work of organization and of getting money and members—which meant the same thing, as was Mrs. Merrill herself. Many gentlemen assisted in pressing the work forward with energy. Mr. A. B. C. Dorman, Fire

Commissioner John Davis, Dr. George Richardson, as usual, and a score of new converts to the cause, worked like giants.

The campaign took in everything and everyone, from the Potrero to Lands' End, and from the Ferry Building to the Spring Valley water-works.

One hundred and ten Women's Clubs and all the members thereof, worked night and day. The Navy League, The Peace Preparedness League and, indeed, more leagues than we have space to tell about, gave lectures and musicales with the view of enlarging the membership, and, we sincerely hope, they will continue their efforts, and that the friends and readers of *Everywoman* will realize that there is always room for them in the Red Cross, and that they are needed. The membership is never large enough for the demands.

National Council of Women

By Mary M. North

Preparedness was the keynote of all the meetings of the National Council of Women of the United States, which met in Washington, January 12, 13 and 14, in the Hotel Raleigh, with the president, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, M. D., D. Sc., presiding.

Both secretaries being absent on account of sickness, Dr. Emma E. Bower acted as secretary with Mrs. Mary M. North as assistant.

The guests of honor were The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, Hon. Mrs. W. E. Sanford of Canada, and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Lady Aberdeen is president of the International Council of Women, and Mrs. Sanford treasurer.

The National Council of Women was organized in Washington, in 1886, and while not advocating any propaganda, is a forum where all may meet and feel free to express their beliefs, with none to oppose, and each may find something helpful in the work of the others. The

largest national organizations in America are affiliated, and now the Council comprises more than five millions of women, representing every line of thought and work.

Preparedness and patriotism seemed to fit into the program of every meeting, and among the speakers upon these or similar themes, were Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, Commissioner General of Immigration A. Caminetti, A. H. Dadmun (secretary of the Navy League), Mrs. William Cumming Story (president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution), Mrs. Carrie Alexander-Bahrenburg (national president of the Woman's Relief Corps), Mrs. Catherine D. L. Roche (national president of the Ladies of the G. A. R.), Mrs. Frederick Schoff, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Mrs. Cornelia P. Odenheimer (national president of the U. D. C.), Mrs. Ellis Logan, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Mrs. Lyndon Bates,

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, The Marchioness of Aberdeen, Mrs. Arthur Dodge, Miss Katherine Davis, Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Mrs. George Thatcher Guernsey, Mrs. Mabel LeRue, The Marquis of Aberdeen, Senator Porter McCumber, Representative S. D. Fess, Miss Elsa Alberg and Mrs. Joseph Mumford.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, Missouri; first vice president, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, New York; second vice president, Mrs. Joseph Mumford, Pennsylvania; third vice president, Mrs. Nathaniel Harris, Pennsylvania; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. L. Keene, Nebraska; recording secretary, Mrs. Rogers Bacon, New York; treasurer, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Virginia; auditors, Dr. Emma E. Bower, Michigan, and Mrs. Carrie Alexander-Bahrenburg, Illinois.

Next month a full account of the plans and progress will be given.

Art Palace—Our Day Dream

There is our Palace of Fine Arts—no matter what we go without, it would break our hearts if we were not able to find \$30,000 in 30 days to hand over to some committee or other, who demands it. To try to evade that, with "Annie Laurie," Michael Williams, and a score of other spellbinders, made-speeches and campaigns and things, would be like trying to blow away the national anthem, and before you knew it, your pockets had holes in them; but, no one cared a straw. It was all for that Palace of Fine Arts—the casement of San Francisco's soul, which could no more be allowed to fade from the memory than could the sunshine, the salt breeze or

the magic scenery. Indeed, they would all be lessened without our Palace of Art. We would be like a magnificent picture in a tin frame. We hunger for the beautiful—and this is our ideal of worldly beauty.

It even appeals to the commercial souls—for, does it not attract those who have money and leisure to linger, as well as giving education and happiness to the poor? So the one hundred and ten Women's Clubs, and the banks, churches, business houses and everyone within them, demanding—and will keep demanding our Dream Palace until we have it safe, and what San Francisco demands she gets.

Following this came Mrs. Charles Crocker's "Market" for the Belgian Relief Fund, and that filled Union Square. Everyone who could get within a block of the place was there, and all who could not get near enough bought popcorn, candy, apples, anything from a white elephant to a blue mule, and enjoyed themselves and were supremely happy. And they ought to be—for it was a case of charity which is no charity at all, but a duty in which your heart takes a sad, furious pleasure in performing—if one can understand that kind of mixture.

And, so the bravest people on earth are made a little less unhappy.

California Teachers in Assembly Discuss Educational Efficiency

FOUR THOUSAND strong they gathered—the teacher folk of California's Bay Section and Marin's County Institute!

From Pavilion Hall on April 17th, at the hour of school opening, the melody of song floated out on that glorious San Francisco morn, and no long-trained chorus could have sent forth sweeter music than was the singing of that assembly.

This Institute has set a high-water mark on American education, and teachers have gone back to their classrooms with an increased joy in their work, a new realization of the dignity and power of their professional careers, a vital purpose and filled with the magnetism of the dynamic words of the live educational wires brought before them. The whole scheme of education was covered by the leaders of the various branches.

The value of the folk-lore stories, especially the word-of-mouth ones, all too seldom told by teachers, the similarity and charm of the Mother Goose type found in the lore of the different nations, and the beauty and utility in the great history stories, nature myths and modern tales were pointed out, and teachers urged to tell these tales to their classes. The story of Hashim the Stone-cutter, the Indian legend of El Capitan, Anderson's story of the Swincherd, and the modern tale of the Fiddle that Played by Itself, were told in a masterly, original way, a way that made every teacher resolve to never again read just words, but to give to her class those beautiful stories, throwing the charm of her individuality into the telling of the tales, the spirits of which teach great fundamental truths of justice.

Samuel M. Shortridge rapped upon the heart-strings of the teachers in his call for members of the Red Cross. San Francisco, the rehabilitated, the receiver of some ten millions of dollars in the hour of her greatest disaster, the city of progress, should indeed be represented by an increased affiliation with the Red Cross Society.

The civic education of the immigrant was outlined, and eloquently urged by the intensely dramatic, always interesting Mary Antin. Indirectly the means to that end was pointed out in the value of the "home teacher," that live circulating book of the pedagogical library provided for by law in some municipalities, who goes into the homes of the new Americans and old ones where the need demands, with the propaganda of health, domestic science, or civics, as the particular case requires.

The value of the parent-teachers clubs working in harmony with the schools for the good of children, mutual understanding of parent and

By Isabel Porter

teacher, home economics, school cafeteria lunches, playground and social center movements, military training, art, music, science, languages, literature and the various new thoughts in educational activity, along the lines of industrial education, the arts and crafts, and the individual method of classroom instruction, were ably pre-



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sented by one who dreams ahead and does his best to practically demonstrate in his own work these ideas—John H. Francis, of Los Angeles, than whom no man stands out clearer.

Miss Agnes Regan threw down the gauntlet for the co-educationists with the statement that boys and girls on reaching the age of twelve should be separated until after they finish high school, that they might be taught as their particular needs demand, thereby increasing efficiency in teaching and saving in cost of school equipment. She further emphasized the training of the child for citizenship in the elementary school would cut out the non-essential in course of study by putting more stress on preparation

for life, reduce the number in classes, eliminate all arithmetic not used in modern business, and she spoke of the work done quietly by so many San Francisco teachers in learning the home life of their pupils, thereby gaining a better understanding and deeper sympathy.

At the session of the California Women's Clubs, Mrs. M. M. Fitzgerald, chairman, woman's need of organized effort for securing benefits suited particularly to her, the school woman as a social agent, as a citizen, and the co-operation of home and school, were featured. Dr. Jessica Peixotto pointed out the value of the various social agencies as assistants to the teacher in her uplift work for humanity, and Mrs. Frank Harris, president of the San Francisco Congress of Mothers, being too ill to appear, sent her message through the second district president—so long as teachers deal with little children they must hold the hands of mothers, for these two classes of women have in their keeping the destiny of the race.

The Honorable P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, in his lecture on "The Place of the High School in our Public School System," presented the ideals of American education clearly, forcibly, charmingly and lovingly brought out the great American aim at democracy in education. Plato gave to the world not so lofty a plan. Bravo, Mr. Commissioner! May your words of power radiate to the paradise valleys and heaven-soaring peaks of California! May they pull at the heart-strings and cause those three voting men back of each child of school age to throw their dollars into the cause of education that California may have all that is best in vocational training, in physical education, in song and story, as well as the academic school-learning studies. Keep on with your theme, Mr. Claxton, for your ideal is greater than that of the immortal Greek, it is the American ideal and its seeds you have planted in the hearts of San Francisco's Bay Region teachers. Who knows mayhap this beautiful California of ours will come into her own and take her place as the exponent of a culture transcending that of the ages agone!

Your dollars, Sons of the Golden West, that your children may have opportunity to become efficient of hand, beautiful of body, keen of brain, grand of soul!

The Washington College of Law

Equal Opportunities for Men and Women

THE first law school in the entire world to be established "primarily" for women entered upon its twentieth year on October 1, 1915. The history of this institution is unique and is a direct refutation of the theory of some of the older colleges that men and women should not study law in the same classroom, under the same faculty.

A woman's law class was formed on February 1, 1896, with three students and Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey and Miss Emma M. Gillett as instructors. From this class developed the Washington College of Law, which was incorporated in April, 1908, as an institution of learning, "and primarily the college aims to provide such a legal education for women as will enable them to practice the legal profession"—to quote from the formal certificate of incorporation. Within the past seven years the opportunities offered by this institution have made a strong appeal to men, with the result that the classes now consist of about equal numbers of men and women. Men are admitted to all law schools in Washington and elsewhere; the striking feature of the Washington College of Law is that it considers first the woman student, who is shut out from the other law schools. While the faculty is composed of both men and women, the chief executive officer, the Dean, has always been a woman.

Both Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, who was Dean until 1913, and is now Honorary Dean, and Miss Emma M. Gillett, the present Dean, are deeply impressed with the belief that a knowledge of the law is necessary to give women a wider vision and to enable them to grasp opportunities for service hitherto unseen and undiscovered by them. That this is true is shown by the fact that one of the most conservative women's colleges of the East has just added a course in law, and that Harvard University has this year opened an annex law school for women. It is also shown by the fact that the Washington College of Law has progressed and prospered beyond the hope of its founder and from three students the enrollment has increased to one hundred and forty-eight students, the total (including specials) in 1914-15.

By a Staff Correspondent
in Washington

Organized and at all times controlled by broad-minded, public-spirited men and women, it has made steady progress. Financial profit to benefit any individuals is not allowed by the statute under which the college is organized, and financial profit other than for the development of the college as an institution of learning has no place in its ideals and conduct. The low tuition has thus far sufficed for all operating expenses and the maintenance of the excellence of the institution, thanks largely to the whole-hearted interest of the faculty in the welfare of the college.

Meantime, graduates and friends have contributed to start an endowment with the object of insuring the stability of the college. At present the endowment fund, safeguarded by statute against use for other purposes, and carefully invested in securities, amounts to \$3,200.

It is planned to first raise a fund of \$50,000 to endow the Dean's Chair, and contributions of \$1,000 and over will be accepted with the proviso that the fund shall be available only for a woman dean or professor. Strange as it may seem, wealthy women and public-spirited, broad-minded men are constantly endowing institutions and constantly giving large sums to educational institutions that shut out women altogether or admit her under certain limitations as students and in inferior positions as instructors. The Alumni of the College now number over two hundred and they ask the interest and assistance of women and men who believe not only in equality before the law, but also in equality of opportunity, too. The story of Washington College of Law is not confined to the classroom, for it radiates an influence felt not only in Washington, but in the larger world beyond.

Among the graduates of the Washington College of Law are Miss Alice Birdsall, who is practicing law at Phoenix, Arizona. She is also the reporter for the Supreme Court of the State, and for the first time a woman's name will adorn the back of an official report of the decisions of a Supreme Court.

In Portland, Oregon, is another woman

graduate of this same college, Miss Lida O'Bryan, who has built up a fine practice and attained success as a prominent citizen.

Fifty women graduates hold legal desks in the Executive Departments at Washington. The men graduates have also been generally successful. Mr. Herbert L. Davis, who was recently appointed auditor for the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, received the degree of LL. B. in 1913.

It has happened several times that husband and wife have pursued their studies together and received their well-earned degrees on the same night.

Mrs. Mussey is fond of being called "Grandma" by all the second generation of the college graduates. President Roosevelt, when introduced to her, said, "Some way you don't look the way I thought a Dean would." But despite her feminine charm, she has the record of having won five cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, the last case involving nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Of the 110,000 men lawyers in the United States only a very small percentage have attained such an enviable record.

Mrs. Mussey says that the time has come when every woman who is brought into court on a criminal charge should have the choice of a woman attorney to defend her. She also holds that in the Juvenile Court there is a special need for women as judges. No man can get just the same angle of vision as a woman and so long as women appear in court as parties to actions of various kinds it is certainly quite right and proper for women to appear also as attorneys.

The friendship of a quarter of a century between Mrs. Mussey and the Honorary Dean and her successor as Executive Dean, Miss Gillett, is a lesson in helpful companionship most beautiful to see. Both are crowned with snow-white hair and have smooth, rosy cheeks. The eyes that twinkle at the least suggestion of humor have a keen appreciation of the serious side of life, and both women are famous for their good sense and generous aid to those less successful than themselves.

My Mother's Day

By Nellie Bell Wilson

'Tis Mother's Day, and with sweet Nature's sounds,

Borne through the open window where I rest,
Mingles the fragrance of a pale pink rose,
That I, of all Spring's blossoms, love the best;
A rosebud with a thousand beauties crowned,
That cling and nestle to the window pane.
Touched by fond memory which its sweetness brings,

I see my own dear mother once again,
Pressing the earth about its tiny roots,
Her face aglow with happiness and pride;
'T would seem, instead, that this new home
were hers,
And she, herself, a young and happy bride.

A few brief months, and her sweet spirit fled,
Ev'n as the roses paled and withered lay.
What pedestal of stone to memory's name
Could match such monument on Mother's Day?
And so forgive me on this sacred day,
If from convention's rule I must depart,
And if, in place of flowers fair and white,
Those pale pink roses nestle to my heart.

The Vision of L'Union Mondiale de la Femme

BEING a born Swiss, and now entrusted with the noble mission to make known in America the aims, purposes and ideals of the World Union of Women, organized the 9th of February, 1915, at Geneva, I feel it a paramount duty to discuss "Preparedness" from the Swiss standpoint, and especially the one the Swiss women are taking in respect to the present world crisis. I do this with considerable pride, because Switzerland can be called the exception to prove the Pacifist's rule, that preparedness spells war, and not peace. Switzerland, although surrounded on all sides by belligerents, is still at peace with the whole world, though this peace may be well called an *armed* peace.

The status of an armed neutrality such as the Swiss represents, has often been misunderstood, and labeled as a breach of neutrality by those unacquainted with the historical fact that Switzerland in 1815 at the Congress of Vienna was not only made a neutral, but a neutralized State, which meant that the gift of perpetual guarantee of neutrality implied to the Swiss the reciprocity obligation to defend this neutrality, if need be by armed resistance.

This will explain why on August the first, 1914, the Swiss were called to their colors. Swiss neutrality was in danger, so the Swiss army was mobilized for defense, and so marvelous worked the Swiss type of militarism, that Europe witnessed the feat of the quickest mobilization ever accomplished. Be it known that on the first of August handbills were posted all over Switzerland, and on August the second the entire army was in place, ready to offer armed resistance to any would-be invader. This certainly can be called up-to-the-minute preparedness.

Some undervalue this preparedness by saying that Swiss perpetual guarantee of neutrality was different from any other, and it could not be broken. But has not the fate of Belgium proven that treaties are mere scraps of paper? Again, some say that it required no army to offer resistance, as the Jura and Alps transform this little country into a system of natural fortifications of such a nature as to make Verdun pale into insignificance in measuring the cost implied to the Kaiser, if he chose to invade Switzerland to get to Paris. But in the present conflict "cost" is not counted; furthermore, does not history point to Hannibal and Napoleon as having crossed the Alps with huge armies? In contending that while guaranteed Swiss neutrality and the topography of the country were factors to be considered, that the reason of the Kaiser having chosen to force his way to France through Belgium, rather than through Swiss neutral ground, is the fact that,

By Its Organizing Chairman, Dr. Leonie Fordham

when he in 1913 visited the Swiss maneuvers, he found the Swiss as well prepared for defense as his own troops were for attack.

As the peace propaganda which swept over America shortly after the war has made room to an even more intense wave of preparedness, I consider it of the highest importance that the pro and con, for or against preparedness, ought to be made the subject of nation-



Leonie Fordham

wide discussion, and this from every conceivable angle, and if it were possible, put it to the direct vote of the American people before decided action is taken. I know this would be done in Switzerland, because it has the political machinery to do it and the intelligence to use it. If the result of the expressed will of the people were then to be for preparedness, for the biggest army, for the biggest navy, the responsibility of this departure, with its voluntary assumption of the cost involved, would then rest where it belongs—on the people. If on the other hand after nation-wide discussion the popular vote were to decide that the present policy of watchful waiting ought to be continued until the psychological moment, Americans missed at the onset of the war, offered itself again, the moment of becoming the world's peace maker, the responsibility would again rest with the people.

Unfortunately the United States, while a

representative democracy and almost a replica of the Swiss Constitution, has yet much to learn from its sister republic, and while I love the land of my adoption, I cannot refrain at this critical time to point to Swiss preparedness, as a solution of many of the problems over here, problems which look very intricate, and which the Swiss have overcome by the almost pathetic faith "that the people can be trusted."

Before I explain the Swiss military system, with a recommendation that it shall be made the subject of public discussion, I have first to touch upon the laws which alone made possible a system that can be defined as voluntary-compulsory military service. Only by referring to the "initiative and referendum" can the apparent paradox be explained.

Unlike as here in the United States, the initiative and referendum are universal and unrestricted in all legislation concerning the cantons, the referendum in legislation of the Confederation is unrestricted, while the initiative is limited to changes in the Constitution.

In the referendum and the initiative, the Swiss discovered the two legal checks upon the abuse of power, entrusted to representative individuals or parties.

These checks became at once necessary when the size of the population of its cantons made voting by the communal system of personal presence impossible, and representation had to be resorted to. Only by allowing the body of free citizens not merely to execute their will in making laws and in other acts of government, but in retaining the right of directing what laws shall or shall not be passed, could the cornerstone of Swiss democracy be saved. Not only proved the initiative and referendum to be the making of the best governed country in the world, but an object lesson to other so-called democracies, where the government is in the hands of professional politicians who are not servants of the people, but of a political machine, controlled by capital.

With the Swiss the vote is a sacred thing, because with him it is the direct individual instrument to shape the destiny of his nation for better or worse. Safeguarded by the initiative and referendum, Switzerland has become the laboratory of democracy, and various experiments standing in close relationship to adequate preparedness, as government ownership of the railroads, telegraph and telephone, and notably taking over the manufacturing and sale of gunpowder, are well worth public discussion by the American public, should, after this war is over, a mad world refuse to order general disarmament as the only way to prevent another yet bigger war, which surely would become the synonym of race suicide.

With the few remarks on the initiative and referendum, I revert to the Swiss military system, which until now has saved my native country from being drawn into the present war. As stated, it is the "voluntary-compulsory" system, it means that the Swiss by their own free will compel themselves to universal liability to military service, however for defense only. Compelling as it is on each and every able-bodied adult Swiss—it is truly a voluntary system, because subject to the referendum. It never having been repealed, the people of Switzerland put their stamp of approval on it, and called it good. Unlike other great military systems which were forced upon the people by aggressive governments, and were the result of long-continued wars, the Swiss army, like other Swiss institutions, is the fiat of a sovereign people, and therefore thoroughly representative of the nation, adapted to its defensive needs, combining the utmost efficiency with minimum cost. It is militarism shorn of its most formidable feature, its woeful expense, which is saddled upon the people in the form of taxation.

The severe economy of the Swiss system is best visualized by the following table showing the annual cost per man in the principal armies in Europe in peace times, as quoted by F. O. Adams:

	£.	s.	d.
Great Britain	64	10	4
Spain	56	2	4
Austria-Hungary	52	12	0
France	46	13	6
Germany	46	0	0
Denmark	45	0	0
Italy	43	18	0
Belgium	40	10	0
Holland	31	0	0
Russia	22	16	0
Switzerland	7	0	0

The military forces in Switzerland are divided into three distinct classes:

The Elite, in which all citizens are liable to serve from the age of 20 to 32.

The Landwehr, or first reserve, composed of men from 32 to 44, and

The Landstrum, consisting of men from 17 to 50, not incorporated in the Elite or the Landwehr.

The only permanently paid officers of the Swiss army are a permanent corps of 187 instructors. Their full time is devoted to instructing the Elite, that is, all able-bodied men from 21 to 32, who must do seven years rehearsals of 11 days each, and especially the young conscripts of 20 years of age, who have to do their first year's training, amounting from 65 to 90 days. In the cavalry they have eight annual rehearsals after the first year's training of 90 days.

The instructors also train the officers of the Elite. To become a captain a Swiss soldier must have done the rehearsals up to his thirty-eighth year; to become something higher than

a captain he must have passed his forty-eighth year's rehearsal.

The Landwehr owes only 11 days' service, besides the target practice required from every citizen, amounting to 40 shots a year with his army rifle.

The Landstrum is only obliged to keep up the target practice.

The Swiss soldier is paid only during active service or during the time of his training. Every Swiss keeps his rifle, his knapsack, uniform and accoutrements at home, and they are annually inspected, and great disgrace is attached to the one whose rifle is found rusty, retained, and sent to the gunsmith to be cleaned at the owner's expense.

As regards horses, the cavalry recruit has to provide his own mount. When financially unable, he is assigned by the Government a "remount," that is, one of the animals bought and trained by the Government. The remounts are sold at auction, and at whatever price the horse is knocked down, one-half the Government pays, and the other is paid by the recruit. One-tenth of the share he has paid is refunded to him after a year's service, so after ten years the horse becomes his personal property. During this time the recruit, while he has to keep up the expense of the horse and is held responsible for its care and good condition, it is always at the disposal of the State.

This brings it about that when the call to the colors comes, which is done by handbills, when the Swiss artilleryman leaves his home with his Vetterli rifle and his knapsack, and the cavalryman with his horse and accoutrements, the Swiss army is actually mobilized.

Every Swiss from his own free will being a defender of his country, and the civil capacity of every soldier utilized when service under the flag is required, the Swiss army represents an ideal citizens' force, ready for defensive action at a moment's notice, and complete in every detail, the proper proportion of cavalry, artillery, engineers and transports, the battalions kept up to full strength.

This could only be done by the complete and harmonious co-operation of the authorities of the cantons under control of the Confederation. All laws relating to the army emanate from the Federal Government, while the cantons execute them. The infantry, artillery and cavalry, are recruited from the cantons; the engineers, guides, sanitary troops and the army train are recruited by the Confederation, the first are called cantonal troops, the other Federal troops. The arms are furnished by the Confederation, the equipments and uniforms by the cantons.

As in Switzerland preparedness is almost the equivalent of national existence, and as preparedness has to be adequate, this offers an excuse for the military training of school boys between 16 and 20 years old. Under the maxim, "for defense and not defiance," the Swiss lad undergoes preliminary military training in the drill and in rifle shooting, and so

effective is this training that I am informed a certain American moving picture firm is now taking their manoeuvres on the film to be exhibited in the States.

After giving the essentials of the system under which the Swiss men, young and old, are defending their country and their neutrality, the question is pertinent: What are the Swiss women doing under the conditions which the present war has forced upon them? The answer is plain, "Doing the men's work," just like the women of the belligerent countries, thus earning the spurs for the ride into political and economic freedom which is bound to come when the world again becomes sane, and let us hope, saner.

When the war broke out, just like the women of other neutral countries, the Swiss women harbored hopes that through neutral concerted action while still in the making, it might be stopped, localized, or held up at The Hague, but they soon found themselves under such almost superhuman stress, not only to meet their own troubles, but almost every other nation's as well, that no time was left for speculating or making peace speeches.

First, thousands of Italians in Germany and Austria were thrown out of work, and had to pass through Switzerland in every stage of want and despair. The Swiss women in every town organized soup kitchens. Those ragged columns were passed from one town to another, fed, clothed, comforted and finally landed in Italy safe and sound. Then Germany began to clear out the Russians, most of them fled to Switzerland, where they landed with a fistful of rubles which no one would take; hungry, separated from their trunks, often sick. Needless to say they found help. Then came the Belgian refugees in never-ceasing streams. They were cared for, in spite of the fact that it might have been considered by Germany a breach of neutrality.

Right here, it may well be recalled that the Red Cross movement found its birthplace in Geneva, Switzerland, in the year 1863. It was certainly a great vision from on high that the Swiss women had then, one befitting the glorious country they live in, the vision to unite the women all over the world in an effort to humanize war. It took 50 years before the Swiss women, surrounded by the drift material from the tide of the greatest war known in history, woke up to the fact that war cannot be humanized, that compromising with war is a mistake, that a higher spiritual mission had to be given to womankind, one not to alleviate merely the suffering of war, but one to do away with war itself.

So again in Switzerland and again in Geneva another vision dawned. They saw Winged Victory in the shape of a woman uniting the power of all womankind for war against war, so came into existence L'Union Mondiale de la Femme—The World Union of Women, with its Central International Office at Passage des

(Continued on page thirty-two)

The Children's Hospital

The Life Work of

(Continued from page three)

Incurables

Though the heart interest of *Everywoman* is naturally captured by the little incurables, we must not forget the great souls who made a magnificent home in which their sufferings can be lessened. It was back in 1875 when there was no hospital in San Francisco where poor, sick women and children could be cared for, a few ambitious young women doctors, seeing the fearful havoc neglected disease was making among the poor, conceived the plan of establishing some place where they could meet and treat those who were unable to pay. The following group finally came together for that purpose: Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, Dr. Martha Bucknell, Dr. Sara E. Brown, Dr. L. M. S. Wanzer and Dr. Elizabeth Follonsbee, and the result of that meeting was the renting of one room at 520 Taylor street. It was there they founded "The Pacific Dispensary for Women and Children," and incorporated it on March 24, 1875.

These young doctors had ambition, courage, education, and kind hearts—everything, in fact, except money. So, naturally, their struggle was hard and the results unsatisfactory, owing to lack of medicines and equipments. Then, when things were taking a hard turn, some one of the doctors accomplished a stroke of genius and enlisted the heart and brains of Mrs. John F. Merrill in their work of mercy. Though society sought to claim Mrs. Merrill, then as now, she never lost her sympathy nor her interest in that institution for poor women and children, from that day to this. Soon after, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, whose interest never wavered, joined them. She is now the General Secretary of the Children's Hospital, having served as President and in most of the official capacities.

Although, as they stated in the beginning: "The purpose of this Society is to provide women with medical aid by competent female physicians, to assist women in the practice of medicine and like professions, to educate them

for nurses and to provide medical and surgical aid for sick children." Now one would believe that this undertaking was quite a large contract. Those progressive young women thought nothing of the kind, however, for they immediately incorporated in November, 1885, taking the name of "Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses." The legal scope of this corporation was that it covered all the workings of the great hospital of today, as well as the assumption of the debts of the "Dispensary."

Think of the ambitions of those young, inexperienced women of that far-off day. They hitched their wagon to a star, and drew down large sections of the gold-paved streets of heaven, to supply their needs. Consciously or unconsciously, they connected up with the "Law of Supply and Demand," or as it should be written, if one cares to be extremely truthful and exact, the "Law of Demand and Supply." At least it was that route by which the supply came to Mrs. John F. Merrill, the young and ardent philanthropist who first formulated the ways and means by which a system of finances



Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal

say—of the one room on Taylor street.

From the day on which Mrs. Merrill's sympathy was first attracted to this work she became its financial agent, although she has from time to time filled all the other offices as well. Now we are advised by wise psychologists that in order to connect up with the aforesaid "Law of Supply and Demand," all you have to do is to go into the silence, and make pictures of gold flowing all over you, and you are sure to get it. Well, maybe that's so, if there were some ways of keeping from getting hungry while you waited. But, according to one who knew then—and what we know ourselves from long observation—Mrs. Merrill just went her own way about it. She was then a young bride, with a strange resemblance to a gazelle, Mr. Merrill was a fine young giant with a great head, heart and pockets. The tiny bride immediately made her Demand on that Supply, and soon emptied those pockets for the benefit of the sick kiddies and the poor mothers, who quickly found their way to the kindly doctors in charge of the "Dispensary," which had now something to work with.

When Mrs. Merrill felt that she had mastered the Law of Demand and Supply very thoroughly, by continuous practice on her husband, who was a willing contributor throughout all his life, she extended her psychic powers over all her girl friends, and the boy friends with great delight fell into line. Their success along the lines of Demand and Supply was phenomenal. Pretty soon they had the "Dispensary" in larger quarters out on Thirteenth street, "South of Market." Then they extended their powers to their women friends, who, in turn, made the Demand on the bank Supply of the men of their families, and of their friends; and, indeed, as everyone whom they met by this time was a friend, the mystic Power worked like a charm—and there was



Mrs. W. T. Fonda

was established for the benefit of the sick women and children of that day, and which has grown with the years, until it is the most successful institution of its kind in America.

So we'll give you the recipe, and if it doesn't get the desired results we'll know you did not make the right Demand, as the psychologists say. And, indeed, as all who worked for that hospital would testify.

Think of that! Now, just stop and think of it! Think of the Declaration of Independence. And they were not saying one word about Woman's Rights—they were too busy getting them. And, please don't forget, they got them! The Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses is one—only one—of the results. And it is the direct descendant and heir thereof—as the lawyers would



Mrs. L. L. Scott

of Today and Other Days

Great Souled Women

never the slightest question about the charm, for it's still there, and working hard. And the magnificent Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses is the result. And it now covers almost an entire square, with wards suitable to all diseases of women and children.

With the exception of 1906, when the Hospital was badly shattered by the earthquake, the last few years were the most strenuous of its life, owing to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and the grievous needs of the war victims absorbing all the interest and most of the money spent in California. For four of these years just passed, Mrs. Merrill was President of the institution, and, through the same psychic Demand, which frequently occupied sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, managed to keep the incurable children and the helpless women from suffering.

Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller has succeeded Mrs. Merrill as President of the Children's Hospital, and much good work is hoped for, from her devotion to the institution, and her natural energy. Following are her officers, Board of Managers and visiting staff: President, Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Isaac N. Walter, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Silas H. Palmer; General Secretary, Mrs. Luis Lane Dunbar; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Norris K. Davis; Treasurer, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott; Board of Managers, Mrs. George A. Batchelder, Mrs. Norris K. Davis, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Lawrence A. Draper, Mrs. John S. Drum, Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mrs. Wm. T. Fonda, Mrs. George F. Grant, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. George W. Hooper, Mrs. James Watt Kerr, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. J. Leo Lilienthal, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller, Mrs. Alexander F. Morrison, Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Norman D. Rideout, Mrs. Henry Sahlein,

Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. E. B. Stone, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. Wm. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Geo. F. Volkman, Mrs. Isaac N. Walter; Honorary Members, Board of Managers, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. A. S. Halidie, Mrs. Wm. Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Mary F. McGunn; Visiting Staff, L. M. F. Wanzer, M. D.; Harry M. Sherman, M. D.; Charles A. Von Hoffman, M. D.; William B. Lewitt, M. D.; William Watt Kerr, M. D.; Alice M. Woods, M. D.; Howard Morrow, M. D.; Emma K. Willitts, M. D.; Rachel L. Ash, M. D.; Julia Larson, M. D.; A. J. Lartigau, M. D.; J. B. Frankenheimer, M. D.; Langley Porter, M. D.; Albert J. Houston, M. D.; Wm. A. Martin, M. D.; Anna Flynn, M. D.; Elizabeth Keys, M. D.; George F. Ebright, M. D.; Douglas Montgomery, M. D.; L. S. Schmitt, M. D.; Harold Brunn, M. D.; Samuel G. Boyd, M. D.; James T. Watkins, M. D.; Fred C. Lewitt, M. D.; Anna E. Rude, M. D.; Mariana Bertola, M. D.

Something of the scope of this institution may be gained when you realize that in 1915 the current expenditures for the Hospital were \$112,725.67, while its net income was \$97,829.19, leaving a deficit of \$14,905.48. So, it is up to these brave women to devise ways and means through donations, subscriptions, etc., to find at least between \$12,000 and \$14,000 yearly income, to keep the Hospital free from debt.

Built on a Legal and Business Foundation

If one just looked only to the social end of the ways and means of raising money for the support of the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, such as the Annual Mardi Gras Ball and other society affairs, one might be led to think that just society alone accomplished it all. Not so, however; the business and legal end of the Hospital is as carefully and firmly established and administered as are the affairs of the National Government; and the President, officers, and Board of Managers understand and supervise every phase of its workings in the most businesslike manner, with a knowledge that financiers envy.

For instance, finding that the incorporation of the "Pacific Dispensary for Women and Children," which took place in 1875, was not broad enough to cover the field which they entered in 1885, the members and stockholders promptly formed a new corporation—a benevolent corporation—taking over all the rights of the "Dispensary" and adding to their rights under the laws of California. It was then that the name was changed to the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses. Just here it began to grow with leaps and bounds. They stated that the object of their society was to obtain and receive by



Mrs. Wendell Easton

gift, devise, barter or purchase, lands and property in San Francisco or anywhere in California, to erect buildings for the purpose of hospital and training schools for nurses, and for sick women and children; also to support and maintain and furnish competent and educated medical attendants, and in fact to do all that could be done by a first-class hospital, without any attempt at making pecuniary profits, which was a wise conclusion, considering the gigantic undertaking, without other means than funds which they hope to collect.

The Directors are also Trustees of the corporation, and in all transactions have the same power. They consult with the Board of Managers in all important matters of the society.

The Board of Managers have the power to control such funds of the society as are necessary for its current expenses. They have power to make their own by-laws, fill vacancies which may occur on the Board between annual meetings. The Board of Managers have also the right to appoint the Resident and Consulting Physicians, and to prescribe the duties of each, and make all rules and regulations of the hospital, training school and dispensary. And these are only a few of the duties which rest upon their shoulders.

Many of the most prominent men and women physicians in San Francisco give their services free to the hospital, which is now affiliated with the Medical Department of the University of California. This affiliation is somewhat in the nature of an experiment, as it is to co-operate for one year, when, if beneficial to both institutions, may continue indefinitely.

There are other features connected with this great hospital which we hope to take up on another occasion—the Auxiliary and the Holly Club are doing work which deserves special attention, for these mean interests which reach far into the future.



Mrs. Silas Palmer

The Man With the Hoe

A Japanese Sculptor's Conception

*"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages on his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."*

WHEN Edwin Markham wrote that he was troubled and depressed by having seen and studied Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe." In vigorous verse he grieves, and says "Time's tragedy is in that stoop."

We look again at the strong, splendid picture and sigh as we recall this gloomy contemplation of the American poet.

I have always felt that the man who sows and digs has the most beautiful life in the world, and great was my delight the other day when I found in the collection of a famous art collector in San Francisco whose treasure-filled studio is within a stone's throw of the Hotel St. Francis a wonderful bronze statue by the Japanese sculptor Rinjo of Tokio, called "Man with Hoe." Into the face and figure of the old man plunging his hoe into the earth and looking meditatively out across the field, the artist has wrought the impress of toil, but it is free from despair. The wrinkled face of the toiler is well modeled and the expression of serenity is beautifully and unmistakably depicted.

By Susan Lockwood

*"Ah, he's the man to pity and point the tale
of woe,
Who has no wish to plant a seed and help to
make it grow—
Whose heart is brick and mortar,
Whose life is soulless barter—
A million miles from God's sweet world, the
man without the hoe."*



Man With Hoe

This stanza is not of Japanese origin, but it expresses a strong Japanese sentiment. The prosperity of Japan depends upon her agriculture. From the earliest times to the present her rulers have followed the rescript of their first ancestor, "Toyo ashiwara no chiiho aki mizuho nokuni" (land of plenteous ears of rice, in the plain of luxuriant reeds), is destined to be ruled by our posterity, you therefore go and rule over it. The imperial prosperity will be as endless as the heaven and the earth." And so it was that formerly the farmers were placed next to the Sumurai class in social position, which was above that of the artisan and merchant.

The statue by Rinjo has great merit. It is a remarkable casting, being done all in one piece of bronze and the sculpting is strong and forceful. The feeling of the figure is marvelously portrayed. One stands long before the earnest face of the old toiler, and turns away with a sigh, but not a doleful sigh like Markham's. One is better for having seen this honest tiller of the soil, this man old and weary but well content with his lot and ready to meet his God and hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Nation to It's Foreign Born

By Elias Lieberman

*Front face! Are you prepared to do your
part?*

*Come here and tell me so; I know you can.
Stand straight and answer squarely, heart to
heart;*

*You're not a grain of dust to step on, man!
Look up! The truth! I mean to try you out
When passion's heat is white, to search you
through*

*And see if anywhere there lives a doubt
To whom and where your loyalty is due.*

*You're stanchly true? Then breathe a holy
vow*

*That, come what may, your soul will cling
to me.*

*I sheltered you, when first you came, and, now,
I want your faith and deeds, if need there be.
But if your thoughts go fondly back to where,
A subject one, you ate your potted meat,
Or where you scraped and bowed to kings,
why, there*

*You must return. You cannot stand white
cheat.*

There is no middle course for loyalty,

*And love should never waver. She who
nursed*

*Your brawn and brain and soul, who dubbed
you free,*

*Should stand alone in love, in duty first.
All this you stand resolved to pledge anew?*

*You call to witness Him that rules above?
Then rise, Sir Knight, my future rests on you,
On all your utter faith, your utter love!*

The Busy Heart

By Rupert Brooke

*Now that we've done our best and worst, and
parted,*

*I would fill my mind with thoughts that
will not rend.*

*(Oh, heart, I do not dare go empty-hearted)
I'll think of Love in books, Love without
end;*

*Women with child, content; and old men
sleeping;*

*And wet, strong ploughlands, scarred for
certain grain;*

*And babes that weep, and so forget their
weeping;*

And the young heavens forgetful after rain;

*And evening hush, broken by honing wings;
And Song's nobility, and Wisdom holy,*

*That live, we dead. I would think of a
thousand things,*

*Lovely and durable, and taste them slowly,
One after one, like tasting a sweet food.*

I have need to busy my heart with quietude.

San Francisco Chapter of the Women's Section of the Navy League

THIS important branch of the Navy League was addressed at a recent meeting by Dr. W. H. Halsey, who is in charge of the Training Station at Yerba Buena. Dr. Halsey, speaking under the auspices of the Naval Red Cross, talked very freely and frankly in favor of the proper training of young men for the navy. He conveyed very convincingly the idea that the discipline under which the young men are placed is of a very different character to that which people generally believe exists at the Training Station. In answering the question, so often put to men in the navy, "What kind of boys do you get in the navy?" he said, "Just the same kind of boys as your boys; the same kind of boys that you find in the high school and on the campus." He added that the boys are treated by the officers in the same way as such boys would naturally be treated, and said that there could be no idea more false than the one entertained by most people who think that the officers yell orders to cadets through a megaphone, or use any such method in the training. The officers try to instill into the boys' minds that they are in the position of younger brothers and are to be instructed and enlightened in their duties much as the older members of their own families would teach them, and as small brothers will look up to older brothers of whom they are fond and whose knowledge they respect, the young cadets receive their training from their officers. Attention was called to the fact that it is only self-respecting boys and boys of good intelligence who can remain in the navy. All who are wild or incorrigible, and persist in losing marks, for good conduct, they are obliged to dismiss.

Dr. Halsey said that in his own department, which is the pharmaceutical department, the boys are taught in a most thorough manner how to prepare medicines. They collect the herbs and concoct the medicines, which are pure and free from adulteration. The boys thus instructed are usually far ahead of the students who take the course in pharmacy in schools and colleges throughout the country; so much so that when the term of enlistment has expired they are in great demand for high positions as chemists and druggists throughout the country, and can command good salaries. There is a special call for young men thus equipped, and as a rule they follow their profession after leaving the navy. Great emphasis was laid by the speaker upon the fact that, although the boys are strictly disciplined and expected to fulfill their duties to the letter, it is not a case of "all work and no play." Every Wednesday afternoon while ashore they have a dance,

which is attended by families, friends and "best girls" from the city, and these guests of the afternoon are made welcome and entertained, and the young people allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way, a privilege which they have never been known to abuse. It was interesting to hear how the boys play ball and all the games that they most enjoy, and lead happy, healthy young lives. Dr. Halsey made such a pleasant impression upon his audience, which packed the ballroom of the Fairmount Hotel, that many mothers who have sons in the navy came forth to thank him for his kindness to the young boys who have enlisted in that profession. Another interesting phase of the afternoon were the young cadets present displaying the medicines they had prepared and bottled. These preparations for wounds, sickness, etc., showed the boys' skill, and their pride in their work was evident. Colored charts drawn by the cadets were also shown. Many mothers came forward and expressed the hope that their young sons might hear the speaker and be impressed with a sense of duty to their country if a crisis were to arise demanding their services. The average age for entering the navy is that of the high school boy, eighteen or nineteen.

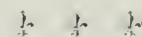
Under the auspices of the Red Cross Mrs. Frederick C. Colburn, regent of the Chapter, and Mrs. A. W. Scott, chairman of the Board of Directors, are making preparations to establish a barracks at the Presidio where the young women of the city may go to study Red Cross work. They hope to institute a course of study which will give these young women full instruction in this work. There will also be a class for women and girls during certain hours of the day, planned for those who cannot give all of their time. The picnic which is to be held at Yerba Buena when the women enrolled under the National Red Cross will have an opportunity to witness the working out of all the plans, is looked forward to by all those interested in the movement.

Prominent among the members of the San Francisco Chapter of the Navy League, in addition to the army and navy women, are the following: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, honorary regent; Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mesdames W. H. Newell, Joseph D. Grant, D. C. Jackling, George Pope, Herbert Moffitt, Ira Pierce, Jane Martel, Samuel Knight, William Hinckley Taylor, Phillip Langdale, Madame Tojetti, Arthur Lewin, Victor S. Houston, Graham E. Parker, Allie Glassford, J. M. Hooker, Lily O'Connor, Henry T. Scott, E. E. Eyre, J. B. Crockett, Edward S. Breyfogle, Philip Andrews, George W. Gibbs,

Dickwell Hewitt, F. W. Gallois, F. W. Tallant, C. W. Tuttle, Clement Tobin, Catherine Biddle Bassett, Ferdinand Theriot, Robert Lee Crooks, Frances Carolan, William H. Crocker, Jas. Shea, Wm. B. Hopkins, Parker Whitney, Geo. Berdsall, John Cushing, H. M. A. Miller, Frederick Tallant, Peter McBean, Fred Beaver, Alfred Tubbs, Miss Fletcher, Fletcher Ryer, Frank Anderson, Geo. Marsh, Frederick Kohl, Robert Oxnard, John Perine, Thomas J. J. See, B. P. Oliver, Timothy Hopkins, C. T. Wright, Rolandt Schumann, William Babcock, Louis Monteagle, Edward J. McCutcheon, J. R. K. Nuttall, William G. Irwin, T. C. Gregory, M. H. de Young, Perry Eyre, John F. Boyd, E. W. McKinstry, Ingraham Kip, A. W. Scott, Frances M. Wright, D. S. Lisberger, I. Arnstein, J. H. Frier, F. H. Sponogle, George Rothganger, James Potter Langhorne, Walter P. Treat, A. L. Langfeld, James Otis, Jr., A. M. Farrell, Paul Bancroft, Kirby D. Crittenden, Squire V. Mooney, George W. Bucknall, John H. Deering, Osgood Putnam, Sydney Van Weick, Herman W. Schull, E. J. McClemand, Daniel T. Murphy, Misses Laura McKinstry, Phyllis de Young, Martha Macondary, Jennie Blair.



The death of Henry James, the great novelist and literary critic, in London on February 28, is announced. He died "full of years and honors" at the ripe age of 72. Americans cannot help but regret that only six months prior to his death he gave up his United States citizenship and swore fealty to the British flag. At the same time there is no doubt in our mind that his reason for doing this was his great desire to make himself a part of the protest against militarism and autocracy. His long residence in England and his association with Englishmen naturally made him anything but neutral in feeling. In his death two nations mourn him and love him as belonging to them both.



LOVE OF CHILDREN

*"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal."*

—Childhood.

Blue Mountain Folk

(Continued from page five)

others who help financially to support the work.

The President's own room in the White House is furnished entirely with the products of the handiwork of these mountain women, and is called the Blue Mountain room. The rug, which is a big one, is woven of dark blue and cream white threads, and smaller rugs of the same pattern and colorings complete the floor covering. All of the furniture, big cozy chairs and the couch are covered with a lighter weight material in the same design.

Mrs. Wilson during her life took great interest in helping in every way to promote the activities of the association, and Miss Margaret Wilson has succeeded her mother as honorary president.

I suggested to Mrs. Stone that she bring the attention of these articles to interior decorators, who I felt sure would be indebted to her for new ideas. She said, "Oh, you know we sell hundreds of dollars' worth of these spreads to the decorators in the East. These and the towels, etc., have been one of the biggest sources of our income. The decorators use them in the best type of Colonial furnishings. And I want you to see these lovely peacock dusters. Do you know how we came to get these? One day one of our field workers stopped at a modest cabin home and while chatting with a little woman there, noticed some very fine peacock feathers. She asked her if she thought she could make an attractive arrangement of some of them, and the woman seemed surprised to think that anyone would think of wanting them." This discussion resulted in the worker showing her how to attach them to a piece of carved wood a foot long, weaving the quills in and out with narrow braid to cover them and form the attachment to the handle. The result was a graceful, waving, iridescent mass and there is quite a demand for them now, too.

This woman far up in the mountains, who did not know she had anything of value to give

the world, now finds her time and labor well repaid and with the money thus earned begins to look about; to think of how she can use the medium she is offered to improve the state of her family. This is induced partly by the ideal held up to her by the field worker and partly by the sense of independence which wealth, even though it be comparative, always gives.

A point which might be of interest to psychologists, is shown in the fact that where these people are still ignorant of any moral obligation to themselves and to the community, the children born of such unnatural union seem to be strong mentally, and of a healthy type. One might say this is due partly to climatic conditions, clear air and the natural life they lead, but this statement will not hold good when in the light of subsequent misdeemeanors, where a knowledge of a moral code exists and where right and wrong are distinguished, the offspring of such a union, in disregard of moral laws, are usually mentally deficient. Among many uncivilized and semi-barbaric peoples the same condition exists; that those living in absolute ignorance of any moral code recognized by civilized nations, are not subject to deteriorating physical influences shown by those who realize their moral responsibility.

The mother instinct is the strongest of all instincts possessed by either man or beast, but a peculiar condition is met in the minds of these mountain women when they begin to consider the disgrace of such relationship, and a most reactionary effect is shown. It does not seem possible that a mother could put a little child out of the shelter of her care, throw it on the mercy of the world and its own responsibility, and yet this is what has happened in dozens of cases.

A few years ago Rev. Smith seeing little children sleeping under hay mows and having to beg for food and sustenance, started what is now known as the Balfour Orphanage School. Many of these children in this way were cared for and given an education.

As an instance of such a case, Mrs. Stone told me of a little fellow only five years old, red haired, freckled and with the expression of an angel (I saw several pictures of him taken at that time), who came one day peering through the fence surrounding the Lees-McRae School. He was observed and cautiously approached, but before he could be reached had run away like a frightened deer. The next day he came again and the pangs of hunger may have had some influence in making him less timid. When approached this time he pleaded that he was intending no harm, "he was only watching the boys." He was finally coerced into the house, and though the place was full to overflowing the Rev. J. P. Hall could not let him go, so he was asked to remain over night. His stay lengthened; several days passed and each day at the dinner table it was noticed that he gave his dessert to the little fellow next to him, the other boy greedily eating both his own and Johnnie's dessert. Inquiry revealed the astonishing statement that he regretted his shabby condition and was giving up his dessert to his little neighbor for twelve days on condition that he could wear the other boy's clothes while he washed and mended his own. In the face of the principle shown in the action of a child who had had so little opportunity, Rev. Hall allowed him to complete his bargain. It is needless to say thereafter every effort was made to make up to him for the credit he deserved.

Mrs. Stone told me the Association had secured a three-year scholarship at the Lees-McRae School for little Johnnie, and he is more than making good.

The annual meeting of the Association is to be held at the Willard Hotel on March 15th. This is the tenth anniversary of the Association's work, and it is probable a new outline, as proposed by John C. Campbell, secretary of the Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation, will be formulated.

"Where Mother Is, Is Best"

By Charles Phillips

*Sure as the winged arrow shoots,
Straight as the crow flies west,
Unerring as the eagle sweeps
The heavens to his nest,
My heart sends all its wishings home—
"Where Mother is, is best."*

*When fortune smiles in this fair land,
And all the world is dressed
In sunny garb, and all the skies
Smile at my soul's glad zest,
Oh, then would I go singing home—
"Where Mother is, is best."*

*And when the gloom and shadows come,
And, faltering in the test,
I fail, and fain would lean upon
Some heart for strength and rest,
Ah, then my heart turns wearily,
"Where Mother is, is best."*

*Where mother is, there heaven is,
There all the charms possessed
Of peace and joy and dear content
Await at love's behest—
Where mother is my heart would stay—
"Where Mother is, is best."*

*Yes, I would bring my burdens home,
And lay my head at rest
In her dear lap; or singing, bring
The fairest fortunes guessed
In our long dreams, to make her glad!
"Where Mother is, is best."*

*God keep her safe among those scenes
Of home so dear, so blest!
Oh, love as love and men's live
And long as Faith's confessed,
My heart will cry to all the world,
"Where Mother is, is best."*

—From "Back Home."

Since Last Month

Elihu Root for President

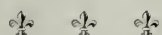
SEVENTY-FIVE prominent Republicans of New York State, including a score of delegates to the National Convention, have issued a public indorsement of Elihu Root for the Republican nomination for President. In their pronouncement they set him forth as "the ablest living American." The platform upon which they propose him to their fellow Republicans is, like the Roosevelt platform, one of Americanism and preparedness. The seventy-five include among their number Nicholas Murray Butler, Cornelius N. Bliss, Otto Bannard, Joseph H. Choate, Chauncey M. Depew, Job E. Hedges, John G. Milburn, William A. Prendergast, James R. Sheffield, Henry L. Stimson and Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr. They include, as is perfectly natural, many well-known lawyers, and on the whole the membership is distinctly conservative. Their statement is as follows:

"Elihu Root is the ablest living American.

"The next four years will be critical in the life and influence of the people of the United States. New and vitally important problems confront the American people. Not only the domestic questions of national prosperity, of economic and industrial readjustment of the social welfare and of the best use of our natural resources are pressing for solution, but the international policy of the nation is now to be defined in terms of present-day needs and relations.

"At this time the nation requires its best trained, most experienced and most thoroughly tested leader in the highest executive office. After sixteen years of devoted public service as Secretary of War, Secretary of State and Senator of the United States, Elihu Root stands pre-eminently among contemporary Americans as a constructive, far-sighted and forward-facing statesman. While he has declined to become a candidate for even the highest political office, yet if nominated for the Presidency by the coming National Convention at Chicago his sense of public duty must compel his acceptance.

"As Americans, believing in an American policy at home and abroad and in proper preparation to express and to defend such a policy, we favor the nomination of Elihu Root for the Presidency of the United States."



It is encouraging that American shipping men with American capital, grit and patriotism have decided to keep the American flag on the Pacific, and not turn over the trans-ocean traffic to the Japanese. The business is ready for the ships, if those ships are only given half a chance.

But the American Government will have to turn about face and encourage the men of cap-

By Mrs. Ralph Alden Frost

ital, grit and patriotism, instead of putting every possible obstacle in their way, or the return of the flag will be but temporary and the surrender to Japan will be complete. The conditions of sea-going business must be made as easy as possible, instead of as hard as possible, if our competition is to be maintained to advantage.

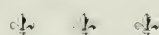
It always must be borne in mind that Japan subsidizes her steamers. She encourages her citizens to build those steamers and enter upon foreign commerce. Everything is made attractive to the capitalist who wishes to become a steamship owner. He is practically assured of a profit when he lays a keel.

But the United States denies subsidies, is over-exacting in contracts, makes it as expensive as possible to operate steamers, and wouldn't even permit free tolls in the Government's own canal as an encouragement to shipbuilding and commerce expansion.

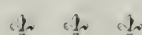
It will require statesmanship of a high order—patriotism at Washington as well as among the citizens—if "Old Glory" is to be seen on the Pacific in anything like an honest fight for supremacy with the sunburst flag of Japan.



If one adds the German reports of Russian losses to the French reports of German losses, the grand total proves conclusively the war must end at once!



Justice Shearn of the New York Supreme Court handed down a decision yesterday which shows how vastly the legal status of the wife and mother has changed in the last decade. To quote from Judge Shearn's decision: "It is claimed that a father has a paramount right to the custody of a child. This was once the law, but we have emerged from the dark ages, during which married women had the status of slaves and chattels. The only basis of the father's alleged superior right, today, is his obligation to support his children. This basis disappears when one considers what a mother gives to her children in suffering, self-sacrifice and devotion. On any admeasurement of rights determined by service rendered, the right of a mother to the custody of her children is at least equal to that of the father. The real test should be the welfare of the child."



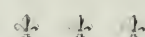
That opinion regarding the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis for the Supreme Court of

the United States, is still absolutely divided, may be seen from the following reports:

First—Former President Taft and six other former presidents of the American Bar Association today protested to the Senate judiciary sub-committee against confirmation of the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis for the Supreme Court. The others were Siemon E. Baldwin, Francis Rawle, Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, Moorfield Story and Peter W. Meldrim. The first six sent a letter stating that "taking into view the reputation, character and professional career of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, he is not a fit person to be a member of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Second—Judge Seabury of the Court of Appeals of New York State says Brandeis is fortunate in his critics who attack him because "he cannot be relied upon as a servant of monopoly and privilege." No man, Judge Seabury insists, at all qualified to discharge judicial duties, can avoid having opinions and convictions upon the social and economic questions which are profoundly influencing the thought of this age. Nothing but good, thinks this judge, can come to the court from the contribution of Brandeis' views. Hearst's *New York American*, which has been attacking the President for nearly everything he has done, calls this "the best appointment Mr. Wilson has made." The *Providence Journal*, another persistent critic, compares Brandeis with Hughes as a fighter but an impartial judge, and considers Brandeis also highly qualified by legal attainments and standards of professional honor.

With such conflicting opinions from such eminent men about the filling of so important and high an office, it would seem wise that another man should be nominated for the place, and probably that will be the result of the controversy.



Washington state has the highest divorce rate and Delaware has the lowest. The divorce rate in prohibition Maine and Kansas is much higher than the average in the United States. Sixteen of the states have a lower rate than has Kansas, and fifteen of these are wet. This does not prove that prohibition is responsible for divorce in these two states, but it does prove that drunkenness is by no means the chief cause of divorce. The chief cause of divorce is seldom revealed to the public.—*Practical Eugenics*.

Everywoman's Bookshelf

The Stakes of Diplomacy
(By Walter Lippmann)

Mr. Walter Lippmann of The New Republic writes a book about The Stakes of Diplomacy. He has something to propose. Frontiers, he says, are the causes of wars; that and the idea that a nation has "rights" because it is sovereign, all wars being defensive in that they defend a nation's "rights"—that is, her desire to be unopposed.

Newspapers, he says, are, in the main, instruments of irritation among people because trouble is more dramatic than peace and good will. It makes better news.

And besides newspapers, there is patriotism. Mr. Lippmann "psychologizes" patriotism to one's origins, such earliest loyalties being called fundamental because they survive the breakage of everything else and amount to passions. The fixing of frontiers is a real estate business proposition, and it is when the business of life is integrated with our passions that trouble begins to brew. When copper exports are attacked it isn't reasoned calculation alone that makes the decision for action; it is the feeling of the people whose passion is fused with the copper trade. The Morocco affair furnishes an example of such fusion of trade and patriotism, with the present state of things in Europe its terrible consequences.

Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Japan and the United States are the eight powers that count. Their incessant competition is to attach the smaller states to themselves. These are the Stakes of Diplomacy. What, according to the imperialists, is organization, to the anti-imperialist the exploitation of the weaker states, is the "problem" to the business man, the "white man's burden" to the poet.

The Stakes of Diplomacy figure hardly at all in popular thinking; the big items there are frontier disputes, the oppression of kindred people racial mysticism and a huge sentimental interest in prestige. Herein is the weakness of pacifists; they will not face the fact that the diplomatic struggle, the armed peace and the war itself revolves about the exploitation of weaker territories. The diplomats have seen it and attempted in vain to solve it. If you can preserve the integrity of a country and you can keep the door open, then you preclude any one nation from monopoly; you give all nations an interest in preventing aggression and you remove the prime source of friction, which is the attempt of traders to secure control of the territory and discriminate against competition. That the exploitation of these backward countries falls into the hands of a few capitalists and that the people at home somehow believe that they have something to gain by enriching the capitalists of their own nation in Africa or

By Eleanor Oliver

some other remote place—this is the Great Illusion.

Mr. Lippmann's proposal, and this is the burden of his book, is that international conferences, such as the Conference at Algeciras, the London Conference after the Balkan wars, the Berlin Conference of 1885, and all such legislative bodies should not be disbanded when they have passed a law, but ought to continue to exist as a kind of senate, meeting from time to time, and as a sort of court sitting occasionally to settle international disputes that might arise concerning the backward places whose problems have first called the conference into being. In this way a problem like that of Morocco, for example, might, he thinks, be kept localized to a permanent European Conference on Morocco. The development and details of such a scheme, he admits, are obviously speculative at the moment. The important point is that there should be in existence permanent international commissions to deal with those spots of the earth where crises originate. Such international governing bodies are needed wherever the prizes are great, the territory unorganized and competition active.

In the further elaboration and discussion of the scheme that he has in mind, Mr. Lippmann states the supreme objection to the much-dreamed-of world conference and parliament to be that no parliament of man could possibly know enough and find time enough to deal with the enormous complexities of the world.

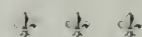
The chief objection to the scheme he himself proposes is the great difficulty he foresees of transferring the allegiance of concessionaires, financiers, missionaries and merchants, with the duty of protecting such folk, from their own national government to the international government. If they support it, he thinks, there is a chance of its success; if they fight it failure is certain, since no government has any chance of survival unless it serves the interests of powerful economic groups.

Returning to the first principles of patriotism—loyalty to one's origins—as an objection to the world organization, Mr. Lippmann says: "The only way in which world organization can command a world patriotism is by proving its usefulness. If it affords a protection and produces a prosperity—such as the national state cannot produce, it will begin to draw upon the emotions of men. * * * If men can be citizens of an empire scattered over all the seas there is no longer anything inconceivable about their becoming citizens of a state which covered modern civilization. The idea has ceased to be a psychological impossibility. * * * Once you have laid the basis of self-interest, once you have made union the

power by which men can live better, feel securer and follow their ambitions more easily, union begins to become warm and personal to them * * * they have become patriots of the union. * * * Loyalty seeks an authority to which it can be loyal and when it finds an opportunity which gives security and progress and opportunity, it fastens itself there. The problem of world organization is to attach enough loyalty to the immature world state to enable it to weather the inevitable attacks."

Such loyalty, he conceives, can be aroused by organizing the scenes of exploitation so that not only the adventurers but the stay-at-home safe investor shall have an interest in foreign diplomacy, so that not only imperialistic capitalists but small investors, the middle classes and common people, shall have a share in the stakes of diplomacy. "When the people have had some experience of diplomatic problems," he says, "they will discover what far-seeing democrats have always known—that the values of mankind do not entirely coincide with national frontiers. * * * To have public opinion there must be interest and this cannot be created by preaching, but by making the subject of it part of the business of life. * * The great virtue of democracy—in fact, its supreme virtue—is that it supplies a method for dragging the realities into the light, of summoning realities to declare themselves and submit to judgment."

The organization of backward countries, the author opines, would draw wider interest to them, and those wider interests assuming control of diplomacy would democratize it and weaken its sovereign pretense. There would be less need of sovereignty, less need of rigid military frontiers, less need of docile, uncritical patriotism, and consequently a vast increase of human co-operation. The great empires will cease to face each other as hostile rivals when the source of their rivalry, the stakes of modern diplomacy, have been organized out of existence.



The Benson Brothers

There might be more families like the Bensons, one thinks repining. So many millions of people live in the world and seem only to muddle it the more. And yet it has happened for one man and woman to bring into life four such sons as the Benson Brothers each one of whom has born fruit of the Spirit; one a playwright and actor, one a notable novelist; Father Hugh Benson, the priest, now perfect, and Arthur Christopher Benson, whose work in the world, he says, is to teach and to write books.

Mr. Benson speaks repeatedly in his writings of people who write to him to say that things he says are just what they themselves

have often thought. Mr. Benson does not say so, but one gathers that he does not look upon such testimonials as the highest tributes to his genius. They respond, however, to the best of universality of appeal and there is the supposition, to his further praise; if all of his correspondents had written their thoughts and published them as he has done, probably no very considerable number of them would have awakened the echoing chorus that he hears coming back to him. It is indeed reflectiveness not originality that distinguishes Benson among the scribes of his time. He meditates an idea until it is perfectly definite in his mind and then states it with a precision that gives it the beauty of clearness and a mastery of the art of words that gives it grace. One reads and perceives so immediately through the clear medium of Benson's language that Benson's thought is to him as his very own.

Then, too, Benson communes with himself and writes down both sides of the communication, and other human spirits, listening through the book, fancy that he is speaking to them, they to him. An almost imperative impulse, then, is to write to Mr. Benson and tell him that one has heard and understood. It seems ungrateful and unsociable not to. That gift of immediateness is a very precious gift.

But, of course, one has to have a taste or at least an occasional mood for such communings to care for the Benson essays at all. And even so, there are times and places when there is apparent a certain sameness of thought and manner not only as if one had thought the same thing as himself but as if Mr. Benson had said the same thing before. But the essays now have covered a number of years and a good deal of life is in thinking things over. A good many years ago he wrote "The Altar Fire," with his intellect and his imagination, and lately he has written "Thy Rod and Thy Staff" of his own knowledge. It is consoling—no, it

is reassuring. And furthermore it does without consciously aiming to do it, a very necessary thing; it makes near in tune and reality the human companionableness of Jesus Christ. That is best done unconsciously and by a man much given to solitude and contemplation, inspired by a love of beauty who has accustomed himself to express freely and very conscientiously the thoughts that arise within him. He must have the utmost truthfulness, be freed as nearly as possible from the self-consciousness that is of vanity and be urged to expression by an earnest affection for humanity.

To speak of inmost things intimately and without hypocrisy and without sentimentality takes a big and good man. To express himself constantly and never exhibit himself takes a great artist.

"The Silent Isle" is the perfection of Benson's casual prose. "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," the most nearly complete and satisfying statement of his philosophy. But of course it is not satisfying, it is wistful, partaking of the beauty of Christianity that is a religion of faith, not of satisfaction.



"The Soul of Woman."

(Paul Elder & Co., Publishers)

Paul Jordan Smith of the University of California has written a booklet called "The Soul of Woman," which, he explains, is "an interpretation of the philosophy of feminism." When it is said that he has undertaken the contract in sixty-six pages of rather coarse print it will be readily surmised that there is nothing of finality about the professor's conclusions on a subject upon which shelves of voluminous literature and otherwise have been written.

The perusal of sundry commendatory notices of Professor Smith's booklet had lead to the belief that in this new work those of us who have been trying to get a definition of the

word "feminism" in its modern sense as it glides from the pen of numerous advocates of this intangible something,—would see a great light. A reading of "The Soul of Woman," however, leaves us thankful that the professor did not attempt to delve deeper into the subject.

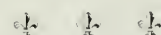
The one clear and conclusive point scored for feminism is that whatever it may be, the professor is strong for it. He no doubt knows what it means, but he does not explain. The book sets forth no argument, the writer merely indulging in a series of reflections, many of which are not in accord with one another and the conclusions drawn are not based on any line of reason that one can discover.

The numerous quotations from the references to noted writers modern and less modern on the ever vital question of the status of woman are interesting, but one fails to find in them the ground work of a philosophy dealing with one of the most difficult and elusive problems with which the human mind has to cope.

As a sympathetic exponent the professor should be welcome in the "feminist" ranks, whether or not his work has served to interpret the philosophy of feminism, and all women, be they "feminist" or otherwise, who look forward to a broader emancipation than the sex is yet accorded, will recognize in "The Soul of Woman" the handclasp of a friend.



Contributor to "Poet's Corner" in country paper: "I'm afraid I'll have to charge something for my poems now that paper has gone up."—Punch.



Very patriotic old English lady, to lad milking cow: "How is it you are not at the front, young man?"

"Cause there ain't no milk at that end, mum."—Punch.

INVITATION

*Now come with me, ye Sons of Men,
I bring ye holiday. Days when
My merry sunbeams gild the hours,
And nights are white, and all my flow'rs
Spill magic perfumes on the air
That breathes of love to thee. Come where
Fairies dance in their wonder-ring
And moonbeams silver shadows fling.
The throbbing silences of night
Shall pulse with passionate delight*

(Music—Light, Quick, Dainty, Joyous)

By Charlotte Baldwin Frost

*For thee. And each succeeding day
Shall bring thee strength and point the way
To thy success. I may not be
Thy merry comrade overlong.
My sister sings her harvest-song
And takes my place. To russet brown
She turns my gold, my fairy gown*

*Of green she folds. She stores my wheat
With thrifty care. Her task complete,
She sets her golden-rod alight
To make her short'ning day seem bright.*

*Then come with me, ye Sons of Earth,
Come! Share my joy and warmth and mirth.
Come while my days are green and gold,
And nights are white and love is bold.
I am Summer.*

Music and Musicians

The New York Symphony Orchestra

THE most noticeable event in the realms of San Francisco's music-making since the appearance of our last edition, and which attracted the most attention, were the concerts of the New York



Joseph George Jacobson

Symphony Orchestra, with Walter Damrosch as conductor and Josef Hofmann as soloist, names that stand for only the best in music. The orchestra is a time-honored institution on which everyone looks with pride, and its memories are closely interwoven with the interests of true art. The committee of management consists of men of wealth, who are willing to make good the deficit at the end of the season, and so foster the advance of good music for the education of the masses. A splendid opportunity for some of our men of wealth to copy from, and to create a more ardent ambition. The organization includes the best musicians, and in the individual material not much better could be wished for. They are fortunate of being constantly associated together, and possess an intimate and subtle feeling for each other, which can only be produced by incessant practice under unifying influence. Here still lies the main fault with our orchestra. Our men are compelled to seek their livelihood often in not very edifying positions through lack of sufficient support, and a certain jar and hostile feeling and absence of union is felt throughout in spite of the competent and conscientious conductor. The sensitive instruments of the string group, which so quickly respond to every shading, beat with one common musical pulse, and made the beauty and finish of every feature.

The homogeneous sympathy of the orchestra was evident at once in the opening symphony, "From the New World," by Dvorak. This magnificent composition was rendered with a fire and dash which fairly carried the audience by storm. Of more trivial nature, though interesting and amusing, was the novelty suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," by Carpenter. Striking passages, many of which seemed quite familiar. The composer has become known lately through some cleverly written

By Joseph George Jacobson

songs and a violin sonata. Tchaikowsky's E minor Symphony was one of the crowning features of the concerts. The ensemble playing of the third movement, the waltz, was the finest I ever have heard. It tests the metal of the strings. The Kalinnikow Symphony and Percy Grainger Folk Songs were not new to us, having been played by our orchestra. The conductor, Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose name is so closely connected with the New York Orchestra, has a well-known record and has been building a name for himself gradually in the history of American music. His readings of the programmes were worthy, by their intelligence and finish, of his reputation. To me he did not seem to electrify his men like Mr. Hertz does, and I saw no evidences of original power, in spite of profound scholarship. His composition, "Excerpts from Iphigenia and Aulis," heard here last summer at the Greek Theater, deserves favorable mention.

Now to the soloist, Josef Hofmann. This great pianist, the favorite pupil of Rubinstein, always stirs up some excitement wherever he appears. He has marked individuality and throws new light on the works of the masters. His digital dexterity cannot be surpassed, his energy and strong will are remarkable. He makes strong contrasts and imparts vivid coloring. I have heard Hofmann play practically from the beginning of his career, when in Berlin I wondered at his soft and poetic touch with which he used to fascinate his audience. Of later years his singing touch seems to me hard and without much deep feeling. Like his great teacher he is very unequal to himself. With all that, he is a master of his instrument and has always something of interest to say.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

The tenth pair of symphony concerts given on March 31st and April 2nd marked the close of this year's series. We have all reason to be satisfied with the achievements of our orchestra and its conductor. Works of true merit were performed of the old masters, and many concerts were characterized by elements of novelties. Mr. Hertz has lived up to his reputation as one of the most enthusiastic and energetic leaders. This must be conceded even by those who are obliged to cavil at his him for reasons all their own. This gentleman is already busy preparing for the next season, and if we all pull together in the interest of music we will have still better art in the future. At the last concert we were treated to Beethoven's immortal "Eroica," the pure

classical school. The concert before gave us Schubert's master-work, the "Symphony in C." Franz Schubert forms the most remarkable link between the strictly classical school, of which Beethoven was the grand interpreter, and the romantic school, which finds its apostle in Wagner, by whom we have the Tannhauser overture. The transition to the latest school was illustrated by Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

Mabel Riegelman

The lady whose name heads this article is one of several examples which might be quoted, showing the existence of excellent material in our midst, which only needs to be brought forward. Miss Riegelman is a San Francisco girl, who received her first musical education in California. At the age of fifteen she sang for Madame Galski in this city, who was so impressed by her singing that she took her to her own teacher, Frau Schroeder, in Stettin. It did not take long for her great talent to be recognized and she appeared in d'Albert's opera, "Tiefland," as Nuri, in which role she scored an unqualified success. Step by step she forged her way to the front, and when returning to her native country the recognition of her talent was no less cordial than that which has welcomed her efforts in the Old World. For four seasons she sang with the Chicago Opera Company, then with the Metropolitan, after which she went on tour as a concert singer. But her love for opera could not be quelled and she has just signed up with the Boston Opera Company for a term of three years. There are others who are her superior in the resources of the vocal organ, and all the details of mechanical execu-



Mabel Riegelman

(Continued on page twenty-five)

Telling Stories to Boys

A Phase of Fresh Air work in New York

By Ruth Fuller Field

"GEE! Mrs. Ruth, you orter get that story wrote in a book! Yer got Alger and Optic beat to a frazzle!" This flattering remark greeted me as I went to say "Good Night" to a room full of boys who were discussing the chapter of a "made up" serial story I had just been telling them.

Eighty-five boys from the East Side of New York arrived at the Summer Home of one of New York's largest churches on the first day of a very hot July nearly seven years ago, for a two-weeks' visit. It was my first experience in dealing with boys "en masse," and after supper when I was asked to tell a "made up" story, of which a few of the boys had had a sample, I was truly terrified.

My ears were nearly deafened by the stream that had been "let off" from the lungs of this wild party during the first day out of the stifling city, and my thought had been that only when they slept would quiet reign.

To show weakness, however, at that moment would be fatal, for one must live up to a boy's ideal, so I sat down in a corner of the big piazza and began. Indians and cow-boys by request, "made while you wait."

Darkness in the country, full of strange and mysterious night voices, has no charm for the city boy, and as twilight falls he gladly seeks the shelter of a roof.

A romping group came rushing onto the piazza. The boys who were listening to the story turned and gave a "quiet" signal. The rompers came tiptoeing up to see what was going on, stood a few minutes, wary of taking any chances, then took seats on the floor as close to my chair as possible. The same thing was repeated with other noisy groups in turn; the story going on without interruption until the whole party was about me.

From that time the "story hour" became an established part of every evening's programme for the six years I was in charge of the home.

The charm to me of that hour would be hard to describe. It was like playing on a wonderful human instrument.

The intense gaze of at least fifty pairs of boys' eyes—and many so very beautiful—inspired the thoughts and drew the words from me to make the stories they seemed to truly enjoy.

To feel their breathless suspense at a climax which, alas! *had* to savor of the aforesaid Alger and Optic, perhaps, in order to appeal to their taste in literature(?); then to see their eyes glisten with real tears at a touch of pathos, to be followed quickly by peals of laughter, was to me real joy.

I was sometimes guilty of experimenting on this instrument, when I had by practice gained assurance.

There was one boy whom I never saw except at meal time, without a "lollypop" in his mouth. (To explain, a "lollypop" is an impossible-looking piece of candy attached to a wooden stick, like a skewer.) I even recall having to remove an empty stick from this boy's mouth one night after he had gone to sleep.

One evening at an exciting point in the story I happened to see this boy with his mouth open just ready to pop the "lolly" in, when he paused in midair, so to speak. I rapidly increased the complications of the plot, piling up climax and "antis" regardless of all rule or regulation, just to see how long I could keep his hand in the air. His mouth opened wider and wider, as did his eyes, and still the candy did not reach its goal. My risibilities got the best of me and I had to introduce a touch of comedy to give me a chance to laugh *with* the boys. They never knew we were not laughing at the same thing.

Often, I would in some mysterious part, lower my voice even to a whisper, and the silence was appalling. Until they understood, the neighbors used to think that I had instituted some rigid form of punishment, or that the boys had returned to the city, as they had never known a quiet hour at the home while the boys were there.

The stories were always continued, one chapter at a time. There were always many requests for "one more chapter," and fortunately they never forgot where I "left off"—as I often did from one night to another.

The activities during the day were a great contrast to the quiet evenings. If one says to a group of boys, "Let's do so and so," if said in the right way, one always meets with a hearty response. The magic of that word, "let's," is the keynote, to me, of recreation of boys. One must be one of them and do things with them.

Baseball was of course the big interest, and I was always "in it," as the boys say. When I batted out a few flies for the boys, the boys were mine. Of course I had efficient helpers, but I was always glad to see the boys thought they could play a better game if I was umpiring behind the pitcher's box or keeping score.

And how they loved the swimming pool! When I was able to be with them at that hour there were fifty voices calling "Mrs. Ruth" at once, to have me see their latest

achievement in diving or swimming. I tried to make good sports of them all. Encouraging the timid ones and subduing the bullies—at times there would be a big boy, not brave at all, who indulged in the sport of "ducking" the younger ones. When I saw this I would give permission to the still larger boys to give the offender some of his own medicine. The result was always good.

The parties of girls coming on alternate fortnights were full of interest also, but it is hard to generalize the activities of the girls. There were but two things which they all liked to do—dancing and swimming. With girls the big problem is to invent ways of breaking up "cliques."

The winners in games would be the only enthusiasts. It is harder to make girls good losers than it is to create that spirit in boys. Girls get discouraged and a bit of jealousy creeps in, while a boy is spurred on to greater efforts by defeat. I feel, however, the time is coming when real athletics will have the charm for the majority of girls that it now has for the few.

Both boys and girls loved dramatics, but the actors were but a few from each party. An entertainment was given each week in the "Casino de Barne," always generously patronized by the townspeople. The fund raised in this way was used directly at the home in some permanent way as the children's contribution to the great work. It created in them a greater appreciation of the whole.

On the Fourth of July and on Labor Day, between three and four hundred people, families of the children for whom the home exists, came for the day. Dinner and supper were provided for them as well as all sorts of entertainment. The "Casino" was transformed into a dining hall and was a bower of greens and flowers. Golden rod was the decoration used on Labor Day, and the children coming from the fields with their arms laden with gold was a beautiful sight.

Great was the amazement of the crowd on one Labor Day when they were shown a big mound of earth back of the barn and told that underneath the canvas covering there was cooking on hot stones a dinner for 400 people. The "uncovering" was an event in their lives, and when they saw the steaming clams, spring chicken all seasoned, blue fish, green corn and sweet potatoes they all hurried to the tables to eat a dinner such as they never tasted before—and when they almost rolled out of the barn they found watermelons waiting for dessert. The "clambake" became an institution on Labor Day after that.

(Continued on page thirty)

The Irishman's Ride

A Sacrifice for Friendship's Sake

(Continued from April)

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

for a while, I'd go and find enough of the gold to give her the right setting. Then if she would have a big ugly chap like me, I wouldn't trade places with a king. The dawn was now breaking and I had to part from the two creatures I loved better than my life. I was a man until I saw their little boat safe on the sandy beach, and they waving their last farewell to me. And then—"

Again the storm and struggle swept the worn, sunburned face, and the life died out of it. But he was determined to finish now. Dropping all that came in between, he said: "A young man's dreams are wonderful things; even in California they turn to gold bricks sometimes. But you can't discourage him that way—nothing can when he's in love. For two years we wrote to each other as often as the mails would carry our letters, and Illeen's grew more womanly and loving all the time. The gold witch was smiling on me at last, and I sent home my first big installment. Then a letter from my mother informed me that the poor child had lost her father, from a fever, and had contracted it herself. She had taken my little one home and nursed her through it; that a wealthy aunt had come and taken her to France for her health. She sent me messages from Illeen, saying she would be able to write me very soon herself. That was the last word I'd ever had from her."

The light and sadness fought now for mastery in his eyes, and the story could go by the board, only he insisted it would give him more peace to finish. He said wearily: "My mother died from the same fever soon after. I made every effort to find Illeen, but all was useless. I could not land in my own country without facing death. Long after a report came that she had married an Englishman. That, I think, was the hardest pill of all to swallow; and I hoped, for the good of my soul, that I'd never put my hands on him," he said in a tone almost of fear, as he looked at the long, lean formidable hands.

"Did I ever have the chance? you ask."

"I did," he answered, with a tinge of sorrow which turned to a flash of pleasure after a little thought. "And the story you have heard of what they call my 'mad ride' and the trial are the results of it. One day when I was returning from the mountains, I called on a Mr. Warrington over in Juarez, to look after some mining property he offered for sale. When I reached the veranda of his residence I asked a young girl that was there playing with her kittens where I could find the gentleman. When she looked into my eyes and answered, 'I'll ask mamma!' I staggered back as if I

had seen a ghost, and if I didn't grasp the railing I would have fallen," he said with the introspective look again in his eyes.

"A fine old coward you're making a hero of," he continued. "I did my best to run away, when a lady came, smiling, around the corner of the house. There was no need for an introduction. Illeen was standing before me, answering the questions I put to the little girl. I did not think it possible that she would know me—a miner's life does not increase one's good looks. Just the same I was all shaking, as I hurriedly raised my hat and said, 'Thank you, madame, I'll try and find him.' Then I hastened away, but in a few



O'Malley Meets Illeen Warrington

seconds she was gripping my hand, calling me her old playmate, her dear, dear old Paty, and laughing and crying as if with joy, or maybe grief. One thing sure, time had not robbed the girl I parted from, on the storm-tossed waters of Galway Bay, of either her beauty or her charm. A mature lady, slender and graceful, with plenty of gold still in her hair and the blue-gray 'sparkle' in her eyes, stood before me. The young girl at her side might have been the same girl I gathered shells for in the long ago." He trembled now, with the thought of that interview.

Again, with his usual courage, never to shirk the hard places, he went on of his own accord, saying: "To escape now was an impossibility; and somehow I was glad of it, although wild horses wouldn't have drawn me there if I had an idea of where I was going. But being there, I followed along, and soon found myself dining with Illeen and her daughter. We went over the big and

little happenings in our lives; but kept strenuously away from the deeper emotions. It seemed that no one was to blame, when all was said. Fate alone had dealt the cards. She had treasured up many letters that were returned to her, never having reached me in my wanderings. She had long given me up for dead. Fate was still playing my cards, although it shouldn't make much difference now, one would think. But it did, as you will see."

This he said in a hopeless way, as if there were no earthly help for it, and as if apologizing for fate, he continued: "All the time we were going over the strange dealings of the past the little girl, with that queer instinct of her sex, was silently gathering something of the truth, although we really never touched upon it. But the first thing I knew when her governess called her, saying it was time for her music, she came shyly up to me and, as the dark lashes curled away from the blue-gray eyes, she looked so like an angel that I put my arms out, afraid to touch her. She moved right into them, though, and taking my rough, old face into her velvety little hands, said: 'Mamma often told us that you were the best man in all the world, when she was a little girl without any mamma, and was so lonesome and had no one to play with. She told us she nearly died when you were lost in the mines. She taught us to pray for you every night, but I forgot lots of times. I'll never forget again if you'll love me a little, too. I was named after you. My full name is Illeen O'Malley Warrington, and I love you a whole lot,' she said, with such pity shining in her eyes that I couldn't open my mouth with surprise. While I choked with a swelling in my throat she put her bare little arms around my neck and kissed me. The tears were in her mother's eyes as well as in her voice. And, fearing that I'd make an old fool of myself, I hurried from the house."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I said something about an appointment; also that I'd call at Mr. Warrington's mine on my way back to the mountains—if I could make it. I hope the Lord will forgive me that lie. I believe the only place I'd call on that blasted Englishman would be in purgatory—or—or, well, worse if he happened to be there."

Every tone of his voice and every flash of his eyes insisted that the kindly O'Malley could hate, as he answered: "Unreasonable? Of course, I'm unreasonable! I've never set my eyes on the man, and my early training was of the best; but does that count under the circumstances? There was the woman I loved

from her babyhood up. There was the child that ought to have been my own, taking what little heart I had right out of my breast, without leave or license. There was I, an old bachelor, with nothing honest to offer any other woman. No, I'm not reasonable; and if any man tells you he would be reasonable under the same conditions he lies! There I was classed off with old bachelors, the kind that rob women of everything they can take, and give nothing decent in return, the kind that every honest man longs to kick!" he said, with the utmost disgust, as he added: "Take that from me, little girl, and you'll never lose by it."

Cooling down a bit, he said, with some resignation: "Well, it's all over now—it's all over. Let me tell you, though, that 'mad ride,' desperate as it was, was not the hardest part for me! Temptation was at my shoulder every foot of it. Then Illeen's face would come before me, giving me power to shake it off. As I was about to make that wild dive into the Yaqui River the devil was certainly at my ear, saying: 'You're saving her husband at the cost of your life. Why should you? Take your time, go back at your ease and comfort her. This is none of our business.' Then I could feel her hair sweep across my face, as it used to do when she was a child, and I carried her over the rocks. I could see her sad eyes with the black smudges around them, and I could see her and her child down there on the border, praying for them and for me, and I could see her little hand pointing straight ahead—and whether it was the Yaqui or the Styx, I would have gone in head first," he asserted forcibly, with the old power flashing for the moment from his youthful eyes.

"Now, there's your story, my little friend," he said gently, "and don't cry yourself sick over it. I feel better now that I have told you.

Confession, they say, is good for the soul; and you are the only one I could talk to about it. You saw through me any way, and I'm glad you did. They will see now that I am no hero. Don't leave me for a while. I was wanting to send for you today. There's something more I want you to know," he added thoughtfully, "for if troubles come, in spite of me, to those I love—and the law is a crazy thing—I know you'd stand pat," was his trustful assurance.

As he was about to say something, the door opened and the Mother Superior came in, accompanied by two ladies. It was quite clear who they were, even before their heavy veils were removed, or before he could introduce them. Though anguish was stamped on both their faces, in grace and beauty they were all that he had painted them. The girl, sixteen perhaps, with her great eyes suffused with tears and her slender body shaking, knelt by the bedside. She took his worn hands in hers



O'Malley's Last Ride

and covered them with kisses, crying: "You saved my papa! You saved my brothers! Oh, you've saved all of us!" she cried, in a voice so childish, yet, so passionate and sweet that every soul in the room was in tears. Her mother, also, was on her knees in prayer, crying softly. Very quietly a priest came into the room with an open book in his hand. He stooped over the kneeling girl and the sick man. A few words were spoken, and a surprising thing had happened—Patrick O'Malley and Illeen O'Malley Warrington were man and wife.

"That is done, thank God!" said the sick man as if he had found great relief by throwing off a great burden. "Now," he continued, "no far-off relative can successfully dispute with my legal heir. I pledge you all to witness that my mind is sound and clear."

Turning to the doctor, who had also entered he said: "At noon today, when I demanded to know the truth, you told me very reluctantly that at the most I had twelve hours before me. Well, I want to thank you, and I want to tell you that lying here with that knowledge I have just finished the best day's work I've undertaken in forty years. All with your help, my child," he added, with grave tenderness, as he took the young girl's wet face between his hands and kissed her as if he were pronouncing a benediction. Then, in the kindest voice, he continued: "You have done a wonderful thing today, my dear. You've saved Pat O'Malley from dying an old bachelor. Now, child, I give my true and faithful little comrade, Black Jack Charley, into your charge, and I commend you both to the tender care of your beloved mother," he said, with a sigh of genuine relief.

At twelve that night the brave old hero crossed the last river. And heaven knows it should be bright and calm, and bear him straight to the shores of Valhalla.

Music and Musicians

(Continued from page twenty-two)

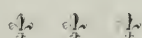
tion, but there is recognized a something behind her art which thrills and enraptures her hearers, and must be sought in the sentiment and poetry which breathes through all her work. Following is a report of a concert given by Miss Riegelman last week, at which she rendered a most remarkable programme:

"Singers from all parts of Europe have held the American stage for years, but Mabel Riegelman, an American girl favoring American opera, showed in her wonderful song recital at the Broadway theater last night that foreign prestige is not essential. Miss Riegelman appeared as the seventh number on the Lyceum course, being presented in Butte by the Young Men's Association, and delighted the audience that filled the theater to enjoy the singing.

"For hours she held her audience as if

spellbound, and at the conclusion of each and every number the applause was emphatic. The works of Brahms, Tosti, Puccini, Verdi, Carpentier, Bauer, Bizet, Cadman and many other artists were rendered with telling effect.

"The masterfulness of the recital was complete. The songs were superb with the accompaniments in taste. Joseph George Jacobson at the piano gave a wonderful example of his art, and the touch gained in his experience with great singers of every nationality added greatly to the perfectness of the programme."



Everywoman does not know everything, and apologizes for the reply made by one of the Learned Staff to an inquiry as to how to raise Belgian hares. She said, "By the ears."

HIS WANTS ARE FEW

*Man wants but little here below
He wants the best life can bestow
He wants to come, he wants to go
He wants his friends to act just so
He wants that he shall have no foe
He wants his pathway free from woe
He wants to do great things and lo
He wants to own the world, and though
He wants it all, he'd have you know
"Man wants but little here below."*

—Harper's Monthly Magazine.

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SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

Impressions of the San Francisco District Convention

IMPRESSIONS, to be impressions, should not be taken too seriously, and it is rather better for them to come as after-thoughts than forethoughts.

In the beginning, San Jose is an ideal little city for the convention. It was just merging from blossom-time into the fruit and flower season, and was as delightfully attractive as a spring fashion show. Mrs. A. E. Osborne, chairman of the local board; Mrs. Fred Schumacher, president of the San Jose Women's Club, and Mrs. L. F. Smith, president of the San Jose Young Woman's Club, were instrumental in securing the convention and were the main inspiration in all that was done to express the same sort of hospitality and cordiality which was shown in the same way less than a decade ago. For this was the second time San Jose had warmly welcomed the district within its environs.

The tale of hospitality has thus been "twice-told" and in a far better manner than by written word.

Praise and appreciation must be given from the first to last to the president of the district, Mrs. Percy S. King, and to her executive staff, for work accomplished and for the dignity and harmony which pervaded the convention proper.

In speaking of the impressions which remain with me regarding the work of the convention, I will say that there were three issues—three straws—which indicated somewhat the direction of the wind in clubdom.

There is a story told of an old woman who took her produce to market. The town was some distance away and a strong wind was blowing. Driving against the wind caused her to express the wish that it would change before her return home. It is related that the wind changed!

Whether this story is applicable to woman in her journeyings to and from her home; whether her produce is worth the marketing; whether the way is long and the wind is strong, remains to be seen.

There are many, however, among those who know and understand the Federation best, who believe that its produce is marketable; and whether the wind is strong in the going and returning, for a return must be made, it is still logical and necessary that the journey should have been made.

The first straw which was significant and which some years ago might have broken the back of the proverbial camel, was a fair, open contest of two candidates for the presidency; an election which was carried on

By Jessica Lee Briggs, Associate Editor and Press Chairman, C. F. W. C.

amicably and impartially; and a victory and defeat which was borne with equipoise.

The difference in the number of votes was not sufficiently large and yet not sufficiently small to cause undue comment.

The two women who entered the campaign were Mrs. F. F. Fredericks, president-elect, and Miss Jennie Partridge, both of San Francisco.

And so it happens that women are willing and able to enter into a contest and to go through it without personal bitterness or strife. So it happens that women are willing to accept victory or defeat gracefully—in short, to be good losers as well as good winners.

The second straw was one which has been of greater or less importance in the evolution of the human race since Eve first adorned herself artistically, if scantily, in the Garden of Eden. This, the subject of dress, was the one important Round Table discussion.

The discussion was handled admirably by Mrs. D. J. MacMaster, president of the California Club. During the intervals between speakers, a bona fide fashion show was furnished by a local firm. There were six speakers to the subject, all of them being women well known in the club life of the district.

To wear becoming gowns; to select styles according to one's income; to be well-groomed and within one's means; this has long been a matter, although of importance, incidental to the real interests of a busy, complex life.

Newspapers print now and again stories of how one president's wife can dress in good taste on \$500 a year, and of how another wife, equally as admirable in character and personality, wears the latest in short skirts and chin-chin collars.

One society girl enters into settlement work and assumes the plainest apparel, while another is in the public eye partly because her demands are met with \$25,000 per annum.

Many persons adjust their idea of dress much as they would the parlor furniture, with a great deal of upholstering, or as they match the color in shade cloth to the stripe running up and down their bedroom wall paper.

Many women adore the newest models and dress their hair accordingly in coiffure high or low with a piece of ribbon tape binding the forehead or a tuft of hair projected by the medium of bandoline out over the ear. Not a few women have settled the question for all time by selecting a one-piece design which they use on all material without discrimination

as to its being silk or calico. Widows have of late years discovered that white is more becoming than black for mourning.

Costumes of all sorts and descriptions, sometimes begging description, are to be had; sporting, reception, shopping, cooking, driving, swimming, dancing, and once in a while, when there is a make-belief monarchy in the form of a carnival or a fancy ball, there are regal robes of queens and court ladies.

Left to the individual, dress is generally a matter of taste, sometimes, however, it is a matter of natural selection.

Upon this subject, then, a subject which fast assumes proportions without limit and without space, arose many questions and answers such as the following:

Should club women dress in uniform?

Why not? There would then be no more worry over the change in styles. But how impossible unless a secret order of sisterhood be established!

Should women be careful to look neat and not be slovenly?

Yes, as it saves time, discomfort and unhappiness.

Should women wear high heels or "rubber-tired"?

That is entirely a matter of preference. Isaiah recognized the beauty and strength of the feet when he exclaimed: "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace!"

Should stenographers dress sensibly, suitably and in accordance with their position?

Certainly, but just what is their position?

Should clerks in stores make up?

This is a matter of commercial interest, values often lie in a good appearance.

Should grandmothers dress to look like their granddaughters?

There are no grandmothers nowadays, excepting those which have been left over from a former generation.

Isn't it lamentable that there are no grandmothers?

Possibly, but where would they sit? Flats and apartments have no chimney corners. Knitting machines are doing all of the essential knitting, and bed quilts are relegated to the arts and crafts. Many women do tatting, but they do not seek a sunny window for it. They travel and tat, they tat at informal afternoons, they tat at lectures, they tat at conventions.

Occasionally an old-fashioned grandmother is seen in an arm chair, or somewhere; a few who are fortunate enough to have homes of their own have their grandchildren visit them

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Clubs and Clublights Everywhere

General Federation of Women's Clubs

THERE are two and a half million women in the General Federation, and the event of the Biennial Meeting in New York City will make an impression on even that impregnable town, methinks. From May 23 until June 2, club women from all over the United States will congregate on Manhattan Island, and their sessions will be followed with interest throughout the country. *Everywoman* will be represented at these sessions and in our June issue we shall have the pleasure of giving our readers an account of the week and its happenings. Delegates from the State Federation are as follows: Mrs. E. S. Carnes, Mrs. Lewis Aubury, Mrs. Percy S. King; alternates, Mrs. D. J. MacMaster, Mrs. John Jury and Dr. Millicent Cosgrove.

California Federation of Women's Clubs

The annual meeting of the State Federation at Del Monte will be in session during the days that *Everywoman* is in the hands of the printer. California's five hundred clubs have responded enthusiastically, and it is expected that the many attractive plans of those in charge of the meeting will be carried out with the spirit that brings success. A day has been set apart for a Shakespearean memorial, the arrangements for which are in the hands of the State chairman of literature, Mrs. George F. Rheinhardt, and the six district chairmen, Mrs. C. A. Lomont, Miss Theodora Macomber, Mrs. James T. Royles, Mrs. W. I. Claves, Mrs. L. R. Wilson and Miss Harriet Robbins.

The San Francisco District Convention

The San Francisco District of the California Federation held what is generally considered among club women, its most successful annual gathering in the history of district federation work, at San Jose, concluding on March 31. We are fortunate in having from the pen of Miss Jessica Lee Briggs, Press Chairman of the C. F. W. C., an account of the convention.

The Tea Club

New officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Benjamin Wilkin; vice-presidents, Mrs. V. M. Law and Mrs. A. L. Austin; secretary, Mrs. J. D. Hodgen; treasurer, Mrs. W. C. Morrow. On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of this club, which is one of the most cultured clubs in the city, the members were entertained at the home of Mrs. Sewall Dolliver. The programme plan was a repetition of the first programme two decades ago. Hawthorne's books were reviewed by the same members, who presented the original papers at the first meeting of the club.

Pacific Women's Press Association

The Monday afternoon meetings of the

Press Women are becoming more and more a feature in San Francisco club life. It is just a year since the writer had the great pleasure of being present at one, and meeting the president, Ina Coolbrith, who has been made California's Poet Laureate in the meantime. The Association planned and carried out the Congress of Authors and Journalists, which was held during the early days of the Exposition and brought together so many well-known writers and thinkers. These able women are always doing interesting things, and they gather beneath their hospitable roof artists of the highest order who delight in entertaining them and their guests. During the month of March the Association has listened to Mrs. D. E. F. Easton's interesting and instructive talk on "The Tercentenary," to many vocal and instrumental musicians, including Mrs. Prosper Reiter, Mr. Lincoln Batchelder and Mrs. Charles H. Smith, to the dramatic reading of Miss Daisy Kimball Adams, Miss Marjorie Smith and Mr. Leo Cooper.

California Club

"The club that does things" is living an active life these days. At the meetings which we were able to attend programmes rich in musical and literary talent were given, and I particularly enjoyed the singing of Miss Julia Jack, who won the recent contest for young artists, the honor of representing the entire West, appeared also as one of the soloists in the musical festival held in Los Angeles last summer. All those who were privileged to accept the invitation of Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry, State Chairman of Art, to visit as her guests the Palace of Fine Arts, had the lecture room placed at their disposal and listened to a most illuminating talk upon modern art preceding their tour through the galleries. Mrs. Stella Dennis Taylor gave a number of her own readings with original musical accompaniment at a recent meeting. These are most original and artistic. The dramatic section of the club gave "When Carpenter Telephoned," to a delighted audience, and Miss Mae O'Keefe gave several of her splendid monologues. At the political end the club is far from idle. The candidacy for the new president is of course a subject of intense interest, and the retirement of Mrs. D. J. MacMaster, after a most successful term of two years, an event to arouse unanimous regret among the members with whom she has worked so splendidly during this important stage of the club's development.

Outdoor Art League

The work of this club in improving conditions and beautifying the appearance of San Francisco cannot be too highly praised. Last week a large party of the most active members, including Mrs. George Marsh, the chairman, visited the top of Telegraph Hill

to inspect conditions there. The uprooting of several fine trees has aroused the Outdoor League's condemnation and the members are determined to put an end to such demolition and to institute proceedings which will ensure the preservation of the city's trees.

Denman School Club

Graduates, teachers and students of the School Club, escorted by its president, Mrs. Einar Wismer, made a tour of inspection to the Immigration Station, Angel Island, where they made a close study of the immigration question. Among those who joined the Denman party were: Mesdames Einar Wismer, J. H. Dumbrell, T. Mulcahy, C. H. Engelke, M. R. Coghlan, W. E. Switzer, James Leo, A. E. Lloyd, Sydney Chick, E. E. Knorp, I. Monheimer, M. Salberg, S. B. Daniels, C. J. Gyle, M. Wismer, M. J. Mayborn, J. G. Decatur, M. R. Coghlan, W. B. Brown, F. Breitzmann, A. McLennan, George S. Nevin, F. Vahey, E. Mandel, J. Siekel, Henry Hilp; the Misses Ada Goldsmith, Bertha Goldsmith, Jessie Smith, Fannie Deutsch, Dorothy Decatur, Eugenia Decatur, Margaret Moir, Ethel Austen, Eva Deutsch, Maude Stelling, H. Phillips, R. Phillips, R. Harby, M. Brandlein, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Potter and Mrs. C. Salsbury and W. E. Street. Miss Lela Dinklage, clerk of the Immigration Station, was hostess to the clubwomen and their guests.

Sequoia Club

The reception of the Sequoia to Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt was one of the most delightful events in its history. If such musical treats were more frequent in San Francisco club life we should not hear the oft-repeated cry of music lovers that they are starving for some good music. Mr. Wagner, president of the club, directed the programme which was given by the Mansfeldt Club. The entire programme plan was a two-piano recital. Mrs. Hazel Mansfeldt and Miss Marjorie E. Young gave a Liszt number as the opening feature. Miss Lorraine Ewing and Mrs. Mansfeldt; Miss Esther Hjekte and Miss Stella Howell; Miss Ruth Davis and Mrs. Mansfeldt; Miss Stella Howell and Miss Berkeley Howell; Miss Alyce Dupas and Miss Stella Howell; Mrs. Edith S. French and Mrs. Hazel Mansfeldt completed the unusual musical offerings of the event.

California Woman's Peace Party

At its headquarters in the Stewart Hotel, the Woman's Peace Party has held some very interesting meetings during the past month. These meetings were addressed by many distinguished speakers, including the Reverend J. Nieto, Dr. Leonie Fordham, Mr. J. G. Kasai, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, the Reverend J. Palmer and Mr. Robert C. Root.

To Kalon

Several interesting programmes have been given by To Kalon, and the meetings have been unusually well attended by enthusiastic members and their friends. Mrs. Walter B. Herndon's monologue, "Welcoming the New Minister's Wife," which was rendered with great dramatic effect, delighted the large audience, and Mme. Sara Ainslie in a group of songs, made an excellent impression. Mme. Ainslie is from New York and expects to make her home in San Francisco, where we shall have the pleasure of hearing her in concert and musicales. An illustrated lecture by Mrs. Gertrude Henshaw was both entertaining and instructive, and the pictures were particularly beautiful. Mrs. D. E. F. Easton gave a splendid talk about the Tercentenary to the literary section of the club, and different members contributed readings and quotations from Shakespeare.

Everywoman's Club

The membership of Everywoman's is growing and its interests widening every month. Illustrated lectures have entertained large audiences several times each week, and the talk given by Miss Loie Fuller was one of the most delightful events that this club has to record. Miss Fuller spoke in her inimitable way of the wide work of women, and won her way into the hearts of all her hearers. Another

fascinating speaker was Madame Loura Bona, who charmed the club with her talk on "The Beauty of the Speaking Voice." Madame Bona gave lectures on this subject at the Palace of Education, and has also been associated with Granville Kleiser of New York City. Her reading of "The Lights o' London Town" was a thoroughly artistic performance. Dr. Thomas A. Stoddard, who has recently returned from Europe, addressed the club on "The Relation of Shoes and Posture to Comfort and Health," and Dr. H. Hall spoke at length in a most able and arresting manner on "Personal Efficiency."

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, President of the Alaska Cruise Club, has returned to San Francisco after an extended visit in the East. She will spend a month at her country place, Corte Madero, Marin County, and will then return to Alaska. Mrs. Hart was the guest of honor at the Alaska-Yukon Club in Los Angeles, when she addressed a large audience of "sour doughs."

Congress of Mothers

Three large business organizations have given support to the San Francisco Congress of Mothers in their action of circulating petitions asking for the establishment of fifty kindergartens in the public schools of the city. Mrs. F. R. Hartell, chairman of the kindergarten

department, in a meeting held at the Ramona Hotel, read letters of indorsement from the Citizens' Educational League, the Franklin Printing Trades Association and the Tourist Association of Central California.

Miss Martha A. Chickering, of the Y. W. C. A., made a strong plea before the Mothers' Congress for co-operation with the Y. W. C. A. in securing proper recreation facilities for girls. A survey is now being conducted by the association under the leadership of Miss Chickering for the purpose of determining what provisions should be made. Dance halls of varying repute were cited by Miss Chickering as the most common substitute for the healthier forms of recreation which are unavailable for working girls.

An extra concert of the People's Orchestra for the benefit of the dental clinic was proposed by William E. Chamberlain, who addressed the Congress. The benefit concert was offered with the provision that 500 tickets be sold by the Mothers' Congress. A further inducement was made of a 10 per cent commission on all sales, the proceeds to be distributed at the discretion of the individual clubs of the Congress.

District Convention

(Continued from page twenty-six)

now and again. But the children, having seen everything and heard everything that can be seen or heard with infantile eyes and ears, soon grow tired of grandmothers and say, "I want to go home, there's nothing to do or see here!"

Are good, up-to-date clothes essential in reaching the hearts of supervisors and legislators in trying to get an ordinance or a bill made a law?

There is no doubt that attractive appearances go a long way in furthering any project, but how about graciousness, dignity, and integrity? Do not men recognize these attributes as much now as at any time?

Are the styles in dress inducive to bad morals which result in divorce?

It is true there are always extremes which might cause or prevent almost any calamity; but why look to the outward appearance to explain an inner conflict? Why not seek to harmonize the inner conflict?

The third and all-important STRAW directs us toward the real power stored within the heart of the Federation. This was found in the reports of the presidents of individual clubs. Three minutes! And what wonder-

ful reports of work accomplished and of more work begun!

There are civic clubs and musical societies; nurses' associations and business women's organizations. Travel clubs, social clubs, out-of-door art leagues and indoor domestic sciences are established. Philanthropic, dramatic, school and department work taken up.

The club life of an American woman has included every line which is of feminine interest from the care of the baby to the understanding of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or why a law as recorded on the statute books is not enforceable.

Women's clubs are numbered by the score, in the cities, towns, townships and through the country. They are like sunshine mingled with rain. They furnish layettes for unborn babies of poor mothers, they clean the filth from the streets, they rectify unsightly conditions in and out of homes and of communities, they bring hope to the despairing and the forlorn. The Red Cross membership is increased by them, they assist the Belgians, they help to send girls through college, they bring social life to the isolated country woman, they work with untiring zeal and effort for preservation and conservation and, last but by no means least,

they bring to women intimate relationships toward each other as mothers, sisters, friends and wives.

Could anything tell more plainly than these reports of the presidents of individual clubs of the incalculable value the woman's club has been and is being to the city and town and community?

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Telling Stories to Boys

(Continued from page twenty-three)

The last week of the Fresh Air work was one of the most interesting. It was "Mothers' Week." Having worked for their families a whole year, through the intense cold of the winter and heat of the summer, and having given their children their holidays in the country, they came as tired children to rest and play. They got more enjoyment from a week in the country than any group of people I ever knew.

They threw off every care and were refreshed and full of courage when they returned to their homes.

The inspiration gained from knowing the lives of sacrifice and cheerful toil of these *real* mothers will last forever. Their names never appear opposite great sums of money given for charity, but in roundabout ways I learned that in proportion to their resources a much greater light would shine from the loving gifts they bestowed upon those in their midst in vital need. I saw true charity demonstrated. Not from an abundance did they give, but they shared their little—gladly going without to help a friend.

My wheel of fate has made part of a revolution, and stopped, leaving me in a land of sunshine and flowers, with a continent between me and many true and loving friends.

A great cordial hand of friendship I have found in California, extended to me, and I seem to be held in its grasp.

It has been of deep interest to come in touch with the same great works for the Betterment of Mankind on this side of the country. The true worker is the one who knows that he himself is the one who gains the most.

Far removed from my own hundreds of children, I found the need of children in my life, and my lines here have been thrown in pleasant places.

At the Children's Amusement and Story Club at Paul Elder's Gallery on Saturday afternoons I have had an interesting study of children whose resources of entertainment have always been abundant. Stories are an incident—not an event. Yet all are children, and

I feel the same charm when I am greeted by their smiles and expressions of approval.

It has been my privilege to tell some stories and do some "magic tricks" for children in some of the homes provided by the great hearts of San Francisco, as a small contribution to the work. This I have really enjoyed the most.

I find I cannot feel quite happy in being recompensed in coin for the joy of making children happy. When it is a part of a bigger work it seems different.

The new experiences of being a spectator and having time to digest all I have gained; in getting a perspective view of all work for humans will, I hope, lead me to paths of greater usefulness in the future.

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"THE STAG AT BAY"

As one turns into Post street from Kearny street, a large sign bearing the word "Antlers" meets the eye. And if one is wise and the hour should happen to be about lunch time or dinner time, he will enter the door under this sign and get acquainted with one of the finest new restaurants in San Francisco, presided over by Messrs. A. Vivorio and A. Prigioni, who give their personal attention to all the details of cuisine and service, and the fruit of their long experience is noticeable everywhere. Already the excellence of the Antlers at 65 Post St., is well-known, and all sorts of interesting folk are found breakfasting, lunching and dining there—artists and engineers and clubwomen and newspaper people, and often one encounters a laughing group of weary shoppers who have dropped in for a cup of tea in the late afternoon. The convenient location of the restaurant, its spacious quarters and the excellence of food and service are making it one of the most popular resorts in the city.

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HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

The greatest danger and difficulties, generally speaking, that America faces within her own boundaries, are the conditions of the unemployed and the underpaid, together with the enormous cost of living; and these conditions

are growing harder every day. This condition seems strange and unnatural in a country overflowing with wealth and all the products which represent wealth. It shows a tremendous lack of or carelessness of economic conditions. And there is no question that the statesmen, if they were as interested in measures for the good of the people at large as they are in paving the way for their future political positions could bring about ways and means by which there would not be a man or woman in America begging for work. The whole continent of America could and should be made into a paradise by the labor that is now going to waste (that of the unemployed). The irrigation, forestry, waterways, roads and a hundred other works should be fostered and made to produce great and remunerative results for the good of the country at the very same time the money now used up in keeping men in jail many of whom begin their criminal career through poverty, should be expended on proper employment for all who are able to work. When such attention is given to the business of the nation there will be few jails, poorhouses and lunatic asylums.

It is to be hoped the movement now contemplated for self-preservation, preparedness against war, or whatever name protection is called by, will be on such a scale of efficiency as to provide the army of the unemployed with ample means of making a livelihood. It is too much to expect that an army without the surety of food or shelter can ever be an army filled with self-respect or loyalty.

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LITTLE LANDS IN AMERICA

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The Vision of the L'Union Mondiale de la Femme

(Continued from page thirteen)

Lions, 6 Rue Du Rhone, Geneva, Switzerland.

The resolutions signed by the organizing assembly the 9th of February, 1915, read as follows:

"We have established it upon the common basis of womanly compassion, which we shall endeavor to manifest justly in rational thought and act. We shall battle in love for permanent peace. We shall strive for the mutual education of women and for the consequent advancement of humanity. In the belief that women were created to love, and not to hate, we engage to devote ourselves to increase this love in the world, to expel the evil born of hatred, to extend this love to our sisters of every station in life and every country, and to spread internationalism by the establishment of means of communication between the women of the entire world."

The pledge of membership reads:

"I, the undersigned, agree to work with all my force for the establishment of a permanent and just peace, and for unity of thought throughout the world.

"1. To try to make known all facts which tend to increase mutual esteem and understanding between and to create a vast current of sympathy between men and governments.

"2. To abstain, as far as possible, from unnecessarily spreading news or reports which could raise feelings of ill will, bitterness or hatred between individuals or between nations.

"3. To do all that I can to make known the work of the World Union of Women among the circle of my friends and acquaintances, so as to gain for it members and adherents."

In listening to the appeal of the women of Switzerland, you will be touched by its conservatism, its all-pervading feminism, its absence of militarism. The World Union of Women never tried to stop the war, or that it would

stop it if it could, except on the basis of justice, which alone would promise permanent peace. You may perhaps smile at the remedy they offer against future war, but in its last analysis is not love the only force to overcome hatred, and who is left now except the women of the world to make love again the law of the universe? To restock what has been swallowed up in insane hatred, unspeakable disregard of human rights, absolute blindness towards reciprocity obligations, and this on the basis of womanly compassion, I ask, can there be a higher, a more exalted mission for the women of the whole world do unite under?

This call had to come from Switzerland, and nowhere else, this because there dreams come true, visions are molded into concrete form and found practical.

Its people are now not only giving to the world an object lesson on military preparedness which guards successfully an artificial red line between its French Swiss and the French, between its German Swiss and the Germans, between the Italian Swiss and the Italians, but also of a preparedness in good government which alone under present stress could hold together the different racial elements of its own population as an absolute undivided, neutral whole, and this in spite of racial instincts, differences of language, dividing mountain ranges, which are all claimed to be unsurmountable obstacles towards the internationalization of the human heart, human consciousness and human interests.

Is it a wonder that the Swiss women look at the red border line which their men have now to defend at so much cost, that they look at the other red border lines which the world is now drawing and redrawing with human blood, and all in the name of patriotism, as lines which must and can be wiped out, this because their own country has solved the riddle, peacefully, of so-called national incompatibili-

ties, racial prejudices and misunderstandings, they therefore hold out to the world the one great hope of World Democracy, representative yet direct government through worldwide initiative, referendum and recall, by both men and women jointly, as the only solution whereby war can be legislated out of existence, just as it is now legislated into existence?

They argue if the men who through their own inertia or through laws of their own making, have enmeshed themselves irrevocably in a system of war slavery, there is now left nothing but to call the women of the whole world together to unshackle themselves from their own limitations in order to save the men, themselves, and the life of unborn generations.

So the call went out for the women to mobilize, the small groups to join the big ones, the national ones to become internationalized, the unorganized units to become organized, in the holiest of all wars—war against war.

Geneva offers itself as a clearing house for all activities, just like the Red Cross movement, so L'Union Mondiale de la Femme is bound to encircle the whole globe, because only thus scientifically and internationally organized will eventually be earned what is inscribed on their emblem: "Nobis Maxima Victoria"—"Ours is the Greatest Victory." May God speed the day!

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Think of
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Vol. XI. No. 2

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1916

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New Call Building,
San Francisco.

My Dear Mrs. Francoeur:

Your last exquisite number of *Everywoman* has just reached me.

I can not tell you how deeply I appreciate the splendid quality of your publication, and what it means in the life of California, and particularly of San Francisco. I think it is a real force for progress, and a magazine that in time will attain not only national, but international fame.

I also want to express my appreciation for the consistent and unqualified support that you gave to the Exposition. During the four years that I was editor-in-chief of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, each issue of *Everywoman* gave fresh news and descriptive articles, amplifying the purpose and scope of the greatest of world expositions.

Wishing you still greater success in your splendid and meritorious effort,

Very truly yours,
Hamilton M. Wright.

Albany, Oregon.

Dear *Everywoman*:

Yesterday, at my request, our pastor read the poem "Prayer" in *Everywoman*, from the pulpit, and urged its performance. It is a stirring appeal and I know will accomplish something for the cause. I wish thousands of copies of the magazine might be sent out broadcast. *Everywoman* lay under the bible during the sermon.

Very sincerely,
Viola P. Franklin.

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Washington Square,
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Dear *Everywoman*:

I have duly received the magazine, and it is certainly most satisfactory to have so excellent and ably written a woman's magazine. There is nothing like it in the East.

With most cordial good wishes, believe me

Faithfully yours,
Adelaide Johnson.

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The World Union of Women

For International Peace

By Dr. Leonie Fordham

WE have established it upon the common basis of womanly compassion, which we shall endeavor to manifest justly in rational thought and act. We shall battle in love for a permanent peace. We shall strive for the mutual education of women and for the consequent advancement of humanity. In the belief that women are created to love and not to hate, we engage to devote ourselves to increase this love in the world; to expel the evil born of hatred; to extend this love to our sisters of every station in life and every country and to spread internationalism by the establishment of a means of communication between the women of the entire world.

Pledge of Membership

I, the undersigned, agree to work with all my force for the establishment of a permanent and just peace and for unity of thought throughout the world.

1—To try to make known all facts which tend to increase mutual esteem and understanding and to create a vast current of sympathy between men and between governments.

2—To abstain, as far as possible, from unnecessarily spreading news or reports which could raise feelings of ill will, bitterness or hatred between individuals or between nations.

3—To do all that I can to make known the work of the World Union of Women among the circle of my friends and acquaintances so as to gain for it members and adherents.

It is only by special request that the founders of the World Union of Women are named, because in the literature given out from the International office, Passage des Lions, 6 Rue du Rhone, Geneva (Switzerland), this is not done because each individual must feel herself on an equal footing, equally necessary and responsible for the work.

Central Bureau consists of:

Mrs. Clara Guthry Cooke, president; Miss Leonie La Fontaine (President of the Nat. Council of Belgian Women), vice-president; Miss Marguerite Gobat, general secretary; Mrs. Rollier, assistant secretary; Mrs. Auguste de Morsier, treasurer; Mrs. Pierre Bovet, Miss Klara Honegger (Pres. of the Nat. Council of Swiss Women), Mrs. Edouard Claparede, Mrs. Adolphe Hoffman, Miss Katherine Merrill, Mrs. Van Notten.

The Advisory Board holds many distinguished members: Miss Camille Vidart, Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, Princess Kara Georgevitch of Servia, Ellen Key of Sweden, Mrs. Gabrielle Duchene of the Section on Labor of the Nat. Council of French Women.

The World Union of Women has taken

To Us
the



Greatest
Victory

its emblem from the statue of the Victory of Olympia, with the device: "*Nobis Maxima Victoria.*"

The winged Victory who passes over the world signifies the united power of women, who, realizing their mission, have organized the World Union.

The shield upon which the figure is designed is the sign of defense as well as battle—War against War.

The mantle is the all enveloping love and tender compassion, spread above the ugliness and scars of evil, injustice and hatred.

The broken band in the right hand represents the liberation from the bondage of prejudice.

The wings symbolize the soul, the wisdom and the inspiration from on high.

The motto: "To us the greatest victory," means that all who strive in love shall greatly conquer over evil.

Our pledge of membership does not imply that we are to blind our eyes to evil or fail to condemn it; that we shall be indifferent to the frightful tragedy taking place about us or

that we shall stifle our sympathies to live in a region of ideals or selfishness. No, we are human beings living upon earth and we shall not be false to our pledge in declaring frankly upon which side we find justice and right, but we shall make an effort to do it without the bitterness of partisanship, and though we may desire the victory of one country more than another, we shall try to place the interests of humanity above all else, not holding a whole nation responsible for the faults of its government. Our efforts shall tend to hasten the day when rivalry and hatred shall be forgotten and a human fraternity shall rise triumphant.

You Americans have been a tower of strength to the persecuted and desolated victims of the frightful catastrophe which has overtaken Europe. In a great wave of sympathy, you have equipped ships of mercy with food and clothing, and you have given nobly, while all the world has regarded you with admiration.

But there exists now a vaster question, a more important need, which the women of Europe call upon you to help them solve. It is the construction of the means to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of the cruel events through which we are forced to live.

This problem is unfortunately a much more complicated and difficult one, when seen at close range, from the very center of the storm, than when viewed from across the ocean. We are hampered here in Europe by a wide divergence of mentality of age-old traditions and by the existing chaos, from which you in America do not suffer. We listen with admiration to the splendid, precise and definite programs which your peace parties have been able to draw up, but we acknowledge sadly that under the circumstances surrounding us on the European continent, they would be impossible for us to adopt.

And yet peace must be prepared and the women of Europe must undertake this preparation here. But they must do it in their own way and in accord with the many different mentalities of the many respective nations. It is one thing to desire peace and another to get it.

Our program may therefore seem to you very simple, almost rudimentary, possibly lacking in decision and in boldness. But if you will think of it, it is in reality a very courageous thing which we have undertaken: to declare War against War amongst peoples who are under the spell of the glories of militarism; to spread the doctrine of fraternal love and indulgence where human hate is rampant; to work for internationalism among those whose



Dr. Leonie Fordham

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

Women Protest Inheritance Tax

Upon Their Half of Community Property

By John S. Chambers
State Controller

THAT the wife should be compelled to pay an inheritance tax upon her own half of the community property, following the death of her husband, while the husband, upon the death of his wife, not only pays no such tax upon his own half of the community property, but, in addition, takes over the wife's half without any form of administration whatsoever and as a matter of course, I consider not only illogical but unjust. The great and wealthy State of California should be too big and too broad to continue to countenance this gross discrimination.

It is my purpose to earnestly recommend to the next Legislature an amendment to the law exempting the community interest of the wife from the inheritance tax, or, at least, to bring about an equitable adjustment in some way. The bill prepared by the Legislative Committee of the California Federation of Woman's Clubs, of which Mrs. W. E. Colb is chairman, covers, it seems to me, the situation in an excellent manner. I fully appreciate the gravity of the issues involved in attempting to amend the laws governing community property, but I propose to confine my efforts exclusively to this one feature and in no way seek to disturb other conditions.

That we may start this discussion right, that there may be no misunderstanding as to just what the issue is, I wish, first to define community property and, then, to quote the sections of the code as to its distribution.

Community property is all property acquired during marriage by either husband or wife, or both, excluding property owned by either before marriage, or afterwards acquired by gift, devise, bequest, or descent.

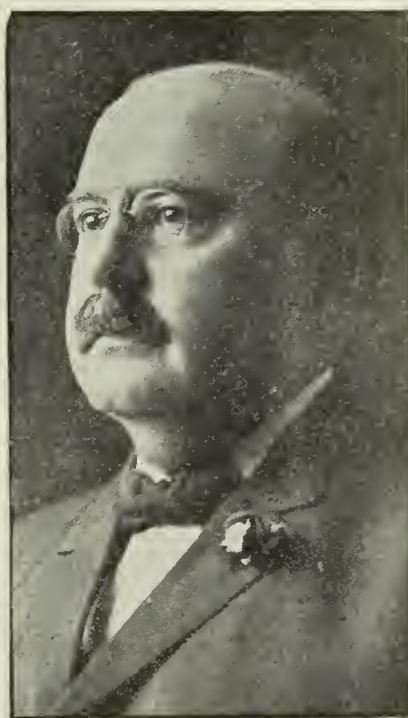
And here are the sections of the code relating to community property as they stand side by side on the statute books:

C. C. 1401. Upon the death of the wife, the entire community property, without administration, belongs to the surviving husband, except such portion thereof as may have been set apart to her by judicial decree, for her support and maintenance, which portion is subject to her testamentary disposition, and in the absence of such disposition, goes to her descendants, or heirs, exclusive of her husband.

C. C. 1402. Upon the death of the husband, one-half of the community property goes to the surviving wife, and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband, and in the absence of such disposition, goes to his descendants, equally, if such descendants are in the same degree of kindred to the decedent; otherwise, according to the right of representation; and in the absence of both such disposition and such descendants, is

subject to distribution in the same manner as the separate property of the husband. In case of the dissolution of the community property by death of the husband, the entire community property is equally subject to his debts, the family allowance, and the charges and expenses of administration.

Now, with this basis laid, let us proceed to discuss the situation in detail. The inheritance tax statute of 1905 did not in terms impose a tax upon the community interest of the wife upon the death of the husband, but the act was construed by the courts as necessarily imposing such a tax (*Estate of Moffitt*, 158 Cal.



John S. Chambers

351), because the supreme court had decided in other cases not involving the inheritance tax law that, the wife succeeds to her half of the community property as the heir of her husband and that she has no vested interest in her share of the community property. Since her half thereof passes to her by succession it was necessarily found to be subject to the tax. Recognizing the logic and precedent that caused our supreme court to so construe the inheritance tax act, but producing, as the court itself said "this harsh result," the Legislature in 1911 imposed a tax upon the wife's community interest, but it seems to me difficult to justify such a course, except from the standpoint of its producing power for revenue.

It certainly seems illogical to tax a wife for

her half of the property which comes to her upon the death of her husband; that is, to tax her moiety of the result and achievement of years of toil and saving, and not to impose a similar burden upon the husband's share. Either the burden should be proportionate or the wife should be relieved. In other words, there should be an adjustment that will place the husband and the wife upon the same footing.

It is neither fair nor just that what in law is recognized as (and what in fact usually is) the product of the labor of both, shall be so unequally burdened. While the interest of the wife in the community is said by the law to be only an expectancy, nevertheless that expectancy has well and strongly defined bulwarks for its preservation. Our supreme court has said: "The testator (the husband) must be presumed to have known the law applicable to the disposition of the property by will and therefore to have known that he had no power to dispose of his wife's interest in the community property, but only his own interest therein."

C. C. 172. The husband has the management and control of the community property, with the like absolute power of disposition, other than testamentary, as he has of his separate estate; provided, however, that he cannot make a gift of such community property, or convey the same without a valuable consideration, unless the wife, in writing, consent thereto; and provided also, that no sale, conveyance or encumbrance of the furniture, furnishings and fittings of the home, or of the clothing and wearing apparel of the wife or minor children, which is community property, shall be made without the written consent of the wife.

The status of this property earned, gathered together, and saved by husband and wife from the time of their marriage, is that the husband cannot convey any part of it away without receiving something of equal or fair value for it to take the place of that portion conveyed, and upon his death half of it goes to the partner of his toil, whether he will or no. But by a survival of the ancient idea of the status of the woman, she takes her half by succession, upon the death of her husband. And upon her half which she has helped to earn and save, she pays an inheritance tax.

This condition of affairs cannot be justified by logic or reason, and is repugnant to all ideals of equity and fairness. Its sole excuse must be, that it furnishes a source of revenue to the State.

And this reason for the unequal burdens of the law as between husband and wife is wholly insufficient to my mind to justify the further continuance of the law in this form.

The Supremacy of the Pacific Ocean

Once American Now Japanese

By Charlotte Baldwin Frost

WE AMERICANS are so used to accepting the fact that we lack a merchant marine, and that the Stars and Stripes upon the high seas is about as obsolete as the great auk, that we forget we once held the entire control of the Pacific trade. In 1860, the high tide of American prestige in shipping, the Pacific was an American ocean. Of nine hundred vessels in service on the Pacific, eight hundred carried the flag of the United States of America. On the China Coast our mercantile interests was second only to that of England. Admiral Perry had "opened Japan"—the first of a series of brilliant exploits by American seamen which gave us first place on the Pacific,—sent France and Russia looking for trade on other waters, and placed Great Britain far behind us as far as the Pacific was concerned.

The object of this paper is to point out the great opportunities we have had because of our supremacy of the Pacific and *our gradual loss of opportunity and supremacy to Japan.*

When the Civil War ended American shipping ended for the time and we lost the Pacific temporarily. But our naval victories over the Spanish fleet, caused an enormous and miraculous resurrection of interest in shipping on the Pacific, and in less time than history can be written we extended our dominion clear across the Pacific by annexing Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines. And we established the Hay Policy of the Open Door in China. By 1900, we had not regained our old-time prestige but we were well on the way toward doing so. In Manchuria, our trade was absolutely predominant; in China, because of the Hay policy and our return of the Boxer indemnity, we were considered China's best friend—our business men were welcomed and successful; in Korea we were so far ahead of any other country that the development of railroad, mining and other important interests were entirely ours. These facts together with our domination of Philippine trade made the great opportunities which were *ours* and which should have made us easily first today on the Pacific. What happened?

First—We lost our Manchurian trade to Japan. When Japan defeated Russia she won a double victory for she killed American trade in Manchuria. During the Russo-Japanese war, all foreigners were kept out of Manchuria and by the time they were allowed to return Japan had already established herself so strongly that America had lost forever her rich Manchurian markets. Theodore Roosevelt drew up the treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan, which same treaty killed forever American interests in Manchuria. How the Japanese must laugh over this bit of American diplomacy!

No foot of railway can be built by Americans in Manchuria—Nor can we dig coal or do anything whatever in the way of development. Our nation asked for Mukden to be open to trade and our request was granted. Mukden is now one of Japan's strongest points and Manchuria is closed to us.

Second—Our loss of Korea.

We had a treaty with Korea which the Koreans believed in. In this treaty we solemnly promised to defend Korea against aggression from any Power. In return Korea gave us golden opportunities of commerce and development.

We built the Korean railway. We developed Korean gold mines, and put a street car system in Seoul. Having settled the Russians, Japan sent an agent to murder the Queen of Korea and made a list of outrageous demands upon Korea, *exactly as she is making now upon China.* Korea turned to the United States for help relying upon her treaty with us. The Americans in Korea made a strong and sensible plea and sent a delegation to present it at Washington. Nothing was done. To our shame we must admit it. Korea became Japanese soil without a sign of help from the country pledged in honor to stand by her at just such a time. The loss of our foremost position in Korean development and trade followed as a natural result of Japanese annexation, until today even American missionaries are finding it difficult to remain and all American interest is dead.

Third—We are about to withdraw from the Philippines, when we do, does any one doubt that Japan will lose any time in strengthening her already heavy interest there? With no protection of American interests from the American government, it will be only a question of a short time, before Japan will dominate the Philippine trade also.

Fourth—If the United States stands idle and allows Japan to make China give in to her demands, as she did Korea, China, too, will be entirely under Japanese control and we will lose our wonderfully growing trade with China. We will disgrace ourselves again by not upholding the Hay policy as we are pledged to do and the open door will be shut.

Fifth—Our only line of ships on the Pacific has been sold. Japan has acquired some of these! Also she has bought a Robert Dollar boat—and has enlarged her already large Pacific lines. Today Japan is absolutely supreme on the Pacific.

How can we be so blind? Japan—Japan—Japan. Wherever we give up an opportunity Japan picks it up—and in every case Japan arranged and planned the circumstances that

made us give up these same opportunities.

There is a great opportunity before us now. Are we to grasp it or are we to allow Japan to grasp it? This great European war has brought into life, almost over night, a mushroom growth of American shipping that is so great and growing so rapidly that it is scarcely believable. The United States is faced with an absolutely unparalleled opportunity to form a lasting merchant marine that would be the despair and envy of every other nation in the world. Shall we see it? Shall we realize it? Shall we have a merchant marine?

Japan sees. She is already grasping the opportunity.

If we take this particular moment in our history to establish a strong mercantile marine, enlarge our navy, and do battle, if necessary, for the continued integrity of China, we will be able to save our last chance, for national prestige on the Pacific and in Eastern trade, and we will be showing the first signs of national intelligence exhibited by us for a very long time—as regards our dealings with Japan in the East.

The Japanese spend millions annually in ship subsidies. We spend nothing. The Japanese flag streams triumphantly across the Pacific. The Stars and Stripes has disappeared. Are we willing that this should be true? Are we indifferent? If not why don't we do something about it? Just now we can do a great deal. The day of sea miracles is upon us. A time of sea romance more wonderful than the gold finds of the forty-niners. No pirates of olden days ever had the chance for prizes that could compare to the rich rewards awaiting the American sea men of today. At the present time over 300 ships are being built in American yards—averaging 5,000 tons. The Standard Oil has ordered twenty large tank ships.

Two ship yards in Bath have been leased to a Texas company. Contracts have been signed for twenty-five large steamers.

The American International Corporation, with the W. R. Grace Company, has bought most of the Pacific Mail Company.

The prices that ships are bringing at the present time are almost past belief. The Robert Dollar boat bought by Japan for \$1,300,000, cost Robert Dollar, in Glasgow, in 1911, exactly \$250,000. A neat profit! The U. S. Government paid \$145,000 eighteen years ago for a navy collier. Recently this boat was sold to the highest bidder for \$301,107. The Standard Oil has just paid \$850,000 for a Scotch ship which was partly burned and rebuilt for \$300,000.

A steamer owned by the Moor line of England
(Continued on page thirty-one)

Educating the Young

Settlement Work Among the Immigrants

By Dr. Marianna Bertola

SOME years ago, while practicing my profession, I became convinced that the mere dispensing of medicine, diagnosing of disease, and cure of disease was not enough. I wanted a change in environment about my patients. I wanted a change of thought, a better outlook, with hope and happiness thrown in. I gave as much of this environment as is possible for one over-burdened individual to give. Now here was the place for a society of women of leisure, of means, and with no definite aim in life to come forward and bring an important message to less favored sisters. This was not the only class of women asked to assist; the young enthusiastic woman of affairs, the older women settled already by their firesides, were asked to come forward, and they came. Thus was born a group of women who immediately became a power in broadening the horizon of others, and mark this, they unconsciously broadened their own, also, for one cannot give without receiving.

1. Whom shall we try to reach?

The children of the poor and of the middle classes are reached by our public schools and their teachers who do a wonderful work often unrecognized; they are reached also, by the Sunday schools of various churches.

The men are reached by various agencies, but the women need the greatest number of helping hands.

2. How shall we help them?

It has been said, reach a man through his stomach, but always reach the parent through the child. This is the easiest way, and towards this goal are the Mothers' Clubs working. But teachers are overworked in the school room and have little time for social settlement work. So here come in the Women's Clubs.

I do not believe in the invasion of the home of the poor. The hut of the poor is to him as the mansion to the rich, and those rights should be respected. With this principle in view, a group of women are selected who understand Italian or Spanish, or French or German, or Russian, as the case may be and who have these qualifications: Sympathy, Patience, Tact, Cheerfulness, and above all *Understanding*.

Then a suite of rooms in the neighborhood is selected. These rooms are fitted up plainly and neatly. All articles are donated by the club. No expensive article is allowed in the rooms, for these rooms are to be an object lesson.

The children of the neighborhood are invited in to a party; they have a good time and are told to come again and bring a mother. The club women have made some calls and are inviting quite a number of mothers.

A program of music is presented. In a group of songs are folk songs of the particular section from which some of these mothers come. There is a lighting up of faces and enthusiastic co-operation in singing the chords.

I remember one mother whispering that she knew some songs of her native province but that likely they would not be understood. Place was made upon the program for her. She sang in a sweet voice an unintelligible dialect—to all of us? No! There was one present who understood her and between these two then began a friendship long helpful to both.

Follow the music program with a sewing bee. Teach them not only to cut and make garments from new material, but how to make over old garments which are good but are discarded by those who follow the fashions. (Our schools in Home Economics should consider this branch.)

After the sewing program a demonstration in cooking would be given. Each mother was asked to cook some national dish. This created a great deal of enthusiasm and intelligent discussion. The program must be varied, carefully planned and carefully carried out.

After a certain number of programs pertaining to practical economy are given, instruction in reading and writing may be taken up with those who want it, lessons in citizenship, in voting, instruction concerning our institutions, our holidays, the history of our flag, our country and what it means may be given. You will be amazed at the quick comprehension of these instructions.

Excursions to factories, business houses, markets, awaken great interest as do lessons in buying produce and groceries. These lessons in economics are far reaching and help the immigrant to buy intelligently and to buy of the best.

Encourage community buying among the poor. A class in practical community buying will do more to reduce the cost of high living than anything else. A family may be accustomed to buy its sugar, 6 lbs. for 50c; if each of thirteen families contribute 50c they can get 8 lbs. for their 50c. It were well if this plan could be carried out fully among all of us.

Excursions on Saturday afternoons when the father is at home, to places of amusement that are instructive, amusing, and moderate in price, helping them to select what is good. Let many of these excursions be to the beach, to the hills, on the bay, into the country if possible. In other words, help establish a taste for good out of door amusement and recrea-

tion. This is good medicine, and when this stage is reached, the physician begins to take long breaths of satisfaction.

We are now ready for programs on *health*. Impertinent programs as it were, that deal with what to eat, how to take care of the body, what care is given to sleeping apartments, what care is given to the body as to cleanliness inside and out, what care is given to the mind, what kind of intellectual food is given it, what care is given the soul,—clean moral uplift or what?

See how easily we make the transition from household economics to civics, to hygiene, to spiritual and religious uplift.

Our Settlement Club may visit where possible, our immigration ports and there establish teaching classes in English for the detained immigrants.

They may establish and conduct a guidance bureau so that these immigrants may be guided to the occupations for which they are fitted. Skilled labor is often misplaced. Many a lawyer, carpenter, skilled artisan becomes a mere peddler because he must do something to live. A young man who is attending the foreign class in the commercial evening school is fitting himself for journalism; he has had two years in the university in his own land; is obliged to work in the Union Iron Works, work far too hard for him and for which he is not fitted—yet, he must eat while he is learning our language.

A club woman's guidance bureau might do good work here. This bureau might advertise evening schools, as well as such positions as it may have to fill, by articles in the foreign newspapers, by announcements in foreign churches, by circulars distributed through the foreign quarter. In this way more would learn of the schools and at the same time be better able to get suitable employment.

How far is the government responsible to these immigrants? If they are allowed to enter, we accept whatever condition they may bring us. And let us not think for a moment that they bring us little of value. We owe much to the immigrant,—we owe much to new blood and strength, much in music, art, chemistry, medicine, the liberal and the applied arts. Yet, on the other hand, many bring us what we do not want. This being so, it is not only our duty but our privilege to educate them in loyalty to American institutions. To this end I believe education should be: (1) compulsory; (2) the teaching should be standardized; (3) teachers should be selected for their peculiar qualifications to teach and to inspire respect for women; (4) these teachers should be paid the same salary that is paid day teachers because

(Continued on page nineteen)

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

EVERYWOMAN IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MATTERS IN CONTROVERSY, OTHER THAN THOSE VOICED IN THE EDITORIAL COLUMNS.

The Curse of Too Much Power

JUST as the world began to believe that England had become humane, because she was fighting on the side of humanity, she reverts to savagery when Ireland takes a step forward in the direction of freedom. That freedom which England covets so jealously for herself, and which she proclaims so loudly is her due. England, it is true, has been able through the curse of too much power, to murder fourteen or fifteen Irishmen—most of them young—who took up arms in the hope of freeing their country from a tyranny which has crushed out its life-blood, for hundreds of years; but, which has never been able to enslave its people, nor to make them acknowledge that they were "subjects" of England.

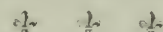
Taxation to the verge of starvation and beyond; deportation and death, have all been practiced upon the Irish race by the English invaders; but, as far as England's rule is concerned—they are no nearer to accepting it today than they were 125 years ago, following the murder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet or any of the martyrs who gave up their lives in the vain hope of freeing their country. Indeed, they are much farther from that serfdom today than ever before. For, as the world grows more enlightened, it refuses the monstrous claim of one man to govern another against his will. And, Mr. Asquith's change of heart has come too late. It is complete freedom now for Ireland—or, it is death.

It does not seem that England could be so blindly stupid, in the twentieth century, as not to realize that—for every prisoner of war, put to death by her in the last month, she has lost a million friends in America alone. Friends, whom she won only through the belief, that at last she was fighting (even in a small way), on the side of freedom.

It is true that these poor, deceived patriots are dead; but that fact is no more true than it is that England has lost the confidence, sympathy and respect, of all the freedom-loving people of the world—no matter of what blood or country; and, when this war is over, she will have a difficult task to find, even among people of her own blood, allies to trust her. For, among people who know history, and Americans, Australians and Canadians generally do, there is no visible difference between the massacre of the Dublin prisoners of war and those of Boston before the revolution; except that America, even in those days, was far stronger than is Ireland of today. George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Tom Paine and thousands of others, were "rebels and traitors" then—thank God!

Nor will the old slanders and falsehood, pass for gold coin any longer, such as: "Irishmen are not able to govern themselves," "They are improvident," etc. The world knows better now, and it does its own thinking these days. The

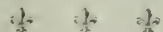
very cosmopolitan American knows that the Irishman in this country, given the same opportunities as the Englishman, far out-distances him in every walk of life—particularly in the higher walks of life, where education, efficiency and judgment are in demand. And, that it is a preposterous, brazen bluff to expect that men of greater mentality, will ever submit to the government of men of greater brutality.



Freedom—The Salvation of the World

WHEN it comes to love of freedom and love of country, every Irishman is an American, and the English government may as well hope to slaughter that freedom in his blood, as to beat radium into lead.

Padric Pearse, the young scholar and writer, and his small band of educators, writers, poets and patriots—are dead; they surrendered when their last cartridges were fired; and, without even the laws of war being observed, they were slaughtered like bandits, and were buried in English prison yards; but, it is only their bodies that are buried there. Their souls and their names dwell among the immortals, and their memories shall live forever in the hearts of all liberty-loving peoples. For, the pen is mightier than the sword, and this little band belonged to the Pen Men of the World—who will not forget.



Where Blame and Shame Belong

FOR the English government to try the Irish patriots for treason, is as stupid as it is libelous. No Irishman could ever be a traitor to England. A traitor is a man who betrays his own country; and, no Irishman would ever acknowledge England as his country. The only one whom we know of who fills that bill, is Sir Edward Carson—and, as he is that most pitiful thing among men: "A man without a country," it's a difficult matter to classify him. Anyway, a couple of years ago, he took up arms against England, for her generosity (?) in offering a little cheese-cloth, Home Rule to Ireland—all bound up with a thousand red tape strings to it. Today he is the petted darling in the parliament of that country. In America his name would be "Stoolpigeon," and everyone would understand. It is through such as he, that his government has always sought to make religious quarrels and dissension between the people of different denominations, when it is an historical fact that, as many Protestants were shot and hanged for freedom's sake, in that sad country, as were Catholics. Still, had that little glimmering of freedom, called Home Rule, been put into operation at that time, faith would have revived, and Irish-

men would have fought on the side of humanity—for the sake of France and Belgium, even trusting England as one of the Allies. That is clearly proven by the number who followed John Redmond's calm, experienced advice. But, the younger and more enthusiastic men—the scholars and the poets—only saw the same old lure of promises—broken, when the time for action had passed; and, they fell easy victims into the hands of the enemies of both freedom and civilization. A drowning man will not look too closely to find out if it is saint or devil who throws him a rope.

Of course, John Redmond, a seasoned statesman, who had given long years of his life to making the best fight he could—without the shedding of blood—for his unhappy country, was over-ruled; while the grind of past and present wrongs, and the lure of the enemies' promises were too great temptations for the younger patriots to withstand. And, they were as surely sent to their deaths by false promises, made by men, in and out of this country, who saved their own lives by keeping at a safe distance, as they were by the bullets of the English executioners.

It is clear that nothing but tragedy could come out of such an unnatural alliance as was formed for these young enthusiasts. The very thought of Irishmen—who have always yearned and shed their blood for freedom, in every clime and country, forming an alliance with any military mad monarchies, who were in the business of cold-bloodedly slaughtering freedom, and who would rend them to pieces as soon as their objects were gained, is beyond comprehension, unless the basest treachery is at the bottom of it all. But, it is not hard to see the evil effect it will have on the lives of the brave fellows who are fighting a death struggle, for their freedom, in the trenches of France and Belgium. But, some day, the shame and the blame will fall where they belong—and monarchies will crumble in the dirt.



Making the World Over

WE talk of peace with such easy grace, on many occasions that it would give bystanders the feeling that we were God's appointed, and only had to say "Peace!" with a few passes thrown in, and the wars of the world would cease—instanter. Well, they will not do that quite yet; nor will they do it for any length of time—even with a universal court—without the power of preparedness to make them do so. And, the building up of that power must, of necessity, be of long and tedious growth. The work of legislation; the levying of taxes; the collection of taxes; the building of armies and navies—with us from the ground up, one might say, are merely the preliminaries. The thousand and one ways and means by which the beginning is made, much less the end brought into view, are bewildering, in the expenditure of time, talent and money—still, all this must be faced and accomplished or let the world drop back into barbarism. And, this work, really means making the world over. Making thought—for the most part over. Making property rights and boundary lines over. Making greed and selfishness over; or transmuting them into fair play and generosity. All this and much more will have to be ac-

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complished before there is any real peace.

* * * * *

Today, there are many millions of people, the world over who are looking to America as a great factor in this world peace movement. And, no doubt, America will use its best efforts to bring about that end when the call comes. But America must be prepared for that call or take a back seat; and that would be a genuine misfortune, for, as this

country will be among the less bitter pacifists, it would be in a position to do the most good. But, we ourselves must be in a position to maintain and preserve our own peace by that time.

Were we once in that position, we could have peace at little cost. For, we could say to the invading nations, and to the nation which ruthlessly destroy international law: "We shall shut our doors against you, and we shall call on all other nations to do the same, until you behave like a civilized country." That admonition would give pause to the invader; but, we should be fully able to maintain our stand, and to help the smaller nations to do the same. This would, in all probability be the shortest cut to peace.

* * * * *

In last month's issue of *EVERYWOMAN* we gave an excellent article from the pen of Doctor Leonie Fordham of Switzerland, who is in this country in the interest of The World Union of Women, which of course means international peace. In this article, which we wish all women and men could read—she establishes the absolute necessity, as well as the sound wisdom of thorough and efficient preparedness, as the foundation and bulwarks of any kind of lasting peace. Had we that forethought and initiative in the past we would not today have to waste much time, money or men on chastising semi-savages and robber bands. But, it is never too late to learn.



The Light is Breaking Dimly

OUT of all this human treachery, slaughter and greed, the light is breaking dimly. The tyrants must cease their carnival of slaughter for want of foolish "subjects" to defend their putrid thrones—and then, intelligence, purged clear by the blood of innocent victims, will demand an adjustment wherein monarchies and monarchs will be few and a safe distance between. The light of reason will claim the world with the light of peace, and, it is only men who are possessed of the souls of slaves who will consent to be governed by monarchs—and, they are deserving of all they get. But, for the people who love and live for freedom, there shall be no more kingdoms. The Republic of Ireland, the Republic of Poland and the Republic of Belgium—if the Belgians would part from a king who is worthy of that name—will be among the small republics of the future, and others will soon follow in their lead. The less enlightened "subjects" will keep on bowing the knee to the best bluffers, for a while at least.

It is then that the proper functions of the real peace-makers will begin, and when they say: "Let there be peace!" They must have the means at hand to keep that peace. That, peace—to mean anything, must, of course, be international, or it would mean nothing to the world.

Is Music Decadent?

A Study of Composers and their Work

By Victor E. Blondeau

THE radical change which has taken place in the construction of music during the last fifty years is so great, so significant, and so far-reaching that many musicians have an uneasy suspicion that the tremendous gap which lies between Beethoven and Debussy cannot be bridged by evolution alone, but that music has seen its palmy days and is now on the downward way of decadence. Incidentally, the same is being said of other arts which have grown up almost side by side with music, particularly painting and sculpture, and, curiously enough, the symptoms which are observable in the case of music are duplicated almost identically in the apparent decay which has overtaken the sister arts. So far as music is concerned, both of its constructive branches, harmony and melody, are affected, and it would be difficult to say which of the two has suffered more from the malady which is threatening to destroy the pleasing element in music by the gradual substitution in its stead of the cult of the Loud Noise.

Strauss symphonies, which have reached the lowest rung in the downward ladder of programme music, and "Tone Poems" which are everything except poetical and in which any approach to melody, harmony or rhythmic phrasing has been diligently suppressed. Debussy ravings—"Pelleas and Melisande," to supply an example if one is needed—in which every rule of natural harmony seems to have been purposely violated and its place taken by chords which have no name in the calendar and are not really chords at all, but dischords of the most unsatisfying and irritating order; melody in which intervals are impossible and unexpected; and songs which begin nowhere in particular and end up suddenly on an augmented fifth above the tonic (vide Debussy again) and bring one up with the same kind of jerk which is experienced when the street car motorman puts on the emergency brake with particular suddenness; all show symptoms of the same anarchy which reigns in music.

Just as the cubists, futurists, pointillists and other lunatists of the brush have gone to great trouble and expense to publish ponderous, foggy and much-illustrated tomes to explain themselves away in language which is in keeping with their nightmares, so the modernists of music, probably suspecting their own malady, loudly shout from the house-tops that everybody is mad but them, and that harmony, counterpoint, balance, form and order in music are old-fashioned and out-of-date, and that the more noise you make and the longer you make it, the greater musician you are.

In sculpture, we have Rodin, who, in spite

of an occasional lucid interval, such as "Le Penseur," is a wild, stark, futurist of the most dangerous kind—a Strauss of the clay—as evidenced by such a monstrosity as his "Victor Hugo," just as Debussy is but a cubist of music and Van Gogh a Caesar Franck of the brush. Madness seems to be rampant everywhere in the artistic world, and one might as well try to understand Henry James as to attempt to unravel the insanities of them all.

Unfortunately this modern cacophonia has given birth to a crowd of lesser composers who have been quick to see that it is much



Victor E. Blondeau

easier to write music which sounds just as well when played upside down as right side up, than to be bound down by certain limitations of grammar and good taste, such as were until lately considered necessary to any kind of composition which pretended to be musical. Now, however, anything "goes," and anyone who has a knowledge of the elementals of music, and thinks he can write, may do so, and if he follows the lead of the Great Decadents, who shall judge him? If you, gentle reader, wrote a song, however good, no one who knows anything would ever ascribe it to Schumann or Schubert, but if you shook up a hatful of chords, picked them out indiscriminately and called the result "La Matinee d'un Crocodile," who is there to deny that it would be just as good as the genuine article?

The present state of things became noticeable about fifty years ago, more or less, but did not take definite shape until Wagner set the musical world by the ears with his radical departures from accepted canons. Many will remember the war that followed and the gal-

lons of gushing ink that were spilt until the Wagnerites got the upper hand and forced the lucubrations of their demi-god into our ears in and out of season. Nowadays, curiously enough, Germany is the only country where Wagner is absolutely forbidden in several of the great musical schools, which is significant enough, but also proves incidentally that it took the musical Germans all that time to find out what everybody knew half a century before.

Now, the question arises, why is music decadent, and if so, is there any remedy? To answer the first question is difficult, for the cause is not easy to discover though its effects are but too plain. It may be that the neurotic restlessness and rush of modern life have permeated music and the other arts; it may be that music is just *old*, and is suffering from senile decay just as an individual or a nation does when it has gone past its zenith. The root of the trouble, however, seems to lie in another direction and if so there is a remedy at hand.

For several centuries the scale on which all music is constructed, has consisted of twelve notes only, more or less equally separated by the distance known as a semitone. Now, the possible different combinations of these twelve notes, either vertically or horizontally, must be very great, but however great, most of us have a feeling at times that nothing which is written nowadays (apart from the modernist school) is really new but that it vaguely resembles, in some way or another, something which we have heard before. Obviously the only way left to composers of writing something which is entirely new is to make use of intervals and progressions, either harmonically or melodically, heretofore wisely forbidden as being unpleasant to the ear, which after all is the sole arbiter of music.

It is only *le premier pas qui coute*, and once the fatal step taken they do not seem to know where to draw the line. Hence Wagner, Berlioz, Debussy, Vincent d'Indy, Caesar Franck; "Tristan und Isolde," "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," the "Domestic Symphony," and that monument of bad taste and worse music "Electra"; hence for the same kind of reasons, translated into terms of painting and sculpture, Van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse and others; hence also Rodin and his satellites of the plastic art.

What is the remedy? So far as music is concerned, the only apparent one is the admission into our scale of the quarter tones as used by the Orientals in one form or another. Seen either vertically or horizontally, such a change would open up unheard of fields and

(Continued on page thirty-one)

How One Girl Makes Her Living

Patience and Perserverance Plus Pluck

By F. H. Sweet

TO put matters right at the outset, I will state that her real name is not Sally Brown, and that the five acres and old farm house which she rented is not in the township, or even in the State, where I have arbitrarily located it. But this is immaterial. The real point at issue is that she is making a living, and more; and that any girl under the same conditions, and with the same amount of pluck and determination, can do the same.

The circumstances of loss and death which left her alone, to fight her own battles, do not form a part of this sketch; nor do I dwell on the lack of special education which debarred her from skilled employment in the city. Suffice it to say that she heard of this five-acre remnant of an old farm, and the few odds and ends of ancient, dilapidated furniture which the house contained; and, as the rent of the one and the cost of the other came well within her capital of a hundred dollars, she determined to let them and her desperation—though inspiration is the better word—arbitrate her immediate future.

When she took possession in May, she had twenty dollars left; but the furniture was hers, and the house and five acres for a year. One mile away is a small village of twenty or more houses, through which runs a trolley line. Fifteen miles distant, by this trolley, is Newport. Between the village and Newport, at irregular intervals, are scattered summer cottages, which grow larger and more pretentious as they approach the city. Her only immediate neighbors are an old man and his wife, who grow things for the city market. Their land joins hers, and their house is but a few rods away.

Sally was strong and energetic, but her knowledge of country resources at this time was limited. Half of her twenty dollars was promptly expended in quince bushes, for she had heard that they were very profitable, and she was much taken aback when the old man informed her bluntly that it was money wasted; quinces were too risky for rented land, he said. What she wanted was something that could be depended upon to bear quickly and regularly.

This was her first mistake, and though it involved but ten dollars, it was ten dollars that could ill be spared. Already she had spent five for provisions, selected for nutritiousness and bulk; and now she let half of the remaining five go to the old man for plowing and preparing the old garden behind the house, and the other half for seeds. The rest of the land she would have to leave for a while yet.

On first inspection she had thought the old house uninhabitable, but, by changing a few

window-sashes and adding a door-hinge and latch here and there, she had rendered two or three of the rooms possible to use. The kitchen was the best of them, and in one end of the long, low-ceilinged room was a huge fireplace, in which were swinging cranes and andirons, just as they had been used fifty years before. This fireplace would answer all present needs for cooking and heating.

The old garden was enclosed by high stone walls, and along these were rank growths of weeds and half-wild garden herbs, and even of bushes. Sally spent many hours, between her seed-planting, in digging them out and working over the soil. There were many plans forming in her mind for another year,—beds of strawberries and asparagus and parsley, and of early vegetables. For these, the old man said, there was a good demand among the neighboring cottages; and, if grown early enough to escape sharp competition, they could be sold to advantage in the city. And, besides these, Sally was looking forward to a poultry yard—which the old man did not have,—and to growing cress in the brook which flowed across the foot of her five acres, and to other things which she had read about as being profitable and suitable for girls. But she would have to wait and work into them little by little, as she could, for she had no money. When she spoke of her plans to the old man, however, he shook his head sagely, and said that she had better put one iron into the fire at a time; it would be safer.

One day he asked if she would be willing to help him wash and bunch vegetables occasionally, as most of his time was now taken up in disposing of his produce at the cottages and in the city, and his wife was too feeble for such work. After that Sally spent half of each day with him, and, though the earnings were not large, they were more than her expenses, and the work was of value to her as an object lesson. In June she helped him to pick his strawberries, and, later, his currants and gooseberries and raspberries. When the strawberry vines sent out new runners she purchased several thousand, and paid for them in work. By setting them in June, he said, she would have a full crop another year. She also set raspberry roots and put in cuttings of gooseberries and currants.

But it was a hard year, and, having only her scanty wages, progress was slow and almost disheartening. In the fall the old man obtained for her, the looking-after of several of the cottages whose owners returned to their city homes. In one of these she took up her abode, and thus was enabled to pass the win-

ter more comfortably than she could have done in the old house. As her duties required her only to open and air the cottages once each week, she had much spare time, and this she utilized in making frames and sashes for the hot-beds and cold frames which she intended to start late in the winter. In March she returned to the old house, for the weather had grown sufficiently open for her to walk back and forth to the cottages. When their owners returned and relieved her of her duties, she found herself in possession of eighty dollars. With this she had her entire five acres plowed and made ready for cultivation, and purchased seeds, provisions, and a few necessary tools, expending the last twenty dollars in hiring a man for a month to help her with the harder work. In June the strawberries netted her enough to tide her through the summer.

This was three years ago. Today Sally employs a half-grown boy regularly by the year. She owns a cow and horse, which the boy looks after; and a second-hand delivery wagon, in which he takes produce to market. She has tried poultry, and given it up,—not because she does not think it would pay, but because she likes fruit growing better, and considers the two incompatible. The strawberry bed has been increased to an acre, and she has long rows of raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries. The yearly rental she has changed to a long lease, with the privilege of purchasing at any time at a stated sum. This purchase she contemplates in the near future; and, when once the land is hers, she will put at least an acre into early grapes, and another in quinces and pears. Quinces, she believes, will pay on her own land, especially now that immediate returns are not imperative. Growing vegetables for market she has given up, except in a very few hotbeds, the yields from which command fancy prices. Cress-growing has also been tried and abandoned; it was an extra iron in the fire, which interfered with more congenial ones.

Of course, many discouragements and losses have been met with, which are known only to Sally herself. But her success has so far exceeded her expectations that the first two years can now be looked back upon with appreciative equanimity. However, were it to be done over again, she declares that she could save at least a year by devoting all her first money to strawberry vines, and adding other fruits as she could work her way to them. But, for all that, she believes she could make a living at poultry by giving all her energies to it; and also at some of the other things which she has tried and abandoned.

American Dietetics vs. Intelligence

Food Selections for Home Tables

By Mary Mercer

IF YOU had heard Cedrick! I did, and ever since I have been swinging to the kite lines of fading foibles.

Cedrick *thinks*, and thinking is disillusioning to the ancient and accepted rites. Why is it that we *think* so little, and "fall to" so readily?

When a thinker comes into a household or into a neighborhood, innovations immediately follow, and that is what is taking place in my immediate vicinity. Either I must witness the fall of several ancient ideals, or else I must refuse to listen to Cedrick. I might get my sunbonnet and go out and climb a stump over near the frog pond, when I feel the need of companionship. Frogs are cheerful; and if they think, at least they do not turn scrutinizing sidelights upon our individual virtues; nor upon the delinquencies of the school system, nor even the suffrage question. In fact, the frogs all seem to be swearing at Villa nowadays, and that is quite as it should be. Certainly the picture of our faithful boys in khaki wading through long leagues of broiling sand to chase a Villa is enough to make even a frog protest.

But to return to Cedrick. Cedrick has become *persona non grata* to the cook, and is liable to suffer an abridgment of delicacies, unless he takes refuge in silence, which is not probable. For how long, I wonder, has the American man purchased peace from his womankind by silence? This is an alarming question, and I feel my heart throb! It has been a long time since our great-grand-mothers climbed Plymouth Rock. But let us not look back! Someone has advised us, I think it was Mrs. Eddy, never to "look back on the furrow we have plowed," but to keep on going. Whether or not by accelerated speed is not recorded, though for some of us to run a little, and even "duck" occasionally, might be well.

And I fear Cedrick is not likely to take refuge in silence, so what will you?

Furthermore, he is an orchardist, with the ken of a wizard on trees and plants, not to mention chemistry and dietetics. O womankind, what have we done to allow man to invade dietetics and the kitchen? Why did we overlook our opportunity to glorify the sacred recesses of the pantry and the science of the garden? Sages have told us that France owes her dominance of intellectual refinement to the food selection of her *chefs*; but, behold! the American housewife treasures her colonial great-grand-mother's menus in equal reverence with George Washington's waist-coast button. And those menus were too often made when it was not safe to enter the kitchen garden after herbs, lest one leave his scalp.

If there is one thing above all others which the American housewife expects of masculinity in general, it is appreciation. But Cedrick has towered above and beyond any of these weaknesses, holding rigidly to his convictions of "sanity and sense," not to mention "refinement of food selection." And when, one day, he had brought into the kitchen a wonderful basket of fresh asparagus topped with a heaping pile of crisp spinach, marble-sized new potatoes, and a bundle of red rhubarb; then, that same evening, when we, through caprice of the cook, sat down to roast "sugar ham," baked beans, mince pie, and quince preserves, with various other accessories, can you blame Cedrick for



Mrs. Mary Mercer

inquiring anxiously whether the American system of dietetics is inspired by idiocy or irony? Why, when God so wonderfully grows our food for each season, and, in some instances, for each month, we, either through blindness or indifference, (it cannot surely be through ignorance), inconsiderately refuse to eat it? Refuse the perfect feast a loving Father has prepared for us? A feast which we should eat religiously *when it is in season*, for our bodies' sake? A feast into which nature has placed the chemicals, the salts of the earth as we need them in natural form, to restore the similar components in our bodies which the conditions of the season through which we have just passed have exhausted?

We ask thoughtful consideration of the American public on this vital question—*THE FOOD SELECTION FOR OUR HOME TABLES*.

Certainly we eat vegetables when they are

in season, but indifferently, and so often *merely because they happen to be cheap*. But we eat salt meats at any time and at all seasons without regard to the bodily thirsts which they induce, or the intemperance toward which, beyond doubt they lead our race. And our women talk of intemperance! If incipient intemperance rests with the cook, then our American mothers and wives are largely responsible for the intemperance of our race. It is certain that man was never intended to have a taste for alcohol. And it is equally certain that the home table establishes our habits in food selections. And when mothers and wives habitually place salt foods and white flour bread on the family table, they fail to count the cost to their loved ones. They *fail to think*. And what can excuse us women for such a sin as *failing to think*? We are the willing slaves of habit. If heaven would help us to develop a stronger sense of *duty*, a stronger sense of our moral obligation to the vital matter of the bodily sustenance of our families, a stronger sense of the truer, deeper, greater needs of existence, with less of the superficial, what a blessed transformation we should witness!

And this love of old recipes! How much better it would be to cultivate a knowledge of chemical combinations in foods. To learn the laboratory of the garden. We go to the chemists and buy our tonics of iron in the spring after we find ourselves ailing, and we never stop to consider that God has placed the iron in the spinach and the artichoke in perfect form for our digestion! That all spring vegetables constitute a miraculous panacea for bodily restoration!

If the wiseacres who are busily measuring our distance from the stars could also devise a method to make our cooks and our household managers use even common sense in the discharge of their duties, our race would quickly show a more noble representation of the Father's "image and likeness." We should all be immeasurably healthier, happier and more beautiful,—for health and beauty are the heritage of every human being.



A BURBANKED GRANDMA

By Sara W. Featherstone

*Little lady, what's your age?
It would puzzle any sage
To make even a rash guess.
In that short and girlish dress,
And your frisky little hats,
High heeled boots and colored spats,
You walk along with childlike grace,
Though called "Grandma" to your face,
What's the answer, tell us straight—*

21 or 68?

The Idle Middle-aged Woman

Quo Vadis?

By Ellen Coit Elliott

IN spite of the clamor about the scarcity of "time," there is a large class of us women whose daily occupations bear a distinct resemblance to the "busy work" of the primary schools—trivial expedients to keep us from going insane with ennui. We are about half a century old, but no demure grannies of the chimney corner either. Thanks to a good education, a happy marriage, and a comfortable income provided by someone else, and thanks, too, to modern hygiene and a modern conscience, we reach this point active, handsome, well dressed, and intelligent and executive no end. Our children are by this time the least of our cares. Our housekeeping, which at first loomed so large, has, for better or for worse, fallen into its grooves, and can be managed with the left hand whenever there is other employment for the right. We are the good friend of our husband, tried and true, yet this occupation hardly seems to fill out the full measure of our abilities. Besides, he is away six to ten hours every day and during this time we are prevented from exercising our friendliness upon him. Our burning problem (not all of us know it for such) is what to do with ourselves from now until we die. Our husbands, long since settled down into their vocational harness, are jogging along methodically in as much serenity of mind as their individual temperaments allow. Our unmarried sisters, even, have struck their gait and live ordered, useful, and contented lives. But our profession, which took the whole of us in the time of it, is past. Motherhood engrossed us for twenty or thirty years, just as everyone agrees that it ought to. Home-making, so long as there were little ones, proved us out for all we were worth. But what bird is there that putters over an empty nest? True, the adults and semi-adults of the family still need an ample and satisfying home; but she who has survived her early handicaps of home-making on a small income along with the bearing and care of children, finds her present task "a snap" and unless inveterately domestic has plenty of time and strength left over.

Possibly we are a new class on the face of the earth and, like all things new in this age, are to be charged up to the rise of the scientific spirit and the invention of machinery. When our grandmothers were fifty they must still spin, weave, sew, and either do or superintend a great number and variety of household tasks which have been taken out of our hands. We can not if we would any more perform all the labor necessary to clothe and feed the family and to furnish forth its comfort and cheer. Our cloth and most of our garments come to us ready-made. Much of our food comes into the house already cooked and all of it is made ready for the cooking process

before we get it—no drying apples or curing hams or even grinding coffee any more. The floors no longer depend upon our industry for their coverings. For light we neither make the candles nor clean and fill the lamps and we are saved the walk to the chandelier by the switch-button at the door. We do not make soap, or dye yarn, or stew "simples." No water do we fetch and carry but are served by pipes and faucets, hot-water boilers, set tubs, lavatories and drains. Our heat comes up from a furnace which we do not tend, our kitchens are snowy little paradises where we play with gas and electricity, and blue and white dishes. Probably the only reason we are left to bear and rear the new generation is that Mr. Edison has not yet got around to having it done by electricity in factories.

Meantime the educated woman used to be the exception while now all American women share in the educational privileges of the country equally with men, and the first crops of college women are arriving at middle age in noticeable numbers. It is the sinister union of these two facts—freedom from absorbing household labor and responsibility, along with an education practically the same as that of men,—that creates a new situation, tending somewhat generally to ferment and, in individual cases, to explosion.

Several replies will at once spring forth, ready-made of course in this age, like everything else, and women even more than men will know how to answer. The most conventional will state again the obvious fact that even the older women are driven to death—or to nervous prostration. Yet if you corner such a one in a heart to heart talk and keenly unmask one vague allegation after another you find at last no more than a basket of black stockings to be darned or a last year's wardrobe to be remodelled into "the latest,"—the promotion of a church fair, or the study of French, or the making of calls, or bridge, or society, or committees, and so on indefinitely. And is not all this indeed but busy work? To make a home in the old days was an arduous, complicated and exceedingly important business and it challenged a woman's fullest powers even after the children were grown up and gone. These unrelated activities which we take up (almost as the baby picks up toys from his basket) fill our time and consume our strength indeed, yet too often neither allay our restlessness nor signally benefit the public.

To do useless work about the house like making bread which can be bought as good, or darning cheap stockings into lace work, or cleaning closet corners with a toothbrush, is a pitiful remnant of our former proud posi-

tion as home-makers. To devote whole months of our precious years to the empty vanities and exactions of the "well-groomed"—we who have lost the rose of youth and, in spite of self-denying practices, gained the double-chin of middle-age are adjured on every hand that we must at least be "well-groomed"—this business and achievement has a trick of turning to apples of Sodom in the mouth. Social life only satisfies when confined to its proper function of a by-play for leisure hours. As to the amazing amount of effort put forth by women through their clubs of all kinds, it seems to me that there is much work being done and many a woman provided with a worthy outlet for her inclinations and abilities. Yet this can hardly be the universal solution. In the clubs too there is a lot of busy work going on.

We ask ourselves—those of us who know what is the matter—"to what end was I educated?" The answer is on everyone's lips, "to make you a better wife, mother, and home-maker, for you know perfectly well that those are the three stars of your firmament." Very good, and so they are. But why then did not the good Lord ordain that we practice maternity to the end, even as the cat or the hen? Why this futile post-script of thirty or forty years tacked on to a finished tale?

And this brings us back to the starting-point—though you may think it a vicious circle—a body of middle-aged women, expert housekeepers, experienced mothers, more or less trained members of society, quite as wide-awake and energetic as the men of their age and class, in many cases more in touch with intellectual matters than their mates, yet lacking the opportunity to bring their attainments to bear in any organic way. As poor human nature goes they are passable tools for society's use, yet go to waste because our system seems not to have caught up with our stage of development.

Do not imagine I have a remedy to offer. Remedies have been offered, as that these women might travel, or pursue culture, or devote themselves to their grandchildren, and these would appear to be useful sedatives. Certain prophets recommend "economic independence," which would at least do away with busy-work. But I myself am distinctly airing a grievance and not promoting a panacea. I shall not be taken seriously of course. How can you take seriously a comfortable, well-groomed, double-chinned club-lady, apparently as busy as the industrious ant who carries straws around an appointed circuit, when she suddenly eyes you and insists that she is in reality idle, empty-handed, and unhappy. Taking it by and large you conclude that she is not quite herself today. And the probabilities are that she is not.

"The Play's the Thing"

May Robson Comedy and How It Captivates

By Casu Wood

MAY ROBSON, as pretty and debonair as ever, has come again to see us and to make us laugh and sigh. Her new play "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt," is perfectly suited to her, and with all her well-known technical skill she gives a performance that is unique. Of course, this "technical skill" observation came to me after the play. While I was listening to it I quite forgot it was a beautiful actress playing a role. It was so well done that I thought only of kindly buxom "Mrs. Matt," whose heart and brain are of the very best, but whose manners and waist line have grown somewhat unrestrained and the dear soul wants for the sake of her handsome successful husband and her boy just out of college, whom she adores, to become a lady of the great world, elegant of speech and dress and in harmony with her rich surroundings.

A rigid English maid attends Mrs. Matt and threatens to "give notice" every time her mistress slips up on matters of diet or dress or deportment. The scathing disapproval of this mentor when she finds Mrs. Matt has gone out from her fashionable New York hotel to walk in Central Park, clad in her comfortable old clothes, has great effect on her mistress, who consents to a transformation in her appearance. This is very cleverly done and the audience breaks into delighted applause when Mrs. Matt appears, smiling bravely and very smart indeed, dressed in a beautiful modish costume and hat, and carrying it all off with excessive grandeur of manner.

Her son's friend "Bunny," a lugubrious young clergyman, is going to take her out, and with a dismal groan he asks "Where shall we go?" "Ow!" replies Mrs. Matt, comically imitating his tragic gloom, "Suppose we take a spin around Grant's Tomb!"

Nobly she endeavors to "get away" with her elegance but her conversation becomes

spasmodic, her smile a forced grin, her sentences jerky, and then with an agonized groan she suddenly leaves the room, and the sound of loosened stays reaches our ears and we laugh as we share her relief.

In the scene where the family is established in its magnificent country home, we become better acquainted with this big-hearted, lovable woman and her simple honest wisdom



May Robson

and tact make us love her, while her wit and ready tongue keep us in gales of laughter. She shows the finest sensibilities and feelings of deep tenderness, and withal such a rich wholesomeness and clear-sighted judgment.

We follow the love story of the spoiled but charming son and his father's pretty typist, which of course does not, as it never did, run smooth, and see how the wise and understanding mother brings matters to a happy denouement.

It was a pleasure to go "behind" after the

play and have a little visit with the star in her dressing room so full of California roses that the two Pekinese pets had to sit on the trunk. We chatted about other times and mutual friends and New York and London days and plays, and how we both love California.

"You lucky thing to be staying on here!" said the star, with a sigh of envy, as I left her. And as I thought back and recalled the places all over the world where I have seen May Robson act and the many others where she has acted and I have not seen her, I could understand that sigh. It expressed a little longing for a rest under California's smiling skies, amid the flowers and the fruit.

Born in Australia, Miss Robson is the daughter of a British naval officer. She has played many parts in this country and in England. Those I remember best are Mrs. Chapstone, away back in the days of "Jim, the Penman" and Mrs. Leyburn in "Robert Elsmere." Then came the great years with Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre in New York, when she delighted thousands of audiences with her inimitable character work. Never shall I forget her Mrs. Vokins in "Lord and Lady Algy." Why, I laugh about it yet, and much water has run under the bridge since that first wild roar of mirth that filled the Empire when Mrs. Vokins entered Lady Algy's ball room in a costume "after Reynolds."

The brief period in vaudeville was a brilliant one, and in the sketch called "Cinders," this gifted actress again won our hearts and compelled our laughter.

When she brought the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" to London, Terry's Theatre was filled night after night with laughing English men and women, and they do say that its hard to make an English audience laugh.

The Kingdom of the Son

By Jane Hyde

An angel swung the door of heaven wide,
A holy light across the portal fell
Upon a soul borne down with pain, who cried,
"I've failed, mistakes remorseful tears compel."

"Enter," the angel said in accent sweet,
"Across the page of time your name is writ
In letters bold. Mistakes mean not defeat;
They do but make the mental power more fit.

Man's life is the springtime of eternity,
The first faint whisper of the infinite.
Mistakes, the torch by which a soul may see
The starry path that leads to heavenly light.

Beside your name in the golden book of life
Stands God-like honor, love of truth and right,
Exacting duty nobly borne through strife
With loyalty heroic in its might.

The chill wall of the precipice we pass
To reach the green and flower-starred fields of
hope.

The ever narrow present is, alas,
Too near for us to see its truth and scope.

Then enter here, leave grief and pain behind.
God judges man by battles he has won.
To good intentions He is never blind.
Enter thou the Kingdom of the Son."

Schools for Citizenship

Needs Must Guide Present Policy

By Staff Writer

THE public school, as an educational factor, is at last attracting the attention it deserves. The general public is taking an interest in it, a vital interest, the kind of interest that makes them dig down in their pockets to pay experts to see what the trouble is, to suggest improvements; the kind of interest that digs deeper into their pockets to find more and more money to enable them, the public, to carry out the recommendations made by the experts. Why is this movement and why is it going on all over the United States?

Long years of apathy on the part of the public have resulted in a school system by no means meeting the needs of the children. The demands made upon the school have increased manifold, but its efficiency has in no way kept pace with the demands. States have been legislating more and more children into the schools, by raising the legal age limit at which a child may leave school, by reducing the age limit at which a child must enter school, by compelling all children to be in school between those years, by appointing truant officers to enforce these laws, by passing child labor laws which prohibit the employment of children in all industries under the legal age, and postponing their employment in many industries until a later period.

Such are the laws which are forcing more children into our schools in many states of the Union. But what have we done to make the schools satisfy the child's desires? What have we done to insure parents a greater return than is possible were their children in the factories? What have we done to interest the child not interested in the mere abstract, the most difficult of learning; to interest him in creative work, the kind of work which he needs must do when he leaves school, when he must rely on his own initiative and judgment? Do we develop these faculties, or do we merely train the memory?

As long ago as 1860 Herbert Spencer berated the people of his era for their stupidity in educational methods. "Education is a preparation for the business of life," just that and nothing more. As our lives are varied, so must the preparation for life be varied. The same sort of educational means cannot be employed for every child, but every child does have the right to be prepared for life as well as the intellectual advancement of his age can supply. Too long have we left this great work in the hands of a few people. Too long have we withheld our support from the few who showed us a better way. Too long have we endured the wrong method of teaching the truths of nature.

We have employed methods exactly opposite to those urged by Herbert Spencer, from the

empiric to the rational, from the concrete to the abstract. We have not believed in self-instruction, nor in the excellent effects of instruction which considers the pleasurable element. Now, however, this country is realizing the results of this erroneous system. Large bodies of unemployed and unemployable; large groups of comparatively young and able-bodied men in penitentiaries; large groups of girls and women interested only in self-adornment and pleasures; lack of intellectual leaders; these and other conditions point to the need of schools being made the most efficient of all our American institutions. Manners and habits are formed in the first years of life. Then only can the child be trained in the right way.

Today very little work is done in the home. Baking, cooking, sewing, manufacturing, cleaning, and washing are carried on in factories. Why not introduce these processes into the schools just as they were formerly in the home? Give everyone a chance to come in contact with the primitive forces that have made our civilization possible; give everyone a chance to find out if he has hidden within him inventive genius. Let the hands supplement the head and the head will lead the hand.

Under the modern system in the Gary schools the son of the millionaire is given an equal chance with the son of the laborer to observe, experiment and achieve in fields of labor of which he would otherwise remain ignorant. The academic subjects become alive with meaning, as soon as their relation to other studies is perceived. The seasons take on their true meaning when the seeds are planted, the flowers and fruits grow and are harvested; so the structural and mechanical relations are better understood, when building is actually carried on; when an automobile is actually constructed.

It is not necessary to go to moving pictures to get the real thrills in life. These thrills are found in the carrying out of the instinct for creation, for collection, for adventure. In the fulfillment of instinctive impulses under the supervision of experts, rather than the thwarting of such instincts under the present iron-clad rule of the classroom, is the real preparation for the business of life. When the school period is over these instincts are going to act and if properly trained, guided and cared for during the years of growth, will act in accordance with the highest laws of nature. Should these instincts be stunted and balked, they will either have disappeared entirely, leaving but a useless human body or will be perverted and result in

anti-social actions, thus destroying the very purpose for which they were given.

Let us give our best thought, time and money to making our schools meet the needs of the day. Let us realize that all children are not endowed with the ability to learn with equal facility. Let us see that our schools should give opportunity to the bright child to make the most of his faculties. When he feels the joy of material creation he will study the laws of nature in order to be able to create the better. When school hours are as exhilarating as his play hours, then his play hours will become as instructive and creative as his school hours. Then the bright boy shall not become the bad boy, the mischief-maker.

The needs of the time and the community must guide the curriculum of the schools. Knowledge of the psychology and physiology of the child should enter into its plan. The duties of the citizen should be taught in the schools. If the habit of social action is not instilled in a child early in life, he is apt to grow up without the feeling of social responsibility. Let mere getting a lesson be secondary to the purpose of the lesson. Let mere credits, gradings, markings be mere means and not ends. Teachers should realize that mistakes are not faults inherent in the child, but often the result of faulty presentation of a subject. Keep the purpose of every subject ever before the child, and he will understand his relation to the body, social and politic, so that he will realize the duties, responsibilities and privileges resulting therefrom.

To build up a well balanced social being, nothing is of more importance than the proper physical development of the body. There should be physical exercise as part of the school course, not mere formal gymnastics, but joyous free play. Our school should not disband for the summer months leaving children to their own devices, so often stunted and curtailed by lack of play space and proper guidance. Summer excursions to places of beauty in and about the home community wherein the children live should be part of the school program. Then the mere joy of living will be made known to them early in life. This will go a long way towards forming the proper outlook on life and give them the desire to make the most of life in every normal and wholesome way.

Sex instruction should be given by people properly trained for such teaching. It should be given with the growth of the child. The study of plants and animals should be part of the work of the schools until the adolescent boys and girls understand the true meaning of life. Much of the adolescent dangers would be

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The Congressional Pledge

A Humanitarian Clause

By Ednah Aiken
Author of "The River"

NO two parties can make a clean division of one hundred and one millions of people. From any two such attempted classifications as Republicans and Democrats, or Preparedness and Anti-Preparedness partisans must branch variant groups of differing degrees, time emphasizing the number and degree of separation. In a passionate period like this, the grouping seems more final than time, or catechizing, would prove it to be. Men in majorities are choosing the camp called Preparedness, not that by so doing they are completely expressing themselves, nor that they are not by so doing relinquishing a finer hope, but because the desire for war immunity, for safety of the contemporary skin and contemporary institutions, or for success in war should bloody honors be thrust upon us, is directly compelling. "If there must be a choice," says the merchant, the banker, the officer, "the sane choice lies here, today. The morrow must take care of itself."

Other men, in minorities, are choosing their label, not liking it, always; not that they are convinced that our defenses are adequate for immediate test, nor that they are all quite willing to dare the "celestial folly" of non-resistance, but because the necessity of choice places them closer to those who are not willing to relinquish an ideal to the subsidizing instinct of fear or self-preservation. "If I must choose," says the internationalist, or man of labor, or timorous mother of boys, who have learned their lesson of Christianity, or co-operation, or brotherhood, in different schools, "if I must choose, even if the war, two or five years from now involve us, and find us unprepared because of a successful opposition to what men are calling 'preparedness,' still I cannot abandon an ideal or imperil the safety of the future, of civilization, by accepting a national plan which will announce our entry into the game

of competitive arming that a few years ago we were vehemently denouncing. Because European countries believed themselves menaced they felt justified in living up to the fierce competition; because we have lost our conviction of isolation, we feel justified to follow their example. If I must choose I take the risk of today, knowing that our very unpreparedness will work for self-control and discretion."

But must there be a choice? If time were not so short, and passion not so obscuring, it is certain that another party would be formed from the two in the field, made up of those men and women who would accept the national plan of defense on the condition that such a plan would subserve to, or be canceled by an international plan whenever consummated. Already is heard the demand that the present program must not go through without a pledge or proviso that the United States will continue to endeavor to the utmost to further the cause of peace and international good will, to the end that national armament may ultimately become unnecessary, or as a component part of some approved international scheme. Said Lord Roseberry in November, 1915: "I confess that it is a disheartening prospect that the United States, so remote from the European conflict, should voluntarily in these days take up the burden which after the war will be found to have broken, or almost broken, our backs. It means that the burden will continue upon the other nations, and be increased exactly in proportion to the fleet of the United States."

Wars have a tendency, as they become critical, to become sanctified to their partisans. The allies are as convinced that they are fighting the *War of Peace* as Germans are sure that peace can never be maintained until they can

free the seas. If the United States in this crisis would pledge herself, not only to be willing to meet any future international plan for peace, or limitation of armaments, but willing to take the first step therefor, she would undoubtedly help to make real the purpose for which the nations are now convinced they are fighting, and which therefore by that agency becomes the purpose of the war. "One increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Not the least result of some such conspicuous national declaration would be the "widening" of men's thoughts by shifting the appropriation discussion from its present sordid plane of expense and affording, and graft and present inexcusable inefficiency to a more ethical basis. Even though an explicit statement framed as a declaration or a rider to the bills of appropriation should meet skepticism in Europe and Asia, the effect would be felt in our own country. "There would be restored to us some of the moral prestige which this discussion is losing for us in Europe and America. The sting would be taken out of the whole business with a clause like that attached," commented an internationalist or citizen of the world. Such men realize that no act of ours, not even for our own immediate safety, must be allowed to block the bigger, more humane program for which we a short time ago were clamoring, and for which those splendid armies are supposed to be dying. If we can make their death mean that it will not then be in vain, that wholesale dying; if we can help by such a simple declaration, of co-operation to turn their national sacrifice into a sacrifice for humanity, we shall have redeemed their death. Let us work for that civilizing clause, that humane pledge, that sober redemption.

Columbia Forever

By Henry Craigie

Columbia needs no foreign aid,

No ally decked in war array.

With prayer for peace, yet unafraid,

Trusting in right, she goes her way.

Too proud to yield to wile or force,

Too just to do another wrong,

Firmly resolved, on Freedom's course,

Her chosen path she moves along.

If alien hordes her home invade

Her sons from hence shall drive the scourge,

Sustaining that foundation laid

By freedom's sons at Valley Forge.

Hoping that wars forever cease,

Preparing to defend the right,

We ask kind Heaven to give us peace,

But peace with honor, or we fight.

Columbia stretches forth her hand

To help and welcome all who come

To live in peace in freedom's land.

Her home shall be their home.

Invading slaves by tyrants taught

The cruel creed of rule by might,

Shall learn as they our sires fought,

Vassals shall yield when patriots fight.

Twenty Thousand Women

All Work at 13th Biennial

By Staff Writer

JUST as *Everywoman* is going to press, the great Biennial of the Federated Women's Clubs is taking place in New York, and the day *Everywoman* reaches the news-stands is the day of the election of the officers of the Federation. This makes it impossible for us to give our readers news of the great convention until our next issue—but a very full report will be found in our July number, written by our special New York correspondent.

In the meantime, in this issue, we wish to very heartily congratulate Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles upon the unanimous endorsement of the California Confederated Clubs of her nomination for President of the National Federation. Whatever the outcome of the election, Mrs. Cowles has received a compliment from her own State and many other Western States which would be the cause of pride and satisfaction to any woman.

In presenting Mrs. Cowles' name as candidate for the highest honor in the gift of the Confederation, the club women of California said:

"California considers it an honor to place the name of Mrs. Cowles before the women of the General Federation, and to ask for her election to the highest office in the gift of that body. California believes that Mrs. Cowles, in her long experience in club life, her knowledge of Federation matters, her ability as a leader, her sense of justice, her poise and her high type of womanhood, possesses the qualities of character which will enable her to fulfill all obligations of the office of President with honor to the great body of women who constitute the Federation."

The other candidate whose name will be presented for the office of President is Mrs. Samuel B. Sneath of Tiffin, Ohio—who is now First Vice-President of the National Federation. Mrs. Sneath's nomination, besides being unanimously carried by the State Federation of Ohio, was endorsed by the Tiffin Chamber of Commerce, as a mark of appreciation of her work for the welfare of her own home city.

With two such names presented for consideration, it is certain that the retiring President, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, will have a worthy successor, and the National Federation a President of character, attainments and experience of the very highest order.

The Federation is bound to have a most interesting convention, for, besides all the important business to be attended to, the social entertainment will be unusually absorbing. In the first place, this is the first time in its history that the National Confederation has convened

in New York City. For the days from May 23rd to June 2nd, while the twenty thousand delegates are in possession of the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York will naturally pride herself in giving these distinguished women guests the very best that her hospitality can offer. And when New York does a thing, it



Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles

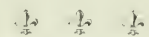
is done properly. The Queen City of Wonders will do her part to make the convention memorable. Already rumors of special theater invitations, extraordinary facilities for sight-seeing, a dozen great dinner and reception parties, an invitation to visit Mrs. Edison at her home in Orange, and to visit Mr. Edison at his great plant and be taken through his laboratories, is one of the many delightful suggestions for out-of-town trips. Without any doubt the Federation could spend as many weeks as they will have days in being entertained and feted.

If anyone doubts the importance of women's clubs of today and their far-reaching influence upon all the great questions of the day, let him keep track of the business which will come up for consideration before this convention of the National Federation. Indeed, the time has come when the influence of the concerted action of women's clubs is one of the greatest factors to be reckoned with in all civic affairs. From the President of the United States down to the least important city official, this fact is fully recognized. With the steadily increasing woman suffrage, this influence is felt more and more. The power of several hundred thousand women members of wide-awake clubs cannot possibly be overestimated. The laws alone which have been added to State statutes by the work of the

clubs have revolutionized the labor question in several States, especially as regards child labor. A thousand other reforms owe their accomplishment to the same source. Each year sees a wonderful growth in membership of the old clubs, and the birth of hundreds of new ones. From now on there can be no question of National or State importance that the club women will not influence in one way or another. That their influence has always been for betterment and their help practically has been proved from the beginning, until now a political movement that has the backing of the National Federation of Women's Clubs has one of the most powerful helps to victory that this nation can offer.

Is it any wonder that the office of President of the Federation is a position so full of responsibility and power that only the bravest and ablest of women could be eligible? It is, then, with the greatest pride that California is to present one of the two names to be considered. We feel that in so doing we are proving the worth and serious endeavor of our State Federation, which has always held a foremost place in the ranks of federated clubs.

Next month we shall take great pleasure in reporting the convention.



STAND UP AND FIGHT

By Robert W. Service

You're sick of the game; well, now, that's a shame;

You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal!" I know—but don't squeal!

Buck up! Do your damndest and fight!

It's the plugging away that will win you the day,

So don't be a piker, ole pard!

Just draw on your grit; it's dead easy to quit;

It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that your beaten—and die;

It's easy to crawfish and crawl;

But to fight, and to fight when hope's out of sight—

Why, that's the best game of them all!

And though you come out of each grueling bout

All broken and beaten and scarred,

Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die;

It's the keeping on living that's hard!

Since Last Month

By C. B. F.

PROBABLY the most terrible one event since our last issue is the revolt in Ireland with its consequent loss of life and threatened disruption of Empire. We are too near the event to be able to judge clearly and perhaps years will pass before history decides whether or not Great Britain was wise and just in her executions of the leaders of the revolt. American newspapers are divided in their opinion, although the majority seem to agree that it would have been wise to "err on the side of mercy" than to be "too severe."

On the other hand it seems to be recognized that Great Britain is going through stern and cruel times, fighting for her very life, and that revolt at home during such times is treachery of the blackest and only the very sternest punishment severe enough to meet the situation.

Our sympathies are with England and Ireland both. We know that Ireland must pay heavily for the upheaval caused by a few wrong-headed, unwise, misguided Irishmen. Mr. Redmond and the men who have given their lives to bring about home rule deplore the revolt as much as any Englishman and are afraid that the revolt will be the cause of a long postponement of home rule for Ireland. Certainly we must sympathize with England, in the midst of all her trouble abroad—to be plunged in horror, fighting and death at home.

The papers over the country refer to Hughes, Roosevelt and Root as "the big three"—and their strength is in the order named.

Germany has complied with the demands of the United States—just barely enough to avert an absolute break in diplomatic relations. The President was compelled to object to several of Germany's conditions concerning ourselves and England. But, even so, the "crisis is over"—and no one is surprised for it was unthinkable that Germany could refuse to meet the demands of the government in the matter of the Sussex.

It is estimated that American contributions to French Red Cross expenses have reached \$1,200,000.

The situation in Mexico. As we go to press, conferences are being held between the United States and Mexico with Major-General Scott and Major-General Funston representing us and General Alvaro Obregon speaking for Mexico. The general impression at present seems to be that an agreement will be accepted according to which the American troops shall remain in Mexico until satisfied that Villa's men are wiped out, and Carranza able to cope with the situation. But when all is said and done it certainly is obvious that two things are true—first, that the American troops are no longer

hunting Villa, and second, that Carranza never gave any real help toward the capture of the bandit.

The Clarke amendment to the Philippine bill—which provided for the complete independence of the Philippines within four years—was decisively defeated in the House of Representatives, after having been passed in the Senate. Thirty Democrats voted against the amendment with the entire roll of Republicans. This is the amendment which ex-Secretary Garrison was fighting at the time of his resignation. The defeat of the Clarke amendment will doubtless relegate the independence of the Philippines to a distant future.

From public interviews it appears that Secretary Baker is strong for preparedness. He states, "It is far better to overweight preparedness than to underweight it." Asked how large an army should the country have, he replied, "To give us enough of a garrison to defend our overseas possessions properly and adequately to protect our coasts, our officers say we need a fully trained mobile force of 500,000 men, composed of regulars and reserves. Back of that should be a citizen force of another 500,000." We imagine that this unequivocal statement will be a sad blow to the anti-preparedness people who believed that the man who stepped into Garrison's place in the Cabinet would be against preparedness.

It has ever been the opinion of *Everywoman* that loyalty to the President of the United States is an obligation of every citizen and that the undignified, unjustified and untrue attacks of political interests ought to be kept out of print in times like these, when our Government is facing vital questions each day—each hour. Whether Democrats or Republicans, we should uphold our President of whom we have just cause, as a Nation, to be proud. In this connection the following is of interest (from the *Literary Digest* of May 13):

Prayers for the President

Patriotism should manifest itself in the public prayers for the President. It is the organ of a non-ritualistic church *The Continent* (Chicago), that makes this declaration through the words of its contributor, Mr. John Clark Hill. He thinks "the manifestation is especially needful in these strenuous times of international complications," and feels it worth while to make a start at once. *The Living Church* (Milwaukee) is of the same mind and supplies its readers with the prayers from the Prayer-Book, "For the President" and "For Congress."

Almighty God, whose kingdom is everlasting and power infinite; have mercy upon this whole land; and so rule the hearts of thy servants The President of the United States, The Governor of this State, and all others in authority, that they, knowing whose ministers they are, may above all things seek thy honor and glory; and that we and all the people, duly considering whose authority they bear, may faithfully and obediently honor them, in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed word and ordinance; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

For Congress

Most gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, as for the people of these United States in general, so especially for their Senate and Representatives in Congress assembled; that thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations, to the advancement of thy glory, the good of thy church, the safety, honor and welfare of thy people; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These and all other necessities, for them, for us, and thy whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name and mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Savior. Amen.

Premier Asquith advises Parliament that unless 50,000 recruits come forward within the next four weeks and 15,000 each week thereafter, general compulsory service will be enforced in England.

The United States Government has rewritten that part of the new immigration bill which is pending, so that the grievance of the Japanese upon being classed with the Hindus and other undesirable aliens will be eliminated. Viscount Chinda, the Japanese Ambassador to Washington, has declared his country satisfied with the "Gentlemen's Agreement" as it now stands.

Give a calf rope enough—and he'll chew it every bit.—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekin.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—*London Opinion*.

Music and Musicians

By Joseph George Jacobson

THE musical season now closing has given evidences of more success than might have been anticipated. In spite of the lateness of the season, much of musical energy continues to be manifested. Many recitals, piano, voice and instrumental, are still being heard. The coming summer season in San Francisco is to be distinguished by having two popular orchestras: the S. F. Peo-



Joseph George Jacobson

ple's Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Giulio Minetti and the S. F. Philharmonic conducted by Mr. Sokoloff, which have already been giving successful entertainments to well patronized houses. Lovers of music will sincerely welcome the new enterprises as an enjoyable addition to their stock of summer recreations.

The performance on May 14th, given by the People's Orchestra showed by the numbers that attended, how popular this organization has become. The programme provided food for every taste. Miss Ada Clement played the first movement of Schumann's beautiful concerto. Mr. Harold Parrish-Williams sang "Gloria" by Buzzi-Peccia and a ten-year-old composer, Master Winthrop Sargent conducted his own composition: "A Legend of the Forest." All three soloists added much pleasure to the programme. The orchestral numbers included Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas Overture"; Dvorak's "New World Symphony" and the "Jewels of the Modanna" by Wolf-Ferrari. Mr. Minetti is a hard-working, conscientious conductor, who is striving for the best in music and the support he receives from the public shows that his endeavors are well appreciated. Mr. Minetti as the founder of the Minetti Quartet, has for many years given pleasure to the lovers of chamber music. The last of the first series of the popular concerts took place May 28th.

Clarence Eddy

Under the Auspices of the American Guild of Organists, Mr. Clarence Eddy has given during the month of May, five organ recitals

of great interest. Mr. Eddy is the founder of the Guild.

The programmes for the different concerts were exceptionally entertaining and as to the rendering of the numbers we know that all Mr. Eddy gives us is deserving of respectful attention. San Francisco is now the home of this musician and he is now one of our most valuable musical assets. Mrs. Eddy, who is well-known to us on the concert platform, is worthily supporting the good work her noted husband is doing.

The Mansfeldt Club Recital

The pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt presented a remarkable programme at their concert given at the Palace Hotel. Among the two piano compositions played was Liszt's difficult "Todtentanz" executed by Miss Marjorie Young and Mrs. Hazel Mansfeldt. The latter lady aroused admiration for the good work she did in playing the second piano parts to nearly all the numbers with finish and refinement. The new aspirants for the public favor showed that they were well trained in the Mansfeldt conservatory of music and the imprint of their teachers was indisputable.

The Nash Concerts

For several years Miss Augusta Nash has been giving a series of ensemble concerts which deserve attention. It is her aim to present to the music loving public, compositions which are very rarely heard on the concert platform, and especially not in San Francisco. Looking over the last programme we find a Romance by Saint-Saens for horn, which the composer wrote for the famous horn virtuoso Henri Chausser. Miss Nash at the piano played it with Mr. Emil Huske. Then we find a trio for piano, clarinet and horn by von Hesen, composition by Brahms for the same instruments. The last concert gave us Reinecke's Sonata for flute and piano, three new French pieces, "Trio Pastoral" for piano, horn and bassoon, Rhapsodie for clarinet solo by Debussy and sextet for piano, wind instruments and bass by Onslow. It is gratifying that we have a musician who is energetic enough to study these works and bring them to the attention of the public without expecting commercial gain but whose first aim is the furtherance of music. Such endeavor should be well assisted.

Short Items of Interest

Mabel Riegelman, San Francisco's great prima donna, has returned to her home with new laurels added to her long list of successes. After completing her concert tour in the East she finished the season with the Boston Grand

Opera Company with which organization she has been signed up for two more years. In Chicago she made her appearance in the role of "Musetta" in La Boheme. The Chicago *Daily Journal* says: "Miss Riegelman, in addition to doing some very striking singing acted the role of 'Musetta' with exuberant zest that made her a triumph from the first moment she entered the stage. There is a great personality in this small person; if she continues the way she is going now, she will travel a goodly distance toward fame. She is without doubt the best 'Musetta' of Chicago's acquaintance. The Press of St. Paul was no less enthusiastic. "The Music News" writes: "Her voice is surprisingly large for such a small body and she received a regular ovation for her waltz song—she was as bewitching a grisette as one could imagin."

The San Francisco Music Teachers Association held a banquet at the Hotel Stewart. George Kruger, the energetic president of the organization, presided and addressed the guests very interestingly on the "Responsibilities of the Teacher." Clarence Eddy also spoke very entertainingly. The association is doing good work, striving for the betterment of musical conditions in our city.

At the recent Shakespeare celebration the members of the *Encinal Quartet* distinguished themselves. They were: Mrs. Floyd Judson Collar, Soprano; Mrs. Edna Fisher Hall, Contralto; Messrs. Herbert Mee, tenor and Arthur Lydecker, bass.

The Operatic Class of the Errolle Studios gave a performance at the German House on Friday night, May 5th, which drew together a large audience. After the concert programme operatic excerpts from "Lakme" by Delibes and from the "Cavalleria Rusticana" by Mascagni, were rendered by members of the class. Mr. Errolle intends to attempt to produce an entire opera several times each year which will give a splendid experience to the students of opera. The next opera to be performed will be Auber's "Fra Diavolo" in August.

Josiah Zuro is to leave us and return to the East. It is with great regret we hear the news as it is a loss to our city. We need such energetic musicians.

Miss Nellie Laura Walker gave a recital of Prof. Carlos Troyer Zuni Indian songs in Berkeley with great success. She is one of the best interpreters of this interesting music.

Clubs and Clublights Everywhere

The Annual Breakfast of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

The annual breakfast of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association was the most brilliantly successful event in clubdom this year. Over two hundred members and guests came together at the St. Francis to do honor to the retiring President, Ina Coolbrith, give hearty greeting to the new President, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan. There was a tinge of sadness to the afternoon, and many eyes were dim and hearts felt a pang when Miss Coolbrith rose to say "good-bye," after her



The Retiring President, Ina Coolbrith

wonderful service to the club during the year of the International Exposition and the one preceding it. The poet wore the yellow lais that made one think at once of her poems on the California poppy, and spoke as only she can speak—straight to the heart. Her never-failing humor saved it from sadness and she sat down amid the kind of applause that is unmistakably sincere.

The new president of this club of clever women is a charming and gifted woman—a singer of note, a writer, a painter, a scholar and a delightful speaker. An all-round accomplished person is Mrs. Donovan and her unanimous election to the high office she now holds shows her popularity.

After the invocation by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, the programme proceeded as follows:

Greeting, Miss Ina Coolbrith; 'cello solo, Arthur Wiss; toasts, Mrs. Marian Taylor, toastmaster; Mrs. Ina B. Weston, timekeeper; "Membership," Mrs. E. M. North-Whitcomb; "The Spell of California," R. E. White; "The Lure of Literature," Mrs. W. C. Morrow;

soprano solos, Mrs. Vincent Sanders Walsh, Mrs. Charles Smith at the piano; "The Making of a Woman's Magazine," Mrs. Jeanne E. Francoeur; "The Constructive Woman," Mrs. Florence Richmond; "Our Pioneer Mother," Mrs. E. S. Mighels; reading, "The Golden Trinity," Mrs. W. H. Alison; "Dreams and Visions," Mrs. Augusta Borle; "Alaska's New Era of Progress," Mrs. Mary E. Hart; baritone solos, Gregor Gregorieuff; "San Francisco," Zoeth Eldeidge; "The Exposition," Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor; "Folk Songs of All Nations," Garwood Simons.

Mrs. Marian Taylor as toastmistress was in her finest form, and that is saying much. Mrs. Taylor is a born toastmistress. But, as she said: "Being toastmistress to the 'queen of song,' gave me the inspiration needed."

The beautiful decorations were arranged by Mrs. Harriet Austin, the artist of the Press Association. And the accompanying poem to Miss Coolbrith was written by Mrs. Tompkins and read by Mrs. Alison.

THE LAUREL WREATH

At the Exposition event, June 30, 1915, the Authors' Congress crowned Ina Coolbrith with California laurel.

*In time and clime so far, so far away,
Down the long narrowing pathway of the years
That wanders to a distance and a day
The shadows cover—fades, and disappears.*

*Out of the dimness, to this noisy world
Comes fragrance of a violet wreath that
crowned
The Lesbian Sappho's brow, when Ovid
hurled
His triumph 'gainst a woman, and the ground.*

*And skies of Thebai met to cry her name—
Today, today, 'neath skies as deeply blue,
'Mid scenes that chronicle no less of fame,
Midst gardens fairer than her footsteps prest,
And columned temples of enchanting view.*

*Of shining trees and water—O my West,
My Golden West! the great past lives again!
In Nature's splendor Athens never knew—
Of mountain laurel graced by sun and rain
Of California, where the pilgrim's quest
For his lost Eden ends—we weave a wreath
To lay upon a poet-woman's brow
In honor of her son, but more and more
For her great steadfast soul that would not bow
However life might play the game with death,
What burden fate might leave against her door.*

*Thro' all the hoping, toiling, grieving years
Giving her strength to those that needed less
Than she the generous hand, she hid her tears,
And hid her toiling in its greatest stress,*

*And hushed her heart as pale Erinna might
Beside her wheel, the while an inner light
Would beckon, beckon, and in beckoning bless,
And sweeten all for this day's happiness.*

*She said it once—some weary day, perchance—
Said sweetly:*

*—Drawing nearer to the brink
That leadeth down to final rest
I see with clearer eyes, I think,
And much that vexed me and oppressed
Have learned was right and just and best.
(Give us such faith whate'er the circumstance.)
For all thou art, our Ina Coolbrith, here
We give our hearts within this garland green;
While singing lines shall live thy songs are dear
To still life's clamor, hold the soul serene,
And set upon the hill a light of cheer.*

E. C. T.

Mrs. Augusta Borle furnished many excellent numbers of the programme, and gave a delightful interpretation of "Dreams and Visions."

Particularly fine were the "Old Songs" as sung by Mrs. Vincent Walsh, accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Smith; and "Folk Songs of All Nations," sung with wonderful expression in five languages, by Garwood Simons, a young graduate of the California University, who is possessed of fine talent and versatility. Two baritone solos by Gregory Gregorieuff were wonderfully well rendered and received marked applause.

Mrs. North-Whitcomb on "The Membership," portrayed her fellow members in her



The Newly Elected President
Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan

inimitable witty manner. Mrs. W. H. Alison gave a reading entitled "The Golden Gate Trinity," which was the pet name bestowed by their friends on Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard and Mark Twain. This was a gem of eloquence and adorable memories. The other numbers on the programme were rendered with much wit and eloquence to all of which we hope to give just attention in our next issue. Coming in late, we are unable to do justice to the excellent addresses given. But, this we can say: Ina Coolbrith has made the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association famous through the strength of her personality, her fame and her hard work in bringing the Authors' Congress, of which she was also president, to the highest point of success in the days of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, when she received the medal of honor, which she bestowed on the Women's Press Association.

To Mrs. Charles Smith, who had charge of the programme and all the arrangements of the afternoon, the highest praise and gratitude is due and is given. Executive ability and perfect amiability do not often go hand in hand, but in Mrs. Smith we find always both. How she could conduct the whole affair without a hitch, have a thousand details, large and small, on her mind, and then play her beautiful accompaniment for several of the singers, is a marvel. But she did it, and added one more triumph to her list which has grown large since she accepted the arduous duties of programme chairman three years ago. In these years she furnished programmes replete with talent of the highest class, which captivated guests from all countries.

Miss Coolbrith's Farewell as Outgoing President of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

At the meeting held in the Club's room on May 8, Ina Coolbrith, California's Poet Laureate, ended her two year's splendid service as president of this large and distinguished body of literary women. Miss Coolbrith spoke as follows:

"It is with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure that I leave the chair of this Association; sadness that always accompanies the laying aside of familiar duties, however arduous, and pleasure in the anticipation of a much needed respite. The last year has been especially arduous in that I really have had double service in the conduct of the Association proper and of the International Congress of Authors and Journalists, given under your auspices. In a letter I received from Mr. James A. Barr, Director of Congresses of the Exposition, he says, 'Thank you, dear Miss Coolbrith, for your good help during the past strenuous but delightful four years. Your co-operation in developing the Congress programme has been a real service to the Exposition, and I assure you that your helpful co-operation has been much appreciated.' I sent out over 4,000



Mrs. Charles Smith

letters of invitation throughout the world, and these were followed by the same number of additional letters later on. To these the answers were surprisingly numerous and favorable, and but for the war which sprung like a demon of destruction upon unhappy Europe the gathering upon our shores to our wonderful Exposition, of the literary workers of the world, would have been one never before seen and never to be forgotten. As it was, the Congress of Authors ranked second, so declared Mr. Barr, in point of numbers and success. We took for the conduct of the Congress nothing from the funds of the Association proper, the per capita tax of \$2.00 being the smallest levied upon any club during the Exposition year. We have more than eighty volumes upon our shelves donated by California authors during the Congress. Our year was also distinguished by the superiority of the monthly programmes. A list of the talent presented on these occasions would cover the names of those most eminent in literary, dramatic and social circles of the city. The members days also have been replete with value and interest. Always there is the note of sorrow to be heard, and it has not been silent with us this last year. From our ranks have passed Dr. Nellie Beighle, Agnes Stowell, so greatly endeared to us, taken from lives so full of promise, and Mrs. Lovell White, one of our charter members, a woman whose large activities are too well known to need recapitulation here, but who was first known to me as Laura Lyon White, one of the early coterie of the Overland Monthly and one whom I had special reason to love and honor. Peace be with them, and with us when we follow.... To my successor in office, to all our successors, all success. Through your administration may the Association attain to greater welfare and greater honors, is my sincere wish, with love to you all."

Election of officers for the ensuing year marked the business procedure as follows: President, Mrs. E. D. Donovan; vice presi-

dents, Mesdames Marian Taylor, Gertrude Alison, Abbie Krebs, Jeanne Francocur, Horare Coffin; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harriet Austin; recording secretary, Mrs. Ina Weston; assistant recording secretary, Miss Nellie Longhane; treasurer, Mrs. W. T. Lyon; financial secretary, Mrs. Gardiner; directors, Mrs. Nellie Biven, Miss Bessie Roche, Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Mrs. W. J. Monroe, Dr. Luella Cool; chairman programme committee, Dr. Blanche Sanborn; musical assistant, Miss Minnie Dietrich; auditor, Mrs. Augusta Borle; historian and librarian, Mrs. Sophie Durst.

The New Era League

Besides the regular Tuesday morning business meetings, the New Era League had their social evening on the third Tuesday in May, when a most enjoyable Persian entertainment was arranged by Miss Lolita Perrine. The entertainment was followed by dancing. On May 30th the League is to be entertained at a garden party given by its President, Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, at her summer home in Mill Valley. This is certain to be a great gathering of the League on this occasion, which will be the last social event of the season for the League.

Dr. Bertola's Address

(Continued from page five)

their labor is arduous and much depends upon their instruction; (5) if the teaching is compulsory and for the good of the nation, the Federal Government should contribute financial aid. In helping to make this new citizen we must have the best teachers, and the best teachers must be well paid.

Let us hope that a national department of education will take up this question in a scientific manner, and that men and women who actually work among these people and produce results may give their assistance in formulating the law governing these schools, and in standardizing the work.

Too often the social worker goes into the work because she wants to do something, not because she is fitted for it. The teacher must be the leader, must be looked up to.

It is said repeatedly by our older immigrants that their children learn American ways, become disrespectful, develop bad habits—drinking to excess, gambling, swearing, etc. And this points to the imitation of American children. So while interested in providing these educative facilities for the foreigner, let us not forget to look to our own, and let us look for the competent leader—upright, capable of greater uplift in our teachers, our preachers, our physicians, our social workers, and all who have to do with our instruction, intellectual, moral, spiritual.

State Federation of Women's Clubs

Mrs. George F. Reinhardt Reincarnating Shakespeare

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

AS the fifteenth annual meeting of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, which took place at the beautiful Hotel Del Monte, from April the twenty-sixth to April the thirtieth, was the great event in women's work on the Pacific Coast this year, so was the pageant which went to celebrate the Shakespeare Tercentenary, the most magnificent event of its kind which one could well imagine; but which one could only imperfectly describe. Of this pageant, which has certainly made history for the women's clubs of California, Mrs. George F. Reinhardt, State chairman of literature, was the author, the actor and the incarnation of the immortal William himself, as far as eye or ear could discern. If the Bard of Avon looked down upon that scene he would fully realize his greatness, if he never did before, for no amateurish flaws were in evidence to spoil its splendor.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, who is now the president of Mills' College, is a young woman, not only gifted with brilliancy of intellect, but also with personal beauty and magnetism; and is in addition a Native Daughter of California. She graduated from the University of California while she was still a very young girl. Soon after she edited and translated "The De Monarchia" of Dante Alighieri, and this publication has become a college text-book. Among her later triumphs, she held a European fellowship, and while at Oxford University she edited and published "Epicoene, or the Silent Woman" by Ben Jonson, for this Yale University conferred on her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, of the Dante Society of America and of the Concordance Society of America; also, she is chapter regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was in 1909 that Aurelia Henry married Doctor George F. Reinhardt, professor of hygiene of the University of California. During the few short years of their married life Doctor Reinhardt made a record as a reformer along the lines of public health in his native State, California. He made constant and successful efforts to secure "better doctoring for less money"—something sorely needed in California. So great was the shock of his sudden death, in 1914, to his young wife, that their friends who were numbered by the hundreds, feared that her grief would undermine her health and rob the college of her usefulness. But, to the surprise of everyone, she filled the void of the great love which fate deprived her of with more and more strenuous work, until outwardly, at least, she has conquered the destroyer of her happiness.

Such is the woman who at the zenith of

intellect and beauty, has become the president of Mills College—the only college for women on the Pacific Coast. The college and grounds cover one hundred and thirty-five acres of beautiful wooded lands on the boundary line of the city of Oakland, and has always been famous for its high intellectual and moral standards.

So, when Mrs. Reinhardt threw her whole soul into the Shakesperean pageant and made of it a performance of art, beauty and efficiency, it was simply all in the day's work. Still, it was something so majestic, so real, that no one who witnessed it will ever forget.

To attempt to guess at the labor of love which enabled Mrs. Reinhardt to meet, and assemble hundreds of women from every corner of this vast State, and imbue them with her spirit is impossible; for it was work which takes genius to accomplish. And, the best of it was, they were happy and they acted well their various parts.

Shakespeare on the Lawns of Monterey

No fairer scene could be found for such a pageant as the magnificent grounds of the Hotel Del Monte, beneath the semi-tropical trees, with the golden, afternoon sun, shimmering through the foliage, and gently falling on acres of vivid green lawns, on hundreds of smiling women, gorgeously costumed, and on whole armies of little children in their holiday clothes, big eyed and eager-faced, more anxious than their parents to grasp the meaning of it all, for they risked life, limb and reputation in their efforts at climbing trees, creeping under feet, and democratically mingling, uninvited among queens, knights in armor and ladies-in-waiting. The American "cheild" was not to be thwarted by royalty. No, indeed; for was he not the most important subject at the convention? And now, he was simply proving up on that claim.

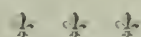
It was amid these surroundings that Mrs. Reinhardt reincarnated Shakespeare. Being a true artist, she set her beauty aside to do full justice to the bard, as history and pictures have placed him on our mental vision. Costumed in black velvet cape, doublet and knickerbockers, with silken hose and buckled shoes, with mustache and wig—so natural, that there was no suspicion of the feminine about the poet who dashed so lightly in among couriers and actresses, to sharpen his wits on the keen edge of Queen Elizabeth's jealous and varying humor. And, Miss Ruth Radcliff was Elizabeth in all her queenly arrogance and well-remembered auburn wig. Nevertheless, Will Shakespeare, the man with ironical wit, wisdom and flattery, bewildered and fascinated the august

lady beneath the blue canopy of Heaven and the giant palms of Del Monte, while the poet, by a wireless method all his own, summoned his players from the Globe Theatre, to the number of characters—in twenty-five different plays, to entertain his queen and make civil her sharp tongue, was a triumph indeed. It was through the medium of "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by Bernard Shaw, that Mrs. Reinhardt developed the club women's ability in the line of pageantry, and made a showing of California beauty, such as no other occasion could possibly give. For, from Cardinal Wolsey to Juliette, from Falstaff to Rosalind, every one had his choice.

Within the wide semicircle which actors and audience formed around the woodland throne, a most bewitching dance was performed by Miss Lucile Halwick, as Titania, which was convincing enough to make one feel that the spirit of the wild wood had you in a dream from which you hoped never to awaken to the every-day world.

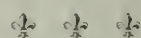
But, you did come back and your consolation was a lasting pride in the talent, and beauty of the club women of your State.

As Master of the Revels, Miss Jessica Lee Briggs distinguished herself. And, Mrs. Reinhardt as State chairman of literature, was ably assisted by the district chairmen all through the presentation of the pageant. The chairmen were: Mrs. C. A. Lomont of Alameda, Miss Theodora Macomber of Los Angeles, Mrs. James T. Royles of the northern district, Mrs. W. I. Clayes of San Francisco, Mrs. L. R. Wilson of San Joaquin, Miss Harriet Robbins of the southern district and Mrs. Walter Longbotham, chairman of the State department of music.



Schools Turn Out to Honor Poet Laureate

Over a thousand students greeted Ina Coolbrith in the auditorium of the John C. Fremont High School in Oakland in April. A beautiful serenade by the school orchestra, a fitting accompaniment to our Lady of Song, as she entered, accompanied by Mrs. Marian Taylor of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. Singing and speeches followed and the presentation of a fine portrait of the poet was the event of the afternoon.



The Kaiser is perfectly right in denying that ships "of all nationalities" have been sunk by his submarines. Close scrutiny of the list shows that not one Swiss vessel has been torpedoed.

—Philadelphia North American.

From the morning of April 25th, when the California Federation of Women's Clubs was called to order at its fifteenth annual meeting by Mrs. E. D. Knight, its president, and the Invocation, "Great Chief of the Valley," was impressively given by Mrs. Walter Longbotham, chairman of music, until the night of April 29th, when Mrs. Rose V. Berry, state chairman of the department of art, closed with a lecture on "Art in California," there was no rest for the wicked. No, nor for the innocent, either—for that was a strenuous convention. It is evident that Mrs. Knight, the president, who never spares herself, has decided to keep the members of the convention up to the mark in the work allotted to them—and she certainly has succeeded. Coming into the presidency as she did, the successor of the late Mrs. Emily Hoppin, a very able woman of broad experience, she assumed a tremendous undertaking, which she has been performing exactly as she knows Mrs. Hoppin would have it. Next year Mrs. Knight will feel free to map out her own plan and it is possible we may see many changes; although that, too, is difficult, as all conventions are very much alike.

With the exception of the Shakespearean pageant (which set this convention apart from all others), the dance, in costume, which followed, and an auto ride, under the direction of Mrs. Charles C. Arnold, over the seventeen-mile drive through Carmel-by-the-Sea, and back to a reception given in the women's Club House at Pacific Grove, there was little entertaining; but there was plenty of work, and for the most part it was well done. Every form of civics, library extension, educational efforts for the benefit of the foreigner, who should be "Americanized," all along the line down to the people of the "redlight and abatement law," received the attention of the state chairman. And while all the various undertakings of the convention are of real importance to the up-building and betterment of the State, there are some, through the personalities of the people who presented them, which make a deep and lasting impression on all who heard.

Interesting Subjects

Like to the state convention in Riverside two years ago, the recent assembly held at Del Monte gave place to a number of men who made strong and well-grounded statements on important issues. Their speeches, as well as their counsel, added variety and knowledge to the sum total of genuine gain to the history of the convention. This is as it should be, for we need the help which experience brings to us from these men who have long been in the "harness," as it were. The women of a few years' experience also come out as specialists in their various lines and make a survey of their works well worth while listening to.

Among these was Miss E. L. Tait, director of the bureau of tuberculosis of the State Board of Health. Now, it would not seem that there could be anything but grievous subjects to discuss along tuberculosis lines; but

Miss Tait managed, while doing full credit to her mission, to bring in the human interest side during her State investigation in such a natural manner that all who listened were entertained and deeply interested in the cause of the patients and in her successful persuasion of economical supervisors, trustees and health boards.

A very clear and comprehensive address, valuable for the light it cast on a subject of tremendous value to the State, and one which is not sufficiently understood, was given by Mr. John S. Chambers, State Controller, who told us "Why California's Inheritance Tax on



Mrs. E. D. Knight

the Wife's Share of the Community Property Is Unjust." But he advised delicate and slow measures, lest we "butt in" too soon where men were so well entrenched. This paper we give at greater length on another page, and it is one that men and women who have property to leave should study with deep interest.

Mrs. W. E. Colby, on "Proposed Changes in Community Law," gave a brilliant address which won the admiration of men and women. It was in rebuttal of Mr. Chambers' remarks in reference to the inheritance tax. This paper we hope to give in full in another issue; for it dealt with both sides of the question in a most fair and logical manner.

"Four Ways of Loving Unlovely People," was the simple subject chosen by the Reverend Christopher Ruess—and, most remarkable of all things, through the force of his eloquence he made it seem possible, though after frequent experiment with such human excuses, we saw neither sense nor reason in such foolish waste of time when there are plenty of lovable people around loose and, sometimes, very lonely. That morning we decided to shun the lecture hall; for, while we have tried twenty-four ways of dodging unlovely people during the period of our lately acquired wisdom, we couldn't understand how the reverend gentleman found four

different ways of loving them. So, our curiosity led to the hall. There we found the place packed with eager listeners who hung on every word, as if their lives depended on getting the proper recipe and the knowledge of how to apply it. But the people he was talking about were not the better-than-God kind at all, who spend their time telling everyone how to clean up their cities and their houses, while forgetting to look at home for the cobwebs which blind. No, the poor chaps whom the Reverend Mr. Ruess so eloquently pleaded for were another kind of defectives altogether—ones whom we all pity and avoid. But, as the clergyman's address was so good, we hope to be able to give it in our next issue.

Doctor Adelaide Brown's address on "How the Club Women Can Help the State Board of Health," opened the way for all women who wished to do good service in a practical and scientific way without loss of time. Dr. Brown spoke with conviction on the use and benefit to the human race from the necessary experiments along the lines of vivisection.

Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry, state chairman of the department of art, added much to the knowledge and pleasure of the convention by putting clearly before its members a comprehensive account of the art work throughout the State which is deserving of attention. She called attention—with a good deal of pride—to the works of Isabel Percy and Betty Du Jong, both of whom had exhibitions at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and who made large and valuable sales of their paintings.

Mrs. Walter Longbotham, chairman of music department, kept the patriotism of the convention up to the highest mark. Everyone who could—and a few who couldn't—sang patriotic songs at the opening of every meeting; and, during a social evening, she gave a very delightful group of Carlos Troyer's Indian songs which included "The Sunrise Call," "The Coming of Montezuma," and "The Zuman Lullaby."

Mrs. E. G. Green of Stanford University handled a broad and valuable subject with much skill and thorough knowledge. As president of the Rivers and Harbors Commission, she gave a wealth of scientific data on the best methods of handling the flood waters, increasing underground water supplies, the reclamation of irrigation districts, adjusting riparian rights, the improvement of river navigation, and, in fact, everything pertaining to the water question of the State.

Doctor Mariana Bertola, founder of the Vittoria Colonna Club, spoke with conviction on settlement work and best methods of organization in the interest of the emigrants, and the best methods of gaining their friendship, which was to respect their education and make them feel that they too have pride in their own knowledge. Dr. Bertola has written us a short account of the work which has accom-

plished so much good in San Francisco, without noise or much publicity.

Harmony in State Federation—But?

At the late meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs there was much good accomplished and harmony prevailed; but a single resolution, offered by a Los Angeles woman on the day preceding the close of the week's hard work, shattered the kindly feeling existing between members of the federation and confirmed the reports of jealousy and vindictiveness which we had often heard were used against San Francisco by some of the Angels of the "Chemically Pure" desert town. We have heard the witty people, on and off the stage, make so much fun of this petty provincialism that we really thought it was altogether the work of the jokesmiths, as we have so many charming friends from there, who make their home in the city. But, no; there it was in all its sordid meanness, and in the form of a resolution at a woman's convention where it had no more right to enter than had the Germans to enter Belgium. Instantly a dozen or more San Francisco women were on their feet, with indignant protests on their lips; and, before they got through with that resolution, which had been moved and seconded, voted upon and won by the clientele who offered it; the vote recalled because of a mistake in the count of two of their women who could neither sit down nor stand up; and, finally, the recount which gave victory to the San Francisco women, that resolution was a frazzle. But in between the time that it was made and its expurgation completed, it was motioned and seconded and remotioned and placed on the table and taken off the table and finally thrown under the table in teeny-weency pieces; and all and everything that parliamentary law allowed was done to it—and then some more.

Doctor Mariana Bertola was the first to get her breath after the astounding resolution was offered. She voiced her indignation at first, and afterwards turned on the batteries of her parliamentary knowledge—of which she is mistress—with telling effect. Jennie Partridge of the Corona Club, Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Aliette Cotton of the California Club, Mrs. North-Whitcomb, Miss Mary Lambert and Mrs. Jeanne E. Francoeur of the Press Association, paid their respects to that resolution, and the political motives and craving for publicity which lay back of it, with such clear knowledge of the facts and such strength of purpose that it was expurgated from the records at the close of the convention, after spoil-

ing two whole days and a lot of confidence in one's fellow men and women.

San Francisco women will always remember with deep gratitude how the women of other districts instantly moved to their side of the hall and ably supported them by their votes and sympathy.

Every one must have felt what a trying position it was for Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, president of the State Federation, and Mrs. Annie Little Barry, its parliamentarian, who tried earnestly to be quite just and fair and to untangle the various motions, tablings, untablings and things—which go to befuddle straightforward language. But in all probability the words of warning and of wisdom of the parliamentarian saved that situation and will, in the future, be watched with care. For it will be remembered that she advised every delegate to pay strict attention to resolutions and remain in their seats during the sessions of the convention, if they wished to prevent a recurrence of an event which took place a couple of years ago, when a most subtle resolution, which would have placed disgrace on the convention, would have slipped over were it not for the ignorance of the woman who was sent to present it. This warning was taken by some, but not by all; for, as their work was finished, many had left for home on Friday and many more were ready to leave on the next train; but away went hats and coats and all remained for the finish. And as if by the irony of fate, toward the finish came the lady of the resolution with a long speech on peace—that brand of peace which passeth understanding, and whose foundation is laid on words.

Many Los Angeles women, deeply grieved and hurt by the cruel insult to San Francisco, expressed their fear it would work injury to the success of Mrs. Cowles' candidacy for president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, as it was only natural that the northern delegates would withdraw their support. But, of course, no such measure will be allowed to interfere. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles carried with her to New York all the good wishes and support that the tongue and pen of San Francisco women could give to her, and she justly deserves it. For to us there is no North or South; there is just—California. But

*We could not love thee, dear, so well,
loved we not honor more.*

San Francisco Musical Club

The luncheon given by this progressive club at the St. Francis, was to celebrate its an-

niversary, and proved to be one of the most interesting and instructive gatherings the Club has ever held. The President, Mrs. Wallace W. Briggs and her executive staff are to be congratulated on bringing together in a social and delightful manner, many celebrated musicians and notable music lovers, on this occasion. The speakers were Mr. Redfern Mason, Madame Tojetti and Mr. Alexander Stewart. Mr. Mason urged cultivation of the work of amateurs, and called them "the fine flowers of music." He also advised the musical members of the club to devote more time to programmes of one composer, and made a suggestion that appealed to the active professionals present. "Don't try to impress your audience with the *difficulty* of your performance—rather with the *loveliness* of the music." Madame Tojetti made a stirring appeal to the music lovers of San Francisco, and aroused great enthusiasm when she said—"Let us strive to make this city the musical center of the West!"

Mrs. Cecil W. Mark and Mrs. Richard Rees sang during the luncheon, and I noticed the following well-known people at the tables: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Tina Lerner and Vladamir Schavitch, Mr. and Mrs. Stanislas Bem, Adeline Wellendorf, Nicolai Sokoloff, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schiller, Alexander Stewart, Lillian Birmingham and presidents of other local clubs. Mrs. John McGaw, Mrs. William Ritter, president of the Pacific Musical Society, and Mrs. Margaret C. May.

To Kalon Club

At a largely attended meeting of To Kalon, under the direction of the president, Mrs. F. H. Jones, Dr. James B. Bullitt, field secretary, United States Navy, spoke on "National Preparedness," and urged the necessity of defense. His notations of governmental work added weight to his arguments. Robert C. Root, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Peace Society, in a very able address, presented preparedness from a peace man's point of view. An attractive programme of music and recitations followed.

Everywoman's Club

This live and interesting club of earnest, ambitious women, is going ahead in leaps and bounds. Its membership increases each month in a way unprecedented in the club history of California, and many distinguished as well as many humble names are on the role—for this is truly *Everywoman's* Club.

Its meetings are charged with interest. After

the speaker of the evening and the excellent pictures, the social hour comes that is so heartily enjoyed by everyone. A happy informal time, when the members and their friends laugh and talk over the tea cups and when many a tired busy woman finds pleasant relaxation that fits her for her next day's work.

On the evening of the first Friday of every month the initiation of new members takes place, and a friendly informal talk by the president, Mrs. Caroline Olney. The other Friday evenings in May were the occasions of interesting lectures. Mr. D. L. Clark of the Union National Trust Company, addressed the club on the subject of "The Work of Modern Trusts." Dr. Harold Bryant, of the State Game and Fish Commission of the University of California, was heard in an illustrated lecture, "The Conservation of Fish and Game in California," and Mrs. Charlotte Gale spoke on "Pure Food," with demonstrations.

The San Francisco Congress of Mothers is this month compiling its annual reports and the following are among the chief lines of work accomplished by its nineteen departments. This year's report actually covers only a period of eight months as the first President, Mrs. W. A. Rainey, who was elected at the beginning

of the term resigned after three months on account of illness, in consequence of which the real work of the Congress did not begin until the first of October when Mrs. Frank H. Harris was elected to fill the vacancy.

The first and most important accomplishment has been the establishing of two free dental clinics in the public schools of the city. This is the consummation of two years labor on the part of the affiliated clubs under the Chairmanship of Miss Florence Musto, and two months of operation have proven the enormous need of this work. During this time 217 children have been examined, there have been 216 extractions, 64 treatments given of various kinds, 32 prophylactic treatments and 49 fillings.

The Kindergarten Department, Mrs. F. R. Hartell, Chairman, has responded to the demand for more free public kindergartens in all parts of the city and has obtained 40 signed petitions, 25 signers each, and has petitioned the Board of Supervisors to appropriate funds to establish 50 new kindergartens in addition to the 11 now connected with the public schools under the Board of Education.

A campaign for better fire protection in some of our school buildings was inaugurated

by the Congress in February under the Chairmanship of Mrs. George Wale, and resulted in obtaining from the Board of Supervisors an appropriation of nearly \$17,000 for this purpose. The plans and specifications for more fire escapes and other needed fire protection are now being drawn up and the work is under way.

The Philanthropy Department, Mrs. H. W. Quitzow and Mrs. E. M. Rutter, Chairmen, has been organized and the work launched under most auspicious conditions, as the Board of Education has heartily co-operated and furnished a splendidly equipped room for the purpose at their store-house, where 350 garments and 50 pairs of shoes have been distributed to children attending the public schools in the past three months.

The clubs affiliated with the Congress have contributed liberally to the Government School Survey which was in progress during the winter, believing that much benefit will be derived therefrom to the public schools of the city.

Seven clubs joined the Congress this year and several new ones are now waiting to be organized by the Extension Chairman, Mrs. J. M. Hamill.

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Vocational Training

(Continued from February Issue)

By Abbie E. Krebs

THE next sign, Libra, from September 21st to October 21st, natural ruler of the Seventh House, calls for education along the line of music, art, decoration and drawing—public positions, law, political economy, interior arrangement and decoration, as librarians in all that will fit them as elegant housekeepers.

Many eminent artists and designers, draftsmen and boat builders are born under this sign. We know of a young friend with Libra raising, and with the Sun and Mercury rising therein, who is a wonder in drawing; consequently, geometry and engineering are appropriate studies, as well as marine architecture. Karl Anderson, in his *Astrology of the Old Testament*, makes prominent the relation of Libra to steamboats, as well as to cabinet making and upholstery; consequently these facts should be taken into account in arranging studies for those born under this sign.

There is no class of people more fond of speculation and hazardous ventures, and if you were to go into the stock exchange today you would find that some of the men who had followed the ticker the longest are Libra men, yet we question whether it would be wise to give an education that would encourage this kind of life.

We next come to Scorpio, from October 21st to November 21st, and here we have one of the hardest signs to deal with in an educational way. There are some lines that stand out quite prominently, as anatomy, physiology and chemistry. Since Scorpio is above all an analytical sign and fits people naturally as nurses, physicians, surgeons, druggists and chemists, but electricity is a chemical agent and has entered so largely into chemical application, Scorpio is the sign which can manage it and adapt it, pick it to pieces and readjust it.

There is quite a tendency of Scorpio men to mining; that is, uncovering the secret places of wealth, and they make the best assayers and reducers of ore. Again, they are specially qualified for dramatic work, as scouts in the army, and as detectives.

The natives of this sign need especially to be taught the value of right clear thinking.

Some excellent musicians and painters have been born under Scorpio, since these people excel in judgment of color and sound, and no better critics of art, music and the drama can be found in any of the twelve signs.

The education, then, should include dramatic work, art and music. Some of the qualities of this sign being in harmony with similar adaptations of other parts of the zodiac would suggest the forming of classes like music,

drawing and painting, the drama, etc., from several signs.

And now Sagittarius, from November 21st to December 21st, the sign of mechanical faculty and construction in its nature. It deals with large undertakings and matters of long distance, as contractors for railroads, builders of bridges, stringing of telegraph and telephone lines, construction of high steel buildings. These people make natural rulers, leaders, overseers, army officers, and positions where decision, thoroughness and determination are called for.

We find them particularly fond of horses, driving, also of automobiling and traveling generally. They are good shots with the rifle, and enjoy all manly sports. They should never take a line of business that will confine them within doors. Something of architecture and civil engineering are necessary elements of education; also civil government, political economy, history, and possibly law, are the desirable courses Sagittarians should study. Agriculture forms a part of the adaptation also, and chemistry of soil as taught in our agricultural colleges would be a wise preparation for the life work.

From December 21st to January 21st gives us Capricorn, which is a so-called "earthy" sign, and far different in its nature from the previous sign, Sagittarius. The movement of these people is more quiet and methodical, but equally self-reliant and independent. A large variety of occupations belong to this sign, from farming to the pulpit.

Many of the most successful preachers are Capricorn men, but here in California they are almost universally engaged in some branch of real estate manipulation, being particularly qualified for large operations in land and building. A good general education, with study of architecture, landscape gardening, soil analysis and cultivation, with opportunity for higher mental and spiritual culture for those who prefer a professional to a material and practical course of life would seem the best for such people.

From January 21st to February 21st, we have the sun in Aquarius, one of the most comprehensive signs of the twelve, and it covers a wide range of adaptation from mechanics to religion. Anything that will give a knowledge of mental and spiritual evolution, or the humanitarian and philanthropic rulings of society is one of the highest adaptations, but we must remember that our solar system is now working through this part of the heavens and all that belongs to advanced social, poli-

tical and theological ideas is up for discussion and criticism.

It is an airy sign, and so the study of aerial navigation and all the applications of electricity thereto should be very carefully studied. If there is any sign in the zodiac that has given us inventions that are practical, labor-saving and comfortable, that sign is Aquarius, for Thomas A. Edison is a thorough Aquarian, and he intuitively embodies and studies out his wonderful achievements. Indeed, it is fair to assume that electrical wonders have scarcely begun to be realized.

These people acquire knowledge with great ease. They concentrate readily. Language, music, designing and art all come within their scope. As scientific students along various lines they are eminently successful, and a very liberal education certainly belongs to them. As writers with an object, witness Dickens, Ruskin and Darwin.

They despise the conventional and mark out their own individual course. It would be hard to circumscribe their course of study, but in addition to the matters of aeronauts and electricity, we would name sociology, art, music, designing and railway or mining engineering, for it is well known the virtue of such studies by Aquarians.

This brings us to the last sign of the zodiac, namely, Pisces, February 21st to March 21st, which has been called the sign of understanding, or dual sign, the watery influence from grave to gay, from the material to the highly spiritual, emotional in the extreme. Its natives are fluent speakers and writers, with a vivid imagination. We would teach them drawing, for they give us some of our best illustrative artists. Their fondness for children makes them excellent school teachers, for the sign signifies little things, and little children, a lot of little scholars; also small animals and fowl, and therefore they should have pets and be taught the raising of hens and other useful animals.

Pisces men do well in all business connected with boating, fishing, and navigation. As Pisces refers to the feet, so business connected with the manufacture of shoes is a very strong suggestion.

If there is a desire for a college education, it would not be unwisely bestowed, since the memory is excellent, and the ability to impart knowledge cannot be questioned. Pisces has been called the vocal sign, and some of our best singers either have the sun in Pisces or that sign upon the ascendant.

A good musical knowledge will never be thrown away, if there appears to be the least

desire or manifestation of such a talent. Oratory is usually natural, and many of us know Pisces people who are such voluble talkers that they are well nigh irrepressible, but they are usually interesting, and intersperse their conversation or lecture with a vast fund of humor and stories. Of this type was the late John B. Gough, who was so remarkable as a temperance advocate.

Specializing in all lines of work is becoming the thing. A few years ago an M. D. was a surgeon and doctor for every disease of the human body. Today the doctors have specialized. Some prepare to take care of the different diseases that our bodies are heir to. The same way in all lines of work. We find that if we want the best of anything in art or in the arts and crafts, or in the commonest of workers, carpenters, etc., we look for the man who has specialized in some one department. Watch the trained fingers of the expert musician. Could he have obtained the same results in bringing forth from the different musical instruments the harmonious music that he gives us, if his time and labor was divided between carpenter work and music; or even the jeweler who does the delicate work of putting together watches or setting jewels in dainty ways, could he handle these delicate tools with the same results if part of the time he was handling heavy machinery that took the strength instead of the delicacy of his manual work? Today is an era of specialists, perhaps shown more particularly in the practice of medicine, because today we have the eye, ear and throat doctor. He studies particularly on the diseases, the functions and the actions of the eye, ear and throat. Take the nerve specialist, and he makes that his prolonged study, and so we might go on. Today we need the pioneer work that it is necessary to do to bring into our educational institutions the thought that this body of ours is governed by the action of the planets, and we should not force a child along the lines of education that are entirely foreign to his natural trend of mind.

Of course, we must give every child a good education in the three R's, but as they become prepared to grasp ideas and appropriate them, and awaken to the qualities that are innate in their own brains, we should give them advantages along the lines of least resistance, which are the lines of work, either mentally or physically that they are best adapted for.

Is it not a fact that in a great many cases much time is spent by our youths between the ages of ten and twenty-one, we will say, in trying to learn and in learning many things that are of no practical value to them in their future lives? In the olden times a boy was apprenticed out to some trade which gave him a foundation for earning a living for the rest of his life. A girl was brought up in the housewifely accomplishments of her mother and prepared to marry and be a good housekeeper. But the habit of apprenticing boys

has become a thing of the past, and the girl's sole idea of marrying has been supplanted by the bachelor maid, and this is the case because a girl has found herself to be self-supporting. Instead of marrying for a home and support today, she finds herself competent to earn her own living in many lines of work, and therefore is opened up to her a grand vista of what she may do to make for herself a name and a position, and there is a fascination about it that takes her thoughts away from marriage as the only glory in life.

We have endeavored to convey the idea that the sign in which the sun was posited is not the only point to be considered, for the part of the sign must also be taken into account, remembering that the early portion of Gemini, for instance, is more or less tinged with the Taurian mentality, and the latter portion of that sign is to some extent colored by the Cancer characteristics.

Then again, the moon and the planet Mercury are powerful factors in the direction of the trend of mind, as the moon denotes the personality and the planet Mercury has ever been considered the planet of thought, reason and judgment, and by some astrologers, the planet Mercury, or the position of Mercury, must be considered as a very strong element.

Again, the point of the heavens on the eastern horizon is an influence of the greatest consideration, by students of this science called the ascendant, and that is one of the reasons why it is so necessary to have the exact time of a birth.

The ascendant and its ruler are very helpful in following out a destiny and line of usefulness in which the native will achieve the best success.

There is still another matter to be considered, and that is the original or *radical figure*, called Radix, is never denied or overcome, no matter what progressed indications are shown. For instance, if a natal figure shows poverty, the subsequent good directions, as sun coming to a sextile or trine with Jupiter, will only give the limited benefit allowed by the original figure, while in a very promising figure, a fortune might be received. Instances of this statement are numerous.

Much satisfaction can be gained by following the change made by progression of the sun, Mercury, moon and ascendant from one sign to another, considered in marking out a line of adaptation for those who have matured without establishing themselves in any permanent line of usefulness. Take, for instance, a man born with the sun in Cancer in the fifth House. School, matters of pleasure, attraction to little changes of operations, to fishing, boating and swimming, seem to be foremost, until later on that luminary advances to the sixth House, still in the same sign, and the youth, still attracted to liquids, and now to the sixth House matters, goes into a drug store to learn the business and to study medicine. Later on, the sun advances into

Leo, and the seventh House. Friendships strengthen, courtships and marriage follow under the influence of that sign and House, and a public career is taken up and followed for a long time.

The sun reaches the eighth House and Virgo matters connected with study and close mental applications come to the front. Writing and lecturing, and occult affairs in every direction become the main consideration, probing into the chemistry of nature's laboratory, and what is most serious, dealing with matters of the passing out of relatives and their effects.

You can well trace these changes and influences in your own lives if you will follow out this course. The House and Sign must be considered in combination, but to a large extent the original position of these planets, especially the sun, must not be lost sight of. The progress of the ascendant is always an important influence. At birth this point of the zodiac sign may be in a negative sign and the native may lack resolution, courage and persistence, while these qualities may be brought to a higher standard when the ascendant reaches the more positive and forceful part of the heavens.

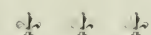
And now we have given you a general idea of how we may find out some things that would be beneficial for us to know if we would but utilize them, and

*"The blessing of work for others' good
Will bring power and riches untold;
It may be a work, it may be a thought
That the Spirit reveals from within,
Then Science portrays its wonderful Truth,
And the good for humanity begins."*

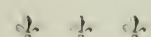


FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOME

Mrs. G. L. Robertson, the National secretary of the Florence Crittenton Home, is making a tour of the home throughout the United States, and will spend a month at the 20th avenue home in this city. Her visit is being anticipated with the greatest pleasure by the local officers, who have reason to be highly gratified by the increasing interest shown by the public in the institution. At the afternoon reception held a few days ago, more than a hundred people were present. Mrs. Henry Dahl and Mrs. Peter Hamilton presided at the tea table.



At a moving picture theatre the other day a picture was shown entitled "As God Made It." Immediately following the projection of the title on the screen came the flash, "Approved by the Board of Censors."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



Why, asks a Missouri paper, does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules? Because, says another paper, that is the only safe place to stand.—*Christian Register*.

Women Soldiers

The Camp at Chevy Chase

By Idah Pratt

THE first class of two hundred women students in military training, which has been in session at Chevy Chase, Md., near Washington, for the past two weeks, is disbanded. The last real "soldiers" as distinguished from the first week "rookies" departed from the camp last Monday with the remainder of their baggage in the van of a Wells Fargo Express—not that all the "privates" departed this way for many had their own cars to carry them to their destination in Washington, Baltimore and nearby cities. The street car conductors too expressed relief from the flood of questions hurled at them during the two weeks' seige.

The girls were a well browned, happy looking crowd as they bade good-bye to the first camp ever formed in this country, or perhaps in any other, to teach women to efficiently care for sick or wounded in time of war or peace.

Many of the first class wished to remain for the second two weeks, as the time passed too quickly, but over a hundred were on the waiting list to fill in in the event of any "rookies" failing to appear who had already registered for the second class.

The girls say every minute of the time has been interesting, and it has given them new ideas, and aims, more patriotism and a fair knowledge of how to protect from further injury a person or persons who need intelligent care after an accident, until a physician can be secured. In case of local disasters or catastrophies, the training will give them more presence of mind. The Red Cross training of surgical bandaging is compulsory and the pupils are taught to make every kind of bandage used in the field in time of war, and according to standard Red Cross measurements.

The Home Nursing Course covers sanitation in the home, general sanitation, scientific bed making, the bodily care of a patient, taking temperatures, pulse, sterilization, etc. The First Aid teaches a knowledge of the human structure necessary in taking care of a person injured, teaches the application of bandages, splints, the way to lift and carry an injured person, first aid treatment of all conditions, stimulation, respiration resuscitation of drowning persons.

The second class contains two hundred as the first class did. The "rookies" are divided into four companies of fifty girls each, A. B. C. and D. with captains and lieutenants for each division. The second class is now in progress and in a week will take the examinations showing their utter efficiency in the art of wigwagging, wireless telegraphy, and all the subjects which come under the home care

of sick, first aid, and a score of duties usually assigned only to the realm of masculine endeavor.

It was a little hard on some of the "rookies" to have to maintain discipline, but the hand of Uncle Sam was kindly and the rigors of militarism were endured for the patriotism it inspired. The last few days of the first class at camp were wet and cold, and it is true a few of the soldiers were inclined to remember the physical comforts of home, but "chow" found each pair of boot encased feet under the table with unswerving regularity. The touch of weather only helped to accentuate the enjoyment, to appreciate the ups and downs of camp life.

The camp is situated in a lovely spot, between the Columbia and Chevy Chase Country Clubs, and the woods surrounding the camp are full of dogwood and violets.

There are hundreds of visitors each day who come to inspect camps, watch the soldiers at drills, or attend the lectures open to the public on subjects concerning co-operation along various lines conducing to better government. Many of the lectures on efficiency have been most interesting, or, I believe we say adequacy now so as not to overwork "efficiency."

John Barrett in an address mentioned the fact that seven South American States had cabled for detailed information and blue prints of the camp at Chevy Chase, as they wished, too, to institute similar camps so that the women of these countries could keep in the march of progress with their North American sisters. These States were Uruguay, Brazil, Panama, Chili, Cuba, Argentina and Peru.

Dr. E. A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, reviewed the foreign wars of the United States bringing out the evolution of man through the human interest and sympathy shown even in time of stress of one individual toward another, and collectively of one nation towards another.

Mrs. Alice J. George of the Security League spoke of the service to the State and urged that discipline which subordinates self interest to the service of the country.

Miss Elizabeth Fox, superintendent of the Instructing Visiting Nurses Society, in a talk said, "Woman's preparedness would be a travesty unless it means a constant universal service." She said she hoped every girl, who had come to the camp to train to be of service to her country in time of need, would start by meeting the need in her own city; to train herself to think and act for the common cause;

to put her intelligence along these lines to some immediate use.

Dr. Alerton Cushman, a chemical engineer of note, addressed the camp and others present on government ownership of nitrate plants, and his lecture was full of interesting notes on chemistry, as well as on matters of governmental interest.

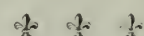
Others who addressed the camp were Mrs. Juliette Lowe, National President of the Girl Scouts of America; Red Cross officials, Miss Delano, Colonel Jefferson Kean, U. S. A., Miss Marian L. Oliver.

Of course, the discipline of camp life made the exclusion of mirrors and such necessities rather a hardship at first, but with the realization that service hats are a convenient disguise for a hasty coiffure, when five girls must dress in one tent in fifteen minutes, they soon learned to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Several girls were noticed wearing valuable jewelry—rather out of accord with a \$10.50 khaki suit—and a ruling was instituted to bar jewelry. Candy, however, got by the board. Miss Elizabeth Ellicott Poe, the commandant, must have felt it would take a superhuman effort to overthrow this vice, so it was allowed.

One day an oven was set up at the far side of camp and some delicious hot rolls and bread baked. Of course, all the girls were primed for hot bread, but the rule that no bread could be eaten until it was twenty-four hours old was rigidly held, and the "rookies" departed to their tents in tears. No desertions were heard of, though the wet and cold of the last few days almost precipitated a number.

The rigors of camp life for the first class is over and it is to be hoped the girls will be willing and ready to stand by should any occasion come to demand their service. After all "The skill of the general who issues an order counts for no more than the courage of the privates who carry it out."



SAVING TIME

*Hain't got half the time we need,
Friend o' mine, for bein' glad,
So I sort o' guess that we'd
Better quit a-getting mad
And bein' sad;
Don't y' think we better had?*

—Exchange.

A Dual Wife

A Psychological Study from Real Life

By Baxter Hatfield

AS Byron Moore was hurrying from his office to his club one afternoon, he saw a young woman half a block ahead slip and fall to the pavement.

He hastened to her and assisted her to rise.

"Ouch!" she cried, trying to smile while her face turned white, "I fear I've sprained my ankle." Moore's own face turned white as he looked in fascinated amazement at the girl he was supporting. She was the exact image of his sweetheart, drowned four years before. With a violent effort he managed to hide the shock the resemblance had caused him and with considerable effort on his part and suffering on hers, he took her into the nearest house, where she was kindly cared for until a taxi was procured.

He saw her safely home and did not leave until the doctor arrived and gave his opinion of the ankle. In the meantime Byron Moore had learned that the girl was Edith Clark, and he received her permission to call next day to inquire for report on the ankle.

The acquaintance thus begun blossomed into a love affair, and culminated in their marriage.

They spent several weeks in a delightful honeymoon, and then returned to a suite of hotel apartments at home. Everything was "coloured de rose" for awhile until Byron, not satisfied with the physical resemblance to his lost love, began to pine for her mental charms and graces. Edith, of course, was amiable and lovely, but she was too grave, too sedate. He yearned for the merry, vivacious ways of Maud, his former sweetheart.

"Oh, to see her eyes flash but once with the mischief that used to sparkle in Maud's—oh, to see her but once dance and whirl around the room—anything, anything to break the monotony of her unvarying placidity and sweetness."

"Of course, I love Edith," he would muse, "but it seems to me I would move Heaven and Hell to get one glimpse of Maud."

Tall, graceful Edith, with her womanly manner, her sweet gravity, her noble heart and soul, observed with pain, these signs of her husband's discontent and attributed them to the cares of business until one night, while asleep, he murmured, "Maud." The wakeful wife leaned over him to hear, "Edith is too grave, my darling."

If she suffered she gave no outward indication, and was the same tranquil Edith next morning. But Byron, the loving husband, awoke more morose than ever, and scarcely glanced at the flower-like face beside him. After breakfast, when she came for the usual kiss, a peculiar expression in her eyes started him. It lasted but a moment and was gone, as she quietly bade him good-bye.

That evening at a reception, he could not fail to note the marked attention bestowed upon his wife. The young girls were left to console each other, while the gentlemen formed a court around her, charmed with her merry repartee and wit. He watched her for a few moments before he drew near the brilliant circle.

At his approach, her eyes ceased to dance, her lips to smile, and she became her usual impassive self. The gentlemen, observing how distraught she became, withdrew and left her with her husband, who said with ill concealed chagrin, "Let's go home, Edith, I am tired of all this."

"Very well," she murmured meekly. That night he tossed for many an hour before he slept. He felt wretched and longed more fiercely than ever for Maud, Maud whom he had idolized "with man's first, best love." This calm affection, compared with the love of his youth, was like "water unto wine."

Next morning, he awoke before she did, and feasted his eyes on her glowing beauty, "Ah," he thought, "not even Maud was fairer."

Suddenly, her eyes opened and, good God, whose soul looked through them? Not the sweetness of Edith's tranquil gaze, but the merry devilry of Maud's, so fondly longed for, and Maud's own tones exclaimed in amazement, "Heavens, how came I here?"

"What do you mean, Edith?" he answered in amazement.

"Edith, Edith—who is Edith? Have you forgotten my name? Are you crazy? Oh!"—shuddering, "I remember now—washed out to sea, and where are they all? Where is Minnie Seymour and what am I doing here? O, Byron! What am I doing here?"

Byron's face became livid as he heard the

familiar names. "What does Edith know about this? But this is not Edith," he thinks as he sees the familiar expression he remembered so well.

"O, Byron! Don't you remember when I was swept far out to sea and that terrible rock I fell from, and what, do tell me what I am doing here with you?"

Byron, paralyzed with awe, was unable to reply for awhile, but soon recovered his composure and said, "You are not Maud but Edith Clark, my wife, whom I married four months ago. Maud was drowned five years ago. Surely you have not lost your memory, or become, as spiritualists claim, obsessed, Edith?"

"Edith, Edith," she interrupted impatiently, "I tell you I am not Edith, I am Maud, your sweetheart, Byron, and not Edith at all." She then recalled certain facts known but to Maud and himself, and convinced him, beyond doubt, that Maud's soul was indeed in possession of Edith's body.

At this thought, though he thrilled with rapture to have Maud restored to him, a pang swept through him to think Edith was lost to him forever. Then as he was due at the bank at 9 a. m., he told her all about Edith, and persuaded her that she must continue as his wife or cause him a great deal of trouble.

She dressed and accompanied him to the dining room. The sparkle in her eyes, her vivacious manner and incessant conversation soon riveted all eyes upon her. Byron noticed that her chatter was all of the past—nothing did she mention of Edith's life.

Before he left he told her she had an engagement with Mrs. Brown, wife of the president of the London Bank, that afternoon. He regretted that he could not be home for luncheon, and gave her advice how to conduct herself as Edith.

He was standing with a friend down town, when he saw Mrs. Brown's carriage drive slowly by. He imagined he heard Maud laugh somewhat loudly and, with the strange perversity of masculine nature, sighed for Edith's queenly deportment.

"Is that your wife with Mrs. Brown?" queried his friend, "How old is she?"

"Twenty-two," laconically.

"Twenty-two, she acts—ahem—that is, she looks like seventeen."

"Maybe, but she is twenty-two. (Confound it, why does she act so immature?)"

Maud upon his return, greeted him with a gay laugh and a blush. In the evening a few friends called and she charmed all with her wit and brilliancy. For the next few weeks she led Byron a merry dance, and was so unvaryingly bright that she began to weary him, and he longed for Edith. "If she were only a little more like Edith," he thought, "and not so school-girlish. I am of course delighted to have her back, but I do miss Edith—grave, placid Edith. Good Heavens, why was I chosen for such a miserable experience? Much as I love Maud, I would rather she had stayed away, and left Edith to tenant her own body."

He began to lose flesh and spirits until he yielded to Maud's advice and consulted Dr. Russel, Spokane's most eminent physician. He decided nothing serious and advised change of air.

The doctor remarked about Mrs. Moore's excellent health and inquired her age, saying he had heard she was about twenty-two, but she did not seem over seventeen. This was the last straw—only seventeen when she was twenty-three—why would she persist in acting so foolishly, and he anathematized her folly.

Poor fellow! He little thought the trouble was in his own masculine nature, simply like the majority of his sex, longing for the grapes out of reach.

After leaving the doctor, Byron sauntered homeward in no haste to arrive. When he opened the door, not Maud but Edith advanced regally to meet him. "Oh, my love, how glad I am to see you," he cried.

"How lover-like, Byron," she replied, "it is only a few hours since we parted."

"I think not," he said, "when do you recollect seeing me last?"

"Why, why," she stammered, "last night."

"Then I did not see you this morning."

"NO, I did not see you this morning."

"What date is it?" he inquired.

"Monday, May 19th."

"No, it is June 15th."

Then he explained Maud's obsession and her absence. Strange to say he regained flesh and spirits in the next week or so, and was as buoyant and happy as when first wedded. Then once more the demon of discontent assailed him, and again Edith's unvarying sweetness began to pall upon him.

"I love her," he soliloquized, "as well as I love Maud—I love them both the same, but confound it, when I have Edith I sigh for Maud, and when I have Maud, I hunger for Edith—if I only had the power to give Maud a material body, I'd become a Mormon without compunction. What a contemptible specimen I am."

Again he began to droop until he became a mere shadow, consulted his doctor, who again

suggested a change of scene.

"It is just what I need," he thought, "I am tired of looking at Edith and yearning for a scene with Maud."

A laughing voice, vibrant with music and love, awakened him the following morning, and Maud's merry eyes beamed upon him.

"Why, dearest, are you back?" he cried.

"I think in time," she replied, "had I stayed longer, Edith's sugary sweetness would have preserved you beyond recognition. You require a little bitter with the sweet. Now I begin to see how a woman with many moods and tenses, keeps a husband's love even though inclined to be a Zantippe more often than a patient Griselda. But let's up and dress for I am famished." Madcap Maud was in control, and time fled so rapidly, that when he had to leave, it was with many a backward glance, and he counted the hours until his return that evening.

After dinner, Maud looked unusually bewitching as she knelt on the floor beside the couch on which he reclined. "Husband," she said meekly, "I have a confession to make and I want your pardon in advance."

Then Maud's gay expression changed into Edith's grave sweetness. "Byron, I am both Maud and Edith."

"Great God," ejaculated the distracted man, jumping to his feet, "Has it indeed come at last—am I in truth crazy?" He clutched her by the shoulder, "Am I crazy, answer—or are you?"

"Listen, dear," went on Edith entreatingly, "I am Maud—listen, love, I am Maud, Maud. I struck my head when I fell from the rock, was rendered insensible and, buoyed up by the water, was washed ashore thirty miles below on the beach. Still unconscious, I was found by a fisherman, taken to his house, and when I recovered, suffered a complete loss of memory. All my past entirely obliterated—I assumed the name of Edith Clark, and commenced my education anew. I remained with these kind people who loved me as their daughter for four years. Oh, Byron, forgive me, dear." He frantically kissed her again and again, beside himself with joy.

"Let me continue, dear. When I met you I was Edith Clark—had forgotten Maud entirely. But when I saw your face, it seemed as though Edith and Maud became one with Maud's return of memory. I intended to tell you but put it off, afraid that you might have forgotten Maud, until I heard you call for her in your sleep. Then I determined to be the merry, laughing madcap again and when I noticed that she, in turn, lost her power to please, oh, fickle husband, as Edith I returned—"

"You fraud," interrupted Byron.

"I am not through yet. Alas! I fear that both will pall and fail to satisfy you."

"Never, beloved," he answered. "Thank God, it is you—you at last I own as my wife and no other—Maud and Edith—Edith and Maud, one and forever mine. What an idiot not to suspect the truth before, instead of allowing my mind to dwell upon so impossible a thing as obsession."

"Wait, Byron, I do not want to delude or mislead you. I am not sure which I am, but I will tell you the conclusion I have come to, for there is no doubt in my mind that I am Edith and Maud, and that both are distinct personalities and still one—how can I make it clear? I think that when I, Maud, was knocked senseless, that my spirit, for some reason, was called to where spirits, souls, unknown forces—call them what you will, are generated, and that, in my absence, my dead mother, Edith Clark, for that I now remember was her name, took control, and kept my physical body, pure and unstained until I returned. Then when I, Maud, came that day when I slipped and fell, my mother still continued with me, illuminating me with her sweetness and love. I know when I think of Edith, I become Edith and the same when I think of Maud. As I know this is Maud's body, I can only think that Edith Clark's soul hovers about with a mother's undying love."

"Well," Byron answered, "I am content, I know you are Maud and I know you possess Edith's soul and sweetness; so, hereafter, be whatever the mood suits you, and I'll know it is my own wife and no confounded obsession. Away with nonsense of that kind—sheer madness. You are Maud and Edith in in one—no two spirits at all."

"Ah," murmured Maud Edith, "you believed, until a few moments ago, that we were two in one body."

"Certainly, but now that there is a natural simple solution, I can not continue in such a mad belief and if you persist in harboring such ideas, little wife, I shall believe that the blow on your head has affected your mind, so let's taboo the subject in future or we shall both end in an insane asylum."

The subject was dropped, never to be resumed. Maud Edith continued her varying moods, but Byron loved her as one, and if a doubt ever crossed his mind, he banished it philosophically resolving to be content with his dual wife.

THE WORLD UNION OF WOMEN

(Continued from page two)

souls are aflame with national patriotism; to teach the value of individual effort when individual right has never been at so great a discount. Is it not a great, brave task and one for which United Womanhood is peculiarly fitted?

There are many things which we believe in, which we could not incorporate in our program, because we must first unite upon the basis of humanity and not of human opinions.

We are therefore starting out in a ruined world, content to begin humbly preparing the ground and sowing the seeds of peace, to try and counteract the evil which makes war possible and to suppress the frightful bitterness, which as the inevitable aftermath of war does more than aught else to impede mutual progress. We are content to begin humbly at the very bottom, because we believe that it is the only beginning possible to us; but we expect step by step to arrive together at a wise understanding of the deep and mysterious causes of war and a comprehension of what is necessary to establish and maintain peace. We expect to co-operate in a realization which shall grant individual rights and national rights and shall make of the Palace of Peace (now closed and mocked in all the beauty of its inspiration), a temple of justice, where national differences shall be arbitrated by an international tribunal,

to whose decisions all mankind shall bow. We believe that United Womanhood holds the key and the power, and that we must learn together how to use them.

This World Union which we ask you to enter, then, is the linking together of all women and their organizations in every country on the simple basis of humanity. Its practical benefit to the women in each country will be the advancement of solidarity and fraternity among women of all classes, and the opportunity which it offers to the individual (no matter how humble) to feel herself a useful unit with an immediate field for her activity and her desire to work in the cause of peace. The women of each country will be free to employ their branch of the World Union in as precise a campaign as is compatible with conditions existing in their own land. Thus programs of quite diverse natures can be forwarded by the World Union as long as these programs conform in general with the lines upon which it has been organized. There is no subject which concerns women which cannot be benefited by such a union. It is a link between all opinions, all nationalities and all women.

We need you and your support and we feel sure that you, our more favored sisters, living in happier conditions, will no more refuse us your aid than you have refused the pleas for help which a miserable world has cried out to you.

Join us, then, in forming this World Union based upon womanly compassion, that together we may learn how to manifest it justly in rational thought and act.

One may become an enrolling member in the United States by addressing the chairman of the American Branch of the World Union of Women, Dr. Leonie Fordham, care of *Everywoman* (Magazine) San Francisco, or at subsequently appointed State bureaus which will be formed all through the United States, as the American crusade is carried on and for which earnest solicitations are made to women attuned to our ideals and willing to assist in the organization work in different localities. The expenses of the campaign will be defrayed by the voluntary initiation fees of members. These fees are made voluntary in order that all women may be admitted. There are no annual dues.

Badges may be had by all members and will be sent when ordered from *Everywoman*, or from State headquarters, with the card of membership, upon receipt of the signed enrollment sheet.

The Emerson Studios, 239 Geary Street, San Francisco, are the headquarters of the World Union of Women for the State of California. Weekly lectures are given there, Tuesdays and Fridays, literature given out and memberships received.

THE KITCHEN SINK

If the cook is not particularly careful about keeping all the meat drippings and other grease from getting into the kitchen sink the drain pipe will occasionally become clogged.

The first thing to do when this happens is to open up the screw-plug of the trap. This will be found at the bottom of the U-shaped bend in the pipe just under the sink. Do not neglect the precaution of placing an old bucket under this plug before opening it, for all the water that is backed up in the sink will flow out. If this rush of water does not come when the plug is removed the pipe is, of course, stopped up in its first downward length. This obstruction, of cold, thick grease probably, must be cleared out with a stiff wire. Clean out also as much of the upward bend of the U as the wire will reach. Upon closing the trap again, the water will, in all probability, flow freely through the drain. Allow the hot water to run for a time to clean out the grease still more thoroughly.

If, however, the water again backs up in the sink the obstruction lies further along the pipe. Once more unscrew the trap plug to get rid of the backed up water. Then replace the plug and pour into the sink a cold solution of copperas that has been dissolved in boiling water, one pound to the gallon. If this does not eat through the obstruction, allow the sink to fill up for three or four inches with water.

Then take a board, say eight inches square, lay it on the surface of the water directly over the drain pipe, from which the strainer has, if possible, been removed. Take a short piece of broom stick and, holding one end on the board just over the pipe opening, strike it a quick, sharp blow on the other end. If the blow is quick enough the water will not splash over the side of the sink, but the force will be transmitted through the water itself to the obstruction. If this device, too, fails, we shall have to call in a plumber.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
Of *Everywoman*, published monthly, at San Francisco, California, for April, 1916, State of California, County of San Francisco.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jeanne E. Francoeur, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the *Everywoman* (magazine) and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: *Everywoman* Company, San Francisco, California.

Editor: Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, California.

Managing Editor: Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, California.

Business manager: None.

That the owners are: Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, Cal.; F. F. Francoeur, San Francisco, Cal.; George E. Hensley, San Francisco, Cal.; Alexander Russell, San Francisco, Cal.; G. W. Morris, San Francisco, Cal.; S. M. Richardson, San Francisco, Cal.; Timothy Healey, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Abbie Krebs, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John F. Merrill, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Wm. Kent, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Julia Churchill, Yreka, Cal.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of April, 1916.

(Seal)

EUGENE LEVY
(My commission expires December 2, 1918)

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SCHOOLS FOR CITIZENSHIP

(Continued from page thirteen)

avoided and the growth of the child into a responsible social being would be assured. Thorough education along these lines would do much to establish the single standard of mortality and do away with the social evil. It has been argued that the school is no place for such instruction, that the home is the place. As the home has ceased or failed to instruct in other branches which the schools must now take up, so in this subject, the parents have avoided, refused and are often even incapable of giving the instruction. The necessity of such falls upon the school. When the children of such educated parents are in school, the necessity for such instruction will cease.

When we have given the school problem all the attention it needs and when we have corrected all defects brought to our attention, then and not until then can we feel that we are performing our duties as citizens.

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Men who are satisfied with a rear pew at church always demand a front seat at the prize fight.

Everywoman is indebted to Mrs. Jennie McCoy of Philadelphia for the following valuable "Homely Hints":

Cutting Beaded and Spangled Trimming

Before attempting to cut beaded or spangled trimming, especially that which has a net foundation, it is advisable to take the following precaution: Using a thin glue, secure a piece of thin muslin or silk to the back of trimming and let dry thoroughly, when it may be cut without any possibility of the threads raveling, which hold the beads and is usually a chain stitch and hard to check when broken or cut.

Dyeing Satin or Canvas Shoes

Most women have fabric shoes or slippers which have been discarded because they are too badly faded or soiled for further wear. They can be easily dyed any desired shade in the following manner:

Into a small quantity of gasoline squeeze enough tube paint, to produce the shade you wish, and with a soft brush thoroughly saturate the uppers and let stand in the open until perfectly dry and the odor has disappeared.

Of course, this should be done out of doors or away from a fire.

Beads Made From Cornstarch and Salt

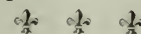
These beads are attractive, durable and easy to make.

Heat two handfuls of common salt as hot as the hand will stand. Warm one cupful of cornstarch and mix with the salt. Take one cup of hot water and color it any desired shade with water colors or fruit coloring, and use to form a paste with the salt and cornstarch.

Mold with the hands into any size bead required and have a large cushion near at hand, so that when a large pin is run through each bead, it can be at once stuck into the cushion. Different sizes and arrangements may be made according to taste. Polish with olive oil.

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Supremacy of the Pacific

(Continued from page four)

land cost £42,000. It has been chartered for service for one year for £109,728.

The jump in shipping rates is as great as the jump in ship prices. As one swoop 6,000,000 tons of German shipping left the seas. And since the war, 2,000,000 tons of other shipping has been destroyed. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern have declared they will not relinquish but will enlarge their Pacific trade.

In looking over the facts and figures of the boom in American shipping, one notices at once that the character of the companies who are largely interested is of the best and finest we have. This makes one hopeful of the future. Surely such companies as those mentioned above will not give up the great task they have taken on, nor will they easily relinquish the fabulous rewards which are certain to be theirs.

If the swift march of events does not leave us merely on-lookers, if we can take our rightful place and do our great part in the making of history, with our government strongly at our backs, our flag will take its old place between America and the East and the Pacific become once more an American ocean. Otherwise, Japan will continue supreme on the Pacific.

Is Music Decadent?

(Continued from page eight)

herald a new dawn for the greatest of the arts. Wagner with his endless chromatics, seems to have sensed this, as do the composers of today in their frantic attempts to find intervals which sound different from those which we have been used to. Of course, the average Occidental ear is not yet trained to distinguish quarter tones, although many singers and violinists readily recognize them and even made a difference between such enharmonic intervals as "A sharp" and "B flat" or "D flat" and "C sharp." Several attempts have also been made lately to popularize the quarter tone, but apparently with little success.

The great drawback to the general acceptance of a modified scale of twenty-four quarter tones is of course that most imperfect of instruments, the pianoforte, which, like the poor and other evils, is ever with us. A number of attempts have been made to introduce quarter tones on pianos and organs, but only experimentally or half-heartedly, with the result that they prove to be failures. Probably a piano with its keyboard so divided could be manu-

factured, but if not, it is an open question if it would be any loss when "pianists" found that their plaything had become obsolete and unplayable and they found they had to learn to play a musical instrument instead. The instruments themselves, now useless, could be presented to the Debussys and Co. and the whole lot deported, bag and baggage, to some very distant Devil's Isle where they could play one another to death like so many musical Kilkenny cats.

Whether the remedy lies with the quarter tone or in another direction, it is certain that some reaction must take place sooner or later from the chaotic mass of tangled noises which music is fast becoming, and a return be made to simpler and purer forms. The ear has lost its sense of proportion to such an extent that an orchestra, which would have been considered voluminous in tone fifty years ago now sounds thin and weak and every day brings with it increased noise, greater intricacy and a more and more feverish search for imitative and freak effects, which are not within the domain of

music at all, but are merely glorified vaudeville turns, on all fours with the musical clown, the trick violinist and the dancing elephant.

Evidently Tennyson had not in mind the post meridian gambols of some zoological curiosity when he wrote in the "Lotus Eaters":

*"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes."*

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Official Journal

The National Council of Women—
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Gentlemen,
Give Us More
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and Fewer Politicians
Think of
Our Country First
and
Parties After

Vol. XI. No. 3

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1916

15c Per Copy. \$1.50 Per Year

Everywoman feels the honor of being the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, now affiliated with The General Federation of Women's Clubs. Its membership in America is 5,000,000. The membership of the International Council, with which we are affiliated, is 17,000,000, making an organization of 22,000,000, which makes the Council the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

My Dear Mrs. Francoeur:—

Kindly renew my subscription to *Everywoman*. I would not miss a number for anything. It is truly the one magazine of its kind and unequalled.

Your's most sincerely,

Ina B. Weston.

San Francisco, June 7, 1916
To Jeanne E. Francoeur,
Editor *Everywoman*.

Dear Mrs. Francoeur:

For a long time I have wished to express my appreciation of *Everywoman*, and when I finished reading the June number I decided another day should not pass without my writing you.

Everywoman is the most courageous magazine I know of. It is never afraid to stand for the right. It is clean, wholesome and up to date on every question of the day. I really could not get along without my copy each month.

Consider me a subscriber for life.

With best wishes,

Margaret H. Pladwell,
(M. D.)

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National Council of Women

Now Affiliated with General Federation of Women's Clubs

(It is with genuine pleasure that *Everywoman* presents to its readers in this issue the Presidents of the greatest organization of women in America, Mrs. Philip North-Moore, President of The National Council of Women; Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, President of The General Federation of Women's Clubs. Also the picture of Mrs. Percy Pennybacker, now Past President of The Federation; as is also Mrs. North-Moore, who preceded her four years ago.)—Editor's Note.

OUR friends of the National Council are fully aware of the importance and possibilities of this great organization. We realize, however, from the visit of ten days past, that very few outside of the immediate official group grasp the significance of such a union of force as five million women bring to the nation and even to the world.

It seems wise in this first official letter to give to the readers of *Everywoman* some items concerning both National and International Councils so that the relation of the two may be clear.

The National Council of Women of the United States is one of twenty-three Councils of Women, the president of each being ex-officio a Vice-President of the International Council and a member of that Council's Executive Committee.

The Chairman of each standing committee in the National Council is a member of the same Committee, if it exists, in the International Council.

The Council of the United States was the first of all National Councils to be formed, realizing that there must be a representative body of women as a national basis before initiating the idea of an international union of women, working toward constructive, co-operative ideals.

The meetings of the International Council are quinquennial, the next one taking place in 1919, in Christiana, Norway. The meetings of the National Council of the United States are biennial, being held in the odd years, although the last was adjourned to January 1916, in order to give ourselves the great pleasure of greeting Lady Aberdeen as a guest.

The Constitutions of both National and International organizations have very similar policy, viz:

"This Council is organized in the interest of no one propaganda. It has no power over the organizations which constitute it, beyond that of suggestion and sympathy; therefore, no organization voting to enter this Council shall thereby render itself liable to be interfered with in respect to its complete unity, independence or methods of work or be committed to any principle or method of any other organization or

By Mrs. Philip North-Moore

to any utterance or any act of this Council, beyond compliance with the terms of this constitution."

The co-operation of these diverse units, thirty in number in the United States, arises from conference of similar groups, that national work may proceed with the power of numbers and at the same time not duplicate work already accomplished.

No work of a controversial nature can be carried on in the name of the Council, but must be referred to the organization for individual decision; where no controversy exists,



MRS. PHILIP NORTH-MOORE
President National Council of Women

committees will proceed toward large national results—with the power of the Council's full membership; when resolutions are passed at any biennial meeting—without controversy—they become a part of the Council's working policy.

National and international subjects are referred to Committees for investigation, recommendation and action, first by the Board of Directors and then by the Convention.

Committees for National Work have been appointed as follows:

Permanent Peace: Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Chairman.

Marriage and Divorce: Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, Chairman.

Legal Status of Women: Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Chairman.

Public Health: Dr. Elizabeth B. Thelberg, Chairman.

Education: Mrs. Wm. Roy Smith, Chairman.

Co-operative Groups: Miss Vida Hunt Francis, Chairman.

Federal Co-operation: Mrs. Philander P. Claxton, Chairman.

Suffrage: Miss Marion May, Chairman.

Prison Reform: Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, Chairman.

National Community Music: Mrs. David A. Campbell, Chairman.

Child Welfare: Mrs. Frederic Schoff, Chairman.

Publicity: Mrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan, Chairman.

International Relations: Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Chairman.

Pan-American Committee: Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Chairman.

Strength in result comes from conservation of effort. We therefore recommend that only a certain number be emphasized; in others co-operating organizations will readily place them in their work, and act in special groups; in others progress will be reported and the committees will be ready with information and recommendation.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors, held in New York, June 2nd, the Needlework Guild of America and the General Federation of Women's Clubs were admitted to membership.

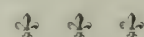
For the information of national organizations wishing to join the National Council, we will state that the Constitution and By-Laws, and the plan of work or printed report must accompany the application.

The Membership Committee consists of:

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Mrs. Harry L. Keefe, Cor. Secy., Walthill, Nebraska.

As *Everywoman* is the official organ of the National Council of Women, the report of the meeting of the Board, and also reports of Committees, will be in the following numbers of the Magazine.

Assured of the great power of such a body of women in the United States, working also to help the women of the world in the International Council, we extend greetings to all the readers of *Everywoman*.



If the war continues to set back the hand of civilization, there may come a day when Time, the great umpire, will put out a sign with the words, "Game called on account of darkness."

The Thirteenth Biennial

The National Federation of Women's Clubs

IT WOULD require a book to tell all the important and interesting events of the Convention in New York City, of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

For ten days, ending the second day of June, the Seventh Regiment Armory was the scene of the greatest convention of women ever

By Special Correspondent

as great and as far reaching in its influence, and that was the Chamber of Commerce.

That the Convention was a great success goes without saying. A vast deal of business was accomplished. Plans for an immense amount of work along all lines were made and the requisite committees appointed.

Perhaps the two most important resolutions passed were: First, the resolution to affiliate with the International Council of Women. The membership of this affiliation reaches 5,000,000—of which *Everywoman* is the official organ. Second, that the Board of Directors should, in future, consist of one Director from each state, instead of fifteen Directors, as heretofore.

Mrs. Pennypacker, retiring president, received the sincere and grateful thanks of the Federation for her distinguished services, and after the election of the new officers which occurred just before the last day of the Convention, the new President, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, presided until the close of the sessions.

California is very proud and happy that the name presented by her for the Presidency, the name of a well beloved California woman, was the name of the woman who received the overwhelming support of the convention. Mrs. Cowles needs no introduction to the readers of *Everywoman*, who know how particularly, and peculiarly she is fitted to fill the highest position the Club women of America have to offer. Her wide experience as a Club woman, and as a presiding officer, and her keen interest and deep knowledge of all matters of interest and importance to the women of the country, both politically and economically—all these things added to great personal charms, make her an ideal president for the Federation. We congratulate Mrs. Cowles upon the honor paid her and the Federation upon the honor paid themselves.

A host of great men and women addressed the Convention on different subjects. Among them were the following:

Dr. George Vincent, President of Minnesota University, Home Economics and Home Making as a Fine Art; Secretary Lane, upon Conservation; William Dudley Foulke, ex-president of the National Municipal League, upon the Support of Municipal Art Galleries; Dr. William Guthrie, Speaker of the Department of Literature; Frank Damrosch, upon Music Culture; Judge Wadhaus and Dr. Finley, upon Peace Subjects; Dr. Finley, Commissioner of Education for New York, spoke from the standpoint of the immigrant; Julia C. Lathrop, Chief of Children's Bureau of the

Department of Labor, spoke upon the Work of the Bureau; Mr. Doherty, Deputy Commissioner of Bureau of Charities spoke upon Municipal Charities.

These were only a few of the speakers who held the attention of the great convention. Every important branch of work was represented by the head of that particular work and the first-hand advice and information received was in itself an education to those who listened.

The officers elected for the ensuing two years are:

President, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, California; First Vice-President, Miss Georgia Bacon, Mass.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Eugene Reilly, N. C.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Carrie MacFarland, S. D.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Francis Everett, Ill.

Incoming Board of Directors to appoint the Treasurer.

Auditor, Mrs. W. P. Harper, Wash.

The new Board of Directors was appointed consisting of one delegate from each state.

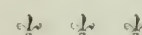


MRS. JOSIAH EVANS COWLES
President General Federation of Women's Clubs

welcomed to the city. Twenty thousand women were present, and many visitors, including a large number of men, were interested listeners day after day, at the different meetings. New York City did its level best to help the Federation enjoy its visit and the delegates were feted, and dined and entertained every moment when not attending sessions of the Convention. And New York realized for the first time what the National Federated Women's Clubs means. They looked at a convention of thousands of women, holding sessions day after day—presided over by women who are among the first parliamentarians of the country. They saw the important business of the Federation attended to in perfect order, without a hitch. They noticed the foremost men of the hour addressing the Convention, proud and glad to do so. They realized that these thousands of women delegates were the representatives of hundred of thousands of club women in the United States—women who are alive to the economic, political and social conditions of the day, and who take a very large share in the settling of every important issue of the times in which we live. A great many men in New York realized this for the first time during the period of the Convention. Each day all the city's papers gave accounts of the Convention on their first pages. The New York Sun said that there was probably only one other organization in the country



MRS. PERCY PENNYBACKER
Past President General Federation of Women's Clubs



A few decades ago, the Presidential candidate who came out openly for suffrage would have thereby damaged his campaign. Nowadays, the candidate who does not believe in suffrage whispers the fact in the seclusion of his private office, and then only after dismissing his stenographer and searching the room for dictaphones.

Equal Suffrage in 1916

What It Should Mean If Truth Prevailed

By Judge Clayton Herrington

THE principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself; is one of the chief hindrances to human improvement; and ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other.”—*John Stuart Mill, 1869.*

We recommend the extension of the franchise to women by the States upon the same terms as to men.—*Democratic Platform, 1916.*

The Republican party favors the extension of the suffrage to women, but recognizes the right of each State to settle the question for itself.—*Republican Platform, 1916.*

We believe that women should be given the full political right of suffrage, either by State or Federal action.—*Progressive Platform, 1916.*

Stripped of verbiage these propositions constitute the current confession of faith by the three political parties with respect to equal suffrage. The Democratic party declares its policy without assigning any reason for it; the other two organizations accompany their professions with some show of argument. All of them are susceptible of opposite interpretations. Thus, a Democrat may say that “extension of the franchise by the States” means either a vote by States on the Anthony Amendment, or a vote by each State upon its own initiative, regardless of what other States may do.

The Republican declaration is no less insincere. As a national organization its function is to formulate national policies, and a Republican may claim that the platform actually does “favor” the extension of the franchise to women. That broad statement, however, is immediately qualified by the clause “but recognizes the right of each State to settle the question for itself.”

It is nothing more than the Democratic plank differently phrased. The Progressives declare for equal suffrage either by State or Federal action, but pledge themselves to neither.

It was perhaps too much to expect straightforward declarations from the half dozen or more party leaders who, in the seclusion of a committee room, manufactured ready made political clothing for the crowd of noisy delegates outside, not one of whom knew beforehand what he was going to wear, nor cared how he looked in it after it had been thrown on him. Had John Stuart Mill, for instance, been writing the suffrage plank, he would have said: “We favor the extension of the elective franchise to women, and pledge ourselves to secure it by amendment to the Federal Constitution.” But men like Mill very seldom ap-

pear in politics, and when they do they usually serve but one term and are retired, as he was, because he was loyal to his convictions. In this country party platforms, like the styles of women’s gowns, are designed for the season’s wear only. They are traps, more or less smeared with “molasses to catch flies.” A clear cut declaration for equal suffrage would mean the loss of the liquor vote, the corrupt vote of the large cities, the indifferent vote, the strictly masculine vote which believes that “women should stay at home and tend to the children.” Likewise, a specific denial of the franchise would mean the loss of the women’s vote in those States where it now obtains.



Judge Clayton Herrington

The result was the duplicity witnessed at Chicago and St. Louis, which more than anything else resembles the tactics of an ostrich, a bird large of body and small of brain, which burrowing its head in the sand imagines itself unseen because it sees nothing.

The ostrich policy will, however, deceive no one, not even the late Mr. Bryan. The keen intelligence of the women of our land cannot fail to discern that to relegate equal suffrage “to the States”—that is to say, to Limbo—is practically a denial of it. It is not a little singular to witness the Republican party, whose traditional policy has always been that of National sovereignty, thus putting on the dishonored Democratic rags of State sovereignty. It was a Democratic dogma that chattel slavery was a “domestic” institution of the States, with which the Nation had no concern. We had thought it perished at Appomattox, but we

were mistaken. The argument of 1916 that each State may of right settle for itself the question of equal suffrage is the slave-holder’s argument of 1860. The President unearthed it in June of last year, when he refused to aid the passage by Congress of a resolution submitting the Anthony Amendment. He objected that by that method three-fourths of the States could force equal suffrage upon the remaining fourth. The slave holding oligarchy of the South insisted that each State had an absolute right to settle for itself whether freedom or bondage should prevail within its borders. Their political descendants, and their latter day Republican imitators, in like manner now affirm that each State has the same right to decide whether or not political serfdom shall exist in its territory.

It needs no argument to show that that doctrine practically makes impossible any constitutional amendment. The Thirteenth Amendment prohibited human slavery; the Fourteenth guaranteed the “equal protection of the law”; the Fifteenth conferred, in effect, suffrage upon black men. Is there any reason why in the same manner equal suffrage should not be conferred upon white women?

The Thirteenth Amendment became fundamental law by the votes of 27 out of 36 States; 29 out of 37 ratified the Fourteenth; the Fifteenth was adopted by 29 out of 37—that was 45 years ago. Near half a century has since elapsed, during all of which period until now, no political organization has ever claimed that it was not wholly within the power of three-fourths of the States radically to change the fundamental law.

Blackstone declares that “the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right of private property are the three principal, or primary, natural rights.” Natural rights are national rights in every sense of the term, and the possession of these rights necessarily implies the means to secure and enforce them. In a republic that means is the elective franchise. “To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,” says the Declaration of Independence. When did one half of our people consent, or have opportunity to consent, to the government established over them by the other half? The right to vote may be regulated but it may not be denied. The government may, for instance, decree that no man may vote unless he has attained the age of 21; but it may not provide that no man shall vote until he is 90, for that would be essentially a denial of the right itself. To refuse the suffrage to women, merely because they are women, is not a regulation

(Continued on page twenty-five)

Facts on Yuan Shi Kai

Late President of the Republic of China

By Charlotte Baldwin Frost

MANY years ago, Li Hung Chang, China's great Statesman, was viceroy of the Province of Chihli, where Peking is situated, and was also,



Charlotte Baldwin Frost

head of the Imperial Army. There was a Captain in the army who sought Li's help about getting his son into the Imperial College. The son was Yuan Shi Kai. Li Hung Chang interested himself in the boy and soon believed that Yuan was unusually capable—even brilliant-minded. When he left College, Li gave him a minor position in the Magistrate's Court in Peking where he could watch his progress. His promotion was very rapid and he was only twenty-six years old when sent to represent his country in Korea. A trying position at the time, calling for state craft of a high order, for Japan was already planning to take Korea from China. Yuan stayed in Korea until the outbreak of war between China and Japan and was then recalled to Peking. This part of his career was most important in the light of recent events, for the demands made upon Korea by Japan, just before the Chinese-Japanese war, were exactly similar to the demands made upon China by Japan today. For this reason Yuan Shi Kai understood perfectly the schemes and intentions of Japan which are back of her demands. He understood that it is the ambition of Japan to annex China, exactly as she did Korea.

After the war, Li Hung Chang, who was well pleased with Yuan's work in Korea, rewarded him by appointing him Judicial Commissioner of Chihli. This brought him directly under Li himself and next to Li in power.

Yuan continued to grow in power and influence until a short time before the Boxer trouble. At this time there occurred the fight for power between the Empress Dowager, who really occupied the throne of the Empire, and her son, the Emperor who wished to take his rightful place and manage the Empire him-

self. At this time the man in command of the northern soldiers was Jung Li and his headquarters was at Tiensin—which, as everyone knows is the coast port nearest Peking. The Emperor knew that the army was the Empress Dowager's long suit in the game she was playing against him, and that Jung Li, absolutely devoted to the interests of the Empress, was the ace of trumps. He therefore thought out a scheme to get rid of Jung Li and gain control of the army. He decided that Yuan Shi Kai was the one man who could carry out his scheme, so he sent for Yuan and questioned him, trying his best to find out whether Yuan would be loyal to him and whether he dared trust Yuan with his scheme. Finally he asked Yuan if he would pledge himself to carry out his Emperor's commands. Yuan replied with true Oriental non-committal words, "Your servant will ever endeavor to recompense, in all humility and gratitude, the Imperial favor, though his merit be indeed as a drop of water in the mighty ocean, or a single grain of sand in the vast desert. He will faithfully perform, for his great Emperor the service of a dog or horse, while there is breath in his body."

The Emperor tried to satisfy himself with this reply and unfolded his plans to Yuan. His idea was to have Yuan Shi Kai go to Tiensin with a message for Jung Li. That as soon as Yuan was alone with Jung, he should assassinate him—making no mistake about really killing him. Then Yuan was to place himself at the head of the army, march to Peking, take possession of the Empress Dowager and imprison her upon an island, which lies in one of the lakes in the Forbidden City. This would leave the Emperor in sole possession, of his throne at last.

Yuan listened carefully, agreed to everything and left the royal presence. He knew perfectly, however, that the Empress Dowager was a thousand times more fit to rule than the incompetent weakling who was Emperor, and he knew that she was all powerful with all those who really counted among the big men of the Empire. He realized his bread was buttered only from the side toward the Empress, so straight to the Empress he went, and told her the whole plot. The Empress ordered him to continue his calls upon the Emperor and to seem to carry out every detail of the plot. But that when he arrived at Tiensin, instead of killing Jung Li, he was to tell the whole plot to Jung Li, and with him bring the army to Peking, seize the Emperor and imprison *him* upon the beautiful little island. This plan of the wily old Empress was carried

out to the letter and the Emperor was kept a prisoner on the island until his death.

For this conspicuous service and loyalty to her, the Empress made Yuan Shi Kai vice-president of the army board and put the reformation of the army in his hands. His first act was to get the Empress to issue an edict against any opium smoker being enlisted in the army. This was the first of the edicts against opium which have resulted in the greatest miracle of the century—the killing of the opium industry in China—the laws against selling and smoking opium, the treaties with England against sending opium into China, so that another generation will see China entirely free from the curse which has ruined her so long. Yuan realized no efficient army could be made of opium smokers, and the Empress realized that the efficiency of her whole empire was fast being drugged.

In 1900 Yuan was made Governor-General of Shantung Province and then came the time of the Boxer trouble. During this time he was in command of a great part of the army and the Empress who was violently anti-foreign at this time, sent Yuan telegrams ordering him to kill every foreigner within reach. Yuan, who knew perfectly well what a blunder the Empress was making and how dearly she would have to pay for it later, calmly tore up her telegrams as fast as he got them and saw to it that no foreigners were harmed in his territory. He also combined with two other generals in what was called the Yangtse Coalition, which kept the trouble from the whole of the Yangtse valley, saving thousands upon thousands of lives. After the Boxer trouble was ended Yuan gravely told the Empress that he had never received a telegram from her. Of course she did not believe him, but knowing, by that time, how wise he had been by disobeying her, she heaped honors upon his head for his wisdom!

From 1900 until 1906 he continued to rise in power and the Empress depended upon him in every way. In 1906, the Empress died, and mysteriously and simultaneously the Emperor died too—murdered, of course. The heir to the throne was a baby boy—three or four years old. Prince Ching, a Manchu, and uncle of the Boy Emperor was declared Regent, Yuan was made Junior Guardian of the Emperor and remained Chief of the army. But Prince Ching became very jealous of Yuan's power and finally upon some flimsy pretext summarily retired him from the government.

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

EVERYWOMAN IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MATTERS IN CONTROVERSY, OTHER THAN THOSE VOICED IN THE EDITORIAL COLUMNS.

The Keynote of Today is Americanism

THE two great conventions—Republican and Democratic—are over. The weary waiting, the anxiety, the enthusiasm and doubt are all at an end. The shouting and the captains have departed. The two great leaders are chosen, one of whom will direct the destinies of this Nation for four years at least, and four wonderful and critical years they are sure to be; equally critical with the four passed years, if not more so. And, in this hour every good American should pray: "Heavenly Father give us the best man, regardless of party!" For, now the fight is on, and never since the days of Lincoln did we need a truly great man as we need him now.

It is a strange, pitiful and almost sickening thing to think that in America it is necessary to say: "The Keynote of today is Americanism"; but, such is the truth. That Keynote, President Wilson struck with such force, courage and accuracy that it vibrates around the world—and, should he prove great enough to strike the Heartnote of America, he will be its President for the next four years and its idol forever. So far so good; Americanism is the one tremendous issue now. The one over which party lines must vanish as leaves before the storm. Over this momentous principle there can be no question. No man who attempts to evade it even by the drooping of an eyelash or the shading in his tone of voice, can hope to be elected President of the United States, nor to any other office worth while, and that is as it should be.

America, in the past, has been so big, so lenient, so willing to throw freedom to the unthinking masses, that it went to weak and vicious heads, giving them mental indigestion and a mad desire to imitate their masters of the Old World, whose orders were given them at the point of a bayonet or the toe of a boot. No country under the sun, with the single exception of America, would tolerate, for an hour, in its midst, the conspiracies, the treachery, the assumption of authority, the destruction of property, the threatening manifestations against the dignity and honor of a President of the United States, one who is not willing to take orders from the hired emissaries of foreign tyrants, to whom unstinted freedom and voting power have been granted—by an all too-trusting country. Following is an evidence—one of hundreds—of the manner of running this country, advocated by the Cologne "Gazette," on the news of the nominations of President Wilson and Judge Charles E. Hughes:

"German-Americans on whose votes perhaps the decision of the election rests are for the most part publicly on the side of Hughes. They now have an opportunity for paying President Wilson back for his false, hypocritical neutrality and for his unheard of attacks on their American nationality."

The sensible American citizens—and there must be many

—from all Old Countries, should denounce such stupid viciousness before it is too late.

Everywoman hopes, for the honor of his country and in justice to himself, that Mr. Hughes will no longer evade a full and unequivocal declaration of his principles on this vital question. It is clear that his past silence has misled those foreign dictators of American politics; and, indeed, might mislead vast numbers of people, who will take no chances on a guessing contest where the stakes are so overwhelming.

The most bitter enemies of Mr. Hughes could not more surely set up a scheme to defeat him than have his blundering advocates. For, it is too well known that for every vote he would gain from such "citizens," he would lose ten thousand. All Americans should gladly sacrifice such votes on the altar of honor. If there are any who will not—then, honor will certainly sacrifice them.



Heartnote of Today is Woman Suffrage

IT is, indeed, a great pity that President Wilson, when he was selecting powerful planks for his platform, did not take his courage, his judgment, and his sense of justice in hand and make woman suffrage as strong, as fearless, and as free from doubt as he did his declaration on Americanism. For, suffrage is the Heartnote of America today, and, so thoroughly bound up in true Americanism that you could not separate them with a submarine. For, whichever candidate realizes this, gets it fully through his mentality, acts upon it, and, is finally the instrument of this piece of justice through whom it is granted to all the women of America, will not only gain the Presidency of the United States but will become the most famous man of modern history.

President Lincoln, after a fierce and destructive war, enfranchised the negro slaves and will be revered forever, by the whole of humanity. Are the women of America less worthy of theing enfranchised? Are they less intelligent than the negro? Than the redlight actor and the white slave artist? Than the black hand gentleman from Sicily? Than the traitor who threatens the very cornerstone of this country, if he is not allowed to dictate its policies within a few years after coming over in the steerage, and before he can speak the language?

What is the strange obsession that prevents otherwise intelligent and decent men from granting their rights to women? To their mothers, their wives, their daughters—all the women whom they claim to love? Do these men reason that the American women who are begging, paying and pleading for the same justice they are so bounteously conferring on the strangers, are the beloved women of their own families or women just like them?

Are these statesmen willing—in case of death, and not

even the greatest among them have a patent on life—are they willing to leave the legal and moral rights of their families to the tender mercies and legal gymnastics of the undesirable citizens above mentioned?

And, statesmen, please do remember, these same undesirable citizens can and do make laws for the most highly educated women in this country. They make them for women who head the most select schools of the United States, for the wife of the President, and for the unfortunate widows who earn a living for their little ones by scrubbing floors. Of course, statesmen, you know all this better than we do, but, you are so busy on what you are pleased to call Affairs of State, that you are apt to forget. But, please remember, there are no greater affairs of Nation or State than the rights of half of the Nation's population; and that half, the creative half who have given you to the nation, trained you to be all that you are and ever hope to be, at the cost—very often their lives, their health or their happiness.

Or, is it possible that, having the strength and the power to create protection for your own families you are indifferent to the rights of those who are powerless? If such be your judgment—and it would seem so from the "neutral" attitude which both Democratic and Republican platforms alike take on this momentous principle of human rights; then, the four million voting women of this country, and the numberless women who desire their rights, and all who sympathize with them, must get together and devise ways and means which will penetrate the dense and cruel indifference to human rights. Following are the declarations on woman suffrage of the two great platforms. They are the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum:

Democratic Platform—

Woman Suffrage—We recommend the extension of franchise to the women of the country by the States upon the same terms as to men.

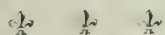
Republican Platform—

Suffrage—We favor the extension of suffrage to women but recognize the right of each State to settle this question for itself.

Gentlemen: We do not want suffrage on the instalment plan—human life is too short. We want the Susan B. Anthony amendment for woman suffrage passed by congress, and we want the women of all States treated alike.

If there are any women "who are not yet ready," then let them get ready. They, of course, need not vote unless they wish to, but for the sake of decent, honest pride, let them cease being "The Old Man of the Sea" on the backs of all who demand and have intelligence enough to use their rights and their powers—for the good of their country.

Gentlemen: We are ashamed of you! You are playing with us as England played with Home Rule. Does it pay? We are willing to love, honor and to trust you; but, self-respect demands reciprocity. And, we demand one genuine, great American—who can visualize the future; one who will go down in history as the man who made all Americans free and equal.



Hearts of Stone and Judas Kisses

POOR, betrayed, little Marion Lambert—half woman and half child, and unfortunately too strong a mixture of both, must certainly have been cursed in her choice of friend and lover. In exchange for love and faith and hope they gave her hearts of stone and Judas kisses. And all they left unfinished, the lawyers are adding—for the benefit of their reputations; for the pride of their eloquence and for the building of present and future fees. And, worse still, they have an otherwise very clear thinking people guessing and bewildered—when, before two days following the

Advisory Council of Everywoman

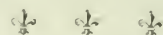
Mrs. John F. Merrill
Mrs. John Rothschild
Mrs. Edwin Goodall
Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder
Mrs. A. W. Scott
The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper
Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Georgea Sperry

murder of the little girl in Helms Woods, these same lawyers knew who was her murderer and why. When, if law were justice, and justice law, Judge Donnelly, presiding over that little court house in Waukegan, Ill., would have rendered his decision, and sent the school boys and girls back to their books and the morbid sensationalists back to their duties.

But, no; that would never do. What would become of the law "game"? That has to be

played out if the reputation of every foolish little girl, dead or alive was turned into Hades to scorch her immortal soul. Or if the lacerated hearts of their parents had to be scorched to cinders during the process. The-here-in-to-before-mentioned and all the rest of the stereotyped jargon—which Dickens threw in the scrap heap—and which is rescued for every trial, in order to bewilder witnesses, keep out the truth and—if the criminal has money enough—let him off Scott free.



The Tragedy of Unpreparedness

IN the April edition of *Everywoman* we pointed out in "The Psychological Moment in the Life of Mexico," the wonderful opportunity which General Carranza had with in his grasp of cleaning up his country of the twin evils which are strangling it, namely: brigandage and treachery. We hoped, and, in a measure believed that he would prove great and wise enough for the task, and with the powerful help of the United States soldiers, and the no less powerful friendship of President Wilson, he would rehabilitate Mexico, and make it civilized and industrially possible. But, no; he is quite unfit for the task. No man ever had such generosity, patience, honest endeavor for national peace and prosperity, thrust upon him, as did General Carranza, by the acts of President Wilson, and they have all gone for nothing, or worse—Now, why?

Well, for several reasons; and they are these: Carranza is too brutal to care what becomes of his people; too dense to see beyond the horizon of his narrow ambition, and too ignorant to discard the treachery which is being zealously poured into his ears by the enemies of this country, who have for years played upon the credulity of the vicious elements of Mexico, making them believe that America was determined to annex their robber-ridden country; and, finally, because his vanity and ignorance make him believe that he can conquer the American army because of our criminal lack of Preparedness.

War with Mexico is unthinkable. It is humiliating. But, Carranza and his backers and his "generals" force us to it. Now, where is our "Peace, Peace, at-any-price" going to help us? Peace, of course, we must have, in the long run. But, it will be peace at terrible cost—and, after a very long run. That Peace which we covet so much we could have had without the shedding of blood, had we had the good sense to build up sufficient protection to warn the greedy, the jealous and the blustering, that we were prepared for any aggressions which they presumed to attempt.

As things stand today with us, we are liable to have years of guerrilla warfare thrust upon us, with skulking bandits playing hide-and-seek through the Sierra Madra Mountains, the arid deserts and the sand-stormed plains of Mexico; with countless, precious American lives sacrificed to the butchery of those who are far more cruel than wild beasts, the Yaqui Indians, and the mongrel breed of every color, whose one desire is to exterminate or drive out of the country every decent Mexican or white man opposed to their brigandage. And, as for annexing Mexico? It were better for the United States to annex a jungle filled with rattlesnakes.

It is high time to quit babbling about "Peace! Peace!" and to devise some adequate intelligent means of Preparedness which will give us a guarantee of even a semblance of Peace, which will not make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

California's Inheritance Tax

Unjust Discrimination on Community Property of Wife

TO my mind it is incomprehensible that any woman or right-thinking man, with an understanding of the situation, should regard the imposition by the State of California of an inheritance tax upon the wife's own half of the community property as other than a gross discrimination.

The wife, to tell you what I assume all of you know, upon the death of her husband, under the California law is said to succeed as an heir of her husband to her own half of the community property, that is, all property accumulated during marriage save by gift or devise, and as a result is forced to pay an inheritance tax thereon.

But the husband, upon the death of the wife, not only takes over his own half of this property without the payment of a tax of any kind, but also the wife's half, just as a matter of course and as though, being a man, he had superior rights in this world.

Man Favored By Laws

That is why, just now, I used the expression "right-thinking man," but applied no such designation as to the woman. We men have been accustomed so long to being favorites under the law that many of us, I discover, find it really difficult to admit that wrong or injustice is being done to women under our way of managing affairs of the universe.

I want to say, frankly, that notwithstanding we have right on our side I shall consider victory, if it comes to us, a very notable achievement. We have made a fine start. The women of the State are aroused, many men of influence are publicly espousing our cause and the newspapers, even where they are not editorially supporting us, are giving us much publicity. But notwithstanding all this, we still have a fight on our hands. The men are well entrenched. They have become so accustomed from long habit to superior privileges under the law that it will not prove as easy to dislodge them as some imagine.

The Four Chief Objections

Our opponents advance several reasons why we should not be permitted to prevail.

Suppose I take up these objections in the order of their presumed importance? First, as to unsettling the probate and community property laws of the State. The original inheritance tax act did not in terms impose a tax upon the wife's own half of the community property; but, nevertheless—strange as it may seem!—the probate and community property laws were not disturbed. It so happened, later, in the estate of Moffitt, that the Supreme Court in a decision where the inheritance tax was not the issue, ruled that the wife succeeded to her own half of the community

By Hon. S. Chambers, State Controller

property as the heir of her husband. Thereupon the Legislature amended the inheritance tax act accordingly.

But it did not follow that the Legislature had to do anything of the kind. It did so because it wanted to do so. And it can eliminate this objectionable feature of the law just as easily as it put it in the law; it can exempt the wife's own half of the community property from this tax just as easily as it now exempts bequests to heirs up to specified amounts, graded on the basis of relationship.

And this can be done very easily and very simply, without in any way disturbing probate or community matters. I have talked over this question with able attorneys and with several of the best appraisers connected with Controller's office. That the desired end may be accomplished all that is necessary is for the Legislature to add a new subdivision to section 1, of the inheritance tax act, to be known as "h" and reading as follows:

"The half of the community property going to the surviving wife as heir of her husband shall not be subject to the tax imposed by this act where both the husband and wife are at the time of the death of the husband residents of this State."

Then certain other subdivisions should be slightly amended to correspond to the new paragraph and the matter is accomplished.

Is there anything in this simple program that should alarm the defenders of established usage under our probate and community property laws? We do not challenge the decision of the Supreme Court in the Moffitt case—that the wife succeeds to her own half of the community property as the heir of her husband. Since we can't overrule it, we accept it, and then proceed to exempt her just as the present law now makes other exemptions. This is all there is to it.

Just here let us consider, briefly, the situation in several of our sister States. The old Spanish civil law of community property, which was that property accumulated during marriage belonged to the husband and wife jointly and upon the dissolution of that contract was divided equally between them or the heirs concerned, was adopted by eight of our western States, save that California, in particular, changed the procedure so that upon the death of the wife there shall be no division, the entire community property going to the husband.

Commenting upon this attitude, Ross in his work on Inheritance Taxation, says, among other things: "This notion all but ignores the community property rights of the wife and

reduces the community system to a mere name without substance."

To his way of thinking, it is far more reasonable to exempt from an inheritance tax the wife's half of the community property than her dower right. Yet of all the dower States, Illinois alone imposes an inheritance tax thereon. Dower comes to a wife by virtue of the marriage, say the courts, and the death of the husband serves only to consummate, not to transmit it.

This unquestionably is true. But does not the same line of reasoning apply with equal force to community property? The wife immediately upon marriage is just as much entitled, then, to her half of such community property as she and her husband may accumulate, as is, on the other hand a wife to her one-third, or the dower proportion of such an estate as her husband may leave upon death. I can see no shadow of difference.

Now as to the second objection—that our proposed amendment would deprive the State of considerable revenue. There is no doubt as to this. No one possibly could say how much, but it would be a large sum—not, I am convinced upon deeper thought, as large as I first surmised. And that sum whether very large or comparatively small, would represent money taken unjustly from the women of California. This is my first answer to the objection. This particular revenue is derived from a discriminatory and an unjust tax and California, therefore, not only is not entitled to it, but beyond that is too great, too big and too generous to insist upon retaining it, now that the truth has been made known.

It is incumbent upon the State even more than upon the individual to set a high example. By what right does the State demand good citizenship if she as the legal and political expression of the combined citizenship fails to live up to requirements?

What the Figures Show

But let us see if we will be as badly hurt as some of us think. From 1893-94 to 1910-11, or 17 fiscal years in all, the annual average receipts from inheritance taxes were \$348,632. For the three fiscal years beginning with 1910-11, the yearly average was \$1,500,000; for 1913-14, \$2,500,000; for 1914-15, \$3,000,000, and for 1915-16, the present fiscal year, the indications are that the collections will total \$3,250,000. This is a wonderful growth—far more than the most enthusiastic ever dared to predict.

In December, 1914, when the Board of Control and myself were preparing the biennial budget for submission to the Governor and the Legislature, we estimated the receipts under the inheritance tax laws at \$4,000,000 for this year and the next or \$2,000,000 for each year. But this year, the first of the years in question, the receipts, apparently, will total \$3,250,000 or nearly as much as we figured on for both of the years.

Of course, it is the duty of the budget makers to be very conservative in estimating revenue. It is far better to collect more than you expected, than less. But, in any event, the legislative appropriations, the prospective disbursements, are based upon receipts as figured in the budget. Any excess of collections, therefore, is just that much to the good—in a sense "velvet." Of course, the State may need this extra money, may use it to good purpose, but, nevertheless, it was not counted upon.

While, as I have said, no one can state how much the inheritance tax collections will drop should the wife be given this exemption, it is safe to say it will not be over \$1,000,000 and very probably well under that sum. So that the budget makers may continue to count upon from \$2,000,000 to \$2,500,000 a year, as much, in other words, as they have ever done, and more.

To put it in another way, it would now seem that the State is in a position to do justice to the wife—if not willing to do it for the sake of justice itself—without the loss of a dollar as based upon the present budget's estimate of inheritance tax revenue. And this estimate, I may add, is likely to meet its part of the State's requirements until the growth of the State in wealth and population runs up the inheritance tax receipts, with the wife exempted, to present and prospective figures.

The third objection advanced by some of those who are not in sympathy with us is that the wife is not entitled to one-half of the community property; that is, that she does not contribute that much to such accumulations. For that reason, they contend, there is no injustice in forcing her to pay an inheritance tax upon half of the community interest.

How do they know the wife does not contribute fifty per cent? What is the standard by which they judge? You and I, all of us know, of course, many instances where the wife not only does not do her part, but, instead of helping to accumulate is wasteful and extravagant. There are exceptions to all rules. You and I, all of us know, too, many instances where if it had not been for the wife, there would be no community property at all.

I am very, very much inclined to think that the instances where the wife does her part, and more, far exceeds the instances where she does not. True the husband is on the firing line, but the earning of the money itself it not the whole story. It must be saved, re-

member, before there can be community property. And it is here the wife does her part. Does it, too, in addition to the inspiration which she and the children—the home—give to the husband and the father to make good for their sakes even more than for his own.

Why Community Property at All?

I quoted to you awhile back from Ross on Inheritance Taxation, where he said, speaking of California's discrimination against the wife: "This notion all but ignores the community property rights of the wife and reduces the community system to a mere name without substance."

And so it does. It's a gift so to speak, with a string to it. Why, under the law, do we give the wife a one-half interest in the community property and so hedge it about that the husband can not sell or dispose of it without the wife's consent, even though the law may not be mandatory in this respect, and then, after the husband dies, deny her the right of possession until she pays an inheritance



John S. Chambers

upon property which as a matter of fact she does not inherit but really helped to earn and save?

Timid Friends Fear Assault

The fourth objection comes from our friends—timid friends. They admit the wife is now discriminated against under our inheritance tax law, but they fear this movement to correct this gross injustice may encourage an assault all along the line against the inheritance tax system as an institution. So they would have us quit.

My friends, I am not afraid that the inheritance tax will be done away with. It is here to stay. In one form or another it has existed since the days when Egypt was great. And it will continue. Our present effort may cause some sputtering, may lead the ill ad-

vised to think to overthrow us entirely, but they can not prevail.

And now, in conclusion, let me urge upon you the need of constant work until the Legislature shall have acted one way or another. You can do as much, perhaps more, between now and January 1, 1917, as after that date when our lawmakers will be in session. You will find that candidates for the Senate and the Assembly will bow willing ears to you while the campaign is on. After they have been elected they may show more signs of independence. At any rate, you will find it a mighty good plan to acquaint them with the situation, to interest them before the session opens and, if possible, win their approval. Such a course will save your legislative committee from being compelled to do a lot of work later and at a time, too, far less propitious than the present.

India's Vassar

The Hindu woman is coming into her own. There was a time when it was considered immodest for a woman to outlive her husband. If the course of nature or the progress of germs did not end her life about the same time, she was expected to commit suicide by a most uncomfortable method. Finally, certain of India's latent feminists objected to serving as burnt offerings for the souls of their better halves. For a woman to assert that she had an individuality of her own was a disgraceful heresy. The widows who defied convention met only scorn and persecution.

But the Hindu widow found a champion in D. K. Karve of Poona, an Indian educator of note. He opened a boarding-school for these unfortunate women—an institution which served as a refuge from persecution and a place of instruction. The Hindu girls, for they were seldom more than that, were given training in the academic branches. So great has been the success of the school in the twenty years of its existence that it is now to broaden its scope and become a modern college for women. The girls of India are going to have a chance to be something more than slaves of their male relatives.

Of course, schools have been founded there before both by the English government and the missionaries. But this is the first time that a Hindu has established a college for the women of his own race. The instruction is to be given, not in English, but in the native tongue of the pupils. The institution will be maintained by gifts of the Hindus themselves.

This college shows what the Hindus can do for themselves, besides manifesting the new attitude toward women. Living and studying with other girls will be a new experience for the little Hindu maiden. But after a few years she will probably be holding track-meets and cutting classes and holding fudge parties with all the gusto of her American cousin.

—E. McC.

Mrs. Pankhurst in San Francisco

Famous English Woman Representing Serbian Relief

By Betty Couditt

DURING the last month Mrs. Pankhurst visited California for the purpose of interesting our people in the relief work for the Serbians. Her first appearance was at a luncheon tendered her by the San Francisco Civic Center League, at the Palace Hotel. But her great public speech was made at the Dreamland Rink on the evening of May 29th. About three thousand people came to hear her and to see her. I don't suppose many of them came because they were interested in Serbian Relief. For two years, nearly, Americans have been listening to appeals for relief in connection with the great war—until now it would be difficult to get three thousand people to congregate at one time to hear a plea for aid. But the people came to see and hear the famous militant leader. Call it curiosity—what you will—but they came. And most of them never having seen Mrs. Pankhurst, and having gathered a pre-conceived idea of her, as a large, rough, window-smashing female, loud voiced and pugnacious—these people received the shock of their lives. They saw a small, dainty, perfectly gowned, extremely cultured woman, with a very sweet face, hair softly and becomingly arranged, touched with grey; they heard a voice, never raised beyond an ordinary speaking strength and yet so vibrant with life and feeling that it reached, with no effort, the farthest corner of the great hall. They felt the compelling power of eyes that flashed with true patriotism, and human sympathy, and lips which parted in the most gracious of smiles, or set in a grim line for a moment—long enough to tell plainly of the unbending will and intense force of power back of her gracious presence. Those who came to criticise or to laugh stayed to listen breathlessly and left with admiration and respect in their hearts and on their faces. Not one in that great audience but realized Emmeline Pankhurst a great, a very great woman—a historical figure, one whose name has taken a lasting place in the story of her own well beloved country.

Mrs. Pankhurst began her speech by telling in a most simple and sincere fashion, of the feeling of her own people for ours—that of real kinship and friendship—and she said that the Allies were really fighting our battle as well as their own when they took up arms against an uncontrolled military ambition. She paid a particularly beautiful tribute to France—"the sister Republic of America"—and she voiced the deepest and sincerest gratitude of the Allies for the stupendous help of America for the relief work.

Then she spoke at some length of Serbia—of the fact that the Serbian trouble did not begin until the Red Cross work for Belgium and the

Allies was an old story, and that for this reason, perhaps, Serbia has not had the share she deserves in the help we have given. She gave a vivid and terrible picture of the Serbian's sufferings, as they fled from their country in mid-winter over the snow covered mountains—thousands of men, women and children dying on the terrible journey. Not only the terrible cold, hunger and sickness had to be faced but the savage attacks of unfriendly peoples through whose territory they were forced to pass, had to be borne. And now the Serbians, without country, without homes, without the actual necessities of life are being taken care of in France by a people themselves suffering all the terrible privations of war.



Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst

The problem Mrs. Pankhurst and the Serbian Relief are striving to solve is, how to keep these people alive and well so that when the war is ended and Serbia is restored, that there shall be Serbians left in the world to return to their country. Mrs. Pankhurst's faith in the ultimate victory of the Allies, and the immediate restoration of Belgium and Serbia, is unshakeable.

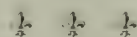
Her speech was received with the very greatest enthusiasm, and was repeated with great success at the Oakland Auditorium on the following Sunday.

The writer was fortunate in having a half hour alone with Mrs. Pankhurst one afternoon, at the Town and Country Club, and in being

allowed to ask her any questions I wished. I came away from the interview with a never-to-be-forgotten impression of Mrs. Pankhurst. I had heard her speak in London many times in her most militant days and admired her greatly but this time my heart went out to her. She was no longer the great militant—but a great woman in great sorrow. The day I saw her and talked with her was the day we got the news of Lord Kitchener's death. One more terrible happening to fill her heart with grief for her country. For, before everything else in the world, Mrs. Pankhurst is a British Patriot—devoted heart and soul to England. I asked her if she had been pleased or disappointed in the result of her months of work in the United States for the Serbians. She replied frankly she had been disappointed because she had not raised as much money as she had hoped but she realized perfectly how many, many calls we have had on our pockets and she was very grateful for the help we had given Serbia.

She then told me of a new work which she is beginning and which is very dear to her heart. The care of illegitimate babies of British soldiers, born since the beginning of the war. She has seven babies now at her own home in England under the capable care of nurses. Six tiny girls and one boy. Mrs. Pankhurst wishes to arrange for a fund and a home for all such babies and she wishes to make their education and upbringing so fine, so good and so practical, that the result would be so different from the usual orphan's or children's home as to be actually a model and inspiration to any mother or father with the true interest of their own children at heart.

It seems that there is no limit to the great ideas and big thoughts born in the mind of this great and big woman. *Everywoman* wishes all success to each one of Mrs. Pankhurst's projects and wishes to help in every possible, practical way. If any one of our readers is interested in helping Mrs. Pankhurst's Baby Home, or if any one wishes to know the place to send contributions for Serbian Relief, *Everywoman* will be very glad to give the required information.



The Passing of a Popular Author

The death of Jean Webster at the early age of fifty, is a distinct blow to her army of devoted readers. *Daddy Longlegs* and *Dear Enemy* had made an established favorite and those two books are conceded to be among the few great books of this generation. In private life Jean Webster was Mrs. Henry McKinney, wife of a New York attorney, and she died when her baby daughter was born, Jean Webster McKinney 2nd.

The World Union of Women

Appeals to All for International Concord

By Dr. Leonie Fordham

To Us
the



Greatest
Victory

The World's Union of Women approves of Preparedness until an International Court for the disarmament of all Nations has been established, which is the aim and object of its propaganda.

(Everywoman subscribes to these sentiments.)—Editor's Note.

It is not only the countries now engaged in war which are suffering but the neutral countries as well. They are afflicted by a commercial and moral depression, which has destroyed the honest industry of years, and threatens to delay indefinitely, a healthy and normal reaction. We cry out for Peace, even while looking forward, in horrified anticipation to years of bitterness between nations who must live and work dependent upon each other, close together, upon that restricted portion of the earth's surface known as Europe.

Shall we shrink cowardly under the sufferings or shall we realize the revelation that it brings, and rise in the majesty of the awful wisdom it is burning into our lives, and joining together in the mysterious force which is



Dr. Leonie Fordham

NEVER BEFORE has humanity bent under such wide-spread calamity, and suffering in common as it does to-day. Never before has there been heard from every side, such a despairing cry for help. Never before has a world, plunged in horrors, felt the universal need for an uplifting ideal—a moral support, which would give (particularly to women now questioning providence) the means of comfort, sympathy and hope, but above all an object to work for. Never before has the human heart been so awakened by sympathy, fraternal love and a desire for service, and never has such an unselfish and universal sentiment made it possible for women to reach out and grasp the hands of her sisters, the world over. *She has been given a glorious and wonderful opportunity to serve her fellow men, to justify herself, and to prepare the way for the suppression of hatred and bitterness, and after the war shall be over, to prevent the possibility of the repetition of the frightful catastrophe, which is now devastating the fairest part of the earth and destroying her life work.*

Woman, the creative half of humanity, is continuing her work of construction, while man, despite his most earnest desires and skilful diplomacy, has been drawn into the work of destruction. This destruction,—these statistics of war—will be accurately recorded. There will also be the statistics of reconstruction, so much of it woman's work. These will be the statistics of Hope and Despair, which in their gigantic proof of her ability to reconstruct with love what hatred has destroyed and point out the immeasurable power, which is hers.

The cry for material help is deafening and an awakened world is responding generously from every quarter of the globe—pouring out its riches and sharing its all to relieve this unprecedented suffering. But at the side of this great material need there exists an even greater Moral need,—a need of all peoples of every country, belligerent and non-belligerent, not one of whom has been able to escape the far-reaching plight of war. *This urgent need is for mutual and united action.*

The desire is imperative for the repeated assurance that all that is best in the human evolution, of which we are so proud, is not yet dead, that fraternal love does exist even between antagonists; that the fearful moral depression in which the wide-spread publication of horrors has plunged us, shall not last and *can be dissipated* if we will but determine to bring to light the proofs that the nobility of the soul—so painfully acquired through the past ages—is still supreme, even in the darkness which surrounds us.

peculiarly ours—the force of love and compassion, begin humbly to sow the seeds of Peace and to prepare for the new day? We have so much to learn. We women need each other so.

This great movement is possible now at this time of awakening unique in the history of the world. We cannot accomplish it single-handed or half-heartedly, but if we form ourselves into a mighty army for good, we shall be able to clasp the hands of our sorrowing sisters in desolate lands and say "Let us help you to forget, to rebuild—and to pledge to generations that survive and those that are to come, to uphold a force that is not of fire and sword and through all the future ages to avoid a repetition of the horror through which you have just passed." Come, let us forge about the world a chain stronger than steel—formed of the tender hands of women, linked together in love, service and communion and let us go forth to conquer evil. Let us forge this chain now and clasp it together here in the center of the old world. You who read this appeal, believe that you are as much a factor for this great woman's victory as any person in the world. You are needed. Will you respond to the call—*now?*

It is a big thought. But we live in big times. History is being written in huge characters across the page of humanity's evolution, and only by greatly planning and greatly acting, shall we arrive at noble results. There is no room in the world today for pettiness, limited ideas or cowardice of action. To conquer the most gigantic evil that has ever befallen mankind gigantic means are necessary.

Woman as she is to-day, educated, privileged through her wide-flung organizations, highly developed, and nearly emancipated, should be capable of coping with the situation. Seeing the strength of the united millions of men, in the great armies, if she will but grasp the lesson of the force of union and mobilize herself, there will be no power that can stand against her. Her field is greater, more widely extended than the battlefields of Europe. Let her enter in, in the power of universal mobilization.

Let us consolidate the splendid work already accomplished by women in their clubs, let us draw in the independents—the wives, mothers and daughters of every grade and station, the companies—battalions and regiments of women, now working separately, to form a great army, having its headquarters in Europe,—Geneva—the birth place of the Red Cross. Let us organize, that through the force

(Continued on page seventeen)

Our Soldierettes

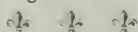
In the Branch National Service School at the Presidio

THE first of June, out at the Presidio Military Reservation in San Francisco, was a day full of significance and prophecies for the future, if one were given to looking into the future; and thoughts both of pleasure and pain would knock on the door of your mental consciousness, as you watched each changing phase of the maneuvers of the young soldierettes as they went into barracks and took up their training—as members of the San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section of the Navy League.

This was a new feature of military life in San Francisco, when scores of young society girls in khaki uniforms, campaign hats and heavy elk-skin boots, marched into the Presidio, and were met by the officers who train them in the real military fashion, for Red Cross service in the battle field, if Fate should play us such ugly tricks. The thought of that was where the pain came in. The pleasure came with the beauty of the scene; the lovely, young enthusiastic girls who for the first time in their lives were facing the stern problems of life; the Board of Governors—gracious gentlewomen—who love and mother these brave, competent girls as if they were their own; and the officers, and nurses who are putting them through such a course of training as will fit them for life's battles as nothing else could.

There they met on the sloping grounds of the Presidio, overlooking the Golden Gate, the murmuring, blue waters of the great bay, which are always singing a low mysterious song, as if warning you to beware; while the warm, brilliant sunshine, laden with the odors of pine trees, flowers and salt sea waves, pour down over all like a benediction. And, then, in the midst of all this a hollow square is formed, where bravery and beauty meet and the solemn ceremony of raising the flag takes place. But, all the bravery and all the beauty of it cannot dispell that low, sad, mysterious song of the sea, which is trying to make you understand.

From this scene Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn, regent of the San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section of the Navy League, who has been indefatigable in her efforts to make this project a success, introduces the new soldierettes to the spotless barracks which are their homes during their training season.



Following upon this initiative, squads of young society girls from cities around the bay, large numbers of business girls from the fashionable stores of the city and from the telephone building, succeed one another in the Branch National Service School. So there is the beginning of a marvelous change

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

in the lives and industrial usefulness of women. A broad democratic change which will create a better understanding and common sympathy, which is the foundation of all things worthy.

For the last month these various classes are out there studying earnestly the methods of Red Cross nursing, under a staff of Red Cross physicians and nurses. Through these physicians and nurses they have been given two weeks of training which covers the First Aid to the Injured and Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick.

This is not easy, by any means; nor, do the young girls want it easy. From the proper making up of beds for the sick to the scientific bandaging of bullet and sword wounds, all along the line of sickness and injuries of all kinds, whether in the home or on the battle



The Golden Gate

field, are taken up with enthusiasm and worked out to the satisfaction of their teachers. There are fifteen lessons to be carefully learned, and demonstrations given to prove their efficiency.

Scientific cooking for the sick, plain sewing, signal work, military calisthenics, drilling, marching, heliographing, wig-wagging, cipher study, code work, plan and wireless telegraphy are among the studies which fill their days from Reveille at 6:30 a. m. to Taps at 10 p. m., when all lights are out. And, with all that many, very many, are most anxious to take all the advanced courses.

All who have passed satisfactory examinations in the prescribed courses will be assigned to hospital units, or similar formations, organized as a reserve of the army and navy in the event of war. Their names and credits will be filed in the Nursing Service Headquarters of the Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Trips to Yerba Buena Island under the care of Captain W. W. Gilmore, to the National Training School, where the naval cadets receive their training and indulge in sham battles, give the soldierettes practical exercise in bandaging and caring for the apparently wounded. Then, the lectures at the Letterman Hospital give practical side and a most beneficial experience.

On the opening day, as the inspection of the barracks was coming to an end, and visitors were debouching into the sunshine, a rugged captain, in a deep, powerful voice, was passing favorable comment on the simple, appropriate fittings of the dining room, when he caught a glimpse of some cerese, flower-like shades, the matron had hung over the electric bulbs—the only feminine touch in all the plain arrangements—then, his voice came booming out with a tone of disapproval as he said: "Who put these lambricans up here?"

An amused laugh rang out from the only lady within hearing, and as quickly stopped, as she thought of military discipline; but with reasonable presence of mind she answered in a sweet, meak voice: "Oh, one of the chairmen ordered them up—just to catch flies."

Back came the booming voice, now in a distinct tone of approval, as the vigorous captain exclaimed: "Excellent, excellent; good idea! Ladies always know what's right!" And, as he passed on, there was one lady who crossed her heart, for—well, for telling another; and then laughed until the tears came. But, she had her recompense—for there was no one to blame for the cerese "lambricans," when they were not there purely for decorations.

Another incident—perhaps significant—occurred when the crowd was about to disperse. A new, glossy Ford auto, with a man at the wheel, whizzed up. Very suddenly it came to a halt, as if struck with surprise. Then, as if the surprise was extremely unpleasant, it gave a few groans, a few shudders and keeled over in the dust of the road, and refused to budge an inch for anyone. When it became evident that no one was hurt, a laugh went round at the violent protest registered against the soldierette and Navy League, by the peaceful jitney in honor of its peaceful maker.

The Board of Governors under whose care the soldierettes are trained, are the following ladies: Mrs. Ida H. Umbesen, honorary chairman; Mrs. A. W. Scott, chairman; Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, vice chairman; Mrs. Philip Andrews, vice chairman; Dr. Mariana Bertola; Mrs. George Rothganger, and Mrs. Wm. Hinckley Taylor.

The National Woman Suffrage

The Association's Work in Chicago

By Special Correspondent

FOR three days and part of three nights two well known women, suffrage leaders, camped outside the door of the room where the Resolution Committee of the Republican Convention were fighting as to whether the planks for suffrage should be included in the platform, or not. Men came and went. Sutherland of Utah, Borah of Idaho and Madden of Illinois were for the women. Senator Lodge was bitterly opposed. On Thursday morning a powerful group of men told Lodge he would have to give in. "I will never read that plank" declared Lodge. The platform had been entirely decided upon and only the suffrage planks was keeping the committee at work. The hours went on and still Senator Lodge held out. But it was brought to his attention that at the next Presidential election women will vote in twelve great states and that their influence on the next vote will be far too great to ignore. Finally Senator Lodge gave in and probably one of the hardest things he ever had to do was to find himself reading the woman suffrage plank before that great convention.

While Mr. Hughes has not yet given written endorsement of his attitude on the subject it is well known that he is in favor of equal suffrage. Now that he has accepted the Republican nomination he will of course state plainly his attitude on this question as well as on others.

The convention of the Suffrage Association

took place in a leading Chicago theater, the rent for which was paid by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. The floor and balconies were filled day after day by keen eyed, intelligent practical women; young, middle aged and old. Women of a mental calibre which would compare very favorably indeed with that of the mental calibre at any men's convention. The bait of political reward was lacking, and the women attending these conventions do so from a high sense of justice, love of fair play and a determination to see that women shall have their rightful place in the suffrage of their own country. Already they know their cause to be won and whether Mr. Lodge and men like Mr. Lodge approve, or not, Suffrage for women is now a fact.

Mrs. Knight, president of the California State Federation of Women's Clubs, was one of the women who made a very able address before the convention. Other well known women who addressed the convention were: Mrs. Garritsan, president of the Colorado Federation; Mrs. Solon Shedd, president of the Washington Federation; Mrs. E. L. Huston, president of the Montana Federation and many other state federation presidents. Governor Arthur Cappee of Kansas, and Dr. Anna Shaw, honorary president of the National Suffrage organization also addressed the convention.

The National Council of Women Voters will hold their convention in Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 26, 27, 28 and 29. The National Council of Women Voters is non-partisan and non-sectarian and is working toward three results; first, to educate women voters in the exercise of their citizenship; second, to secure legislation in equal suffrage states in the interest of men, women and children and the home; third, to aid in the extension of women suffrage in the United States.

You are cordially invited to attend the convention and to bring your friends.

Mrs. Emma Smith Devoc,

President National Council of Women Voters.

Mrs. Harrison G. Foster,

Secretary.

Vice-Presidents:

Hon. Mary Bellamy, Wyoming; Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, Colorado; Hon. Lily C. Wolstenholme, Utah; Miss Margaret S. Roberts, Idaho; Mrs. Virginia Wilson Mason, Washington; Miss Virginia V. Deal, California; Dr. Viola M. Coe, Oregon; Hon. Frances W. Munds, Arizona; Mrs. Bertha Felt Thompson, Kansas; Mrs. Martha B. Keller, Alaska; Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, Illinois; Miss Anne H. Martin, Nevada; Mrs. Dorothy B. Johnson, Montana.

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England insists on being the champion of the "Little Peoples." Ireland is about to be declared free. (Dublin papers please copy.)

Beautiful Pageant Setting for Ina Coolbrith's "California"

ON Commencement Day at the Dominican College in Magnolia Valley, Ina Coolbrith's beautiful poem "California" was given as a pageant by the girls of the college. It was a gorgeous day in San Rafael's most beautiful garden spot, and the setting was perfect. The poem was divided into five movements and took place on the garden terrace of the college. The opening was the poet's vision, the poet coming upon the scene down the steps of the summer house, followed by the daughters of Hellas, when California appears. California speaks her beautiful question—

"Am I less fair

Because that my hands bear

Neither a sword, nor any flaming brand

To blacken and make desolate my land?"

The whole drama-pageant was exceedingly well carried out. What more beautiful appreciation can ever be paid Miss Coolbrith's poetry than this setting of her "California" by young college girls? As for the girls themselves, they have a beautiful memory which will last as long as life lasts—a memory of California beauty, California poetry and the California Poet Laureate.

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Members of the Pacific Coast Press Association and other friends of Mrs. Louis Simons recently attended a tea at her home, given in honor of Miss Ina Coolbrith. Each guest came prepared with a quotation from one of Miss Coolbrith's poems, and longer selections from her works were given by Miss Caroline Caro. One of the most delightful features of the afternoon was the rendering of a number of songs by Mr. Garwood Simons, the talented son of the hostess. In addition to having a most promising voice, Mr. Simons Jr., proved himself to be a clever linguist by singing songs in five languages.

Miss Eva Deutch, Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss Betty Payne and Mrs. Feckenscher contributed selections to the musical program. Miss Payne, a clever coloratura soprano, sang songs composed by Mr. Feckenscher, who presided at the piano.

Mrs. Simons' guests were glad of the opportunity to meet Miss Coolbrith and to express their appreciation of her.

The Young Pines
(Mamie Lowe Miller)

Glad summer pines—against the dye
And glowing draperies of the sky,
You stretch your arms to wind and sun,
Strong with the strength your roots have won
With knotted hands from mountain soil.
You turn to beauty all their toil,
Their night to fragrant day.

O merry pines—with needles keen
You stitch your silver threads of sheen
Into the gauze of summer's gold
That tops the ridges, fold on fold,
While dusky-fingered shadows vie
With silent shuttles, swift to ply
The tangled threads of dream.

Long would I rest beneath your spell,
With witchery of winds to tell
The sylvan secret of your hearts
In sigh or whisper that departs
And leaves me but the scented shade
Wherein old mysteries pervade
The silence—unrevealed.

The Law of Averages

A War Story of Intrigue in India

By Francis Rives Heath

ONE gloomy day in January, when the great war was at its worst and laughter was scarce, owing to the sad news from the front, travelers on the Grand Trunk Road from Delhi to Agra were confronted by an unusual and amusing spectacle.

Being for the most part Hindus, they fastened it in their minds as another idiosyncrasy of the incomprehensible Sahib. For, Henry Pollock, his fat legs working like pistons, and his crimson face bathed in perspiration, was energetically propelling a bicycle down the middle of the highway. If the truth be told, Henry did indeed cut a strange figure; his accoutrements were many and burdensome. Over his right shoulder was slung a camera, over his left a pair of field glasses and a large canteen, while upon his head was perched an enormous pith toppee such as is only worn by surveyors and engineers in the hottest parts of the jungle. Far across the barren plain, dotted here and there with the domed sepulchers of bygone Mughals and Princes, rose grim walls of masonry and buttressed battlements, the defenses of an ancient city. On these distant towers our friend's gaze was eagerly fastened. Mr. Pollock was engaged in the business of sightseeing.

He was born an American, but long absence from his native land had all but robbed that term of any meaning save a name. It would be more exact to designate him as a Cosmopolitan. At the tender age of twenty he had left home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., not as most American boys, to seek his fortune—his late lamented father having well attended to that detail—but in search of adventure. Now,

after a five year's quest, extending into four continents, the only claim he could lay to dare devil deeds and hair breath escapes was when he was held up and mulcted of 24 lira by an undersized Neapolitan cab driver. This paucity of excitement may have been due to the fact that he faithfully followed the routes suggested by a transportation company, for the benefit of timid old ladies and rheumatic gentlemen; but that remains to be seen. Adventure rarely enters by the front door. It usually sneaks in through the coal cellar and cracks you between the shoulders when it is least expected.

At the present moment, Mr. Pollock's thoughts were far removed from deeds of valor. They dwelt lingeringly on love. The gentler passion had several times brushed his sentimental heart with the tips of its wings, but never before had it entered to roost. Now it had come!

In a mood of preoccupation, Henry gave his attention to the mind-pictures that sprang before his eyes, his legs mechanically propelling the bicycle forward the while. He visioned the wide boat deck of a luxuriant steamer, steadily slipping across the smooth depths of the Indian Ocean. Against the rail, appareled in creamy white, leaned a girl, a sweetmouthed girl of demure appearance, with soft brown ringlets blowing gently about her face, whose eyes gazed dreamily across the waste of water toward the distant shores of India. At her side he saw himself standing, not concerned, however, with the gleaming expanse of ocean, or the sudden, startled flight of flying fish; but

completely engrossed in fascinated contemplation of her. Neither spoke, but beneath the steamer rug—thrown carelessly across the rail—their fingers met in lingering clasp.

In unbroken sequence subsequent events marched past; the confusion of the debarkation at Bombay; their sightseeing trips together about the city, and their departure on the same train for Delhi.

The occurrences of one evening—during their stay at Bombay—stood especially clear in his memory. It was just at dusk, and the girl and he were seated on soft cushions in the stern of a motor boat, which was gliding slowly across the mirror-like surface of the water, toward the twinkling lights of Bombay. They were returning from a visit to the rock-hewn temples on the island of Elephanta, whence they had gone sightseeing. The drowsy, tropic night, slipped slowly down upon them. Not a ripple roughed the darkening bay, over which seemed to be stretched a translucent sheet of mother of pearl. On the nearer islands the silhouettes of palms stood out against the skyline, while low down in the heavens, ahead, hung the glowing evening star, casting a thin pathway of golden light on the water before them. Henry never could understand that the deep, surging love of his, gave a marvelous eloquence to his usually slow tongue, until it all happened, and Cupid finished the miracle for him. Then, suddenly, a yielding little body was clasped in his arms; warm, moist lips sought his in a clinging kiss and he heard himself repeating the age-old question. "I love you! Will you be my wife?" in breathless tones. His heart skipped two beats and then soared to heights of happiness hitherto undreamed of, as she whispered "Yes."

Henry was for an immediate marriage, but the girl said, "No." They must wait until they saw her uncle and sole relative, Count Armand St. Jean, who was to meet her in Delhi within the week. With his consent they might be married then, perhaps, but she thought even this unlikely as she and her uncle had planned an important trip to Cashmere, which it was impossible to postpone. So Henry must be content with the promise, which she considered quite sufficient for the time being. Thereupon, Henry ceased to think of the future and turned all his attention to the delights of the present, which lasted until they were well within hailing distance of the boat-landing of the Taj Mahal Hotel.

Three days later they were set down, bag and baggage at the railway station at Delhi and were thence conveyed to Cecil's Hotel. There the girl found to her disappointment that Count St. Jean had not yet arrived but was expected as he had wired ahead for a room.

The following morning, Mr. Pollock, with



A RUINED SACRED TANK NEAR TUGHAKABAD, THE FORMER ABODE OF A VERY HOLY YOGI

his fiancé on his arm, proudly marched through the Cashmere gate of historical fame and entered the walled city of Delhi. There he purchased for his lady a magnificent pigeon blood ruby ring, from the mines of Burma, and a jeweled armlet, reputed to have belonged to the favorite wife of Akbar. These she accepted with little feminine cries of delight, which caused Henry's heart to swell with joy and gratification.

What pleased him more, however, was that his betrothed had also confessed to a weakness for adventure. But the prospect of a bicycle ride through the "wilds of India," as Henry expressed it, strangely held no charms for her. Consequently, we see Henry trundling down the road alone.

Mile after mile swept beneath the wheels, the rider, completely immersed in thought, totally unconscious of his surroundings. A sudden hubbub of shouts brought his attention back with a snap and it was only by an almost superhuman effort that he avoided a collision with a plodding string of camels approaching from the opposite direction. Pulling his bicycle to the side of the road, he sat on the bank and mopped his heated face on a brilliant handkerchief of orange silk, as the line of strange beasts shuffled past.

He had come farther than he had realized. But a few score yards ahead towered huge walls of weathered stone. Massive as they appeared, signs of decay were everywhere in evidence. Great blocks, many tons in weight, lay scattered at their feet. Here and there wide, jagged cracks occurred, running from base to parapet, while in one place an enormous section leaned outward, seemingly tottering for a fall. Over all brooded a great silence, and except for the long line of camels creeping away into the distance not a living thing was to be seen. As he gazed, Henry felt a strange, shivering sensation at work upon his spine. Hastily reaching into his pocket he produced a small red volume entitled "Guide to India." Eagerly turning to a certain page he read.

"*Tughlakabad*, the ancient fortified city of Tughlak Shah, now abandoned for several centuries. The half ruined walls rise 90 feet above the now dry moat and complete a circumference of four miles. Within are the extensive ruins of a palace and the remains of several mosques. The whole is dominated by the deserted citadel, rising in the midst of the desolation."

Mr. Pollock raised his eyes and gazed again at the ruined city. A tiny postern gate, half concealed by the rampant undergrowth, caught his eyes. Secretly his wheel in the roadside bushes, he scrambled across the moat and gaining the orifice, disappeared within the walls.

From without, the solid ramparts of the city gave an air of fair preservation against the ravages of time. Once inside the gates and wide-spread disintegration was everywhere ap-



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR, THE GREAT MOGUL

parent. Of former magnificence palaces and stately mosques scarce one stone was left standing upon another. Only in one or two places did portions of white marble walls rise over the devastation as if in humble reminder of the glories long since gone. The citadel was a shapeless mass of stone with a few parapets and cornices projecting. Of the houses of the meaner inhabitants not a trace remained. It was as if some violent earthquake had taken place within the walls of the unfortunate metropolis.

Henry Pollock looked upon this sight with a feeling of bewilderment. The shattered half-dome of a mosque caught his attention and he slowly made his way toward it, laboriously climbing over the heaps of rubbish and broken pieces of stone that filled his path.

He had gone but a short distance when he suddenly stopped in his tracks. At his feet lay a beautiful pierced marble screen, broken into a thousand fragments. Between the crevices he caught a glimpse of a narrow stone stairway descending into the ground.

In preparation for his trip to India, Henry had read with eagerness the works of Mr. Kipling. The story of Mogli at the Cold Lairs had especially fascinated him. As he recalled the incidents of the tale he was gripped with a tremendous excitement. Why should not a similar adventure befall him? With trembling hands he threw aside the remnants of the marble screen and prepared to descend the steps. Below he confidently expected to find a chamber piled high with priceless gems and ingots of gold.

The steps, filled with the dust and rubbish of centuries, fell away into blackness at his feet. A musty odor, such as is encountered in long deserted sepulchers, assailed his nostrils and subconsciously created about him an air of unfathomable mystery. An irresistible eagerness drove him forward, unmindful of the

terrifying tales of lurking cobras and dust adders which he had been told frequented just such places as this. He had reached one of those points in existence when the flame of life leaps to its zenith and welds body and mind into one exalted, vibrant consciousness of unlimited power.

With scarcely a knowledge of effort he made his way down the stairway until, at a depth of a hundred feet or more, his feet struck a smooth stone paving, which indicated the limit of the descent. Groping with fingers, which in the absence of light, seemed as sensitive as those of a blind man, he ascertained that he was in a narrow passageway sloping still further beneath the city. The walls were beaded with moisture, with here and there a phosphorescent glimmer showing ghostly through the darkness. As he advanced, all sense of previous existence fell from him as some forgotten dream and it seemed as if he moved forward without volition through blank regions, far remote from the world with all its petty struggles and serious endeavors. Even the object of his quest faded from his mind.

In such a mood, quite beyond himself, Henry groped his way down the passage. Far in the distance a thin ray of gray light smote the blackened walls and brought the present to his remembrance. With all caution he now advanced, his ears alert for any sound that might interrupt the profound stillness.

Without warning the passageway suddenly debouched into a vaulted chamber, lit dimly through a slitted aperture high up in the arched ceiling. A bar of wan sunlight struggled through one of these and revealed a heap of heavy chests massed against the farthest wall.

The intruder stood still while his eyes adjusted themselves to the light. Gradually ob-

(Continued on page twenty-two)

Work of the Travelers' Aid

Constant Protection to the Strangers

By Elsie McCormick

IF you've ever stood in the midst of the crowd at the ferry building, if you've watched the landing of a steamer, if you've mingled with the eddy of people at Third and Townsend Street depot, you have surely noticed a quiet, efficient-looking woman who surveys the throng with ever-watchful eyes. No one escapes her. A foreigner with a disreputable-looking bundle stops and looks around anxiously. The woman with the badge asks him a question, and in a voluble rush of Italian and English, he tells her that his Cousin Tony failed to meet him. The worker asks him to wait; she then speaks to a shy-looking little girl who is scanning the row of hotel-runners uncertainly. A few minutes later, after adding a mother and two babies to her party, she takes them all to the headquarters in the ferry building.

Here a tactful questioner learns that Guiseppe had heard that there was much work in San Francisco. He knew that his Cousin Tony had lived here, so he wrote a letter saying that he was coming. What street did Tony live on? That he did not know. He just wrote "San Francisco." Was not that enough? San Francisco was too big? Ah, then maybe Cousin Tony did not get the letter.

The officer behind the desk asks Tony's last name, and consults that friend in need, the city directory. There is no such name in the book. Tony either had left the city, or else he belonged to that floating, migratory part of the population who play hide-and-go-seek with the census-taker. Guiseppe looks worried. He is astray in a strange city, with not enough money to keep him for a week. He picks up his bundle and starts mournfully for the door.

But his friend with the badge does not desert him as readily as that. A few minutes later she is escorting him to the office of the Italian Consul, and before the end of the afternoon, Guiseppe is established in a respectable lodging-house, rejoicing in the prospect of a job the next day. It all seems very simple, but suppose there had been no one to look for him. Suppose that, turned adrift in a strange city, he knew of no place to turn for work or help. The police are too busy to show much sympathy for lost Italians. Probably Guiseppe's only piece of advice from that quarter would have been an invitation to move on. He would have moved on, probably on into the society of the water-front and the barbary coast. Eventually he might have landed in the county jail, and the city, through its carelessness, would have bartered away a potential good citizen for a bad one. The

Travellers' Aid, from its place on the social watch-tower, sees such danger and meets it in the right way.

Meanwhile, the shy little girl is talking to one of the officers. Yes, she wanted to find a good hotel. Had she come to the city to find work? Well, not exactly. The little girl twists and untwists her handkerchief. Then, in a burst of tears, the story comes out. No one had appreciated her at home, it seemed.



The Stranger at the Door of the Travelers' Aid

Mother scolded, her older sister treated her like a child, and big brother laughed at her ideas. So she was going away, just to show them that she could get on by herself after all. In exactly ten minutes by the office clock, the worker had convinced her that she really wanted to go home, had sent a telegram to her distracted family and had arranged for her to leave on the next train.

Again it was all very simple. But just suppose no one had met her, suppose this foolish, inexperienced little fifteen-year-old girl had been turned adrift in the city? Suppose she had met with an unscrupulous hotel-runner and had been lured to a notorious neighborhood? If it had not been for the watchful eyes of the Travellers' Aid worker, the little girl's life might have turned into a horrible tragedy.

The mother and the two babies present a different problem. Jack had come to San Francisco to work, and he had not written for a month. The wife has no idea of what has

become of him. Neither has she any definite notion as to the whereabouts of her next meal. Since she is a Catholic, the organization puts her in touch with a Catholic Relief Society which looks after her present needs. Then the Travellers' Aid does a little detective work and discovers the missing husband in a ward of the city hospital. He was seriously ill—so ill that he might have died there alone, without his wife's ever learning what had become of him.

Thus the Travellers' Aid mends broken hearts, reunites families, puts foreigners in touch with the better class of their people, and saves girls from tragedies worse than death, all in the course of a morning's work. It gives these invaluable services so quietly that few outsiders realize what is being accomplished. Not a train, steamer or ferry-boat reaches the city which is not met by a representative of the Travellers' Aid. Of course, this means that workers are kept on duty both night and day, for trains and boats have an inconsiderate habit of arriving at midnight as well as at noon. They also arrive in all kinds of weather, but a little detail like a storm would not be sufficient to keep a worker away from her post.

Once, just once, since its reorganization, did the Travellers' Aid fail to meet a steamer. Two vessels arrived at the same time, and only one worker was available to meet them. Not having any extra astral bodies, she was able to be present at the landing of but one of them. A girl who came on the other was taken unknowingly to a notorious hotel and was rescued only after a great deal of difficulty. Is the Travellers' Aid necessary?

Formerly the work was conducted under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. In 1914, it reorganized and was placed under the control of a non-sectarian board of directors. It is now a State society, with branches in other cities. It looks forward to the time when every town of any size will pay the expenses of a worker under the direction of the State organization. Surely an investment of that sort would pay a city priceless dividends.

The workers in this great social clearing-house are divided into the field and housing departments. Those in the former class do the actual work of meeting trains and boats; those in the latter remain in the office and direct the applicants to suitable hotels. An ingenious rack has reduced room-finding to a science. At first glance one sees nothing but a series of pigeon-holes, each one containing a number of cards. A worker explains that the sec-

(Continued on page twenty-one)

Help Ireland Now

His Grace Archbishop Hanna Appeals to You

Who will help Ireland—the country which has never failed to give aid to others? Who is willing to relieve the misery in that land of bright smiles and brave hearts? Ireland needs help—needs it as badly as the other courageous little peoples who sacrificed their material welfare for a wraith of freedom and honor.

Archbishop Hanna has been telling the people of San Francisco about Ireland's great need. Reach for your fountain pen and check book; you will need them after reading his words. He says:

"The rigid censorship that exists in Ireland permits us to learn only little by little the fearful condition of affairs which the Bishop of Limerick, the Most Reverend E. T. O'Dwyer, has described in a public letter 'as one

of the worst and blackest chapters in the history of the misgovernment of the country.'

"Not a single county or district in the island has escaped. In the capital hundreds have been killed and wounded and thousands deported to England or cast into jail in Ireland.

"In the provinces the prisons are filled to overflowing with men, women, and even children, and over 4,000 are interned in English concentration camps.

"The men killed and imprisoned left behind them families without a bread winner. For these families the military authorities have made no provision.

"The men deported are of all classes, but the vast majority of them were the sole support of their families, who now face, with helpless hands, the impending work of the har-

vest and, for lack of labor, its almost certain loss."

Ireland at her best was never rich. Ireland ravaged is too poor to maintain her people, humble as their material standard of life has always been. Those who wish their share in this work should send their contributions to Mr. R. M. Tobin, treasurer of the Irish Relief Committee. The committee's headquarters are located in the Grant building, Seventh and Market streets.

The Belgians asked, and they received. Now another people is sending a poignant appeal to you.

Their fight was the bravest and most patriotic fight ever made—because it was the most hopeless.

Everywoman pleads that you help them now.

The World Union of Women

(Continued from page eleven)

of united effort, we may be enabled to meet nobly the needs of to-day, and that later when the happy hour of Peace dawns, our united voice will be heard speaking with the authority, that we, as one-half—the *creative half* of humanity—have the right to claim.

We feel, in our desperation, that never shall our generation see the return of the bright day of mutual confidence and national interchange. We cry out for Peace, not understanding what it really means, hardly believing that we shall again enjoy its unclouded benefits. We lose faith and are almost persuaded that the good work of the centuries is lost forever. But we are wrong. *Nature and Providence waste nothing.* There is light behind darkness. There is Love behind the Hatred. There is Peace behind the War. But *when* Right and Good shall come forth victorious depends—upon *you and I*. If we unite our efforts, if we keep the faith, we can accomplish the proverb. We can expel Evil by Good.

A lasting world peace will be only obtained when it is unanimously demanded and upheld, after being prepared. There are many wonderful and earnest Peace movements, with splendid theoretical plans for a permanent basis of everlasting accord between nations. But the foundations have yet to be laid. Real Peace can only come, when with individual human minds and hearts we know what it means. War has been sent that we may know it, and crush it for all times.

But there is work to do before individual human right shall once more be free to pursue its natural happy course of life. We cannot reap the harvest before the seed is sown. The

time to prepare the ground is now. The moment is at hand, as is proven by the demand on every side, based upon a universal poignant need, for some concerted action.

This work is essentially woman's work. She to whom has been entrusted the sacred mission of creation, has had also thrust into her hand, the torch of human ideals. The moment is come when she must hold it high and throw the light of love into the hatred—blackened world, so that every beautiful and heart—lifting proof of human nobility, may be found and heralded afar, to give us hope, to strengthen faith and spread the mantle of compassion above the ugly wounds of war.

We women are the educators of the world. It is in our power to train the men who will love and guard the Peace we yearn for. If we had rightly understood our task and our power, this evil would never have befallen us and yet *women are the greatest victims* of war. But we did not understand and this calamity has come upon us.

All these men, husbands, fathers and sons who fall every day on the fields of battle—the icy plains of Poland, in France, in Belgian, or where the mysterious waters swallow them up—it was the woman who gave them birth in suffering, who watched tenderly over their early years, sparing themselves neither pain, fatigue, nor privations.

Was it to create life for destruction that so many efforts were made, so many tears were shed? No, a thousand times no! And yet these things are, because we did not understand our power, our responsibility. For we are responsible. *But we did not understand in time* and the beloved fathers and sons and

husbands have gone forth, to return to us mutilated or to return no more.

One may become an enrolling member in the United States by addressing the Chairman of the American Branch of the World Union of Women, Dr. Leonie Fordham, care of *Everywoman* (Magazine), or at subsequently appointed State Bureaus, which will be formed all through the United States, as the American Crusade for membership is carried on, and for which earnest solicitations are made to women attuned to our ideals and willing to assist join the organization work in different localities. The expenses of the campaign will be defrayed by the voluntary initiation fees of members. These fees are voluntary in order that all women may be admitted. There are no annual dues.

Badges may be had by all members and will be sent when ordered from *Everywoman*, or from State headquarters, with the card of membership, upon the receipt of the signed enrollment sheet.

The Emerson Studios, 239 Geary Street, San Francisco, are the headquarters of the World Union of Women, for the State of California. Weekly lectures are given there, Tuesdays and Friday afternoons. Literature given out and membership received.

✱ ✱ ✱

If only the price of Villa's head were reduced from \$1,000 to \$999.98, some valiant bargain-hunter would have him apprehended before sunset.

✱ ✱ ✱

Submarine: A key to Davy Jones' locker.

✱ ✱ ✱

Roosevelt's ardor for third terms would not meet with much enthusiasm in San Quentin.

Our Kiddies' Corner

Opinions of Some of the Juvenile Contributors

VALENTINE McGILLYCUDDY is now ten years old. Ever since she was "quite young" she has been fond of writing verses, and if we know anything about such matters (as we think we do), California will in a few years add the name of another poet to its distinguished list. This little girl has the soul of a poet. Poets you know, are born not made. But some times they are *unmade*, and we are glad to say that Val's parents are the kind who will not allow this to happen. Her environment is beautiful, she plays out-of-doors all day long



Valentine McGillycuddy

at her home in Berkeley and she studies with her mother whose rare personality has had much to do with her early development of Val's gift. Her father is a man of achievement, with a long and distinguished record behind him of splendid service among the Indians. It is not at all surprising that the child should be unusual, which she certainly is, although we do not like to use that word for a child—she is such a happy, normal, gay little girl, who loves to romp and play with other children. She dances charmingly, and "makes up" original dances.

Valentine came to see us the other day and was persuaded to leave her "Poetry Book" behind her for *Everywoman's* perusal, so we are going to give our readers some of its contents. The one "To my Mother" was found by Mrs. McGillycuddy, on her pillow, when she returned from a party late one night.

My Poetry Book
Dedication

By the Kiddies

*I'll dedicate this little book
To the one my thoughts are of,
To the one who through my whole life long
Has shown me mother love,
To her I write this book and
Of her I think the while,
Remembering the look of her lovely face,
And the sweetness of her smile.*

The Stars

*Oh, twinkling stars that shine on high,
And watch me in my sleep,
Is the moon the shepherdess,
And you the snowy sheep?*

*Is the blue sky a field of bloom
On which the sheep will graze,
Or yet a vapor that will lift,
And leave a misty haze?*

To My Mother

*Wake me up, please, Mother,
Dear,
For if you don't you'll find a
Tear
Upon my cheek.
Please see that Mike has gone
To bed.
Then come and put your precious
Head
Right here beside me, close as
Can be,
And so, I'll close this little
Note,
With kisses, love and all good
Hope.*

—Valentine.

A SEVEN YEAR OLD ESSAYIST

We know a chap across the bay, who is now a big boy. His mother has been kind enough to send us his photograph and a few of his literary triumphs at the age of seven. We are going to give this boy a "nom de plume" because he is now just old enough to resent perhaps, appearing on our Kiddies' Page. But hoping to be forgiven by young Sir Walter when he grows a little older, we give to our readers the product of his childish pen. His mother writes us as follows:

"Here are the selections from the world that was so full of happiness. The world where ruled a wee king and I was the willing subject. Its rosy light lingers on through the years and blesses each day with its sweet memories. I, of course, look upon these childish efforts with the partial eye of a mother. To the eye of a critic they may not hold the same value. Walter was given the composition subject, 'My Friend' and

naturally one would suppose a child of seven would write about some child friend. I have therefore, treasured this as an unusual thought in one so young."

Words

Apex. Wakeful. Celebrated. Flocked. Mightiest.

Sentences

My mother is very wakeful. My mother is the apex-est lady I ever saw. My dear mother is celebrated mother. My mother went to a party with a flocked of peoples. My pony is the mightiest pony in the world.

My Friend

The summer is my friend. It brings the warm long days for me to play in and bewtiful flowers that make the air sweet. It brings the bright colored birds that sing sweet songs and bild their nests in my shade trees. It brings the bees to make hony from the clover fields. It fills the stream with cold water where I may waid. It fills my orchard with fruit and grows the grane to feed my pony. I love the summer and I know it is my friend. I know it will always come again to make me happy.

"Walter Scott."



Walter Scott

DISAPPOINTED

Edgar, aged 5, was driving from the station on his first visit to Maine. His mother, noticing a troubled look on his face as he looked about, said:

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like the country?"

"Yes, mother, but on my map Maine is red."

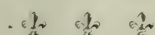
Since Last Month

Paragraphs of Interest from Everywhere

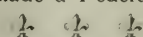
THE great naval battle in the North Seas, and the tragic loss of England's idolized war chief, Earl Kitchener, with his staff, stand out as the two great and terrible happenings of the past month. Britain does not deny or seek to belittle the fearful loss and shock sustained in the sea fight, and the whole empire is mourning Kitchener's death. Added to the gloom caused by the Irish revolution, England has certainly been going through a heart-breaking time. The Russian successes in Austrian strongholds lightens the gloom a little as *Everywoman* goes to press. During these terrible days when one tragic happening follows another we shudder in fear of what will be chronicled next.



The excitement of the political conventions is over, with the expected result, that is to say, that Mr. Roosevelt has learned another sad lesson, that the Republicans have chosen Mr. Hughes and the Democrats, Mr. Wilson, and that the Progressive Party is in its death throes. Many and various will be the questions and answers, schemes and plans between now and November, but one thing is certain, men of unquestioned integrity, staunch patriots, of characters strong beyond the influence of political machinery, are the two men who stand before the country for the highest honor in our gift. The day has come when machine politicians have realized that the country will not stand for political demagogues and party bosses. Mr. Roosevelt's worst enemy will admit that his splitting of the Republican party four years ago has at last been the cause of several salutary changes and now that the G. O. P. is "getting together" again, these changes will be causes of congratulation and real hope of the future of the Republican Party.



The papers throughout the country call attention to the fact that the only interesting question discussed at Chicago or St. Louis was the woman suffrage plank. The planks for suffrage were inserted in both platforms in almost similar form; and were a great disappointment to the women because the question is still left to each state to vote upon instead of being made a Federal question.



The editorial comment throughout the country upon the death of James J. Hill is sincere eulogy of a true Empire-builder. The New York Times says: "He might have been a great poet, a great painter or a great writer, but he was a great builder because he happened in a great building-time." In the late years of his life he became one of the real statesmen of America whose opinion on all vital national

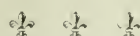
By C. B. F.

questions was eagerly sought. His own peculiar epigrammatic way of saying things made many of his sayings famous. For instance he once said "We are not suffering from the high cost of living but from the cost of high living." A few days before his death he said "The war in Europe will end when somebody is licked, and somebody will have to be licked before it will end." About himself he said "Every man who has really lived, has had, sometime in his life, the Great Adventure. The Great Northern Railroad has been mine."



Bryan has missed his one chance of being president! according to the Chicago Daily News:

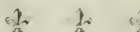
"Constructively, Secretary Lansing will be the actual and titular President of the United States on March 4, 1917, which falls on Sunday, leaving a hiatus of one day between the retiring and the incoming Presidents, and J. C. remarks that had Bill Bryan but known this fact he would have stayed on the job at any cost."



Francis Copeland in *World's Work* for June gives the following rules for farm buying:

1. Be perfectly certain that your neighbors are congenial, for farming in an uncongenial neighborhood is impossible.
2. Locate near a school and a church—you can get labor easier even if you do not use them yourself.
3. Be sure the country is healthful—and the water pure.
4. Look well into the transportation facilities; roads, railroads, and rates.
5. Find out where the markets are.
6. Then buy a good piece of farm land.

If you fulfill these six conditions, and there are plenty of such places in the United States—and you are willing to work, really work—you will find health and prosperity and abounding happiness on a farm.



The following quoted from the Literary Digest of June 10th is pertinent and timely:

"A fascinating upshot of the war will be the new relations of the now belligerent Powers of Europe with that rising nation of the Orient, Japan. The rumor is in the air that Japan may shake hands with Germany after the war. The Czar has already become the Mikado's ally, in reality if not in name, while the complaint of certain Tokyo editors with regard to England's attitude toward Japan has been loud enough to make our editorial observers think that the Anglo-Japanese alliance may

terminate with the war. The rift in the lute has been made all the greater by the anti-Japanese attitude of the Britishers in China, more or less apparent since the Russo-Japanese War, as well as by the search of Japanese merchant-vessels by British war-ships and the seizure of Hindus traveling on such vessels. This last mentioned incident occurred in Chinese waters in the middle of March and elicited from the Japanese press vigorous protests against what they regarded as an arbitrary practise indefensible in the light of international law."

We have it upon the authority of the *Chugai-shogio*, an influential trade-journal of Tokyo that the Japanese Government has really approached Downing Street with a view to securing the revision of certain clauses in the treaty of alliance. The Mikado's Government as well as the British Embassy at Tokyo has, of course, categorically denied this report. It is, however, interesting to learn from the Tokyo *Nichi-nichi* what advantages Japan wants to obtain in the event of the revision of the treaty. Stated briefly, this journal wants the following three provisions embodied in the revised treaty of alliance:

1. Equal treatment for Japanese immigrants in the British colonies.
2. Recognition by England of Japan's predominating position in China.
3. Japan's freedom from any military participation in crushing possible revolts in India.

The *Yorodzu* echoes the sentiment of the *Nichi-nichi* when it says that the treaty of alliance must be remodeled so as to guarantee the fair treatment of the Japanese in British colonies. This Tokyo journal, however, does not think that Japan should, at this particular moment when England's hands are full, press such a demand or any proposal looking toward the revision of the treaty of alliance. This conciliatory attitude on the part of the *Yorodzu* is remarkable in view of the violent attack which it directed against England only a short time ago.

Yuan Shi Kai, President of the Chinese Republic died on June 5th, at the age of fifty-seven. A remarkable man with a remarkable history. He was without doubt poisoned though this is officially denied.

The Mexican situation is such a muddle that it is certainly the weak spot in the Democratic Administration and the Republicans have a lot to say about it. But the difficulties of the situation cannot be coped with over night when they are the result of conditions which will take a long time to change. Also let us not forget that the entire available army of the United States has not been enough to make up what Carranza lacked.

The Sorority Movement

What It Means to the American Woman

By Catherine Franklin

THE AMERICAN woman has discovered the spirit of co-operation. She is learning that many hearts and hands can accomplish more than one alone; and she is tasting the long-forbidden fruit of comradeship with her own kind. The club to-day is the grand-daughter of the old fashioned sewing-circle. The next generation of clubs will be equally far ahead of the organizations of to-day.



Irma Wann
Gamma Phi Beta

While the clubs were marching along the high-way, another phase of the woman's movement has been evolving in quieter places. It has had its being in the high-arched halls of the college buildings, in the by-ways of the campus, around the hearth-glow of the dormitory and in the candle-lighted reminiscences of the alumnae banquet. It has bound the college women together in ties of loyalty, close friendship and mutual help. Above all, it has created a spirit of noblesse oblige; it has taught the University graduate that her training entails definite obligations and that the light is her's only when she passes it on.

Many years ago, when woman first entered the universities, the college girl was regarded in somewhat the same light as the militant suffragette of to-day. She was "strong-minded," an "extremist," and a "masculine woman." She was ridiculed by the men students, ignored by the professors, and misunderstood by her friends at home. She was barred from class-meetings and given the back seats in the lectures. But this form of gentlemanly persecution had at least one good result. The women realized that union was their strength. They organized. At that time the fraternity movement was sweeping over the country. Men were shaking hands in a mysterious way, binding themselves with solemn oaths and living together in happy comradeship.

The women came, saw and copied.

At Wesleyan College, in 1859, the sorority movement was born with the founding of Alpha Delta Phi. Other sororities soon followed. Kappa Alpha Theta, now one of the strongest women's organizations in America, appeared in 1870. Kappa Kappa Gamma followed in 1872 and the sorority movement was then fairly launched.

Of course, the organizations made many mistakes at first. Women could not change from the individual to the social view-point in a day. There was wrangling and gossip and jealousy. There was enmity toward the girl in a rival organization and snobbery toward the girl outside. There were petty intrigues to obtain desirable members and an occasional tendency to place wealth before worth. There was horse-play in initiations; and neophytes were required to make themselves publicly ridiculous.

But as time went on, the high ideals that inspired the organizations bore fruit. Women, who were popularly supposed to be acquainted only with romance, began to take elementary lessons in friendship. Loyalty to the school, to each other, to themselves was dinned continually into the ears of the novices. The organizations began to respect each other, to appreciate the interests they had in common. This great movement of the educated woman became unified by the formation of the Pan-Hellenic Council, a body with legislative powers which makes rules for all the sororities.

But the sorority did not rise to its full possibilities until Alpha Phi began the practice of building chapter-houses. The sorority house developed into a foster-home. The hurried life of a dormitory gave way to living with a selected group—a few girls who loved each other and whose aim was mutual help. All the little enmities were melted before the glow of the family hearth; unkind thoughts were laughed away around the living room table.

To-day, though the need of a sorority as a refuge in times of persecution has largely passed, it still holds a high place in the hearts of the American college girl. In the first place, it gives the University woman a home. In the University of California, where they are no dormitories, this need is especially keen. There is something dreary about a boarding-house, something that chills the heart and makes living a purely automatic process. Four years' exile in such a place is a torment to a home-loving girl, almost too high a price to pay for a little additional information.

In a sorority house, the land-lady is replaced by the house-mother. The girls are conscious of their proprietorship. Every one of them is a part-owner; every girl takes the

interest she would feel in her own home. She loves to beautify "the house;" she rejoices in playing hostess at the teas and parties. Sometimes visitors laugh at her naive pride in the view, the chinaware, the living-room and the "sisters;" but the pride is born of love and is worthy of the sorority's ideals.

Sixteen sororities have established houses about the campus at the University of California. Though they differ greatly in outer appearance, they all have the large family living-room, with polished floors, and rugs that can be easily rolled back when the fraternity across the street comes to call. All have a wide fire-place, where the sisterhood can gather on cold evenings to pop corn and exchange confidences. Usually the house has a sleeping porch, where the sisters drag their beds on the warm spring evenings. Sometimes, when you pass at night, you can hear them singing the college songs just before they say good-night.

Never send a sorority girl an invitation for Monday evening. That night is reserved for "house-meeting," a time when the sisters gather in solemn conclave and decide whether to wear roses or orchids at their next tea. Then, too, the names of possible new members are submitted. Sometimes with candle-light, Greek robes and much solemnity, they initiate the neophytes into the mysteries of the organization.



Marion Hook
Kappa Kappa Gamma

The "rushing season" opens at the beginning of each semester. It is a trying time for both the organizations and the freshmen. The freshman knows that she is being inspected, and the knowledge adds to her self-consciousness. She sits through a formal dinner and prays that she will not drop her fork. Formerly, rushing meant a series of stiff affairs which left the poor freshman absolutely tongue-tied and overwhelmed. Now, however, the tendency

is toward simplicity. Fudge parties are replacing formal teas; and pillow-case romps are taking the place of receptions. Recently, the Pan-Hellenic Council of the University of California made a rule to the effect that no organization was to spend more than twenty-five cents on the entertainment of a freshman. This has led to an anxious puckering of brows on the part of the house-managers, but it has proved an effective check on extravagance.

Then, after a week or so of rushing, "bid day" arrives. The timid freshman hurries home with her heart in a flutter; the popular one calmly counts up the number of invitations she expects. The girl who finds a small white envelop on the mail-table knows that her happiness in college is an established fact. The "bid" is couched in formal terms; and an enclosed card states that the sorority is not allowed to communicate with her for forty-eight hours, in order to give her time for thought. After a tense time of waiting, she accepts the favored invitation, is pledged, and is later initiated into the full privileges of membership.

After this period of uncertainty and strain, college life drops back into its accustomed grooves. The days become a series of classes and studyings, or walks over the hills to see

the sunset, or strolls across the campus, of dances and teas and parties, of evening journeys to the great white library, of chafing dish suppers when the girls return. Sometimes the sorority's favorite fraternity comes over to dinner, for the Greek letter societies pair off in a true brotherly and sisterly fashion. The girls attend picnics in the canyons and basket suppers in the gymnasium. There are glad days and blue days; sunny ones and dark ones; but through it all runs the golden thread of sisterhood and the consciousness of a love that is mutual.

The sorority does not lose its hold even after graduation. Each organization has alumnae chapters which keep up the old friendships, acts as advisors to the active members, and above all, engage in some useful work of social service. Kappa Alpha Theta has aligned itself with the Women's Peace Party. Alpha Chi Omega has established a free employment bureau in a large Eastern city. Many alumnae chapters of Delta Delta Delta have organized girls' clubs in country districts. All the sororities are taking a keen interest in the fatherless babies of the warring nations. These ideals of social work have spread to the active chapters; and there is not one which does not give time and money to some worthy cause.

The tremendous scope of the sorority's influence is indicated by the fact that the alumnae and active chapters contain 60,000 members and the number is constantly growing.

Thus has the college woman learned the great lesson of comradeship. Not content with being sufficient unto herself, she is trying to let the world share her advantages. Above all, she stands as a lesson to all womankind of the value of unswerving loyalty and the happiness of mutual service.



Genevieve Taggard

Chi Omega

Work of the Traveller's Aid

(Continued from page sixteen)

tions running up and down stand for zones in the city, so that one can tell the location of a hotel at a glance. And the smaller divisions running from left to right? The worker adds that they represent degrees of respectability. If a very unsophisticated young girl is seeking a room, she is sent to a hotel which has a pigeon-hole on the extreme left. Older and more capable-looking applicants are given reservations from the center of the rack, while only men or married couples receive cards from the pigeon-holes on the right. Of course, all the hotels have been investigated and have been approved as decent, but the quick eye of the Travellers' Aid worker is able to detect degrees of decency.

Here lies the great difference between asking help of a policeman and applying to the Travellers' Aid. A policeman is apt to consider any hotel fit for a young girl, as long as it is not absolutely notorious. He may, with the best intentions in the world, direct her to a place where there would be no parlor for her to receive visitors and where she would be annoyed by loungers around the clerk's desk. In finding lodgings for its applicants, the Travellers' Aid considers factors of which the policeman does not even dream.

Mr. Alison T. French, formerly head of the housing department, is now executive secretary of the San Francisco branch. He directs the

nineteen workers, helping them to reach the highest ideals of service and efficiency. Only one of the employees gives her time exclusively to clerical work, for the organization aims to devote its funds to field work rather than to overhead expense. The "follow-upper" has an interesting round of duties. Her assignment consists in visiting girls who have been placed by the organization and who seem to have special need of supervision and care. She takes a friendly interest in their colds and headaches; in their beaux and good times. No girl need choke down her loneliness in a dreary hall bedroom, if the Travellers' Aid can prevent it. Though the organization does not always have the time to find friends itself, it at least puts the girl in touch with other societies that can.

The society has no endowment, no State appropriation. It is kept up only by private contributions, given in the guise of memberships. These range in amount from \$1,000 for a life membership to \$1.00 for a contributing membership. The organization prefers a number of smaller contributions to a single large donation, for behind each amount given is an interested, appreciative person, who understands the greatness of the work. Hence the emphasis is put on members rather than money, for every new member is a new moral force to turn to for encouragement and strength.

The great test of the Travellers' Aid came during the Exposition. Hundreds of girls have dropped from sight at every world's fair ever held in the country. Would San Francisco keep up the same sordid record? Officials turned inquiring eyes toward the Travellers' Aid. Its record is a triumph. 135,939 visitors were helped by the society. Not one girl who came to the city during that period disappeared. The work of the Travellers' Aid was certainly one of the most wonderful features of the world's most wonderful exposition.

Just once did this record threaten to be spoiled. A clerk in a Michigan department store happened to tell a customer that her chum had come to the Exposition and had not been heard of since. The customer obtained a snap-shot of the girl and wrote an account of her case to a friend in Berkeley who in turn presented the matter to the San Francisco Travellers' Aid. A worker recognized the girl from her photograph, found her name on the society's records, and located her within thirty minutes. It happened that she was safe; her silence had been due only to girlish pique.

The Law of Averages

(Continued from page fifteen)

jects became apparent; the chamber resolved itself from obscurity and stood forth clearly to his vision. On all sides chests, boxes and tall cylinders were ranged along the walls. Another dark passage such as the one by which he had entered was visible upon the opposite side of the vault. Mr. Pollock advanced tremulously, the fabled treasures of India seemingly within his grasp.

The nearest box, its cover loosened and half detached, invited his attention. He peered within. Long cylinders of yellow metal, capped with a peculiar dark substance, met his gaze. He pulled one forth. In stupification he stared at it with unbelieving eyes. It was a three-inch shell! Quite stunned, Henry held it in his hands, his mind vainly groping for an explanation. A modern projectile in the heart of a ruined city in India! His imagination was utterly unable to cope with the situation. He turned to the other boxes. Rifles—thousands of them—cases of ammunition, bayonets, all the paraphernalia of offensive warfare! Distant footfalls sounded from the opposite passageway. Startled, Henry fled whence he had come.

II.

That evening, Captain Chepstowe, of the 5th Panjab Lancers was enjoying a solitary meal in the crowded dining-room of Cecil's Hotel. From his little table tucked away in a secluded corner, he could look forth upon those gathered there for the business of eating. Army uniforms were distinctly predominant, although here and there could be distinguished the more somber garb of a civilian or stray tourist, conspicuous from their sparsity of numbers. The great war had all but stemmed the tide of Oriental travel. At the table next his, and so near that he could have reached out and touched them, sat a stout young man and a decidedly pretty girl. They were engaged in earnest conversation, which from all appearances was of a sentimental nature. Behind the slender protection of the overhanging tablecloth their hands were tightly clasped. Greatly-amused, Captain Chepstowe allowed his glance to rest upon them for an instant and then turned his attention to the excellent meal before him.

The well-cooked food, the little round tables, each with its individual crimson shaded candlestick, the fine napery and gleaming silver, the presence of a number of his fellow country women, reminded him so much of a certain Piccadilly restaurant that he almost forgot that they were but a little group of Europeans surrounded by a great sea of over two hundred million people of another race; a people thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of the superiority of their rulers, the English, it is true, but with a constant undercurrent of unrest swaying them withal.

Caught by this remembrance of home, Cap-

tain Chepstowe, totally unmindful of his dinner, leaned back in his chair and indulged in an extended fit of day dreaming. A voice, raised slightly above the subdued murmur of the room and pitched in tones of evident excitement, aroused him from his pleasant reveries. Turning, he discovered it was the stout young man who was speaking, but not now in terms of love. Instead, with face flushed and eyes flashing, he was eagerly recounting the details of some recent experience. The young lady sat listening without emotion, toying idly with her fork. The officer smiled softly to himself. How these tourists seized upon the most trifling episodes for the framework on which to build their adventurous tales.

But suddenly he sat bolt upright in his chair. The stout young man, his shrill voice cracking with excitement, had evidently reached the climax of his story. The girl, no longer indifferent, had stiffened and sat with mouth half open in the attitude of one who has been hypnotized. The words of her companion came tumbling forth one upon the other, but each seemed to strike her separately with a distinct shock. With a triumphant flourish he concluded:

"And the whole vault was filled with arms and ammunition, enough to equip quite a considerable little army. I can't understand what it's all doing down there—"

The girl, as if just released by some invisible force, shot into a speech.

"Mon Dieu, keep quiet!" she spat out at him in a strained, hoarse whisper, "If you only knew—." She stopped short as Captain Chepstowe arose from his seat and stood looking down at them.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "But would you mind accompanying me into the library for a moment?" and he regarded Henry with a cool, commanding stare. Henry glanced at the girl; she sat like an image of stone. He hesitated for an instant and then, excusing himself, he got upon his feet and the two men went silently from the room.

At once, on entering the library, Captain Chepstowe turned to Henry, saying:

"Fortunately, I chanced to overhear the latter part of your conversation in the dining room and I'm convinced that you have stumbled across something that is of vital importance. Would you mind repeating the whole of your experience to me?"

Impressed with the serious mien of his questioner, and if the truth be told, half scared out of his wits, Mr. Pollock mechanically recounted his strange story. At its conclusion the captain uttered a low whistle of amazement. Then he sharply rang the bell at his elbow and to the soft-footed Panjabi who answered the call ordered that Major Ritten be requested to come at once.

For the next few hours Henry seemed to be living in some chimerical dream. On Major

Ritten's prompt appearance, the two officers held a short but decisive conference. It appeared but a few minutes later that the tramping of many horses sounded from without and Mr. Pollock, still in evening dress, was escorted with all courtesy to the door and assisted astride a huge black animal, one of the hundred more that constituted the motive power of the First Battalion, Fifth Panjab Lancers.

Thus began a ride that will for all time live vividly in Mr. Pollock's memory. He was not at all accustomed to horseback riding. In fact, for the last ten years the only exercise he had enjoyed in the saddle was partaken atop various tour-subdued donkeys in Cairo and its environs. This black steed under him was an entirely different proposition. Every pile-driving step the great beast made shook him viciously throughout his whole body. Though not from fright, his teeth chattered in the syncopated rhythm of castanets. But now the outskirts of Delhi were well past and the troop abandoned the rattling trot for a long swinging gallop. Henry could only close his eyes and tightly grasp the long mane of his mount with both hands.

With a low, thrumming of many hoofs, they swung across the land; a black shadow against the dim gray ribbon of the road, past the stately tomb of Jafdar Sang, where the dull-red segment of the half-spent moon peeped through the marble lattices; past the tumbled ruin of the Kuwat-ul-Islam mosque, where the soaring tower of Kutab Minar thrusts up against the sky; through sleeping Hindu villages, their rushing progress drawing forth many a frightened shriek and squawk from within the mud huts, until at last the great walls of Tughlakabad loomed up in front of them.

Where before there had been pell-mell haste, the greatest caution was now exhibited. The horses, huddled in a dark mass beneath an isolated clump of trees, were left in the care of a few down-cast troopers, reluctant to be left behind. Spurs were discarded, belts tightened, everything that tended to make the slightest noise eliminated. In absolute silence the party made their way towards the ancient city.

Henry now found himself in the role of greatest importance. He was the guide, the leader, if only temporarily so, of this grim little band of England's fighters, who were creeping so stealthily behind. As they approached the little postern gate, it seemed that with every step his stature swelled more and more from inward self-satisfaction, until it appeared to him his body, substantial as it was, was no longer sufficient to contain his soaring spirits. Unconsciously his short, chubby legs lengthened themselves into a vague imitation of a smart military stride and childishly he imagined himself a new Napoleon, marching at the head of his Grand Army. He was only

(Continued in August Issue)

Art in San Francisco

What It Means to the Great City of the West

By Blanche Marie d'Harcourt

THERE is much to interest the art lover at the present time in San Francisco by way of exhibitions. The most important, from a local standpoint, is the Summer Exhibition of the works of California artists at the Palace of Fine Arts. This is the largest and most comprehensive collection of California Art ever exhibited, and the people of San Francisco should eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming thoroughly familiar with the work of California artists. A study of this exhibition reveals much new work of a high quality by artists who have never exhibited before, as well as the ever enjoyable work of such well known artists as Arthur F. Mathews, Maynard Dixon, Xavier Martinez, G. Piazzoni, Gertrude Partington, G. Cadenasso, Florence Lundborg, Ferdinand Burgdorf, and many others of the local colony. Art in its different phases is represented in this exhibition. Joseph Mora and Ralph Stackpole are local sculptors whose work became familiar to us during the exposition period. Among the etchers whose work has attained distinction, are Robert B. Harshe, Lee F. Randolph, Worth Ryder, Louis Mullgardt, men whose work has appeared at foreign exhibitions. Many of the artists represented in the Palace of Fine Arts were awarded medals by the International Jury of the Exposition and we should study their work carefully, for some of them undoubtedly will rank high in the future history of art.

Many have complained in the last few months that the best pictures had been removed and that the Palace of Fine Arts was no longer interesting. One cannot feast at a banquet always, but one must partake of food, however simple, each day in order to live. So it is with art. An international exhibition is a veritable feast for the art lover, but when it is over he still must find some beauty to keep his soul from starving. Some of the finest and most representative of American art has been on view at the Palace of Fine Arts continuously since January first, but the opportunity to study it at leisure has been overlooked by many zealous art students simply because they had not learned to value the smaller exhibition at its true worth. In Europe people visit their galleries week after week, year after year, and always they find new beauties in their old favorites, and they find that their enjoyment of art grows with the years. They welcome new artists whose work shows promise, and are ever eager in their quest for beauty and their appreciation of genius. Here, unfortunately many people have to be sure that an exhibition is going to be a social function, or that an artist's works are worth thousands of dollars before they will attend an exhibition. They have not learned to visit the local galleries weekly and

quietly to enjoy a few pictures at a time until the value of painting as an art grows upon them and they are able to see new beauties in a canvas that formerly meant nothing to them. It is thus that one learns to discriminate in art, and to acquire a taste of one's own which may be relied upon. Then one may experience the joy of discovering talent for themselves in the work of a young artist. First exhibitions are always of interest for there is always the possibility of discovering a new note in art expressed by some daring young neophyte at the shrine of beauty. Until we make art a part of our daily lives, we have not fully awakened to the color, harmony, rhythm of the world about us.

While there is much that is extreme in art today, the vast majority of artists still follow the simple rudiments of the old masters expressed in terms of modern thought. At one of the local galleries there is on exhibition at the present time a painting by Lillian Genth, an artist whose work has received the highest praise. People flock to an exhibition of Lillian Genth's work in the East and we are fortunate indeed to have this lovely canvas, painted only last year and representing the artist at her best, on exhibition for so long a period. The work of this woman artist is delightfully original and imaginative. The poetry of shimmering sunlight, of running water, of deep leafy dells, of the glory of the human form divine is what Miss Genth feels, and she expresses all this in the simplest manner. The result is a picture vibrating with life and light and joy.

At the same gallery is to be seen a Sorolla. Of this artist James Huneker has this to say: "We might say of the Spanish painter, Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, that he was one of those who came into the world with a ray of sunshine in their brains. Senor Sorolla is also one of the half dozen (are there so many?) great living painters. * * * He is a big chap, this amiable little Valencian, with a big heart and a hand that reaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism." A Sorolla is an exhibition in itself, and as this is the first time San Francisco has had the opportunity of seeing the Spaniard's work, this beautiful gallery on Sutter street should be a popular rendezvous for the art lovers of the city. This is also the first appearance of Miss Genth's work here.

Another woman distinguished in American art is Mrs. Bertha Lum, whose wood prints are on exhibition in a downtown gallery. These

exquisite Japanese prints, blending the simplicity of the art of the Orient with the clearness of vision of the American mind, are a revelation in the possibilities of the wood block. Mrs. Lum has absorbed the atmosphere of the East, but has not become a slavish imitator. She has in fact created a new note that is distinctly individual. To own an original print by Mrs. Lum is within the means of most of us now, but the time is coming when they will command a fabulous price. The lovely flowing lines, the exquisite coloring, the fairy fancy of the subjects are entrancing, and their appeal is to our highest sensibilities. Therefore they achieve the highest aim of art.

In a discussion of art in San Francisco we must include the exhibitions held in the Municipal Art Gallery in Oakland's new Auditorium. These four small galleries have contained some notable exhibitions under the direction of Mr. Robert B. Harshe, and one is well repaid for the trip across the bay each month to view the regular exhibitions held monthly. Among the local artists who have had one room exhibitions in the Municipal Art Gallery are Clark Hobart, Betty de Jong, Matteo Sandona, Douglas Crane, Florence Lundborg, Maynard Dixon and Karl Schmidt, whose works are on view at the present time. The paintings of Karl Schmidt show much promise, his sense of color is delightful and his handling of outdoor subjects truly poetical. Maynard Dixon's work is too well known to require comment here. The important feature of the present exhibition is the display of the Philadelphia Water-Color Club. The Water-Color Club of Philadelphia is well known in the East and their annual exhibition is eagerly looked forward to. After the local exhibition, the collection is then sent to the important art centers for exhibition, and this is the first time such prominent collection has been sent as a whole to the Pacific Coast. We see too little of this class of work out here, and it is to be hoped that San Franciscans have availed themselves of the opportunity of studying such an important collection as that of the Philadelphia Water-Color Club. Mr. Harshe deserves much credit for his endeavors in obtaining the best that is exhibited in the East for our local gallery, and Francisco should unite with Oakland in supporting these monthly exhibitions.

With so much art in our midst there is no reason why the art lovers of the city should not visit the local galleries as frequently as they visited the Exposition last summer. It were a pity indeed if interest in art exhibitions were to die out simply because we can not maintain a huge international exhibition as a permanent feature.

Everywoman's Bookshelf

The Hate-Breeders; a Play by Ednah Aiken

IT appears to be perfectly normal for men to fight. My faith is not large enough for that to be a solace for my grief that fighting must be; my heart is heavy as before, but to think clearly that fighting is normal saves my mind from going mad. People who do not fight do not get what they want, the normal answer to a want is to get, and if one wants intensely enough and fights hard enough to get, the fact that fighting is ugly passes unnoticed, so the spirit remains unharmed and fighting strength is given for the next better. Not to want is to be dead; not to get is to be thwarted, the effect of which is to vary agreeably the normal type. Since in every fight one must lose, this works into the scheme, as the loser either fights again to supply the same unsatisfied need and so intensifies that purpose in his own history, or else he abandons that quest for a time or forever and compensates himself otherwise. So that the primal needs being satisfied to the surviving fittest in the primal combats of love and war and trade, the disqualified contestants engage their powers in the cultivation and satisfying of their secondary needs. They create, compose and invent, make multiple and powerful the skill of their hands that there may be music to delight the ear and things of form and color to see. Such is life. The moment a man begins to consider which of two acts is braver, to make a choice of conduct on that basis, he goes over from the great company of heroes and becomes one of the multitude of egoists. The thrill of valour is its spontaneity; fortitude, if too long and well deliberated, spreads four legs, grows long ears and invites a beating. That is why the German socialists went to war. It takes something of a prig to be a "conscientious objector," and the prig is seldom a socialist. Says Max Dohrman in "Hate-Breeders," "Hear me say it. I refuse to fight. I, Max Dohrman, I choose Ehrman's way. That's heroism!" And later he exclaims that he will not be a beast for any Kaiser. Later still, and but very little later, he falls in with the rest of his regiment and marches off to war. He is wounded on the field and complains to the Belgian who has shot him that he did not kill him outright. He has himself given the Belgian a fatal wound, but lets him suffer the agony of slow dying, while he, Dohrman, lies near by and delivers a diatribe against war. "War is the fiend men should make war on," he sums it up, and maintains his protest all the way through an operation in the field hospital to save his broken life, that he will not be saved to be sent back to the slaughter.

"War is the fiend men should make war on." This is the text of Miss Ednah Aiken's

By Eleanor Oliver

play called, "The Hate-Breeders," in one act of five scenes and three "pictures." It is charged with too heavy a burden, a purpose too obvious to be more than a scream, a sob. It ought really to be a shriek to be effective. A perpetual protest against war, and one that has so far proved as effective as any other, is the Wertz Museum in Brussels. It is the monument of a maniac, they say, who spent his life painting pictures of the visible horrors of crime and evil on earth, principally of war, and even of the imagined horrors of Hell's punishment of those as bring such things about. When Wertz died, his paintings, of which he had never sold any or tried to, were collected and made a perpetual exhibit of protest. He may have been mad, as they say, and quite fittingly so. One recalls what Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed; that it was a tribute to man's sanity and goodness that in some circumstances he went mad.

But "The Hate-Breeders" is sane and sound and undeniable. It will convert no one to peace because everyone prefers peace and hates war. Everyone does. No one argues, although many preach. Preaching against war to the end that wars shall cease is a big undertaking, bigger even than preaching against sin, for the preacher of righteousness has all the good on his side; not so the abolitionists of war. For it is of the nature of man to fight; not altogether of his baser nature either when he fights the world-old fight for human freedom. There is nothing contemptible in the impulse of a man to give his life for an idea, even for an idea so big that it is not his at all, but he fights for it just the same. That's the priggishness of the "conscientious objector." He sets himself up to have an opinion of his own more important than the national impulse to survive. It's like a man deciding he will never yield to love and the paternal instinct because he cannot see that he is himself not as good a man as any his race may produce after him.

*Two things greater than all things are,
"The first is love; the second is war."*

This is not at all to say that Miss Aiken hasn't written an excellent drama in "The Hate-Breeders," a play that the peace propagandists will be glad to find available and one that gets as near the depth of the conviction for peace as can be plumbed in one man's or woman's mind. The trouble seems to be as Max found it, that it is not a matter of persuading individuals to peace and to protest against war, not even of persuading all individuals of a nation to maintain peace. However great the number or multitude of

converts they would be an isolated case and would probably be extinguished when the passion of war possessed the racial heart. Where humanity has outgrown sin and selfishness and a competitive social and economic system, it will also have outgrown war no doubt, much as we have outgrown slavery.

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The Rudders A Novel by Mary S. Watts

To read five novels of one novelist in five days with pleasure, and then find fault with a mere mannerism is certainly captious. One might as well eat five plates of "alphabet soup" with pleasure that decreases with plenty and then complain that in each plate there is left a sediment of letters of the alphabet that don't spell words of wisdom. Still I do wish Mrs. Watts would not write "Ahem!" and make coy allusions to her own age. It doesn't really matter nor mean anything any more than the noodle alphabet, but it sounds self-conscious. Coughing is not legible, any way, nor is the alphabet properly edible. Perhaps after all, my quarrel with the real novels is at least as just as the complaint about the hypothetical soup, and both are, as I said, captious and have no place in literary or culinary criticism.

Again novels are best read as they appear, at discreet intervals one after the other. So does the story get the benefit of its individuality. Grouped close, they show too clearly the prevailing trend of the writer's mind, as trees on a wind swept plain are shaped into sameness by the prevailing winds, however diverse their species. One in a group here and there will stand out by itself making of its neighbors a background. This is the prominence of "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Jennings Cushing is Mrs. Watts' one book that she will not surpass and that she cannot be paid for. We have only our everlasting thanks to say for that. Because of it she has clear right and title to her claim to be a purveyor of novels for the American public. "The Rudder" is not as good a book as Jennie Cushing. It is a tale that is told and forgotten. Not a pleasant tale either. An episode of middle-western life, a narrative of what happens when civilization is too hurried to give its victims time to think, an attempt at realism that has the effect of missing reality, perhaps because the life it reflects misses something of real living. The book seems to fail of meaning and the name of the book is satire. To call it "The Rudder," must have been purely whimsical for of all the people who float, sail, row, paddle and steam along while that water is running under the bridge, not one of them does "keep his rudder true." Not one. Cook,

the principal man of the story, smiles to himself when he thinks of this as a fine-sounding phrase for the final period of his commencement address, "O, Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will, but come what may I will hold the rudder true!" And he laughs uncontrollably when he hears Devitt, who has been valedictorian on that first occasion, winding up a public harangue with the same classic quotation in the full gale of his later windy, preposterous career. The satire has the effect of smartness,

rather than of wit, as the mundane philosophy of the middle-west smacks of precocity, not of sophistication.

One needs not to have read all of Mrs. Watt's books to know her gifts and capacity. There was Nathan Burke at first, carefully, soberly, rather anxiously written, readable and sincere. Hard work went into its making, rewarded abundantly in the fluent ease of Jennie Cushing, and that was a first rate novel. It will last a long while to speak for itself. Measured with it "The Rudder" falls short in spontaneity and in workmanship and gains nothing of real value through a glib facility of

expression that is sometimes near to flippancy. One almost prefers the awkward ahem-manner that first appears in Nathan Burke, again in "The Legacy" and in "Van Clieve" but not at all in "The Rudder."

It may be that the Adams Road vein is nearly worked out in Cincinnati or whatever Ohio City it is where Mrs. Watts' fancy dwells. And perhaps that is as well. Humanity is big enough and so is Mrs. Watts to release her from Ohio.

After all, speaking of rudders, there is no occasion to invoke Neptune and seek the north star to steer a row-boat under a canal bridge.

Wild Apples

REVIEWED BY EVERYWOMAN
"THE YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR"
TO MY MOTHER

*Mother—Mother—
Little Mother mine,
Every year upon your birthday morning
I have sung in rime
Some gay rondelay for love's adorning;
But this gray spring time
I have neither chant nor rondel; their light
measures
Vanished from my casket of bright treasures
Long ago. This year the world is weary,
Peace departed—
And my ruined words are sad and dreary.
Heavy-hearted.
Pass the days in some pale dream of living;
Hope is weary of her endless giving,
And I have no grace of flaunting praises
For thy years.
One gift only, poor but precious, only—
Only tears
Sobbed out lonely midnights to your soothing,
Tears, that we
Wander lost within a maze of honor
Where Infinity*

*Pours her cup of blood and wrath and passion,
Vents her antique wrath in newer fashion,
Pouring—pouring blood and souls of men
To some darkling purpose; and again
Our eyes look on dully while our brothers per-
ish.*

*Irony beyond the grief we cherish,—
We must turn and live, and follow after
All the mocking sweet lure of life's laughter.
I repine*

*To you in my ashen words, yet must go seeking.
Anodyne*

*In the leas of pleasure; I must bid you close
Your deep vision, seek but color of the rose;
Laugh with me soon in Spring's fragrant netting,
Join me in delectable forgetting.*

*Mother—Mother—
Little Mother mine,
I will bring you gladness for the asking
All the years;
But today accept the bitter wine,
For today mirth may not be my tasking,—
Only tears.*

Equal Suffrage in 1916

(Continued from page four)

of the franchise, but in exactly the same sense, is a denial of it; a denial of the strictly natural (and national) right of "consent by the governed." Not as a privilege, nor yet as a favor, may the mothers, wives and daughters of the republic petition for equal suffrage. They should rather demand it as a right,—a right as sacred and as fundamental as is the right to life, liberty or property, for it is the absolutely essential condition on which all of these depend.

If the conscience and the intelligence of the country were equally represented at Chicago and St. Louis by the corporal's guard of timid politicians who drafted the platforms, or the two or three thousand delegates who howled out an unthinking adoption of them, the advocates of equal suffrage might well be discouraged, but it should not be forgotten that there are congressmen to be chosen this fall,

as well as a President. In many States women hold the balance of power. If their voting strength is concentrated on the one proposition of equal suffrage; if they become neither Progressive, or Republican, or Democrat; if, like St. Paul, they will say, "this *one thing* I do"; if it be made clear that they will have that, and only that,—the Anthony Amendment will be submitted, and "the legal subordination of one sex to the other will be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other."

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Peace of Mind at Any Price

"It is impossible," said the man with the English accent, as he read the account of the great naval battle.

"I, for one, flatly refuse to believe such things," exclaimed a woman who had heard

Mrs. Pankhurst's story of the unhappy Serbians.

There are many such unbelievers in the world. They stand for peace of mind at any price—at the price of duty, at the price of truth. The man in question saved himself anxiety by labeling the news as false and going serenely on his way. The woman did not wish to have her delicate sensibilities rumpiled or her pocket-book disturbed, so she merely refused to believe the desperate condition of the Serbians.

It is easy enough to say "I don't believe it," when the suffering is in Serbia and the disaster in the North Sea. But what about the times when Father loses his position or little brother is brought in with a broken leg? Will she seek the want ads and the arnica; or will she merely say, "I don't believe it" with sweet assurance? What about that possible future day when the unbeliever's home is bombarded by an enemy whose existence he refused to credit?

Music and Musicians

English Opera

BY the time this article appears in print the performances of English opera in Oakland will be taking place. The advent is naturally exciting a peculiar interest.



Joseph George Jacobson

Can English opera be presented with anything approximating the completeness which is given to Italian opera or will it always remain a thing to be dreamed of but not to be expected, a species of Utopia? Our English language so direct and practical shows conditions so different, especially in translation of which so much of the operatic repertoire has to be made.

Much can be said for and against the artistic perfection of English opera. The logic averring the importance of opera in our native tongue will appeal mostly to the general music-loving public, for it will have a clearer understanding of the meaning of the operatic story and not have their attention drawn to the translations which will compensate for the lack of musical finish. The argument against such opera will address itself more to cultured musicians of discriminating and fastidious mind. I am thinking now more of Angelicized Italian librettos, oftentimes so poorly done. Composers of English opera like Wallace, Balfe, and Sullivan have used dialogue, cleverly evading the seeming impossibility of securing librettos suitable for recitative singing. Their music has the form of ballads of lyric and not of dramatic ideas; of musical, not operatic dramas. There are English composers who have written opera to English librettos like Barnett (*The Mountain Sylphe*), Benedict (*Lilly of Killarney*), Stanford (*Shannon O'Brien*), Mackenzie, Cowen, etc., but few of their works have met with great success.

A singer knows that the English language has many sounds which are practically impossible to enunciate correctly without losing the clearness, finish and purity of the notes especially in important connective parts of speech.

By Joseph George Jacobson

These sounds close the throat instead of opening it and are annoying to the emission of high notes in particular.

Let us hope though that a being will be born, who is equally great as a literary scholar and as a musician and be—and this is very important—well versed with the principles of art of singing and that such a genius will devote his time to libretto writing (something like an English Wagner). If such an *avis rara* will appear on the musical firmament much of the difficulty of singing operatic music in English would be solved and opera in our native idiom will become recognized as well as the German and French and Italian schools are among their own peoples. As every little bit helps, we can not tell but that the attempts at the production of English opera in Oakland may be a step toward the wished-for consummation to make above-mentioned conditions ripe.

Critics and Artists

Leopold Godowski, one of our greatest living pianists, has expressed himself as follows: "It goes without saying that the pianist, for instance, knows more about piano playing and about the standard piano compositions than the critic. And yet, often after a recital, a public performer who thinks he has done his program especially well is astounded to read next morning in the daily press that his playing was especially bad. To my mind, critics should not try to instruct in the public prints. Rather let them give their impressions of the music and tell how they are affected by it. To attempt to lay down common standards acceptable to everyone presents a stupendous task, quite beyond the powers of any individual. I am fond of reading what a man like Huneker publishes about music. He has real musical sympathies and a keenly appreciative mind. His idea of what is in Chopin's music, for instance, doubtless does not agree frequently with what was in Chopin's brain when he wrote his pieces, but we know that warm poetical imagery and marked power of fantasy are in most of Chopin's measures, and the critical writer who is able to arouse those faculties in the listener or to intensify them in the performer is worth a dozen of the destructive pen drivers who point out technical errors, slips in pedaling and phrasing, and inform a mad, mad world whether the artist's tone is 'large' or 'small' or 'medium,' and how many degrees he plays faster or slower or louder or softer than some of his colleagues."

What causes this antagonism between critics and artists and makes this opposition of judgment? The artist and the critic are both products of the same social and aesthetic conditions and of the same culture and should consequently not live on different planes of taste.

It is true that a critic has not more knowledge about the playing of an individual instrument than the artist who devotes his whole life to his profession and who cannot be inferior in judgment to those who claim to judge him. One of the reasons why these two bodies are continually at sword-ends seems to me to be the fact that the artist is constantly facing new exigencies of taste and is inspired and enlivened by recent and unusual occurrences while the critic looks back to the authority of tradition and refers to the old canons of art and so compares the old with the new. Many times we read of critics, who fear to penetrate new fields, classing new theories as degenerate. This disposition happens though often enough among rival artists when they begin to criticize themselves, which is not very rare. Now the true critic should never stop denouncing the fake in art. It will never hurt an artist if a certain critic believes that he plays a certain movement faster or slower than his colleagues, which is really only his opinion, and he does not attempt to lay down common standards acceptable to everyone. But many artists have to their own benefit been reminded of flagrant errors in a kindly way of good will by critics. Criticisms should not sneer at defects and deal cynically with faults, but can do much good in pointing out to the public the beauties of the artist's accomplishments and the bitter in the artist's cup is less often the neglect of the true critic than the indiscriminating applause of the vulgar. Better to be left unknown than praised on wrong merits by those whose praise is worth while.

The San Francisco People's Orchestra

On July 7th the orchestra under the baton of Giulio Minetti will present an interesting program at the Greek Theatre and among the numbers will be "Saul," a symphonic poem



Giulio Minetti

by Bazzini and Goldmark's Rustic Wedding and the Carmen Suite. There will be three soloists. Miss Cordelia Lee, said to be a violinist of great ability, will appear here for the first time and Miss Cecil Cowles, who made such a fine impression at the last concert of this organization playing a movement of Saint-Saens' G minor Concerto so admirably, will again repeat the same work. This young lady has had as sole teacher, Hugo Mansfeldt and as to her musical accomplishment is an entirely made-in-San Francisco product. The third soloist is Herald Pracht, who is too well known to us as to need any mentioning.

The first series of the concerts given by Mr. Minetti have been so successful that it has been decided upon to give another series. The dates of the concerts will be announced in the near future.

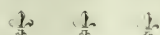
Carlos Troyer's Opera

"Zuniana" is the name of a new opera based on the famous Indiana songs of Carlos Troyer to be presented for the first time in Los Angeles, prior to its appearance in the East. Mr. Troyer is at present in Los Angeles as the guest of Dr. Mary Green and of Mrs. Gloria Mayne-Windsor, the noted prima donna. Dr. Green's daughter, Mrs. Rita Breeze, who is the librettist of the opera, is also present. Mr. Troyer was the honored guest of the Schubert Club, which entertained the distinguished musician and gave many the opportunity of meeting him.

Short Items of Interest

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the noted composer and pianist, who is at present in our city, is setting to music some of Ina Coolbrith's beautiful poems. Mrs. Beach says that she is

enchanted and fascinated with the works of our great California poet and so we can eagerly look forward to the appearance of the products of two great minds.

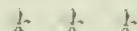


Mr. Gregor Gregorieuff, whose picture is shown on this page, is a Russian baritone who has gained no small amount of renown. He has appeared several times in San Francisco and his full, rich voice has aroused a great deal of admiration. The Slavic songs have peculiar qualities not to be found in the music of other nationalities. They seem to reflect the mystic soul of the people and to tell of their half-hidden longings Americans are just beginning to appreciate the artistic wealth of Russia. Mr. Gregorieuff is an adept in interpreting the inner meaning of these songs and in bringing out their subtle beauty.

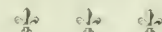


Gregor Gregorieuff

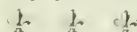
Mr. Gregorieuff sang with his usual success at the Press Association breakfast. Those who heard him will be glad to know that he is to appear at a number of the coming musical events.



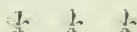
Miss Claude Albright, who we remember from her appearance with the La Scala Opera Company, and also Rudolfo, an accomplished young tenor, are appearing at the Orpheum in operatic roles, and judging from the applause they are receiving, are pleasing much the audience. Georg von Hagel has made the arrangement of the music for their interesting act.



Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt gave a successful recital with her pupils at her residence studio on June 8th, and is much to be complimented on the showing the pupils made.



Miss Augusta Nash, who unselfishly is aiming to present to the music loving public, works rarely heard on the concert platform, many of which were produced here for the first time, such as Brahms' wonderful trio for piano, clarinet and 'cello, is busy now preparing programs for the next season and has secured the services of competent musicians.



Josiah Zuro has returned from a flying trip to the East. The grand open air production of Aida on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, which he attended, impressed him very favorably, and he is much interested in arranging such a monster performance in our city. For this laudable purpose the California Music Festival Association has already been organized.

Facts on Yuan Shi Kai

(Continued from page five)

Yuan spent the next two years fishing, resting, and thinking in his own home-town. This retirement began in 1909. In 1911 the first mutterings of the revolution were heard at Peking, and Prince Ching sent for Yuan, but Yuan replied that ill health made it impossible for him to go to Peking. He was always farsighted and now believed that a little more fishing was best. The revolution broke out, Sun Yat Sen was declared President and the fight was on in earnest.

Sun Yat Sen and other "Rebel" leaders sent an envoy to find Yuan in his retirement and offer him a high place and great part in the revolution, and new republic. Yuan refused this overture also and went on fishing.

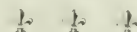
Then Prince Ching sent a royal mandate and ordered Yuan to come at once to Peking. This was Yuan's opportunity. He knew the Royal government could not do without him. He obeyed the Royal command and went to Peking where he made his own terms. Prince Ching took second place at once. Yuan became Premier, Senior Guardian of the Emperor, Head of the Royal Army and a few

other things. Having thus become the head of the Royal Government he found to his extreme annoyance that the treasury was empty and that he was confronted with the problem of feeding and keeping a fighting army without money.

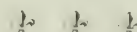
Realizing the task to be hopeless he called the Cabinet together, told them the state of affairs and called their attention to the fact, that the Rebel army leaders were supplied with huge sums of money. Yuan advised giving in to the Rebels and accepting the Republic form of government on condition the Emperor and retinue be promised safety and royal maintenance for life. This extraordinary advice was agreed to and Yuan sent his famous telegram to Sun Yat Sen "I believe a Republic to be best form of Government." Sun Yat Sen at once sent a delegation to confer with Yuan. A very amicable arrangement was made—every provision made for the Boy Emperor and Royal family and the Royalists accepted the new Republic. Whereupon Sun Yat Sen, believing Yuan Shi Kai a better and more experienced, more capable man for

the position than himself, abdicated the presidency in favor of Yuan so that a few months after becoming the virtual head of the Empire, Yuan Shi Kai was made President of the new Chinese Republic.

The history of his career as President, which terminated on June 5th by his sudden death will be the subject of my next paper.



Somehow, electing Mr. Hughes to office is like buying a phonograph record without asking the clerk to play it first. After you put it on your machine it might play a wonderful melody; then again, it might be cracked.



Feminism in the East takes many dire and doleful forms. We have just read in a suffrage journal of a society which has raised the cry, "Separate tombstones for women!" The Westerner is more interested in owning a separate pocket-book while she is living, than in reposing under a separate tombstone later in her career.

Club Notes

The California Writers' Club

The California Writers' Club held its last meeting before the summer recess on June 6, at the home of its honorary president, Mrs. Hester A. Dickinson. The program was devoted to a reading of Mrs. Dickinson's poems and to informal talks. Mrs. Dickinson, who has a distinguished literary record, is one of the best known and best beloved members of the club. In addition to being a charter member of the California Writers' Club, she has long been affiliated with the Pacific Coast Press Association. Her three volumes of poems have brought her a recognition of which all Californians should be proud.

The California Writers' Club can look back upon a very successful year. The Fiction Section members under the direction of Mrs. Toney Connor, have collaborated in writing a novel—a literary round-cabin. This interesting piece of work is to appear in "The Silhouette," a magazine published by the club. The Dramatic Section directed by Mrs. Julian Chase, wrote several original plays, took part in the Del Monte pageant organized by Mrs. Rinehardt, and studied the fascinating game of writing for the movies. The Poetry Section led by Mrs. Anna Spero, studied old poems, wrote new ones and sickled everything o'er with the pale cast of criticism.

The California Writers' Club is doing an inestimable service in developing the talent of California writers. It gives a friendly hearing to the work of each member, besides practical advice as to the wiles and whims of publishers. One of its most delightful features is its spirit of democracy. Members whose names would be recognized in any part of the United States hobnob with the little woman who writes for the Sunday school magazines, or the college youth who has had his first story accepted by a publication as obscure as he is. There is no pride of cast; no literary snobbery. The members all belong to the same great craft; and each is interested in his brother worker, whether he be foreman or apprentice.

We hope that the California Writers' Club will be equally successful next year in training the budding talents of our California authors.

The Radical Club Hears Margaret Sanger A Sketch of Mixed Life

It could have happened only in San Francisco. Nowhere else would you be likely to find conservative business men and long-haired anarchists hobnobbing with such delightful camaraderie. Nowhere else could be found odd-looking, blondined women holding friendly discussions with pillars of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Formerly, the Radical Club lived up to its name. The only requisite for admission was a slight lack of balance on a pet subject, and

a certain discontent with things as they are. Every man was so busy expressing his own opinions that he had no time to hear anyone else. Later, a few curious conversations drifted in, in search of a mental spree. Half of the club now go to look at the other half, and red atmosphere of the meetings has been diluted to a delicate pink.

The most recent dinner and meeting of the club was held Monday, June 12. It was given in honor of Margaret Sanger, the well-known leader of the birth-control movement. There was the usual motley crowd; the usual mixture of radicalism and respectability. Everyone stared frankly at everyone else, in an effort to pick out the real radicals. Most of them could be discovered without the aid of the detective. There was a young man with an anxious, puckered face and a weird black scarf for a collar. His strident voice could be heard above the others, as he gesticulated and argued with the guests at his table. Near him was a little girl of not more than fifteen. Her Dutch hair-cut and middy blouse were quite juvenile; but her eyes and conversation did not belong in the nursery. She smoked one cigarette after another from an amber holder, presiding meanwhile over a circle of long-haired youths with flowing ties. One wondered, somehow, just where the little girl's mother was. There were men with queer accents and queerer ideas; there were women who smoked and placidly agreed with every revolutionary notion.

Mrs. Sanger's entrance was the signal for a burst of applause. She is a girlish-looking person, with a pleasant, cheery face, and a swirl of auburn hair which speaks well for her fighting ability. When the chairman introduced her, he told how she defied the whole Federal Government; and how public opinion saved her from a term in the Leavenworth penitentiary.

But Mrs. Sanger's speech did not deal with birth-control. She told instead of what she had seen during her year's exile in Europe. She proved herself to be that rarest of humans—a real neutral. She spared no country blame when she discussed the government; she refused no nation sympathy when she spoke of the people. Her heart and soul were always with the down-trodden; and every criticism of those who had caused them suffering brought applause from the club.

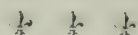
The questions which were asked her after the talk dealt more directly with the question of birth control. She pointed out the fact that the United States is the only country in the world where the distribution of such knowledge is regarded as criminal. She told of the low infant mortality rate in Holland, where the information is distributed by State. The gather-

ing threatened to turn into a mothers' meeting, until a flannel shirted individual gave it the inevitable revolutionary turn. "Birth control is the greatest weapon of sabotage that the proletariat ever wielded against the capitalists," he said, and his brother radicals answered with a cheer.

Local Council of Women Luncheon

Mrs. Alice Snitzer-Burke and Miss Nell Richardson, the "motoring members" of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, were entertained upon their arrival in San Francisco by the Local Council of Women at luncheon, at the Ramona Hotel and this was the occasion of much get-together work for the Suffragettes of San Francisco. Mrs. Mary T. Gamage spoke of her recent trip to Washington and presided over this patriotic luncheon in her own charming manner. The two guests told in interesting fashion the story of their long trip out to the Coast; how they motored through twenty-five states and waved the banner of their cause all along the route. "Stand together, Women of the United States" was the motive of their speeches.

"When American women stand together insisting upon their rights," said Mrs. Snitzer-Burke, "They will arrive at results."



War as a Sport

The war has created several types of people who would be highly desirable in a cemetery. There are hyphenated Americans, and Americans who want the country to come out as an ally of Germany. There are militarists who see an enemy in every windmill and ultra-pacifists who would try to apply the faith cure to a machine gun.

But perhaps the most obnoxious is the man who makes the war a sporting proposition. He looks upon the world's greatest tragedy in the same light as a game between two champion baseball teams. He sits comfortably upon the grandstand of neutrality and roots for his favorite. He is blind to the broken hearts and broken lives; the whole terrible catastrophe is merely something to bet on. Such a man is worse than the Anglo-maniac, worse even than the hyphenated American. They at least take the war seriously and have some vague glimmering of its terrible significance. The happy-go-lucky, cheerful American who has so little heart and head that he thinks of the war only as a great, international prize-fight is a disgrace to the country.

All of which reminds us that oft-quoted retort of a California clergyman, "Who do you think is going to win the war?" demanded an excited parishioner. "My friend," was the answer, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?"

Suffrage on the Installment Plan Too Slow

Suffrage has failed in Iowa. The legislature ratified the bill. The people defeated it, and therein lies an unanswerable argument for the policy of the Congressional Union. To be sure, the margin of defeat was small, and the women are already beginning plans for the next campaign. But they must go through the long, tedious work of seeing that the bill is introduced into the legislature, they must lobby for it, they must aid its passage by unremitting work.

Even then, however, their work is just begun. There follows the task of reaching every voter in the state, of appealing to newly naturalized aliens, to the negroes and to every undesirable who happens to hold a ballot. Street meetings must be organized, hand bills distributed, and the polls picketed. The women workers must go through the whole sickening routine of coaxing for the vote of every man, intelligent or otherwise, who is mentioned on the books of the State Registrar. Besides, four years must

elapse before the bill can even be introduced in the legislature.

Contrast this slow and discouraging method of procedure with the policy of the Congressional Union. The aim of the Union is a suffrage amendment to the constitution of the United States. The amendment must first pass Congress and then be ratified by three-fourths of the State legislatures. The measure is not passed on to the people. Its final fate lies in the hands of the comparatively intelligent law-makers of the States. In predicting the result of their vote, we must remember that in every state where the people voted on suffrage, the bill first passed the legislature—usually by a two-thirds vote. If the measure depended on the men under the Capitol domes, the New York women would be voting now, and the women of Massachusetts would have traded silent influence for the variety which speaks loudly and long.

The Salvation Army has commissioned eighty of its women members to act as life guards on the beaches of the East. The hymn "Throw out the Life-Line" will have a new significance after this.

The Congressional Union is now straining every effort to bring the amendment before Congress. The organization does not pat legislators on the back and offer them verbal cigars. It merely reminds them of the votes controlled by the suffrage states, and they trip over the nearest Congressmen in their haste to please the ladies.

In other words, the Union stands for wholesale suffrage, while the Association is still dickering with the retailers. No doubt the Association did excellent work in the past; but the movement is strong enough now to graduate out of the nursery of state politics. The Association, splendid as it has been, refuses to grow with the times. While the Union is talking seriously with the men at Washington, the Association is polishing up its band-wagons and preparing to convince the farmers of Hickville and the inhabitants of the foreign quarter that American women know enough to vote.

♪ ♪ ♪

Though the Exposition is over now and the crowds at the depots have thinned a little, the Travellers' Aid still has its work to do. Inexperienced girls continue to come to the city and experienced men continue to look for them. But as long as the little woman with the yellow badge watches every train and boat, the way of the transgressor is going to be harder than usual.

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The Anti-Suffragists say that the favorable comments of California legislatures are due to fear of the vote rather than to conviction. Oh, silent influence where is thy victory?

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In the Theatres

The Cort

A new play destined for a long run in New York, is "The Brat," written by Maude Fulton, who acts the leading role. Miss Fulton's first play puts her in the front rank of successful comedy writers. The applause and appreciation "The Brat" received in San Francisco stamped the play at once as a huge success. Another new play will have been presented at the Cort by the time these lines reach the public—"Canary Cottage," written by the authors of "So Long Letty," Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris—music by Earl Carroll. This play is said to be quite as funny as "Letty"—if so a duplicate success is certain in San Francisco.

The Alcazar

The Alcazar Stock Company has become a regular institution in the city and is so popular that a great many people see every play they present. Miss Crystal Herne, daughter of James A. Herne, and herself a Broadway favorite, is now the leading woman at the

Alcazar, with Forest Stanley in the opposite roles. Miss Herne has made a great hit and won the hearts of her audiences at once. The plays at the Alcazar are always well staged and well acted, also clean and wholesome in character.

The Hippodrome, Edwin Morris, resident manager, entertains thousands of people daily with a combined vaudeville and film show, which is extremely popular. As the theatre is one of a long chain of Hippodromes, managed by Sam Harris, the vaudeville artists are among the best in the country and the photoplays the newest and most up to date. Performances twice daily.

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The Truth and the Doctor

SHOULD a doctor tell his patient the truth? "Yes," says Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston and others in the medical vanguard. "No," answers the physician of the old school, as he puts up a box of bread pills.

Physicians, like speech, were apparently made to conceal the truth. When the doctor enters the door, veracity usually flees shudderingly out the window. It is almost impossible to pin the modern medicine man down to a frank statement concerning the patient's condition. He hedges, he plays with his thermometer, he uses twelve-cylinder Latin words, he says vague things about "attending circumstances." He assures the patient that he'll recover shortly and then advises the family to send for the minister. He looks grave in a case of indigestion and is cheerful over diphtheria. The doctor's clients are soon in such a state of bewilderment that they doubt him when he really does tell the truth.

"Lying in such cases is merciful," says the old-fashioned physician. "The truth would make the patient down-hearted and might even cause serious shock. There is no sense in alarming the patient and his family before the time comes when the truth can no longer be concealed."

According to Dr. Cabot, the destruction of a patient's confidence in the word of his physician is too big a price to pay even for the postponement of a shock. When the truth does

come out, the depression will be greater because of the long nursing of false hopes.

Then, too, when Mr. Jones mistakes his liver for his heart the doctor's statement that there is nothing serious the matter will not bear much weight. Jones will remember that the man of the Van Dyke beard said the same thing to Mr. Jones, Sr. just two days before he died, and will proceed to worry off about ten pounds.

Another cause of untruth is the doctor's horror of the simple, "I don't know." He prefers a bad guess to none at all; and his diagnosis is often based on principles made famous by Sam Lloyd. He believes that a doctor, in order to hold the respect of his patient, must lay claim to infinite knowledge. Therefore, he hides his perplexity under a bland exterior and a number of polysyllabic words. Sometimes, however, the law of probabilities fail him, and the measles he predicted turns out to be diphtheria. After that, his decisions are regarded by the family in the light of interesting theories, in the same class with the nebulae hypothesis. He can never again gain their absolute belief. If he had had the honesty and courage to admit his doubt, his patients would believe him when he made a positive assertion. They would know that if he wasn't certain, he'd say so.

It is Dr. Cabot's belief that if doctors were more frank, half the druggists would have to go out of business.

The mediaeval patient demanded his potent draught; the patient of to-day demands a charm covered with mysterious symbols which can be traded for a bottle at the drug store. To be sure, certain drugs are exceedingly useful; but more often the physician gives a prescription merely because the patient wouldn't feel that he was getting his money's worth without it. The preparation's only value is its use as a faith cure. By this particular brand of short-sightedness, the old-school doctor has delayed medical education many generations. He has unconsciously kept alive the old idea that a man can break all the laws of hygiene and buy immunity in a bottle. Every box of bread pills lessens the patient's reliance on hygiene and increases his faith in drugs.

The medical craft has had a peculiar history. In the earlier days it was unduly familiar with wizardry. The doctor and the magician was one and the same person. Although the profession itself has advanced far beyond the darkness of its earlier superstitions, it still clings to its potents and its symbols, its mystery and its assumption of infinite knowledge.

Glad indeed will be the day when all physicians measure up to the ideals of Dr. Cabot. Happy will be the time when the doctor dares to tell the truth; and when he and the patient are team-mates in the fight for perfect health.

Foster Art

Eastern artists and dealers are eager to exhibit in San Francisco, but in order to secure important exhibitions from New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia it is necessary for us to do our part by making these exhibitions successful by a large attendance and a keen appreciation of all phases of art as expressed by our American artists.

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Little 6 year old Jane had accompanied her mother to the moving picture show to see "Carmen." The bull fight in the last act was the only part in which she took much interest, but then she was greatly excited. In the end, when the climax was reached in the death of Carmen and the soldier and everything was still, a little voice was clearly heard

saying:

"Mama, did the cow die too?"

♪ ♪ ♪

At the Concert

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EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of

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JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR, Editor

Gentlemen,
Give Us More
Statesmen
and Fewer Politicians
Think of
Our Country First
and
Parties After

Vol. XI. No. 4

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1916

15c Per Copy. \$1.50 Per Year

EVERYWOMAN feels the honor of being the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 5,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 22,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

NOTED WOMAN Republican Leader

Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, on the Advisory Board of EVERYWOMAN, has been given a responsible position in the Republican presidential campaign. She is Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Republican State Central Committee and will work to sway the votes of California's women toward Mr. Hughes.

The Republican Committee had good fortune in being able to secure Mrs. Krebs. She has proved herself to be the ideal enfranchised woman—alert, interested in civic affairs, and yet womanly enough to refute any of the old arguments about the unfavorable effects of suffrage. Mrs. Krebs, having been president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, the Woman's Board of the P.-P. I. E., and member of many of the most select clubs of California, has a large personal following.

She has not allowed any grass to grow under her feet since her appointment. With headquarters already established in the Palace Hotel, she has begun the work of directing the women's campaign.

EVERYWOMAN is strongly tempted to congratulate Mr. Hughes' campaign managers for having secured such a valuable representative in California.

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Federal Tax on Inheritances

Will Place Additional Burden on Women

THE 1916 campaign for the nomination and election of United States Senators and Representatives in Congress from California and members of the California Legislature will soon be under full swing. Beyond the general interest which all of us, as good citizens, feel in helping to secure the election of the right kind of men to office, we who are concerned in inheritance tax matters have an especial interest now, not only in the election of members of the Legislature, in the hope that they will support the proposed amendment to the law to exempt widows from an inheritance tax upon their half of the community property, just as men are exempted, but also in the election of United States Senators and Representatives in Congress, in the hope that they will work to repeal that portion of the new revenue bill, which already has passed the House and undoubtedly will pass the Senate in a few days, imposing a national tax upon inheritances.

The women of the State, especially the thousands of club women, are particularly anxious to amend the present inheritance tax law of California to the end that wives may be placed upon an equal footing with husbands. They object to the present law because it discriminates against them. But, in addition, they also feel that the tax upon widows is heavy enough now, if not too heavy. To learn, therefore, that the Congress of the United States is about to enact into law a new revenue bill which, among other things, will increase the inheritance tax burdens of the women of California from one to five per cent, necessarily will arouse their resentment and undoubtedly will cause them in due time to do their part to bring about the repeal of this iniquitous measure.

There is no question in my mind but that the coming Legislature will do away with the present discrimination against women as now contained in the inheritance tax law of this State. The women have asked that this be done and that they be placed upon an equal footing with the men. And just as they see victory in sight, just as they see their financial burden lightened, comes the Federal Government with an additional tax to take from widows a certain portion of the estates left to them by their husbands, for the maintenance of the National Government.

The bill as originally drafted by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives imposed much heavier rates than those finally adopted. It was suggested at that time that Congress request the States to

By Hon. John S. Chambers, State Controller



The Hon. John S. Chambers

abandon their inheritance tax systems entirely, on the understanding that the Federal Government, with the high rates as then proposed, would make all collections in the States and return to each State half of the money so collected, less the cost of collection. This proposal appealed to me as being so unjust and such an invasion of the rights of the States that I immediately took it up not only with the California delegation in Congress, but also with various State controllers and auditors. In addition, I prepared resolutions against the proposed measure, and, in fact, against any Federal inheritance tax, which were adopted by the State Associations of County Auditors, County Assessors, County Treasurers and County Tax Collectors. Following this, similar resolutions were adopted by, perhaps, thirty Boards of Supervisors in California. And all of these resolutions were forwarded to Washington. Many other State controllers were active also, especially the Comptroller of New York and the gentlemen composing the Wisconsin Tax Commission.

So strong was the showing made at Washington that the original plan of the Ways and Means Committee, as reported to me by gentlemen on the ground, who were in position to know what was in contemplation, was abandoned. But word came to me from those well-informed that an inheritance tax provision of

some kind would be included in the forthcoming revenue bill and that despite my efforts—and the efforts of others—the bill would go through, inasmuch as it was the wish of the Administration, and the Democrats held a big majority in both Houses. The prediction already, practically, has come true.

I opposed inheritance tax legislation by the Federal Government because I desired to protect the revenues of the State of California. This State, for the fiscal year which ended July 1st last collected about \$3,250,000 from this source and the average collections for the past three years were about \$3,000,000. This is a lot of money. California is not in a position to spare this sum or any considerable portion of it. When it was proposed that the States should abandon their systems and that the Federal Government would return to each State one-half of the amount collected, I realized that this would inflict a loss upon California alone of at least \$1,500,000. Probably it would run more than this. And so with the help of others interested a fight was put up that prevented the Ways and Means Committee from putting into execution such an ungenerous plan.

The present bill is far better than the one that was first proposed. Still, I look to the future with misgiving. This additional burden upon estates necessarily will produce much friction and complaint, following the inauguration of the Federal law. The California rates now are as high as the rates of any State in the Union. The question arises, therefore, as to whether or not, with this Federal burden imposed, California will deem it wise to continue her high rates. If she does not, she necessarily will lose considerable revenue. This revenue she cannot spare. If the Federal Government stands pat, then the estates must bear the burden. At the present time I can see nothing for the States to do, especially California, but to pursue the even tenure of their way. When the complaints begin to come in, we simply will have to place the burden where it belongs—upon Congress. It may be that Congress under such circumstances would see fit to repeal this portion of the revenue bill.

The inheritance tax is a tax that naturally belongs to the States. Estimates are of local or community interest in the first instance. They are developed locally and the community and the State are the most directly concerned in their development. They are built up under State laws and they are administered upon and distributed under State laws. They are the

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

"Confiscation" or Robbery?

Carranza's Decision on American Rights

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

ON the cover of *Everywoman* this month we present the picture of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, a thorough Californian, famous and beloved for her great heart and for her great deeds, all of which she uses to the utmost limit for the upbuilding of every organization that is helpful to women. All this is so well known it needs little mention here. But, perhaps, the finest act she ever accomplished was her march at the head of the Preparedness Parade on July the twenty-second, after it became known to all that a number of people were killed by a bomb and over forty dangerously wounded, and that more bomb-throwing was expected at any moment. For many days preceding the parade it was not expected at headquarters that Mrs. Hearst could walk the long miles mapped out for the march; but, as soon as the "Extras" called out the account of the slaughter, she marched forward to the very end—a feat no one could possibly have expected from her.

And this is the woman from whom the de facto government of Mexico has taken the properties which she owns in the State of Chihuahua. Confiscated it, if you please, because her agents sold foodstuffs and cattle to the American army, then following the illusive trail of Villa's bandits. Remember, the Americans were not at war with the de facto government; but, with its permission, were searching out the murderers of our citizens and soldiers shot down on our own territory.

It is going on a month since the following protest to Secretary Lansing was sent to Washington. So far we have heard of no satisfactory reply. There is a great deal of wild, exaggerated talk—political for the most part—about rich Americans owning land in Mexico and making trouble there. Now, Mrs. Hearst never made trouble anywhere. Her mission in life has been to alleviate suffering and help the helpless, and, of all places on earth where her generosity is most needed it is Mexico, and in every way Mrs. Hearst's beneficence has been bestowed on the working people—of whom there are hundreds—on her property. They have had food and shelter and medical care, as they never had in their poor, circumscribed lives before, and never will again, if by any chance this insane robbery is allowed to stand. We are drifting far, very far, into the hands of these notorious bandits, and much of their atrocious impudence comes from the distressing condition of our shameful unpreparedness.

Now that Mrs. Hearst has taken a stand to protest against the "confiscation" (rather a polite name for robbery) of her lawfully acquired property, she will, doubtless set a precedent for less fortunate Americans, who have suffered the "confiscation" of all they have had in the world.

To any one who knows Mexico or the Mexicans he cannot help knowing that the American property-owners are a blessing to the poor people who are employed by them. They are even a blessing to the robber bands, who "confiscate" their cattle as well as their lives on numerous occasions, and regard it as sport.

We firmly believe that our government owes to Mrs. Hearst and all her fellow sufferers in Mexico, full and early reparation for their losses. And, *Everywoman* sincerely hopes that such measures of justice will be demanded and insisted upon before Americans lose all patience. For there is no one (outside of charming politicians) who can cheerfully tolerate being robbed of their lawful rights.

Mrs. Hearst's Protest to Secretary Lansing

The following telegram has been sent by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, owner of the Babicora ranch, to Secretary Lansing:

"July 12, 1916.

"To the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

"To-day's San Francisco newspapers contain the telegraphic report that the de facto government of the Republic of Mexico has taken possession of the property in the State of Chihuahua known as the Hacienda de Babicora. This property consists of a large tract of land stocked with cattle and horses. The title to the property is in Babicora Development Company, an American corporation, the stock of which belongs to me.

"According to the press reports, the reason assigned for this action by the de facto government is that the Babicora Development Company has sold cattle and supplies to the United States authorities to provision and care for the military forces of the United States now in Mexican territory in obedience to orders issued by the United States government. Information received through other sources, although meager, is confirmatory of the press reports.

"During the past few months repeated infringements of the rights of the Babicora Development Company have been committed

by those claiming to exercise governmental authority in the Republic of Mexico. I and my representatives have repeatedly applied to those in authority for the protection to which as a citizen of the United States and the owner of property in Mexico I am clearly entitled.

"I vigorously protest against this unlawful action on the part of the de facto government. It would be unlawful in any event to forcibly take possession of the property of the Babicora Development Company, but the offense is heightened because of the excuse assigned for the action taken; that is to say, the property of the company is to be confiscated because it sold to United States troops the necessities of life.

"I appeal to you to immediately inaugurate an inquiry to ascertain the facts regarding the alleged appropriation of the company's property, and as a citizen of the United States I suggest to you that it is the duty of this government to take measures to prevent the de facto government of the Republic of Mexico from disregarding and overriding the rights of American citizens who own property in the Republic of Mexico.

"Phoebe A. Hearst."

✻ ✻ ✻

The Bait Withdrawn

Just as we go to press the news (?) comes that England has broken her word again, and that "Home Rule is a dead issue for the present." The last time that happened—or was it the last or the twentieth time before the last? Well, of course, it does not matter in the least; it's the same old story. It will always be the same as long as humanity will tolerate the abnormal crime of a stronger nation of alien people governing a weaker nation against her will.

At the beginning of the war, two years ago, when the government needed soldiers badly, the same old bait of Home Rule was held out to Irishmen, until thousands gave up their lives in the trenches. Those who thought it degrading to fight for a country which used such methods against them, started their own rebellion, and fought for Ireland, and though they were prisoners of war, they were shot to death. Now Sir Roger Casement is also about to be executed for attempting to free his country. He has been tried for treason and other fearful crimes and, of course, found guilty, although it's quite clear no man could be guilty of treachery to an enemy's country. The German hydrophobia seems to have blinded the rulers of England, but a day of reckoning is sure to come. A Republic for Ireland is the only hope now.

National Council of Women

Noted Officials Plan for the Future

THE meeting of the Board of Directors was called June 2nd, at Hotel Astor, New York City, according to the following by-laws:

"The general officers with the presidents or vice-presidents of affiliated societies and the chairman of the Standing Committees shall constitute the Board of Directors of the National Council, of which seven members shall constitute a quorum to control and provide for the general interests of the National Council between Biennial meetings."

There were present seven officers, with Lady Aberdeen of the International Council, also representatives of thirteen organizations and ten chairmen of committees.

Official Organ

As *Everywoman* was made the official organ of the council at the biennial meeting in Washington, the president suggested the council should subscribe for copies for the organizations for one year, in order that the organ should become known and the incentive given for individual subscription when its value became clear. In almost every case the National organizations have their own official organs, and we realize the difficulty of inducing them to subscribe for a magazine outside their own distinctive work.

In this case, however, we urge the perusal of its columns, as the chairmen of committees outline the scope of national work in which each unit will be interested.

Board and Biennial Meetings.

After the usual routine of reports of officers and special committees, upon publication of reports of biennial meetings, etc., the board decided to accept the invitation of the National Federation of Musical Clubs to hold the spring board meeting in Chicago, at a date to be decided later—and to hold the biennial of 1917 in Washington, D. C.

Census

The request is made of each organization to make an exact census of its membership, to ask the members if they belong to more than one organization, if so to what ones (by name), in order that we may trace the duplication. Before another biennial meeting it will be a pleasure to state with approximate exactness how many women in the United States are interested not only in our own national problems, but also in the international matters, which our membership therein implies.

Recommendations of the Past President

Many very important recommendations of the past president were considered and referred to the revision committee for possible action.

By Mrs. Philip North-Moore

One recommendation was acted upon as follows: That a Committee on Affiliation and Extension be formed in each large city. This relates not so much to propaganda as to the general knowledge of the National Council and its work.

Committees

The Chairmen of Standing Committees were asked to report not only on what each organization might offer in that particular field, but what practical recommendations should be proposed as a result of the survey. The chair stated that the committee members were not



Mrs. Philip North-Moore
President National Council of Women

necessarily to represent each organization, but the most expert thought to be found among all the organizations.

Americanization is the slogan of the National Council, the duty of the American woman in this world crisis to make American ideals and patriotism as efficient as possible in the service and friendship of the world.

National and international subjects are referred to committees for investigation, recommendation and action, first by the Board of Directors and then by the convention.

Committees for National Work have been appointed as follows: Permanent Peace, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Chairman. Marriage and Divorce, Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, Chairman. Legal Status of Women, Mrs.

Ellen Spencer Mussey, Chairman. Public Health, Dr. Elizabeth B. Thelberg, Chairman. Education, Mrs. Wm. Roy Smith, Chairman. Co-operative Groups, Miss Vida Hunt Francis, Chairman. Federal Co-operation, Mrs. Philander P. Claxton, Chairman. Suffrage, Miss Marion May, Chairman. Prison Reforms Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, Chairman. National Community Music, Mrs. David A. Campbell, Chairman. Child Welfare, Mrs. Frederic Schoff, Chairman. Publicity, Mrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan, Chairman. International Relation, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Chairman. Immigration, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Chairman. Pan-American Committee, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Chairman.

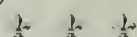
Strength in result comes from conservation of effort. We therefore recommend that only a certain number be emphasized; in others co-operating organizations will readily place them in their work, and act in special groups; in others progress will be reported and the committees will be ready with information and recommendations.

For the information of national organizations wishing to join the National Council, we will state that the Constitution and By-Laws, and the plan of work or printed report must accompany the application.

The Membership Committee consists of:

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Mrs. Harry L. Keefe, Cor. Secy., Walthill, Nebraska.

(*Everywoman* exceedingly regrets that the name of Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, as Chairman of Immigration, was omitted from our July number through a printer's mistake. In order to make the record complete we publish in full the names of the Committees for National Work.)



EVOLUTION

By Beatrice Erwin

Our planet is a bubble of the Sun,
And we the foam from which this globe doth rise,

Dim through the flame of coming centuries
The glow of our spent orb shall circle on,
Lighting the new-born ones that rise and fall
Upon some system vaster than our own.

Yet unto ours, their opening eyes shall turn,
For from the embers of our spent desires
They shall gain clearer vision,
And our passionate pain shall be a beacon!
Ah, we shall live again.

I hear their call, I feel their mystery,
And in their coming life, my heart is free.

Facts on Yuan Shi Kai

Late President of the Republic of China

THE first act of Yuan Shi Kai as President of the Chinese Republic was the dissolving of the parliament of the provisional government. He then



Charlotte Baldwin Frost

made a new parliament and cabinet, of men carefully picked by himself. This much being accomplished, he turned his attention to the governors of the eighteen provinces. Each Governor who refused to indorse the policies of Yuan was immediately asked to resign, and if he showed any undue reluctance lost his head at once. By carrying out these tactics consistently, in a very short time Yuan had eighteen governors entirely loyal to him and his new parliament.

Before six months had passed Yuan Shi Kai had made himself absolute dictator over four hundred million people, the chief of the Chinese army and navy, and the supreme controller of the entire government machinery. His next act was to have "the new election law" passed, which provided that he should be President for three successive terms of ten years each, and also provided for his naming his own successor.

No sooner had this law been passed by parliament than the growing trouble with Japan came to a crisis in the list of "demands" made upon China by Japan, in April, 1915.

As has been pointed out before, Yuan Shi Kai had been peculiarly fitted by his career in Korea to understand Japan's attitude at this time, and up to the day of his death there was no man living who understood more perfectly the entire scheme of the Japanese Government. At the time Japan made her famous demands her first injunction was that China should keep the text of the demands secret from the Great Powers. Yuan Shi Kai's answer to that injunction was to cable immediately the entire text of the demands to each of the Great Powers, the result of which was that within forty-eight hours Tokio was in receipt of cabled objections from the United States, France and Russia,

Second Paper

By Charlotte Baldwin Frost

and she received absolute demands from Great Britain, which caused her to eliminate from the list the five most outrageous of the demands. This paper is not written for the purpose of discussing the Japanese attitude toward China, but to give the salient and more important acts of Yuan Shi Kai as President. For this reason attention is drawn to the wisdom and marvelous statesmanship shown by him in the handling of the Japanese crisis at this time. Yuan was confronted with every handicap which could be imagined. Japan had every advantage that could possibly be thought of. Yet in the game of statecraft which followed Yuan outplayed Japan at every move. Yuan was the new president of a new republic, the chief of an army which needed about everything which makes an army efficient, his treasury was drained and heavily mortgaged, and, above all, Great Britain, who, together with the United States, made the power which stood for the integrity of China, was at war. Not only at war, but the ally of Japan. It was inevitable that Japan should see her opportunity and grasp it. It was inevitable that China should suffer. How much and how far she should suffer was the question. And against the victory and entire success of the Japanese scheme stood the strength of brain, the capable statesmanship and the true patriotism of one man—Yuan Shi Kai. Nine out of ten men have decried him as the betrayer of his own republic because he declared that at some date in the future he would become Emperor. But the tenth man knows that he had no intention of ever becoming Emperor, and that his declaration was made solely to satisfy the demands of his highest statesmen, who believed that only an empire and Emperor could handle the Japanese situation. Yuan knew that the storm of protest which would follow his declaration would prove to these same men that it would be most unwise to change the form of government. Therefore he declared he *would be* Emperor, and then let the storm rage. When it had raged long enough to thoroughly convince the leaders of the "Empire Movement" that they had been mistaken, Yuan calmly announced that he had reconsidered the matter, and would not become Emperor.

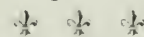
The Japanese, who were deeply interested in all the schemes at Peking, and who, it is alleged, had heavily bribed one high Chinese official to fan the "Empire Movement," being disappointed in the failure of the movement, transferred their activities to Southern China.

The Southern Provinces having never been friendly to Yuan, it was easy to foster petty revolutions, and this was done; in each instance the trouble is said to have been started by Japanese. The whole idea was amazingly simple—the more *civil strife* could be brought about, the more easy it would be to show to the outside world an excuse for "intervention" in China. While the idea is simple and well understood, the intricate and elaborate machinery kept in motion by Japan to accomplish her object would not be understood or believed by the average outsider.

Japan knew and understood that Yuan Shi Kai was the greatest and strongest obstacle in the way of her ambition in China. It is understood Japan tried in every way possible, with power, influence, money, to ruin and overthrow Yuan. Japan failed each time because Yuan understood and blocked her every move.

On the fifth of July Yuan Shi Kai died by poison. The present President of China is a man who is a plain soldier—a capable military leader, but a man who lacks every one of the qualities which made Japan hate Yuan Shi Kai. Japan is now renewing her demands upon China, especially those which Great Britain demanded a year ago that she should drop from the list. And now Russia has entered into a treaty with Japan which means nothing less than the end of the integrity of China. China's new President, Li Yuan-Hung, cannot deal with Japan in the masterly manner of Yuan Shi Kai. The moves of Japan will now be rapidly made, and unless America and Great Britain step in Japanese intervention in China is a foregone conclusion.

The remarkably opportune death of Yuan Shi Kai makes any one not blind suspect a Japanese label on the poison that removed him from Japan's path. In time to come Yuan Shi Kai's name is certain to stand in Chinese history, not only as that of China's first President, but as that of a true patriot, who paid with his life for his understanding and his incredibly successful fight against the insatiable ambition of China's great enemy.



A new chapter has opened in the history of the Great War with the great offensive move of Britain and France. That this change from defensive to offensive tactics has been carefully planned for a long time, and is not a *compelled* change of plan, is the opinion of all the experts. It is now quite clear that the late war councils of the Allies in London and Paris were not exactly social affairs. We wish Kitchener were living to see his long, careful work beginning to bear fruit.

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

EVERYWOMAN IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MATTERS IN CONTROVERSY, OTHER THAN THOSE VOICED IN THE EDITORIAL COLUMNS.

Assassins' Attack on Preparedness

DOES anyone ever remember—even in San Francisco—a more glorious day than July the twenty-second? Does anyone remember more beautiful, joyous crowds of happy people pouring out into the brilliant sunshine, to swell the perfectly arranged ranks of the Preparedness Parade? Well, we doubt it. For hours, before the time set for marching the very spirit of Democracy, Aristocracy and Patriotism, all three of which are closely akin, fairly permeated the air. Never was a more harmonious, purposeful, army of peace loving people brought together than were the fifty-one thousand American citizens who reverentially listened to the fifty-five bands as they played the Star Spangled Banner on the starting of that parade. To every patriotic soul in that splendid gathering there was a promise of peace and security for the future.

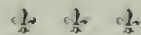
There was a feeling of kinship in the fine Democracy of the whole affair, as Thornwall Mullally, the Grand Marshall of the day signaled for the start of the parade. Out from the side streets without haste or delay, on the very moment of the time allotted them, men and women by the thousands marched out into Market street in perfect time to martial music. Mayor James Rolph Jr., and his staff were followed by judges, lawyers, writers, men of every profession, club, lodge, business and trade, all carrying the Star Spangled Banners as their only weapons.

Then, into the heart of that parade, exactly at two-forty p. m. Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, marshaling the Woman's Division, gave the signal for the women of her league to march. In the lead with Mrs. Taylor was Mrs. Phoebe A. Heart, preceded by the First Artillery Band. The members of the Woman's Board of The Panama-Pacific International Exposition, led by its President, Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, Mrs. A. W. Scott and all the members of the board, in or around the City, fell into line. Then the graceful, slender young Soldierettes followed as a guard of honor. After these came young society matrons as Captains to squads of society girls, professional women, the Pioneer Women, club women, representing almost every organization in the city, and thousands of fine, strong young business women from the offices, stores and factories in the city, practically all in simple white, with faith and love of country illuminating every face, as only intellect and patriotism can illuminate. Among these were many of the Soldierettes, trained at the Presidio. Thousands of flags floated from the buildings on every side. Thousands of laughing voices cheered from windows along the route. Many more thousands, men, women and little children, with flags in every hand, clapped a welcome to the marching sections. And all in sight wore broad happy smiles.

California's sun: No, nor any other sun, ever shone down on a more inspiring spectacle than was presented by that Preparedness Parade—And, then?—just then; when The Women's Division swept into the parade at Montgomery street, a small boy—presumably a newsboy—piped out: "A bomb thrown out on Market street; eighteen people killed; a whole lot wounded," and before belief or doubt could crystallize, an ambulance tore through Kearny street. As we were carrying the big Philippine Flag, we quickly maneuvered to get out of the way. Then the ambulance fairly flew out Market street (in search of nurses we understand), and quickly tore down to the Ferry again. One glance around at the multitude of faces, smiling a moment before, now overcast with what looked like stern anger, assured us of the tragedy—somewhere. We believed it was ahead of us, as the boy had said so.

Was there any confusion in that parade—any slowing down or terror? Not by one breath. We looked ahead a little way, Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Taylor were still in the lead; the Woman's Board following closely, all keeping step to the music. The brave Pioneer Women—not one of them young nor very strong—straightened up more proudly, if possible, and forged ahead. We drew the Historic Flag a bit more taut and followed them.

In a few minutes the newsboys were calling out "extras! extras!" but, though the tragedy was now a known fact, and we believed it was right ahead, not one soul dropped from the ranks. The immortal words of Farragut rang in our ears and the feeling was such, had we heard the fifty-one thousand members of that never-to-be-forgotten parade sing them out in chorus, we would not be one bit surprised, so strongly did that spirit surge through the crowd. "Torpedoes ahead!" would never have stopped them then. There were none who laughed and none who cheered now; but closed lips and stern faces were everywhere in evidence.



The Price of Treachery

That the assassins of so many innocent people did their work well there can be no question. What prices were paid those anarchists, and their twin brothers and sisters who incited them—daily and nightly—from the various platforms—to thwart Preparedness for Defense and Protection, we know not, but it should be a high one, for, when the day of reckoning comes it is not the instigators of this monstrous massacre who will swing at San Quentin, but the hirelings whose wretched brains and twisted mentalities were hypnotized into the most vicious of crimes.

But, these seekers after power and publicity have defeat-

ed their own ends through a most appalling cost to this community. Had the voices of millions of men and women called across the Continent—to other millions, to Prepare and protect what little peace we have, or to defend our country from the enemies, who are daily forcing war upon us, and murdering our people, or from the cancer of treachery, which is poisoning the life blood of the Nation, they could not have advocated the absolute need for

Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. John F. Merrill
Mrs. John Rothschild
Mrs. Edwin Goodall
Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder
Mrs. A. W. Scott
The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper
Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Georgea Sperry

Preparedness more thoroughly, in a hundred years. It is Preparedness now for all that is within our power, or it is a country governed by demagogues and anarchists. We have paid the price in good, clean honest patriotic blood; and, men and women who demand freedom most, even at the cost of their lives, must protect that freedom. For, everyone of us who marched in that parade—the first in which thousands of us ever marched—was the mark for the anarchists' bombs. And, we had the same warning as had the victims of the Lusitania; but, rather than be coerced we took the chance; and many paid with their lives for daring to demand protection.



"Fat Plutocrats"—Where?

At the thought of nine people dead, forty mangled and little babies orphaned, the blood runs cold. At the thought of the splendid women who went to make up that parade, and the insults placed upon their motives and intelligence—makes the blood boil. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and Mrs. John F. Merrill, the great philanthropists whose names and deeds and works of mercy are not confined to this Coast by any means. Women who have given their lives to building up the Red Cross, the Young Women's Christian Association, The Women and Children's Hospital, the Travelers' Aid, and, in fact, every organization for the help and protection of women. There also, was Mrs. Thomas Hinkley Taylor, brave and splendid, who took her life in her hands, knowing that bombs were thrown and to be thrown, led the parade of thousands of women like herself. These were "the fat plutocrats," subject to insults.

It does make the blood boil to have alleged pacifists and real agitators telling the idiotic anarchists to shoot paraders in the back, call it a good day's work and go home. When the advice of one was taken, he has the impudence to say he was joking. If Californians are as well able to do their duty today as they have been in the past, they will clean out the jokers, the agitators, the anarchists—and they'll do it now!



An Insult to Justice

THE alleged trial of the alleged murderer, William Orpet, at the alleged town of Waukegan, Ill., has come to an end. The alleged Judge practically instructed the alleged jury to acquit the alleged seducer, liar, perjurer and murderer; and, the alleged jury taxed their alleged brains, for a few hours; and then obediently followed the powerful suggestions of the alleged Judge, and turned the alleged murderer loose to prey on the little girls of the community, where ever his fancy leads him. And, so, the alleged trial in an alleged Court of Justice is through with its campaign of publicity, and poor little Marion Lambert lies in a dishonored grave—unavenged; while her disgraced and heartbroken parents must drag out the remainder of their

lives in shame and misery. There is nothing alleged about the fate of Marion and her father and mother, black tragedy has claimed them for his own.

It is doubtful if a more far-reaching, vicious conclusion was ever reached in any farce trial in America, and such trials are plentiful enough.

Let us see! What are really the facts in this case? They are about as follows: Will Orpet, a university student, of nineteen

years of age, made violent love to his pretty, little school-girl chum, Marion Lambert, who was seventeen, and was still a pupil in the high school. She was the pet of her teachers, loved by her classmates, eighteen of whom swore to her laughter-loving nature, "the life of every party," in fact, and the only child of simple, adoring parents. Marion and Orpet were on equal social footing, as both their fathers were superintendents of large estates, and were old friends. Will Orpet was the pretty boy of the little town, and, as forty-four love letters which he wrote to Marion proved, he won her love, and ruined her life, during his vacation last summer.

The police found the love (?) letters to Marion. The phone girls who "listened in" told the rest. Will Orpet was arrested back in Madison, Wisconsin, his college town, where he had been enjoying a picture show the evening before. Then he began to lie.

What really did happen was—in contemplation of his secret visit to Marion, he wrote her a carefully worded letter which would reach home after her death, and be read by her parents. He also wrote a letter to his mother and one to Josephine Davis, Marion's alleged friend. These letters he left with an accommodating friend to be mailed from Madison to Lake Forest, at the very time that he was running away from Helms Woods and that Marion's body was lying there saturated with cyanide of potassium. Now why this elaborate alibi?

He had borrowed a friend's overcoat, as a further disguise, and he carefully put his room in disorder, as if he had slept there. So, with his alibi perfect, he went and bought an empty two-ounce bottle and quietly sneaked off from Madison to Deerfield to inveigle his little school girl sweetheart into Helms Woods. Why?

All of these damning evidences Orpet acknowledged when the prosecution found them out, and scores of other disgusting proofs came from his letters.

Not one of these statements could he explain away to the satisfaction of the most credulous, even through purchased "experts."

Still Will Orpet was acquitted by the instruction of an alleged Judge to an alleged jury of his peers—there is no doubt about the peers. Neither is there any doubt about that Judge, nor about his attorney who said: "This trial does more than find him not guilty. It finds him innocent. He will go into the country for a few weeks to recuperate; and he will return here and make a man of himself."

Now, the alleged men who would talk in that way and find Orpet "not guilty," after his own acknowledged evidence against him; after they witnessed a man and woman absolutely perjure themselves (for some good and sufficient reason) by completely changing their testimony on the stand, must be men of the same character and fiber as that of Orpet himself. The men who could turn such a vile, debased young monster loose, to prey on the unprotected, foolish little girls he can meet, are a menace to any community. Such a shameful miscarriage of justice cannot fail to bring about a harvest of crime. For, Orpet and his kind—and he said there were many just like himself—will feel that they are heroes, until they reach some decent community where there are real men; then, they will serve the only purpose they are good for, and that is—to decorate some lonely trees as soon as possible. A black-hearted scoundrel at twenty will be an unspeakable, degenerate fiend at forty.

The Romance of the Desert

Calico Mountain on the Mojave River

*Far off on the mountain,
Where dark shadows dream,
The purple mist kisses
A Garden of Green.
No trees in this garden
Give shade in the heat,
No flowers sway with longing
Where cold breezes meet.*

By Lilian Rea

ON the banks of the Mojave River, facing the little town of Daggett, California, is a mountain which has had its mystery, its romance, its tragedy, its climax, its realized glory and its decay. Like its great neighbor and rival, Death Valley, it has lured men on to death and destruction. The prospector who first saw the lovely mountain, whose distinguishing peculiarity is its old-fashioned robe of calico—a dress that went out of vogue when our grandmothers were young, the very word sounding archaic in the ears of the youth of today, accustomed to cool linens and nainsooks—called it Calico Mountain, and Calico Mountain it remains. There, silent and beautiful, it still stands, and as one gazes at it from a distance a faint aroma of its history seems to reach out and permeate the spectator.

The Mojave River—not one of the lesser mysteries of this region—stretches out at its feet. A strange, broad, shallow stream at most seasons, the Mojave—or Moharvy, as the natives call it—has no mouth, like other respectable rivers, but loses itself in the sands not far from Calico. If this river could talk, what stories would it not tell of its own struggles and victories, its seasons of aridity, its times of rushing, leaping joy—as when, in January last, it burst all bounds and rushed exulting to its grave in the sands, recklessly tearing down everything in its way. The great French geographer, M. Elisee Reclus, teaches us that rivers, too, have souls. If so, the Mojave, remembering these times of frenzied joy, must, even as the human soul, have need of much philosophy to console it in the days of its dryness:

"Know," says the Mystic, "that the Lord makes use of the Veil of Dryness to the end that we may not understand what He is working in us, and so be humble, because if we felt and knew what He is working in our souls, satisfaction and presumption would get in. We should imagine that we were doing some good thing, and reckon ourselves very near to God, which would be our undoing."

Looking at Calico Mountain, the colors of the rocks tell their own tale. When we see the vivid green we think of the jasper of the

Nibelungen Lied, and realize that this color may hide stores of that white metal which, on account of its bright, shining appearance, alchemists named Luna or Diana and indicated by the crescent moon, but which we call silver. Quartz indicates gold. Of these two metals Calico has given out rich stores to those who have dared approach her steep rocks guarded by the dragons of drought and hunger.

One's dramatic sense is fired by a realization of the power of gold to fire men on to prodigies of strength and valor or tempt them to deeds of blood. The yellow lure is the most historic of all those which have led men to dare death, and the early history of our country is linked indissolubly with that of the yellow god in the great names of its discoverers—De Soto, Balboa, Cortez, Alvarado, Pizarro, Coronado. Each started out for the New World with this gleam in his eyes, but though each wrote his name large in the annals of the world of adventure and discovery, few ever realized Eldorado for himself. Fernando de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, setting out for Florida, searched in vain through four years for the treasure his imagination had pictured, then returning, found a water grave in the great stream linked with his name.

Balboa, discoverer of the "Great South Sea," the Pacific, had a still sadder fate, for although he found booty, in the Pearl Islands, he never reached Peru with his coveted gold. On his return to Spain, he was through treachery accused of treason, thrown into prison, condemned to death, and finally executed.

The expedition of Francisco Coronado was, perhaps, by reason of its contribution to geographical knowledge, and its discovery of the Grand Canyon, one of the most romantic in history, but Coronado himself was miserably disappointed to find the fabled wealth of the Seven Cities of Cibola a myth, and to fail in his quest for "Quivira," the Eldorado on which his heart had originally been set.

The most successful of the early adventurers were Cortez and Pizarro—the one in Mexico, the other in Peru. Neither lived to enjoy the fruits of his riches, however. Losing the greater part of his wealth by shipwreck, Cortez died on a small estate in Seville in comparative obscurity, while Pizarro was assassinated soon after his conquest of Peru.

Gold mining in the United States dates back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. In California everything seems to begin with the great year of '49, which marks the commencement of the Golden Age—a short but glorious decade, after which the great placer

mines were pretty well exhausted. Some years ago, writing of the desert, a California writer said:

"Take the desert as a mineral bearing region, and we have not begun to discover its vast wealth. There are goldfields here which will astonish the world."

The gold belt of the Mojave desert extended for a distance of 115 miles in and around Calico, and in the early days the mountain teemed with rough men looking for the yellow metal. Everywhere was heard the sound of activity, while loud swelled the noise of that revelry and disorder characteristic of the mining camp. In the words of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village":

"Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around."

Finally, however, tired of being thus disturbed in the remote place of her self-flagellation, Nature said to the gold-seekers: "Get out!" and her voice came in the form of terrific heat and poisonous vapors, which killed off the miners by hundreds. Swiftly the tide of prosperity ebbed, and soon the once flourishing town of 2,000 inhabitants became a deserted and desolate place, with only dreams of its former greatness to give it dignity in its loneliness.

Handling the "Shuttles of Wonder and Mystery," John Van Dyke, the great poet of the desert, has woven for us the whole garment which clothes this enigmatical country of sand, cactus, mesquite and sagebrush. Under his magic pen we see in imagination the brilliant colors of sunrise, sunset, or moonrise, and when the voice of the Lord of the elements speaks commandingly across the vast plains to mountain hill or valley, hear in our souls the music of the spheres. But even Van Dyke cannot fathom the fascination of the desert. What is it, he asks, that draws us to the boundless and fathomless and makes the lovely things of earth—such as the grasses, the trees, the lakes, the little hills—appear trivial and insignificant when we come face to face with the sea or the desert or the vastness of the midnight sky?

To speak of romance in connection with the desert seems incongruous until we define it as a "blending of the heroic, the marvelous, the mysterious and the imaginative in manners, ideas, language or literature."

In one sense, the heroic, the marvelous and the mysterious are peculiarly at home where the awfulness of God's handiwork is ever insistent, where loneliness and solitude reign supreme, and where tremendous distances sym-

bolis the mysterious reaches of the infinite. "Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery!" cries the poet. Romance, too, trembles in the fact that so many of the things men crave have been put where they can be obtained only by exposure to perils of fatigue, hunger, drought, poison and destruction. But, after all, romance is not an impersonal element; nor can it really be born until the human comes on the scene, for it is the agency of the latter which

"Gives to barrows, trays and pans
Glance and glamor of romance."

The real romance of Calico centers around an apparently most prosaic product—that which is indicated by the white strata in her coat of many colors. The first authentic references to this product, called borax, may be found in the stories of ancient Rome. Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" tells us that borax was largely used by Nero and his slaves on the arena, and it was supposed they employed it for the purpose of deodorizing the gladiatorial battle grounds. A recent writer on the subject, however, in the light of Nero's delight in the odor of blood, which was "sweet perfume to his nostrils," scoffs at this theory, and declares that the Emperor used the stuff to preserve the relics of the fight in all their realism, so that in imagination he might be able to live over again all the delights of his favorite pastime.

At first the nature of borax was unknown, and we read of a French apothecary having imagined it to be formed in a mixture of soap suds with dirty kitchen water, which, after being preserved in a ditch for a certain time, became genuine borax. Until 1890 the earliest method of obtaining it was by evaporating the water of alkaline marshes. Then it was discovered that the crust of borax which formed in such places was but a secondary deposit from the real bed of it stored below. In this form it is found in the great "Drug Store of the Universe," as those bowl-shaped valleys, which are the beds of ancient volcanoes, have been called. Dante, in his description of hell as a vast conical hollow reaching to the center of the earth, must have had one of these valleys in mind.

It was at Calico that borax was first found in this new form, and a writer on the region dramatically describes its discovery as follows:

"Among the many bright-colored strata and ledges to be found in these mountains was one that was snow-white and composed of an unknown material. On casual examination it was found to contain radiating crystals of singular beauty, but not wholly unlike some other crystals to be found in volcanic regions. Eventually samples were analyzed, and behold here was borax in a form never dreamed of. The curious formation was a borate of lime, which showed in the analysis more boracic acid than

cotton balls. It was called 'Colemanite,' after Mr. W. T. Coleman, who, with Mr. F. M. Smith, was associated in the discovery."

Owing to the fact that the deposits were found in most inaccessible places, necessitating a road full of more "crooks and pitches than a streak of chain lightning," borax mining there was most exciting and romantic. The wonderful richness of the deposit led to further explorations in the neighborhood, and the remarkable finds in Death Valley were the result.

It is surprising to what uses borax is now put. It would seem today as if we could not get on without it. To mention only a few of its uses: it is employed in the manufacture of the most delicate porcelain as well as in that of common crockery, for door knobs, in the printing of colored stuffs, the stiffening of men's hats, in fireproofing material, fireproof paint. It is also a wonderful preservative, and available for shampooing, in the laundry, and for fifty other things.

As one morning in late January of this year the artist and I ensconced ourselves on the bank of the Mojave River, opposite Calico, in the midst of sagebrush and greasewood—he to paint, I to dream—it seemed as if the wonderful city of Junipero Serra lay before us.

The story is told that in the early days of California, Padre Junipero Serra, hearing rumors of a great city situated in the desert and boasting of stately buildings, towers, domes, spires and walls in profusion, started out one fine day, with several of his attendant priests to find it. When after crossing the mountains the desert in its grey desolation lay spread before him, there, distinctly outlined against the sky, was indeed the wonderful city. Unfortunately, the nearer he tried to come to it the further it receded. Finally, the friendly Mojave Indians, learning of his quest, came to persuade him that what he had seen was only a mirage, and reluctantly the good padre was forced to turn back again unsatisfied to his little mission across the mountains.

How proudly the wonderful city stood there on that January morning as I sat beside the Mojave River looking over at the lovely mountain bathed in a blue mist, and radiant with its soft colors, and flaunting its black, its white, its brown, its purple, its green, its blue, its yellow rocks in the face of the grey and green bushes.

The artist's vision is before you in *Everywoman*, and to realise its charm you must think of jasper and chalcedony, the New Jerusalem of St. John's vision:

"The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth an emerald; the fifth sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."

My vision was of untold treasures, guarded

by poisonous gases, waterless stretches and impassable defiles; of the havoc wrought in human lives by exposure to that terrific heat and fetid atmosphere; of the fascination of the unknown. And before my eyes I could see the great train of 32 mules swinging down the steep slopes dragging behind them the immense desert wagons, heavy with ten tons of colemanite, and themselves mammoth houses on wheels—16 feet long and 4 feet wide. What picture of equestrian achievement could ever compare with that of these unknown drivers of borax trains! Even a Vanderbilt swinging down from Barnes to Olympia in his wonderful coach with its six horses to compete in the great London Horse Show, could have known nothing of the exhilaration experienced by that driver of twelve, eighteen, twenty—sometimes thirty-two—mules, on the crack of whose whip depended his own life and the safety of all those treasure-bearing vans. My closed eyes saw plainly that "jerk line," one hundred and twenty-five feet long, reaching to the leader far ahead around the terrible curves of that precipitous mountain trail. And behind the forms of those mules, with their burden of borax wagon, with its priceless water trailer following, I seemed to see also the shadowy shapes of those poor miners who had lost their lives trying to extract the snow-white masses from the inferno of Calico.

And thus romance may meet us whenever we will. At first glance that January morning I was more struck with the mystic aspect of the great mass veiled in a mist of luminous sand, towering up into the sky, and seemingly set down on the top of the river's bank, than by its history, but soon the elements of the heroic, the mysterious and the romantic became clear to me, and I felt the dramatic side of the whole phenomena of the desert. In these waste places, the human heart almost stops beating before the ever-palpating breath of the Great Spirit, and the human soul sees shrinking from it all the false values and belittling conventions of the luxuriant places of the earth. And so in gazing at Calico, the prediction of Joaquin Miller, California's great prophet, did not seem so fantastic. In his poem called "The Ship in the Desert," he says:

"Lo! from this land
Of Jordan streams and dead sea sand
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon his face."

If that be so, why should He not step down from the heights of Calico Mountain, and passing through those gates of jasper and chalcedony along the well-worn trail, cross the Mojave River into the "wilderness and solitary place." Let us, then, remember the promise, already half fulfilled in California, that at His coming

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The World of Women

Its Propaganda for Internationalism

By Dr. Leonie Fordham

To Us
the



Greatest
Victory

The World's Union of Women approves of Preparedness until an International Court for the disarmament of all Nations has been established, which is the aim and object of its propaganda.

[Everywoman subscribes to these sentiments.—EDITORS NOTE.]

What is internationalism? Most people understand it to be International Law. But International Law is only a small part of it. Just as we cannot legislate morality into an individual in its relation with others, so we cannot legislate morals into a nation in its relations with other nations. Back of International Law there has to be an *international conscience* recognizing the sacred duties and obligations the national units of the international family owe to each other, which from every standpoint, except a perverted one, can not essentially differ from those which citizens owe to each other as units of the national family.

Back of the international conscience, which, like the individual conscience, is subject to growth and education, there must be an *international heart*, that elemental and universal force of love which in its evolution from the brute instinct of self-love differentiated itself into love for family, love for neighbor, love for community, love for country, and which is now destined to leap over the artificially drawn boundaries of nation, and become finally *love for humanity*.

Never in the history of humanity has patriotism, love for one's own country, risen to such height as today. At its altar supreme sacrifices are made; in its sacred flame Europe stands ready to commit suicide. Today, however, in spite of the blood which is spilt, in spite of racial hatred, the spectacle of the present war in itself is an object lesson, a prophesy of coming internationalism. If half of the world can unite against the other half for destruction, why should it not be possible that one day both halves of the world might combine with each other against the only enemy left—war itself?

I dare say humanity simply cannot escape evolution; nationalism has to become internationalism, which is its superchild, born in the throes of the present war.

What is the difference between international and the common law?

The Common Law by which a nation is governed, and which in its civil and criminal branches is all reduced to writing in statutory form, binds *all* citizens alike. International law in its civil and criminal branches is still to be reduced to writing in statutory form, and will have first to be accepted by all nations before it will be binding upon all nations as the common law is to all individuals in one state. Practically it can be called non-existent. What does exist has been merely honorary, so-called "gentlemen's agreements" between nations, in the shape of *treaties* or *resolutions*, passed by *international conferences*. Even if they were

reduced to writing, there never existed an International Court to pass upon them and administer them, nor an International Police to enforce them. They were, as the Kaiser put it, "mere scraps of paper," which could be torn with impunity, which he did when he violated Belgian neutrality.

In fact, in the light of what the present war has taught us, internationalism seems to be a hypothetical power to which a nation appeals when it is threatened with an unlawful act of another nation. It is ignored or considered non-existent when the same nation under the exigencies of war commits the same unlawful act. In wartime, International Law can best be defined as the Reversal of the Common Law.

Now, how can we explain how a nation can consistently demand that the Golden Rule shall work both ways? How has it happened that there are now two moral codes, one to apply to the national body, while its reversal applies to the international body?

We all know that the taking of life is murder, and punishable as such, except when committed in defense of self, family, or home. Now, this being the law of the land, why is this not also the law among nations? Why, by a simple fiat of one or a few men at the heads of governments, can a state of war be declared, and murder, the most unlawful act on earth, not only become lawful, but the most honorable business of the land?

First let us ask the question: Why is it that in time of peace murder has come to be considered an unlawful act? There were periods in the history of mankind when war was a permanent state, and peace always a truce. Then murder was not a crime. In the course of evolution periods of war alternated with periods of peace. During peace time, murder, which was popular during war, became unpopular, because it proved to work against the interests of the majority, furnishing not sufficient warriors for the next war. So the Rule was made to punish war during peace time. The accepted Rule became Custom, and the Custom became gradually part of the human conscience. It formed the Unwritten Law, which in its turn became the foundation of the Written Law.

As already stated, this spiritual unfoldment of the race mind was no doubt greatly urged onwards in its upward curve by serving an *utilitarian* purpose. The law governing murder has been the resultant of race experience. Murder proved to act against the interest of the state, so *within* the state murder became a crime. But if humanity in its evolution from tribes into communities, states and nations had only arrived at a *tacit* understanding that henceforth human life shall be considered sacred and inviolable, without reducing it to writing in statutory form, and had it not evolved, as it has, a legislative, a judiciary and penal system, people among themselves would still settle their difficulties by force of might, just as the nations among themselves do it today by war on account of the absence of the very institutions which safeguarded life within the confines of the state.

Now, if this law of evolution of the international conscience had kept pace with the national one, international law would consider

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



Dr. Leonie Fordham

California for Preparedness

A Parade Which Made Tragic History

By Betty Conditt

MORE than fifty thousand men and women made the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco on July 22nd.

It was a glorious day, hot with California sunshine and cooled with Pacific winds. The wide stretch of Market street, from the Ferries to Van Ness avenue, was lined with people, rank upon rank. Cheers greeted the flags and the emblems of the day and its object—Preparedness. It took six hours for the parade to pass a given point. The formation of the different sections was perfect. The first division started promptly on time, and each division joined exactly according to schedule. All the world now knows of the horror of death and suffering caused by the fiends who left their infernal machine where it would explode at the start of the parade. Innocent bystanders paid with their lives for daring to look at a demonstration of preparedness. But the parade continued without a pause, in the face of death itself. And the greatest argument for preparedness was made by those who placed the bomb. We will prepare against the danger, wicked and insidious, that is growing like a cancer in the life of our country. We will prepare so that in days to come we may parade in safety for any cause we see fit to represent. The glorious showing of real American spirit in San Francisco's parade, when one out of every ten people marched, is the most perfect answer possible to the apostles of anti-preparedness. American spirit is *not* dead, and we are awakening to our responsibilities—to the inspiration of old ideals and new ambitions. The parade was a glorious object lesson. We shall never forget it. Those of us who marched felt the thrill of love of country and the solemn call of highest duty. Those of us who watched felt certain of safety and protection, for fifty thousand people do not get together for anything that is not *real* these days.

San Francisco has proved to her sister states where she stands on preparedness.

There was not a womans' organization in the city which was not represented in the womans' section of the parade. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst marched at the head of the Womans' Board—and made the beginning of an imposing line of women who were cheered until voices became husky from shouting. The Pioneer Women received one continuous ovation. The Army and Navy League in khaki, and the nurses of the city and county made a wonderful showing.

Following is a list of the divisions of the women's part of the great parade:



Subdivision B

Company 1—Woman's Board Auxiliary, Captain Mrs. J. S. A. McDonald.

Company 2—Woman's Board Auxiliary, Captain Miss Mollie Connors.

Company 3—Woman's Board Auxiliary, Captain Mrs. Charles R. Lloyd.

Company 4—Woman's Board Auxiliary, Captain Mrs. William J. Monro.

Subdivision C

Company 5—Navy League, Captains Mrs. G. H. Umben, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. F. H. Colburn.

Company 6—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Company 7—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Edson F. Adams.

Company 8—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Arthur Page.

Subdivision D

Company 9—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding.

Company 10—Companions of Foresters of America, Captain Mrs. A. E. Drendell.

Company 11—Business women, Captain Mrs. Roberta N. Lewis.

Company 12—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. William S. Scott.

Subdivision E

Company 13—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Malcolm Whitman.

Company 15—Stockton women, Captain Mrs. Edna McGinnis.

Subdivision F

Company 17—Professional women, Captain Mrs. Jeanne Francoeur.

Company 18—Pioneer Women, Captain Mrs. Adrienne Thompson.

Company 19—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Gwendolyn Newell.

Company 20—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. H. Moody.

Subdivision G

Company 22—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. John H. Perrine.

Company 23—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. John Farnham.

Company 24—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Kathleen Byrne.

Subdivision H

Company 25—Patriotic Women of America, Captain Mrs. George H. Shadburne Jr.

Company 26—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. E. S. Karns.

Company 28—Women citizens, Captain Mrs. Belle G. Curtis.

Subdivision I

Company 29—Women Citizens, Captain Mrs. Robert S. Moore.

Subdivision J

Company 34—Greek-American Women, Captain Mrs. C. Hunter.

The woman's division did not by any means, however, include the entire roster of women who showed their keen understanding of the principles of patriotism by marching for preparedness.



A PEACE PARTY—MINUS PEACE

The Rev. Doctor Charles F. Aked has resigned his chairmanship of the Ford Neutral Peace Conference in Stockholm, because peace wouldn't work worth a cent and the members never had a moment's time to think of peace, they were so busy fighting. Now, the Rev. Gentleman says, "The crowd was composed of crazy cranks and dreamers." Well, well; doctor! Did it take as brilliant a man as yourself eight months to find that out? Just plain folks had no such trouble. But, then, when a man is off on a glorified joy-ride and a diversified vacation, perhaps it takes a good while for such people to get on his nerves.

Personally we have been very grateful to Mr. Henry Ford. We think he is a real philanthropist. Now, if he had only chartered a few more ships and loaded them full with similar guests, just see the weight he would have taken off our shoulders. We always thought that he had a wise little twinkle in his eye when he was out here to the Exposition, just as if he were thinking up a good joke on somebody, with a little publicity thrown in. Ever so many thanks, Mr. Ford. Please do it again!

The Law of Averages

A War Story of Intrigue in India

By Francis Rives Heath

(Continued from July)

brought back to his present surroundings by a sharp admonition from Captain Chepstowe to make less noise with his feet.

Guided by the faint light of the moon, they plunged into the inky shadow of the walls, and an instant later were swallowed in the orifice beyond.

he suffered in silence. After a seemingly interminable time, the two scouts returned and reported that a large number of camels, twenty or thirty at least, were grouped about an old

he thought awaited him; now, perhaps, it was sudden death. Scarcely a sound was made as the company proceeded; the men even appeared to cease breathing as they gropingly put each foot forward. The last step was traversed and the passage lay before.

A dim light now gilded the walls, and as they advanced, grew in intensity. A sharp turn was rounded, and the chamber, now illuminated by a dozen incandescents, suddenly thrust itself in view. As a picture is recorded by the instantaneous flickering of the camera shutter, so the strange scene was indelibly impressed on Henry's mind. A score of Hindus were busily engaged in packing arms, large and small, and parcels of ammunition into wooden cases, while several white men were evidently overseeing the operations. One of the latter, just having caught sight of the intruders, had his mouth open in the act of uttering a cry of warning. All were heavily armed. This one glimpse remained clear in his memory; what occurred thereafter was a confused series of disconnected incidents, hopelessly mixed. He had a recollection of some one pressing a heavy automatic into his hand and of following Captain Chepstowe as he sprang forward, sword in hand. Vibratory explosions sounded on all sides; the air grew heavy with the fumes of spent gunpowder, and through the increasing masses of pungent, yellowish smoke, men stabbed and shot and cursed with animal-like snarls on their faces. A black hand reached out toward him from obscurity and slipped a knife into his shoulder, but he scarcely felt it. A tall blonde fellow, with the eyes of a mad tiger, stumbled against him and as if in a dream, Henry pressed his gun into the pit of his stomach and fired. A draught from an unseen aperture rolled back the smoke and revealed Captain Chepstowe swaying on his feet, with twelve inches of a blood red, dripping sword emerging from the middle of his back. Then a sharp, spitting flame flashed in his eyes, a little biting pain shot through his chest and he felt himself falling, falling forward into blank oblivion.

III.

In common with those in the first flush of youth, Henry Pollock had thought seldom of Heaven or Hell as a possible future place of permanent abode and the only mental pictures of either he could conjure to his imagination were the very conventional ones of gold-paved streets, populated with harp-playing angels or a region of fire and brimstone, as the case might be. But in the first dawn of consciousness, when his brain was groping in half-dazed efforts to readjust itself to normal conditions, he very positively imagined himself



CARVED MARBLE TEMPLE

In the stillness of the midnight hour, the deserted city presented a weird spectacle to the eyes of Henry Pollock and his companions. Fragments of crumbled mosque and palace traced themselves in ghostly silhouettes against the sky, blending into the mass of ruins beneath. Occasionally, the dim, skulking form of a marauding jackal flitted in and out the strewn heaps of stone, while from nearby sounded the peculiar rumbling and bubbling that proceeds only from the stomachs of camels. That sound, as easily recognizable to an inhabitant of northern India as is the lowing of cattle to those of more temperate climes, brought the party to an immediate halt.

"Camels! what on earth are they doing here?" ejaculated the captain, and he sent two men to investigate. Stealthily they crept away into the darkness, while the remainder stood in silence, waiting. The weird cry of a jackal quavered from a fragment of wall and was answered from far and near. Soon closely set pairs of eyes, shining with a green, lambent fire appeared for fleeting instants, only to vanish and flash on again, driven by an unquenchable curiosity. Rustling and crawlings from the scattered rubbish and low bushes denoted the presence of strange insects and reptiles. Henry felt the cold sweat pricking out on his forehead and he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, expecting every instant to have a snake run up the leg of his trousers, but

mosque, with their attendants asleep about them, and that a quantity of boxes, in readiness to be lashed to the animals, stood ready.

The captain turned to Henry.

"Are you certain you remember the location of the entrance to the passage, and do you think it possible for us to descend without undue noise?" he questioned.

Henry replied that he did and he thought it was quite possible.

"All right then, that's all that's necessary," said the officer.

Leaving a small detail to watch the camels, they again advanced with a degree of stealth worthy of North American Indians, over the half-seen obstacles that at each step hindered their way, until at last Mr. Pollock announced with an air of triumph that they had arrived at their destination. The stairway, now but a dark blot on the ground, lay at their feet, seemingly a well, filled to the brink with black mystery and potential destruction. But to the men of the Fifth Panjab Lancers, inured to hardship and constantly walking hand and hand with danger, it was but a means to an end.

With Captain Chepstowe and the American still in the lead the descent was commenced, the narrowness of the passage compelling single file. A little smile touched Henry's lips as he recalled his anticipations on last descending the stairway. Then it was sudden riches that

to be in the latter of the two places. It seemed to him that an exceedingly active demon was busily engaged in thrusting a red-hot poker into his chest and turning it around with evident relish. His couch consisted of scorching coals and he incessantly called for water, although he knew there was little chance of his obtaining any. Then it occurred to him to open his eyes. When he did so, he was sure he was mistaken about being in Hell and if it were not for the pains that racked his body and his feverish lips he would have thought he was in Heaven. A beautiful vision, in crinkly white as all angels are supposed to be attired, was bending over him with a glass of sparkling water. Her face was as sweet as any angel's could be, and a little smile of tender compassion wreathed her lips. Henry stared at her an instant with wide open eyes and then in a small, weak voice that he scarcely recognized as his own, inquired:

"Where am I?"

"This is the Delhi Military Hospital. Take a sip of this and you will feel better." She lifted the cool water to his lips. In his time Henry had bibbed the finest vintages of champagne, but they were all as nothing to the deliciousness of this draught. With a sign of relief he lay back on his pillow and attempted to resume the thread of consecutive thought. He remained thus for some time with eyes half closed, and then suddenly asked the nurse: "Am I hurt badly?"

"No," she replied, "you were very fortunate in your injuries. You will be up and about in no time. But you mustn't talk now, just lay quietly and rest."

There was an instant's pause and he said:

"There is a young lady, Mlle. Charlotte St. Jean, staying at Cecil's Hotel. Could you let her know I am here and would like to see her?" and he looked at her with appealing gaze.

"I will see," the nurse replied, and a moment later was gone from the room.

Henry stared around him with a degree of curiosity remarkable in one so recently snatched from the grave. He discovered he was lying in a pleasant room done completely in white, even to the chairs and enameled bedstead and the dainty muslin curtains flapping lazily against the two wide windows at his left. From these he could see the waving branches of pepper trees and bits of blue sky beyond, but nothing more.

His thoughts began to wander backward and quite naturally, soon reverted to the girl. He wondered if she knew he was wounded and if so, why she hadn't come to him. Perhaps it was because she was angry at the way he had left her in the dining room, but then surely she must have realized that Captain Chepstowe's request was virtually a command. And why had she uttered that strange exclamation at the climax of his story? He pondered long over this riddle and then, his

brain exhausted by fruitless suppositions, sank into a fitful doze.

The soft opening of the door was enough to awaken him and he turned with his heart thumping at his ribs, hoping to see the girl on the threshold. But the nurse was alone.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly, noting the disappointment in his eyes, "but the young lady left the hotel shortly after you did last night and has not been seen since."

"But where did she go? Where is she?" Henry cried, sitting bolt upright in spite of his injuries. The nurse gently forced him back to a reclining position.

"No one knows," she answered, "her luggage is still at the hotel, but the management is in complete ignorance of her whereabouts. Now you must not distress yourself any longer. I left word for her to telephone as soon as she returned."

Suffering from a thousand doubts, but forced to be satisfied with this small comfort, he at last fell into a dull stupor, broken by a weird procession of strange and fantastic dreams.

The morning sun, streaming through the feathery foliage of the pepper trees, awoke him to a new day. He had a faint remembrance of tender hands redressing his wounds in the night and of having an exceedingly disagreeable liquid thrust down his throat, but they were as dim and distant occurrences long since past. He felt much stronger than before and promptings from within recalled that at one time he had possessed an appetite.

The door opened and the nurse and a doctor entered, preceded by a tall, elderly man in uniform and gold lace, accompanied by an officer whom he recognized as Major Ritten.

come personally to thank you for the inestimable service you have rendered England and the Empire. My country never forgets those who have aided her, and I am sure you will never forget the day when you saved those of us who live here in India from a hell even more damnable than that which for a short time engulfed us in 1857. Though you stumbled upon your information by accident, yet your subsequent conduct has proven you to be one of the bravest of men. I congratulate you and the country that produced you. Allow me the privilege of shaking your hand." And with real emotion playing across his face he advanced and clasped Henry's hand in a hearty grasp.

Henry tried to speak, but was unable to find words to express himself. He was stricken dumb with incredulity; scarcely able to credit his eyes and ears with what they saw and heard. But withal, he was conscious of an increasing sense of gratification and a swelling growth of pride within him. Here was adventure with a vengeance, spelled with a capital "A," the culmination of his wildest dreams. No longer was he the fat, amiable Henry Pollock of the steamship smoking rooms, with his laughable tales of strivings after adventure. Now he was a man with an achievement, one who had been praised by the Viceroy of India for a deed well executed. Then he thought of the girl and love, and his cup of happiness was filled to overflowing.

The Viceroy seated himself in a chair by the bed and continued.

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the full extent of the plot you helped to un-



PACK TRAIN OF CAMELS IN INDIA

The nurse hurried to the bedside and said in low tones:

"This is His Excellency Lord Harbison, the Viceroy of India."

Henry stared incredulously.

The great man plunged into speech without preliminaries.

"Mr. Pollock," he said, bowing, "I have

cover. Its ramifications were many and reached to all parts of India. The city of Tughlakabad was but a link in a great chain that extended from the borders of Afghanistan to Chitagon in the East and Tuticorin in the extreme South. This much was discovered from papers taken from a spy we captured last night.

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

The Boy Scouts

Preparedness at Monte Vista

By Susan Lockwood

"**H**ALT! Who goes there?" Thus was my peaceful walk, when "the quiet colored end of evening smiles, miles and miles" in the Santa Clara Valley, suddenly thrown into war-like excitement.

"A friend," was my timid, respectful reply.

"Huh, it's only a lady!" grunted the sentinel, lowering his arms and standing before me in all the military dignity of his fourteen years.

In the bright moonlight I saw a row of white tents, a big camp fire and about fifty busy brown figures that I afterward learned were the California Junior Reserves.

"This is Camp Russell," vouchsafed the stalwart soldier who had held me up, recovering from his disappointment at meeting "only a lady" instead of a wild band of wicked Mexicans.

Camp Russell was the home of the young soldiers for three days. They were the guests of a Monte Vista gentleman who tried to remain "incog," but whose every appearance in camp was greeted with rapturous shouts and cheers and half a hundred voices called his name. Wild enthusiasm prevailed during his visits, for he always started some fun and saw it through.

A big motor bus brought the boys down in relays and deposited them and their extensive equipment on the shores of Stevens Creek, an ideal place for camping. Immediately upon arrival, activities began.

The lads were under the command of an excellent drill master who was also a good and understanding friend to every member of his company. His popularity is unmistakable among his "men" and the same hand that is raised stiffly in salute will next moment nestle confidently in the grasp of the commanding officer, for some of the Reserves are not seasoned warriors, and discipline was agreeably tempered with friendliness at Camp Russell.

Captain Paul Burlingame was introduced to me, a manly chap of seventeen who courteously answered all of my questions and kept an official eye on his soldiers the while. He told me that the boys came from San Francisco and Berkeley and that the regiment was not complete owing to the absence of many members on school vacations.

I learned that the organizing of the Junior Reserves meets with eager interest on the part of boys and parents, and the Sunday schools are especially active in the movement, as their leaders consider that the discipline and drill and the general atmosphere of the regiment are most excellent for the boys. Lads between twelve and eighteen are eligible, and one very interesting item in connection with the organization is that each boy has worked for and



earned the money to buy his uniform. Younger brothers of these boys have become fired with the desire to join, and a regiment of "cadets" has been formed for those under twelve years of age.

While in camp the regular military procedure is carried out, the boys sleeping on the ground rolled up in their blankets, and when aroused by the bugle call in the early morning, they rise in their might, like young giants refreshed, and after a merry, noisy splashing in the creek they scamper back to their tents, fold blankets and tidy up for inspection. The morning prayer follows, and I bowed my head and listened with swelling heart to the clear young voices calling upon their God, the creator of the beautiful world about us.

Then knives and forks, plates and cups are distributed and the line is formed for breakfast.

"Yum, yum, yum," is the ecstatic murmur that runs through the ranks and mingles with the delicious odor of frying bacon and steaming coffee. Eager young noses sniff the breeze and there is no halting foot in that brave line that charges upon the cook who hands out the "eats" in such quantities that I feared for the results. But not a man faltered, and when fifteen minutes later, the ice cream wagon came along, our gallant band consumed his entire stock of three gallons without blinking.

I naturally anticipated a brief period of inertia after this surprising feat, but not so! The morning drill took place with full rigor and precision, and the fat boy who could not always remember his left foot from his right, remarked that he could have made a much better showing if he'd had another cone.

After the drill the boys are free to go where they like, and they scatter like bits of paper before a strong wind to see the country far and wide.

"Sure to come back for dinner," chuckled the commanding officer. And they were. The manufacturers of belts for scouts are men deserving the nation's highest praise—what material and skill they use to make anything so strong!

Another short drill takes place in the afternoon and at its close I asked one of the boys to recite the oath for me. A bright little lad, straight as a dart, stood squarely in front of me, clicked his heels together, raised three fingers of his right hand and said:

"On my honor I will do my best. I will do my duty to God and my country. I will obey the scout laws to help other people at all times, to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

The sun is slipping down, down, near the hill tops, nearer still, lower and lower, until only a tiny bit of the top of its blazing face can be seen and that disappears and quiet falls upon the camp.

The fresh cool evening air brings the boys round the big fire that crackles and snaps and sends out all kinds of messages to watching eyes and ears. This is an hour of lazy contentment, followed by another meal, and then the officer of the day appoints the sentinel and the sentinel's guard. A guard stands duty at each of the four sides of the camp, and is changed every two hours during the night. The first night many exciting and terrifying things happened. The C. O. abandoned all idea of sleep, so busy did the guards keep him with hair-raising tales of wild animals approaching, bandits creeping through the ravine, mountain fires that must be extinguished, raging torrents to be stemmed,—all showing the effect of the mysterious night in the big out-of-doors upon youthful imaginations. We were glad to have the Junior Reserves at Monte Vista, to feel the spirit of patriotism that prevails, hear the merry shouts of the campers as they fill the busy day with work and play, growing brown and strong and building the foundation of America of the future, the America that will stand firmly united and ready for what may come, be it peace or be it war.

* * *

Rudolph Ganz

During the next season this artist will again visit our city, as he will make a coast to coast tour after giving three recitals in New York and going as far south as Havana, Cuba. He has already been booked for sixteen concerts on the Pacific Coast. At present he is in the woods of Maine preparing for the strenuous season, and when he emerges will offer some interesting programmes.

New Lives for Old

A Glimpse of the Oakland Probation Office

By Elsie McCormick

AT first glance, you would mistake the building for an ordinary private residence. But after you had noticed the iron bars on the windows of the upper floor and heard the click of the typewriters downstairs, you would decide that this was the address of an unusual business concern. In fact, it is part of the great system of national conservation; but it conserves souls rather than forests and mends lives instead of dams. It is the home of the chance to make good; and those typewriters which are clicking so busily are finding Jimmie a position where he can start afresh, or are telling Mabel that she will find friends and aid as soon as her term in the Reform School is ended.

As you enter the hallway of the Probation Office you find it flanked by two waiting files of children. There is a sharp-featured little boy, with narrow eyes and a fox-like expression. There is an exceedingly penitent colored youngster, sitting alone and forlorn in the corner, with big tears rolling down his chocolate-tinted cheeks.

The girls seem equally impressed with the seriousness of the situation. One of them is pale and unwholesome looking, with eyes that shift away from meeting another's glance. The girl beside her is square-built and apparently a hard worker; but she has the peasant's expression of patient, docile stupidity. A third girl sits apart from the others, flourishing her bracelets as she adjusts her hat at a more becoming angle.

Every one of these children represents a different problem. The healer of souls, unlike the healer of bodies, cannot follow any comfortable generalizations. Each one of his patients suffers from a new disease and requires a different course of treatment. Though there has been an attempt at systematizing causes, the officer who starts on a new case must do so as a pioneer. He may know a hundred plausible theories, and then meet a little freckled-faced youngster who upsets every one of them.

In the offices on either side of the hall are the men and women who repair broken lives. The first thing that impresses one about the staff is its optimism. There is no long-faced moralizing, no rock-bound severity. Mr. Snedigar, the chief probation officer, is a genial young man—the type who can understand a boy's viewpoint because he is still very much of a boy himself. He pushed aside the work that piled his desk when I called, and gave nearly an hour of his time to a discussion of the children.

"Could you tell me about a few of the interesting cases?" I inquired.

"They are all interesting cases," answered Mr. Snedigar. "There is not one whose life and problems would not make a good story; and they are all different. For a person who can read between the lines, court records are more interesting than novels. We differ from many other probation offices, because we never deal with a case without learning the person's age."

"His age?" I inquired, a bit puzzled.

"His mental age," explained Mr. Snedigar. "You find ten-year-old minds superintending the actions of twenty-year-old bodies. You find the moral developments of six controlling the judgments of sixteen. The year of a child's birth has nothing to do with how old he is."

"How do you find out his real age?" I asked.

"Send him up to the Psychological Clinic," explained Mr. Snedigar. "The City of Oakland has a special department for the study of mental disease. People are just beginning to find out that weak minds are even more serious than weak bodies. The old idea of personal responsibility is being knocked higher than a kite."

Miss Rich, of the girls' department, had much the same story, but the outlook for the girls is less optimistic. A boy often gets into difficulty because of an over-abundance of energy, and love of adventure; the girl's downfall is generally due to a lack of moral backbone. The office statistics show that a girl's chance to make good is just half that of her brother's. Twenty-five per. cent of the boys come back a second time; but fifty per cent of the girl delinquents reappear after their first offense.

"They have everything against them," explained Miss Rich. "When once a girl has been before the Juvenile Court she is branded. We talk about the single standard, but it is many a long mile from being put into practice. Besides, the girls are seldom trained for an interesting or well-paid occupation. They usually go into housework—a job which isn't famous for stimulating ambition. Then there's the burden of mental defect. That's why we haven't more successes. We can help a bright-minded girl to wipe out her past and forge ahead, but we can't teach honor and sincerity to a girl who doesn't know what the words mean. Listen to this, for instance," and she cheerfully read a family history of an insane mother, an alcoholic father and nine feeble-

minded children. "And then some well-intentioned old ladies actually think they can reform our girls by handing them pamphlets!" marveled Miss Rich.

The longer I spent in the office the better I understood just how they live up to their idea that a bad child is a sick child. You can't cure the mumps by scolding or punishing the sufferer. Neither can you cure a mental disease by delivering sermons. "Punishing a man for a kink in his cerebrum is as foolish as locking one up for having a club-foot," I heard a great man say the other day. The Probation Office believes in a judicious amount of locking-up, but its object is the protection of the child, rather than his punishment.

A girl, whom we shall call Grace Browne, came under the care of the office not long ago. Grace was a puzzle. Apparently she was a quiet, refined girl, with a fairly well-developed mind. She could hold her own in any ordinary conversation without betraying the slightest mental unbalance. But the twenty years of her life had been one series of run-aways, midnight escapades and trouble in the Juvenile Court. She had been an inmate of two reform schools, where she spent most of her time thinking up new varieties of mischief. Her instructors had given her up as incorrigible.

It took the Oakland Probation Office just two days to find out what was the matter with Grace. In that short time her mind was turned inside out, and the contents measured by the yard-stick of normality. First, she was given the Binet test. This consisted of questions about ordinary events—all of which Grace answered with readiness. But when she was asked to draw the moral from a few simple fables, her answers were miles beside the mark. Neither could she give rhymes for one-syllable words. Sometimes she refused to answer at all, either from inability or stubbornness. At the end of the test the examiner rated her mental development as that of a child of ten years.

But even this searching examination was not enough. Grace was then brought to Dr. Jau Don Ball for further study. "These runaways sound like *dementia praecox*," the doctor remarked, as he read the record of her checkered career. He told Grace a simple story and asked her to repeat it. She merely glared at him. He told another one; but no amount of coaxing could induce the girl to talk. To the layman, this looked like stubbornness pure and simple, but to the physician it was "negativism," a symptom of *dementia praecox*. After he had gained the girl's attention for a moment,

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The High Sign

The Prologue of a Friendship

By Charlotte Baldwin

DO you know the little formal gardens on each side of the great library on Fifth Avenue, in New York? There are bits of velvety lawn, beautiful trees, and marble seats—very correct, very conventional—and yet that tiny garden, so stiff, so formal, is the setting for my story.

It was spring in New York. In the parks the tulips and daffodils laughed back at the sunshine, and the air was like precious wine, which went to one's head and made one glad to be alive. Each window of the florist shops along the Avenue was a riot of color; the grass and trees about the Library were a fresh, tender green, and the Library itself was sparkling in the sun. Two women were mounting the first flight of steps from the Avenue to the terrace. One, the younger, glowing with life and health, was speaking to the small, frail-looking woman whose arm she was holding, as she tenderly helped her up the steps. "Beth, dear, let me leave you here in this glorious sunshine while I change our books. A sun bath will do you good." The little woman agreed listlessly, and trailed her black draperies across the path where she found a marble bench, where she sat, looking for all the world like a study in grief. So pale and so frail did she look sitting there that her friend felt a thrill of fear, and as she left her to go into the Library her eyes filled and her heart ached with the thought that, perhaps, in spite of all her care and tender nursing, her friend might slip away from her after all.

In the meantime my story was already beginning in the garden. As the little lady in black sat sorrowfully upon her marble seat and looked with unseeing eyes across the busy avenue, a boy came along the path and stopped under the tree which was just to the right of the lady's bench. He was a manly looking little chap, with clear grey eyes, soft brown hair, a stocky little figure, and well shaped hands. The far-away look left the lady's eyes and her gaze fastened upon the boy with hungry intensity. A slow flush began to spread over her throat and into her white cheeks. The boy did not look at her at all, but began to behave in a most mysterious fashion. He looked stealthily about him, and, apparently satisfied, he suddenly stooped over the tree roots and began to dig. Almost immediately he came upon a tin box. By this time the lady looked a different creature. Her eyes sparkled, and a tiny smile was struggling to turn up the corners of her mouth. The boy opened the box and took out a sheet of paper, none too clean. It appeared to be quite blank. After

another swift look about him, he took from his pocket a bit of candle and a match. (Now, by this time, though no look had passed between the lady and the boy, he was fully aware of her presence and her interest, and she knew that he was pleased and flattered at the undivided attention she was bestowing on him.) The boy held the sheet of paper over the candle flame. Immediately, words in a large irregular writing became visible. The boy studied the message carefully, and then burned the paper. Snuffing the candle, he returned it to his pocket. Then, producing from another pocket, pen, paper and a bottle of colorless fluid, he set them upon the stone coping which edged the lawn almost at the lady's feet. He uncorked the bottle, dipped his pen into it, and carefully wrote upon the paper. When he had finished the paper appeared to be perfectly blank, and he folded it, placed it in the box, put the box into the hole at the tree roots, and carefully stamped down the earth after he had filled in the hole. Having restored pen and bottle to his pocket, he straightened up and buttoned his coat, preparing to leave. But, just then, he looked straight into the eyes of the lady. At once, that high sign, the secret of which is possessed only by the lucky few, passed between them. The lady smiled; the boy took off his cap and smiled back.

"Of course, I know it is a secret," said the lady, "but could you tell me just a bit of it?"

"I'd be glad to," replied the boy, very shyly. "You see, it's like this," he went on, standing before her, his feet apart, his cap in his two hands. "I have a chum, and his name is Harry Winterton. He's a scout at the front with the French, and I am a scout at the front with the English. This," he waved his hand to indicate the garden, "is a place in France, half-way between the French and English front lines. Our generals send us here to exchange messages in the box under the tree. After we read the message we burn it, and carry it by word of mouth. The messages are written with a magic fluid, so if anyone finds the secret hiding place there will be nothing to see but blank paper."

The lady nodded her head gravely and said, "I supposed it was something like that. You look like a scout. By the way, what is your name?"

"Billy—Billy Culbertson."

"And you are thirteen?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I know, Billy, because—I had a boy of my own—and he was thirteen."

Again that look of understanding passed between them. In the lady's eyes Billy saw deep anguish and a brave smile. Billy was terribly embarrassed, because he felt so queer about the look in her eyes. But he understood so well that he said nothing, but suddenly he sat down on the marble, quite close to the lady, and felt his manly little heart swell with compassion and a desire to protect her from something—he could not have told what. The lady felt a perfect gush of warmth in her heart when Billy sat down. She didn't put her hand over his as it lay there on the marble between them. She looked at it and looked at it, but she didn't move, because she knew boys.

"So this is just half way between the English and French fronts?" she asked, as she looked out across Fifth Avenue.

"Yes. Over there," said Billy, pointing east, "are the German lines."

"Of course," said the lady. "How often do you come for messages?"

"Every day, between three and four."

"After school," thought the lady. "It must keep you on the jump," was what she said. "Is it a secret at home—your scout work?"

"I've told my father. He is awfully keen about it," said Billy with pride.

"Not your mother?" she asked.

Billy hesitated. The lady saw his hand grip the edge of their bench, and he kicked a pebble nervously as he replied, "My mother is dead—three years."

The lady knew then, the time had come when she could put her hand over Billy's, and Billy's fingers grasped her's tightly.

Just then the lady's friend stood before them. Billy jumped to his feet, while the lady said in a calm voice, "Helen, let me introduce my friend, Billy Culbertson, a boy scout, on special duty. Billy, this is Miss Condit."

Billy bowed.

"And, by the way, Billy, I forgot to tell you that my own name is Mrs. Stuart. Quite a good British name!" she added, with a smile.

Billy smiled, too, and said, "I must be going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Billy. We shall meet again, I feel sure," said the lady in so happy a voice and with so bright a smile that her friend looked at her in amazement.

Elizabeth Stuart and her friend, Helen Condit, shared a wonderful studio east of the Avenue, not far from the Library. Beth Stuart had barely lived through the tragedy

of losing her boy very suddenly a year before. Her husband had died soon after their marriage, and her whole life had been centered in her boy, who was thirteen at the time of his death. After his death she could not bear her lonely house, and agreed gladly when her most intimate friend suggested they should together take over a studio belonging to an artist who was spending a year or two in Rome. But, from the day they moved into the studio, until now, Helen had watched her friend grow steadily more and more frail. The heartbreak never left her eyes, and her grief, quiet, unspoken, and bravely borne, was simply eating her life.

When Helen came out of the library and realized that Beth was actually talking to a boy her heart leaped, and when she saw they were both so absorbed that they did not hear her approach, so that she had seen that look of intimate friendship which passed between them, she uttered a grateful "Thank God" in her heart.

Their walk back to their studio was quite cheerful and happy, while Beth seemed more her old self than she had been for a year. Before they had been at home long Beth asked, with almost a touch of her old merry tone, "Helen, would you mind my having two boys to tea day after tomorrow?"

"Of course not. It will be heaps of fun. Who are they?"

"Billy is one, and his friend Harry is the other. Of course, I don't know if they will accept my invitation, but I think so," and a little smile curved her lips. "Helen, don't you think Billy looks a dear little chap? So straight, so manly. Was there anything about him, Helen, not in looks, but a certain fearlessness, that reminded you of—Richard?"

"Yes, Beth, I noticed it at once, and I am so glad, dear, you have found Billy. He has fallen in love with you, of course! I'm sure you and he are going to be great pals."

"I hope so—I believe so. Helen! Billy has no mother."

Helen put her strong young arms about her friend understandingly.

Next morning Beth awoke with the feeling that something pleasant was to happen, and then she remembered Billy's tea invitation. Jumping out of bed she ran to the window quite like the young woman she really was. Yes! it was a perfect day. As soon as breakfast was over she asked Helen to go for a walk, and before they started she wrote a little note:

"Dear Billy:

"Will you and Harry come to tea with Miss Condit and me, tomorrow at four? I want to meet the Scout from the French front, and I have some old relics from the Civil War which would interest you both. Also, I know a secret writing which I am willing to

tell you and Harry about. In case you happen to be out of the *magic fluid*, you could use it with perfect safety. Our studio is at 42 East 47th Street. It may be, Billy, that since this is your first visit to me, some one at your home may wish to come with you. If so, I shall be glad to meet anyone you may bring. I shall expect you at four.

"Your friend,

"Elizabeth Stuart."

Taking Helen straight to the Library garden, Beth made a beeline for Billy's tree and began to dig away at its roots with a bronze paper-knife she had brought with her for the purpose. Happening to see the look of utter bewilderment on Helen's face she suddenly laughed outright. "It's all right, Helen," she cried. "I'm not crazy or anything. It's a secret place of Billy's—you're not to mention it to a soul."

Beth found the box and put her invitation into it. Then she put it back into the hole, and stamped down the earth on top of it quite in Billy's own style.

"Billy will get the invitation between three and four this afternoon," she remarked as they walked through the garden.

"Really, Beth! You can accomplish more in less time than anyone else I know! I leave you for ten minutes sitting on a bench, and when I come back you have made a friend for life out of a perfectly strange boy, who tells you the story of his life, and all his precious secrets, right here in this library garden!"

"My dear," replied Beth, with the old-time mischief in her eyes, "you're mistaken. This is not the Library garden. This is 'a certain place in France, half-way between the French and English fronts, and tomorrow we are entertaining at tea two brave Scouts!'"

Next morning in the mail was a note written in a round, boyish hand:

"Dear Mrs. Stuart:

"Harry and I thank you very much, and we will be there at four. My father says he will call for us at six, to thank you for our tea party.

"Your friend,

"Billy, Scout at the English Front."

"P. S.—I am crazy to see the secret writing."

Tears of real joy dropped on the boyish note before Beth tucked it away where she could feel it all day—and the rest of the day passed like an hour, in preparing for her guests. "Do you think Billy would like sardine sandwiches, Helen? We must have lots of chocolates—boys always love chocolates. And we'll have cocoa as well as tea. I wonder what his father is like? He certainly is a thorough gentleman, for breeding sticks out all over Billy! I hope he'll approve of us, Helen. Wouldn't it be awful if he didn't? What shall I wear? I think I'll wear that white linen gown of Manila embroid-

ery. It's soft and pretty—black is too sad for boys,—shall I, dear?" And so she talked and planned. When four o'clock came, she stood at the great western window, the sun tinting her white dress, excitement tinting her white face—a changed creature, indeed, thought Helen gladly, as she watched her friend.

Promptly to the minute Beth saw the boys looking for the number of the studio. In a moment she heard the elevator and then she rushed to the door to open it herself. There they were, shy but happy—very spic and span, each with an armful of jonquils. The proud Billy introduced Harry with an air which plainly said, "Here she is—what did I tell you? Isn't she all I said?" Soon the strange little party of four was round the tea table, and a merry time they had. Not a moment dragged. Harry was a golden haired, blue-eyed merry little rogue, with a ready tongue and perfect manners. He seemed to sense that the "little lady" belonged to Billy, and devoted himself to Helen. They were friends directly. After tea, the secret language was divulged. It made a great hit with the boys, who declared it "the best ever," and said they certainly could use it in their scouting business. The time fairly flew.

While Helen was explaining an old powder horn to Harry, Beth drew Billy into her room, and taking a framed photograph from her desk, she said, "Billy, I want to show you this picture of my boy, Richard. We called him Dick, and he is just thirteen in this photograph." Billy looked at it a long time, and then he looked up at his lady. "I'll bet he was a *bully chap*!" he said, his face flushing. "He was. You remind me of him. I need a boy chum very much,—Billy, would you care to be my chum?" "I would," said Billy instantly, "I would. And I know how you feel," he stammered, "I have felt the same way since my mother died." Billy and his lady gripped hands tightly for a moment. When they returned to the studio, they found that Mr. Culbertson had arrived and was being shown the beauties of the great room by Miss Condit. Billy, taking his lady's hand marched up to his father and said, "Father, this is my chum, Mrs. Stuart." No one laughed at the strange introduction, and as the father looked at the lonely little mother, he felt the exact same feeling in his heart, which Billy had felt the day before, when he sat on his lady's bench—and as he sat in the deep window with Billy's chum, he, too, felt the same desire to protect her,—from what—he could not have told.

Clublights Everywhere

The Spirit of the Thirteenth Biennial

By Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight
President California Federation of Women's Clubs

SINCE the close of the Thirteenth Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, many interesting questions have been asked—many interesting answers given by the California women who were fortunate enough to be in New York City from May twenty-third to June first.

"Who was the best speaker?" asked one interested club woman, while, "What was the most interesting topic presented?" came from the lips of another. "How much of the social did New York provide?" "What part did suffrage play in the election?" "Were the debates from the floor very interesting?" "How did the New York City men take it?" have been among the most popular queries.

A clipping from a recent Eastern publication has been perused with interest and amusement. Its title, "Some Echoes From the Thirteenth Biennial," conveys much of what it contains. Scraps of conversation, heard in the corridors of the Hotel Astor as ten thousand delegates and visitors from all parts of the United States and some few parts of foreign countries struggled to register, are blended therein, and form a humorous medley. From the New York policeman, the manicurist, the modiste and the milliner, it goes into the theater, the church, the college and the prison, and then turns back to the latest cooking recipe and a formula for reducing weight, after touching now and then upon a possible candidate for the presidency, both of the United States and of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. We are a bit ludicrous viewed as the superficial observer sees us. But, fortunately for us, the influence of the superficial observer, bent on the purpose of the moment, is not far-reaching. He does not grasp the fundamental principle of it all, the underlying purpose which sends ten thousand women from every point between the Pacific and the Atlantic to a definite center for the purpose of discussing the world of today—its problems, its needs, its pitfalls, and its possibilities. He does not get at the spirit of the club woman's convention, and it is the Spirit of the Thirteenth Biennial which I would fain bring you.

To get at the spirit of a meeting like this, it is almost necessary to come into personal contact with the great body politic which makes such a gathering possible. One almost has to look into the faces of the dear, grey-haired ladies, who wear their delegate badges so proudly, and the pretty young pages who take their duties so seriously. One must follow the ready ushers whose mein indicates "Permit me to escort you to your seat, and the joy of the moment is mine." One should



Mrs. E. D. Knight

sit hour after hour and day after day under a presiding officer like our brilliant and able little Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Texas and to listen to the reports of the various officers and chairmen whose activities have touched every human path in the world's work. It is almost necessary to attend one or more of the conferences where experts discuss the work of a special department and to get the messages direct from the lips of the speakers who appear upon the platform—speakers who have earned for themselves a nation-wide reputation. In order to get at the soul of this great world's force, this powerful woman movement, one should feel the inspiration of the personal contact with the splendid leaders thereof.

The members of the Local Board, New York City's representative hostesses, not only dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand, but gave to their guests all that they could command in the way of fine talent as well, and New York, being the center of things, commands the very best.

To say who was the finest among the many fine speakers to whom we had the privilege of listening would be presumptuous indeed. To tell of the most popular speaker is quite another matter for, in that vast armory, covering an entire city block, the most popular speaker was the one possessed of the voice having the best carrying quality. Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the University of Minnesota, is the fortunate possessor of a voice which drew forth great applause after the utterance of his

first sentence, and which enabled his listeners to enjoy, without the usual strain, every word of his masterly address on "Home Making As A Fine Art." The fact that his was one of the very few voices which permitted such enjoyment made him indeed a—if not the—most popular speaker.

Every topic of interest to man, woman or child, to state or nation, was presented with thrilling forcefulness at the New York Biennial. Each one seemed the most interesting at the time of its presentation.

New York offered as much of the social as we could possibly crowd into the busy days, and then some; and New Jersey's offerings were of the rarest. But the social would make a complete and entertaining story by itself.

The debates from the floor were live and telling ones, participated in and enjoyed by the delegates in the fortunate aisles who could hear and be heard, and were sources of great aggravation to the delegates in the rear and sides of the house. The subjects which provoked the keenest of these were the "Iowa Amendment," providing for a director from each State (which finally carried), the question of joining the National Council of Women, the proposed change in the name of the organization from "General Federation of Women's Clubs" to "General Federation of Clubs," the elimination of the office of General Federation State Secretary, and the adoption of a national flower. After much discussion and exchange of views, we voted to join the National Council, to retain the present name, also the office of the General Federation State Secretary, and to adopt as a national flower the laurel, which grows in the thirteen original states, and which, it is said, can be made to grow in every State in the Union.

The question, "What part did suffrage play?" leads me to California's part in the great club event of 1916. To California the Thirteenth Biennial Convention will ever stand out as the Biennial of Biennials, because it brought victory and honor in its train. The election of the leader who sacrificed for our State's good and whose name we had presented to the rest of the club world as a candidate, for the highest office within the gift of clubdom was a source of great rejoicing and gratification. "Did suffrage elect her?" has been asked by many, and my reply has been, "From my personal viewpoint, no." Suffrage played its part, and to no small degree. The meeting in Carnegie Hall on Sunday evening, May 28th, was one of the most thrilling of the Biennial, and California's record was received with rounds of applause. Our representatives were invited to speak at many places on many

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Impressions of Summer School

Work and Play at the University of California

By Catherine Franklin

FOR six weeks every summer the Fountain of Youth moves out of El Dorado and establishes itself at the University of California. It is during this period that the campus passes from the control of the regular students into the hands of a number of youngsters, whose ages range from twenty-session opens.

Cross the campus during these few weeks and five to eighty. In other words the summer you'll find a strangely mixed population. The typical college girl is rare. The college man is almost extinct. Instead you'll see a happy crowd of women with books under their arms and parasols tilted over their shoulders. There are all kinds of students at summer school—the tired little school-teacher from Susanville, the mother who is snatching a few minutes from her housework, the woman whose children are married and who has little to fill the empty hours.

The whole session is a gigantic game of make-believe. No matter if you have a double chin and twinges of rheumatism, you must either pretend that you are a college girl or be shut out from the session's social life. You must eat cornucopias at "The Counter" until after the bell has rung, and then wriggle guiltily into your seat. You must stop in the rest-rooms for a piece of candy, a bit of gossip and a dab of powder where it will do the most good. You must don a bathing-suit and take a plunge in the pool. There is no dignity to keep up; no years to live down. Every woman who registers at summer school automatically signs a pledge to renew her girlhood for six weeks.

There are a few men at the session—just enough to remind one that the University is co-educational. There are several gentle old grandfathers who have retired from business, but not from their interest in life. The other men are usually young dreamers, with serious faces and shabby suits. Occasionally one finds a disgruntled college youth whose professors failed to appreciate him during the regular session. He spends most of his time thinking of the fishing trips the boys are having in the Sierras and looking as much at home as a man in the rest-room of a department store. The only consolations of his exile are the few college girls doing penance for similar sins of omission. "Can't go up to the frat-house," said one of them glumly, "it's been rented out of the women. If I even sit on Senior Bench they glare at me. I feel like a regular intruder. And say, did you see the bunch at the dance last night?"

The summer school offers nearly all the courses that are given in the regular session.

One may take anything from Egyptian Art to a course on Insect Pests. The red-tape which involves the regular students has been thrown into a convenient waste-basket. It is no longer necessary to show high-school certificates and vaccination marks. The students are accepted on faith. The courses they choose are matters to be decided between their conscience and their professor.

Besides the intellectual bread and meat, the Summer Session offers innumerable fluffy desserts. There is, for instance, the course in æsthetic dancing. Your first thought on entering the gymnasium is "Good heavens! Why do they do it?" And as you watch ample dowagers canter through a Greek motif, you wonder at the perversity of human nature. You see thin women trying to adapt angles to poses meant for other lines, and you marvel still more.

"One, two, three!" shouts the instructor on the platform. The angular woman tries to distinguish her right foot from her left. A lady of considerable weight, both in person and in the community, gives an ineffectual imitation of a piece of thistledown. Though it may seem funny to the observer, the happy light in the eyes of the students proves that they are having the time of their lives. The stout dowager and the thin school-teacher have forgotten their architectural difficulties. They are young girls again, playing with abandon of sweet sixteen.

There are many discrepancies between the student and her chosen course. Domestic science, appeals, not to the housewife, but to the business woman. "First chance I've had in years to fuss around a kitchen," I heard one of them say, "And believe me, I enjoy it!" The mother who spends most of her time "fussing around a kitchen" seems to take pleasure in courses as far removed from that region as possible. "What do you think I'm studying?" inquired a busy housekeeper, "Sanskrit Literature! I've admired the ancient Hindus ever since I can remember, but this is the first chance I've had to become really well-acquainted with them."

In the great eucalyptus grove near the west gate, one can find that boon to student mothers—the play school. While mother is studying the Vedas, Bobbie and Lottie are being amused by experts in the art of recreation. They spend the day playing all kinds of games; and then, when they get tired, a professional story-teller spins wonderful yarns about Jack-the-Giant-Killer. Sometimes the mothers themselves form part of the audience, just to learn a few new bed-time stories. By the time summer school is over, the children, as

well as their mothers, have had a glimpse of a different world.

The course in journalism is one of the most popular of all. Nearly every one cherishes a literary microbe at some stage of her career. A number of people conceal it during the year and take it out for an airing only at summer school. Women whom you would never suspect of having such ambitions work patiently over stories in order to gain the approval of the man behind the desk. This, too, is part of the game of make-believe. Practically none of them have a serious idea of a literary career; they only like to play at being authors. The summer school illusion can turn housewives into writers with a clang of the nine o'clock bell.

The classes, however, are not allowed to overshadow the play spirit. Recreation is supervised by a social director. There are beef-steak fries in Wild Cat Canyon and moonlight hikes up to the Big C. There are concerts in the Greek Theatre and excursions about the bay. Once a week the students gather for a dance in Harmon Gymnasium. Though it is true the men attend these affairs in mere sprinklings, the make-believe game again comes to the rescue. The women dress as carefully as though they expected a whole ballroom of men, and then have a good time dancing with each other. There is a tradition that at one of the dances there were two hundred women and eight men. Whether or not this is true I cannot say, but the fact of the matter is that the summer session men are either too serious or too decrepit to care for dancing. Though you sometimes see a school teacher and a professor carrying on a sedate flirtation, "queening" is given a back place as a campus activity.

One of the most prominent features of the summer school is its festival spirit. Every woman blossoms out into sports clothes, regardless of face, color or previous condition of seriousness. The campus has no room for snobs. The student who refuses to say "Hello!" without being formally introduced is seriously out of place. No social ice can form over the swimming pool or in the noisy "rest-rooms." The democracy is of the sweeping kind produced by camping trips and earthquakes. "It's good to go to summer school, even if you don't learn anything except how to make new acquaintances," said a woman who is usually quite reserved.

When the six weeks are over, the game of make-believe comes to a sudden end. The teacher goes back to her school, the mother to her kitchen and the older woman to her bridge club. But the lessons they learned and the friends they made remain long after the web of illusion has been broken.

At Carmel-by-the-Sea

The Annual Dramatic Festival of the Forest Theatre Society

THE Forest Theatre at Carmel presented a beautiful sight on the evening of July first when the poetical drama of Cale Young Rice, "Yolanda of Cyprus," was produced for the first time on any stage by the Forest Players, under the direction of Mr. Perry Newberry.

All the beauty and romance of the Sixteenth Century was unfolded in a series of lovely, colorful pictures, and the glamour of the night with the mystery of the tall pines circling the forest stage, added to the charm of the play. Here in the dusk of the forest, under the stars, with the stillness of night folding us in, the story of love and passion touched our hearts more poignantly than perhaps a finished profession production in a city theatre could have done. And yet Mr. Rice's play is so rich in poetical thought, and expresses such deep human emotion that it deserves the art of a Margaret Anglin to do it justice. That Katherine Cooke, a girl of sixteen, was able to portray the part of Yolanda with so much warmth of feeling controlled by such a serious dignity, speaks well for the future success of this youthful artist who has been the star of former Carmel plays.

Yolanda of Cyprus is sublimely tragic, and the Carmel players deserve much praise for their ambitious presentation. The mysterious forces of love and passion that sway our human destinies were presented with a dignity of action if not always a convincing depth of emotion. The work of William Watts as

By Blanche Marie d'Harcourt

Renier, suspicious husband of the Lady Berengere, of Katherine Cooke, as Yolanda, ward of Lady Berenger, and of Gordon Davis as Amaury, son of Lady Berengere and betrothed to Yolanda, particularly deserves mention. Lady Berengere by Mrs. Laura Maxwell; Vittia, who plots against the love of Amaury and Yolanda, by Mrs. Frances Pudan, and Camarin, Lady Berengere's lover, were more beautifully posed than acted.

That love should be all compassion and pity as deep as love and as strong as death is the lesson we learn from this tragic love story, where the guilty lovers allow the young and lovely Yolanda to bear the guilt of their passion to save themselves from the wrath of the husband and son. Only death could solve such a tangle, and allow young love to rise triumphant and compassionate and all pitiful of the sorrows of the guilty ones.

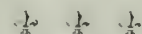
In the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Rice, who had come from their home in Kentucky to witness the production. In response to calls for "Author!" "Author!" Mr. Rice very gracefully expressed his appreciation of the work of the players and his pleasure with the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Rice said that for eight years he had been waiting for the sun to rise in the east when suddenly he discovered that it had risen in the west.

After the performance a reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Rice by the Arts and



Katherine Cooke as "Yolanda"

Crafts Club of Carmel, and many distinguished literary people who attended the play greeted the young poet and his charming wife, who as the author of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, shares honors with her playwright husband.



We take this from the *London Times*. The picture in the last three lines of the sestet is not without dignity and power.

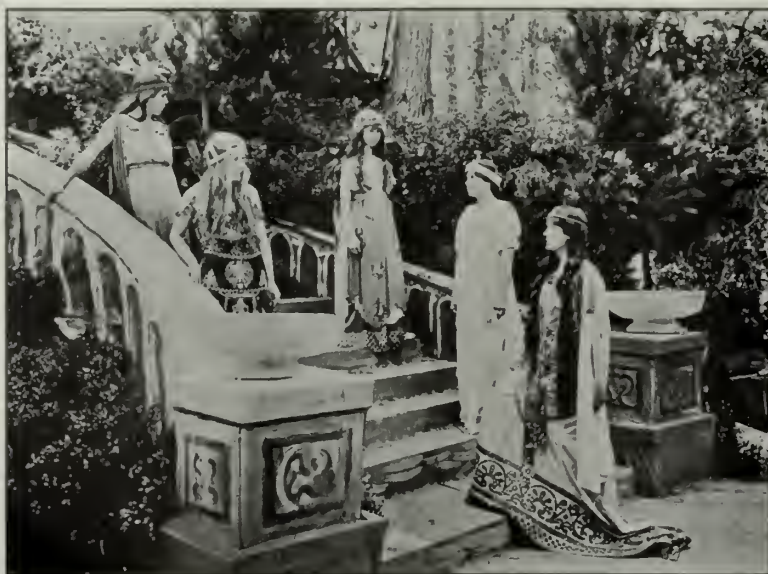
Lord Kitchener

By Robert Bridges

Unflinching hero, watchful to foresee
And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,
Directing war and peace with equal care,
Till by long toil ennobled thou wert he
Whom England call'd and bade "Set my arm
free
To obey my will and save my honor fair"—
What day the foe presumed on her despair
And she herself had trust in none but thee:

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
That mass'd the labor of ten years in one
Shall be thy monument. Thy work is done
Ere we could thank thee; and the high-sea
swell

Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
By the lone Orkneys, ere the set of sun.



Scene from "Yolanda of Cypress," by Cale Young Rice

The Pied Piper

Browning in the Far West

THE children of Carmel-by-the-Sea each year present a play in the Forest Theatre as part of the annual dramatic festival, and on the evening of July 4 and 5 these clever little people appeared in "The

and a note of mysticism by the introduction of The Lonely Man. The Piper himself is one of the lonely characters whose aim and purpose in life is to reveal the power of love, the need of tenderness, the joy of little children, to the

Piper to use this means of teaching the townspeople love and kindness toward humanity. Barbara, the daughter of the Burgomeister, has fallen in love with Michael, but is harshly reproved by her father for listening to a strolling player. The Piper lures the children away at night by his sweet pipings, and they gayly follow him into the forest.

Sorrow and despair reign in the little town of Hamelin, while the children frolic with the Piper inside the "Hollow Hill," where he has hidden them. Michael appears and tells the Piper that Barbara, whom he loves, is condemned to become a nun to expiate the sins of her father, on whose hardness of heart in refusing to pay the thousand guilders, the loss of the children is blamed. The Piper lures Barbara into the forest as she is marching to the church to become a nun, and finds to his consternation that under the spell of his music she believes herself in love with him instead of Michael. Michael raves and vents his wrath while the Piper pleads with Barbara to marry Michael. She will not, so at last the Piper gives her a love potion which puts her to sleep, and when she awakens it is to Michael she turns and gives her love.

The lovers are married and happy, but the mother of the little lame boy is pitiful in her grief. She wanders through the forest searching for her child, and meeting the Piper at the crossways, begs him to give her back her little lame boy. She tells him of the grief of the parents of the children, and of the great sorrow he has brought upon the whole town. But she pleads in vain, the Piper refuses to give up the children. When she has departed, calling pitifully for her little boy to return to her, the Piper throws himself before the Cross and in an impassioned speech he tells The

(Continued on page thirty-one)



Ludovic Bremner in the Role of "The Piper"

Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, with young Mr. Ludovic Bremner in the role of Piper.

The play is eminently suited for outdoor production and the presentation at Carmel was exceptionally well given under the direction of Mr. Glenn Hughes. From the opening scene, with the people of Hamelin gathered in the Market Place, through the following three acts of the play never once did the interest lag, and the atmosphere of the thirteenth century was well sustained by the residents of Carmel who took the parts of the townspeople of Hamelin.

Mr. Bremner as the Piper fitted the role most delightfully. Browning's description of the Pied Piper might have been written about the personality of Mr. Bremner, so truthfully did he portray his part.

*"His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
Not tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—"*

Mr. Bremner's smile is irresistible and the fascination of the Piper was felt most convincingly when he smiled.

Michael-the-Sword-Eater, played by Arthur Cyril, as the lover of Barbara, furnishes the love interest of the play, and the scene between Barbara and Michael, with the Piper weaving love charms about them, is idyllic. Mrs. Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) has elaborated the Pied Piper of Browning into a four-act play, adding to the original tale a love story

older folk who have grown sordid and narrow and mean in the getting of the material things of life.

The Piper, Michael-the-Sword-Eater and Cheat-the-Devil appear to the townspeople of Hamelin as three strolling players, who amuse them during a town festival. The Piper, having rid the town of the rats that infested it, is refused the one thousand guilders promised him and after pleading in vain with the mayor and councilmen to keep their word, decides to punish them by stealing away the children of the town, hoping thus to touch the hearts of their parents and awaken in them some human emotion. The little lame boy, who calls the figure of Christ on the Cross "The Lonely Man who never smiles" inspires the



A Scene from "The Piper"

Everywoman's Bookshelf

WE don't know whether it's the result of the climate or the inspiring scenery, but the fact remains that there is some subtle relation between Sonoma County and poetic talent. The number of writers in that particular region seems to hint that there is a conspiracy on foot to import Mount Parnassus to California.

One of the youngest and most promising is Robbins Lampson, of Geyserville. Few high school boys of sixteen have published a volume of poetry; fewer still have written poetry of such depth and beauty. "On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses" is the name of the collection. Mr. Lampson is not egotistical. He does not call his work "poems," well as some of them deserve the name. There are rough edges, of course, and a few touches that are reminiscent of a high-school journal, but beneath the occasional banalities one catches the spirit of the true poet.

The subjects cover a wide range. "Poppies," "The War's Cry to Womanhood," "Presentiment," and "Two Poems on Charles Frohman" are among the fifty-two titles. There are a few love poems of a bashful, boyish quality that are delighted contrasts to certain bits of vers libre. The nature verses have a happy spontaneity which belongs exclusively to sixteen; but which sixteen is rarely able to express. Who but a joyous youngster could feel such a pleasure in the stinging of the north wind?

*"The north wind blows—what a feast to feel
The frozen breath and the biting chill,
As it strikes and stabs like cold blue steel;
I stand aghast at the joyous thrill!"*

We fear, however, that the verse would not find much favor with the Sonoma County Board of Trade. That other seasons have an equal appeal for this youthful poet is proved by the fragment "In Bloom."

*"Sweet breaks the dawn of happy day
With rare perfume,
As calmly as the sun's last ray
Brings stars in June.
Oh, glad the lark's wild, lusty note,
Ecstatic springing from his throat!—
The fields and woodlands are in bloom!"*

Mr. Lampson seems to realize the value of his youthful viewpoint and to dread its loss in the years to come. "On Reaching Sixteen" looks toward the future with a vague sorrow, instead of with the usual egotism of early youth.

*"The subtle waves of age move slowly on,
And I, like driftwood, follow with the tide.
Soon Time on Life's great shores so broad and wide
Will cast me with all boyhood's bounties gone.*

"On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses"
Reviewed by Everywoman

*"What pity gladdest hours should e'er depart,
That flowers fade before the ripening fruit!
Manhood before me! Words themselves are
mute;
I cannot speak the sadness of my heart."*

Next fall the young poet plans to enter college. College training means kill or cure to a poet. It may raise his talents to the ninth power; it may smother them under class routine and unsympathetic criticism. Whether or not the world ever hears from Robbins Lampson again will depend on the effect of this strenuous treatment. We are hoping, however, that he will survive the grind of the classroom and add another illustrious name to California's roll of honor.

THE GREAT AND SMALL TURNER
By Mrs. Ella May Jacobson

The recent sale of Keith's paintings, which netted a large sum, is abundantly evident that the products of the painters are now more highly estimated in a pecuniary sense than formerly. This sale indicates the demand for anything that is either good or is endorsed by a good name. About 43 years ago a sale took place of proofs and plates of works of the great painter Turner. Although then the sum received was considered enormous, what would it have been today? Generally as we hear Turner and his works discussed not all may be acquainted with the strange facts of his life. He was one of the rare artists who won fame and used it only for pecuniary profit. The son of a Convent Garden hair-dresser, this eccentric painter rose to surprise England with a style of painting so defiant and singular, so bold in execution and so lavish in high coloring that from amazement the public became slaves to his aesthetic taste. He reigned paramount and is still considered one of England's greatest, if not the greatest, painter. From the day he exhibited his marvelous landscape "Hannibal Crossing the Alps," money flowed to him plentifully which was all he seemed to work for. He was one of the most wretched misers we know of. He lived in actual want and squalor and wishing to escape company and too exacting critics, rented a miserable room in a garret in one of London's lowest suburbs assuming the name of Smith. He associated with the lowest and poorest classes who used to call him "Puggy." His food was of the coarsest as was his wearing apparel. All this happened at the time when his paintings were the wonder and admiration of Europe, and there died this famous man personally unknown. The enormous fortune found after his death then showed the lust for gold and his great greed.

His fortune was so great that it is estimated that he could not have accumulated so much through his paintings alone, and how he succeeded still remains a mystery. As he never married his savings went to relatives. In his old house on Queen Anne street the collection of proofs and plates were found which are mentioned at the beginning of this article. They were sold for \$50,000, and are only engraved copies of his masterworks. When the French Government purchased Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" for \$100,000 it was considered a wonderful sum. In spite of his greed and his eccentricities Turner did one good thing, he left one hundred thousand dollars to endow an asylum for aged painters who were not so fortunate to accumulate sufficient money for a rainy day.

Ella May Jacobson, the author of "The Great and Small Turner," is the wife of Joseph George Jacobson, who needs no introduction to Everywoman's readers. Mrs. Jacobson is a painter of some note, though perhaps she is better known in the East than in California. At present she is working on several studies of Western landscapes, which will probably be exhibited next winter. A number of Eastern critics have compared her work to that of Keith. She strikes the same happy balance between the new style and the old. Her work is idealistic without approaching the extravagances of the ultra-moderns.

"The New American Woman"

Everywoman wishes to call to the attention of its readers the monthly periodical called "The New American Woman." The paper is edited in Los Angeles, California, by Clara Shortridge Foltz, and is especially devoted to the legal interests of men and women. Mrs. Foltz's reputation as an unusually brilliant and successful lawyer, and her wide experience and knowledge on legal subjects is too well known to need any mention here. But her professional career makes her remarkably well fitted for the editing of "The New American Woman," and makes the paper a reliable and valuable organ—and one that the women of the community would do well to have on their library tables. In these days, when women are taking over many tasks along the lines of law-making as well as attending to their own legal affairs, a reliable magazine advising on legal affairs becomes an important addition to the month's reading.

Music and Musicians

IN these summer days, when everybody who can is cultivating nature in the country and at the bathing resorts and not music in the city, not much of musical importance is happening to write about. Still some linger behind in the "cold" of San Francisco and wearily women



Joseph George Jacobson

fight the strong winds in the odds and ends of shopping. Mingled with brides and their chosen masters (more or less) visitors imagine themselves happy idling around the city and other places of amusements. There is one thing certain in our city, that we have not to struggle for coolness as in the East. To appreciate our climate think of the corner near the post-office on Broadway, New York, during the month of July. The thermometer is "only" 97 degrees and the pavements are so hot that one imagines walking on a grating over a slow coal fire and would rather like to wear one's umbrella around the ankles than over head. Everybody wants to know how hot it is, probably to find out how much more they can stand before the end comes. Now, compare this scene with July 7th, when the following musical event of importance took place near our beloved city, and those of us left behind will feel more content.

The People's Orchestra

At the Greek Theatre the People's Orchestra, under the leadership of Giulio Minetti, gave great pleasure to a large audience gathered to listen to an interesting programme well executed by the players and the soloists. Thousands flocked to the quaint building nestling in the picturesque Berkeley hills, and the beautiful balmy summer day made the enjoyment the greater. Many of the numbers the orchestra played had been heard before at the Civic Auditorium, so was one of the soloists, Miss Cecil Cowles, who again played Saint-Saens' G minor Concerto (the Presto movement) with the same brilliancy as she did before. The encore she responded to was one of her own compositions, which pleased greatly. The second soloist was

By Joseph George Jacobson

Harold Pracht, who sang "Vision Fugitive" and a song I do not recall. The main effect of Mr. Pracht's singing is pleasing, and he always interests whenever he appears. He seems to be well versed with the archaisms in pronunciation, which is a virtue much to be applauded. In rounding out some of his higher tones, and with more judicious care and self-distrust, Mr. Pracht will add greatly to his natural gifts and wing his flight to loftier levels of his artistic career.

Much praise is due Mr. Minetti for his rendering of the orchestral numbers. The poetic surroundings seemed to enhance, if possible, the lovely music of Handel's String Concerto and Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding." Much of interest is planned by Mr. Minetti for his future concerts, which promise to have the same success as the last series.

Alfred Hertz the Chosen Conductor of the Philharmonic

Every serious-minded musician who has the city's welfare at heart, and the progress of music in particular, will rejoice in the re-election of Alfred Hertz as the leader of the symphony concerts for the next season. We have seen the results of Mr. Hertz' work at the last concert he conducted here. With what finish and mastery did the orchestra play the "Eroica." He then proved his infinite patience, tact, perseverance and technical skill so necessary to harmonize so many diverse elements till they become the wheels and levers of a vast machine, controlled by the baton of one person. No amateur can fully appreciate this, but they should know of the sustained energy and power of will behind this work. That Mr. Hertz has achieved such a powerful effect in so short a time shows he is the man for us. Below I quote the enthusiastic words of praise and admiration of Mrs. Beach, the eminent composer and pianist, whose work and thoughts stand for only the noblest and highest in art. They should find an echo in the hearts of thousands throughout the country. This is what I heard her say in regard to Mr. Hertz:

"I can hardly tell you how delighted I am that San Francisco has not made an unpardonable mistake in neglecting to secure Mr. Hertz for the coming concerts. The East envies California, and he is the man to do for the West what the Boston Symphony has done for the East. Give him a fair chance and he will do for San Francisco what Gericke and Muck have done for Boston."

It remains for us now to enthusiastically pull together and support the good work, then success cannot fail to come and those who oppose

and now grovel in selfish and jealous thoughts will be convinced of their wrong.

Ragtime

Madame Olive Fremstad, the noted prima donna, says the following about ragtime, and her words should sink deep into the hearts of many parents. She says:

"American popular music is but another evidence of the frantic and insensate hunt for pleasure that motivates city life. It is one of the many expressions of a devastating unthriftiness on the part of intelligent people.

"The popular music that is so blandly introduced into drawing rooms, that is so guilelessly sung by our daughters, is vicious. The words are evil, and the music, which to some extent interprets the words, is still more immoral. The songs are sensual, and therefore appeal to people who do not want to think.

"In other countries tiny children are taken to hear good music. It creates real thought in them. They would not stand for this so-called popular music. And there, too, good music is cheap. It is too expensive here. It entails sacrifice, and people will not sacrifice for a pleasure when they can have a substitute." —St. Paul's "Dispatch."

It is the lack of musical education that makes this condition so deplorable, and, unfortunately, gives the charlatans and quacks in music such a strong hold on the people. Watch the concert-goers. One can divide them into four classes. The sentimental, the matter-of-fact, the stylish and the educated and refined. The sentimental, especially the gentler sex, "dies" and "goes wild" over every piece heard, no matter if it is a Bach concerto or the nerve-racking quartet of Schonberg, or Strauss' Salome. The matter-of-fact listener figures out the profit and loss account of the concert while McCormick is singing his charming Irish songs. The stylish one takes in the latest costumes and judges the performer by the clothes. They are generally bored, but they know that it is "the thing" to be seen at concerts, so they pursue it with self-sacrifice. The refined and educated listener—well, he is refined and educated, enough said.



Harold Pracht

The Best Beloved Woman of Egypt

By Edna Covert Plummer

AMONG the personal followers of the "Great Arabian" existed a state of true democracy, or, if better, absolute equality. A claim of high birth or to great fortune was of no value in the presence of a master whose favor carried with it an implication of favor of the Deity. Every Mussulman, no matter what his station by birth or education, was an equal to every other Moslem, excepting only the heir to the Caliphate. And it is still much the same. Many times, as the history of Islamism shows, has a Sultan, knowing himself to be a ruined monarch, gone forth among his people, found a slave, a water-carrier, or a merchant whom he felt to be strong enough for the position, placed him in power, and upheld and sustained him, thereby saving the empire. And such new rulers were always acceptable. If he could rule the great Mohammedan empire, why should he not do so?

But this state of equality never extended, even in the slightest degree, to the women of the Faithful. Their lives for centuries were wearisome and intolerable.

Some six years ago, there came into prominence in Egypt, a fearless, *modern* Mohammedan woman, and much has she accomplished for her sex. Malal-al-Bassel of the Fayyum has made herself the best known and most popular woman in the Nile country. It was mainly through her individual efforts that there has been an educational system established for the Egyptian girls. She told me that the most difficult point in that regard was not the matter of an education, but the *kind* of education necessary, proper, and convenient for her race. The reformers desired an entire change, and a complete uprooting and overthrow of all the ancient customs and traditions. The conservatives go to the other extreme and believe no changes are necessary or desirable.

Mme. Bassel is neither the one nor the other, but believes in a "blending" of the old customs with the new. She writes constantly for her local newspapers and magazines, and lectures extensively, always on the subject of advancement of women. She states she has not planned nor dared to hope as yet for the equality of women in politics, but there were many concessions she desired that might help to that end.

She argued before an Egyptian congress in favor of eight reform measures; she won six of them:

First—That every Mohammedan girl should receive a common school education.

Second—That in every school there should be educated women to teach the girls good manners and religion.

Third—That immediate steps should be taken to establish a university for Mohammedan women.

Fourth—That schools should be established for instruction in the art of housekeeping and the care of children.

Fifth—That every city and town should select and maintain, at the city's expense, a physician and special obstetrical nurses for the purpose of aiding poor women when called upon.

Sixth—That the old custom of hiring women to act as professional mourners be abolished.

She failed to gain two important measures, and it caused her bitter disappointment. The two were:

First—The privilege for women to attend at the mosques.

Second—The abolishing of the right to have four wives.

She nearly precipitated a riot when she brought up the matter of the Mohammedan women being privileged to attend the mosques,



Edna Covert Plummer

but it was nothing to the uproar she created when the question of polygamy was broached. She was not allowed to speak further. The howling and shouting of the members of the congress utterly drowned her voice.

Mme. Bassel, contrary to the custom of her country, has been and is an ardent and enthusiastic student of the Koran. She maintains that it never ordered the veiling of faces, nor did Mohammed himself ever order it, except for the wives of the prophet. Through her efforts, the wearing of veils by the Mohammedan woman has been practically done away with.

One of the old beliefs to which she still clings, in spite of her modernity of ideas, is that no good Mohammedan woman will pose for a photograph, and no amount of persuasion could even secure a "kodak view."

In setting out her view on the requirements of the women of the Egyptian race, her own

words seem to be the most adequate expression:

"I do not at all approve of imitating the western civilization as it is for I think it would be dangerous for us. It is worse to accept it as it is than to leave it all forever. Our old eastern civilization is full of glory and we must select that which is best and most convenient to us from the western life and add it to ours, so that we may keep an independent civilization to ourselves which will be right for these times."

THE FIRST LAUREL

From the Greek

Apollo, son of Zeus and Leto, the God of Music, Poetry, Light, Prophecy, and as well of Arts and Sciences, blundered mightily when he chided the little God of Love. Poor little Cupid! His merry smile had given place to quivering lips, the twinkle in his eye, to a look of grief. Cupid had been scolded. Apollo, the most glorious of all the gods, had found Cupid playing with the immense bow and arrows with which the Python had so recently been slain, and jealous of his might and prowess, he was angered that one so tiny as Master Cupid could handle them so skillfully. He had called him a saucy boy and impertinent, and had told him in the future to stick to his own bow and arrows and not to meddle with those of others.

The sting of Apollo's words did not last long, however, and the merry dimples once more found their place on the smiling face of the little Love-god. He had decided on a revenge on the arrogant music god. "Very well, Apollo," he murmured, "your arrows may strike many things, but mine shall hit your heart." He took two arrows from his quiver; one was beautifully made of gold and silver and was sharp pointed. It was the arrow of love, and the heart pierced by it would be filled with love for the person first gazed upon. Placing it in his bow, he took good aim, and sent the arrow through the center of Apollo's heart.

The other arrow was made of lead and dull-pointed. Whomever was hit with it would never love. As Cupid placed the arrow in his bow, he saw Daphne, daughter of Peneus, the River-god, playing near and he sent the arrow through her heart. Daphne was the only person Apollo could see when the love arrow struck him and he immediately fell in love with her. Apollo's first love!

Daphne, emulating Diana, spent her time hunting and roaming through the forests. Like Diana, she wished to remain single, and had gained her father's consent to remain forever unmarried.

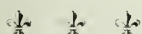
Apollo's love grew stronger and stronger

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

Since Last Month

Paragraphs of Interest from Everywhere

WE are getting so used to coming through *grave crises* without actual war, that the present situation on the Mexican Border is not a surprise. At this time it would seem that our troops will merely give a salutary demonstration of preparedness and that any real warfare will be unnecessary. If we can handle the Mexican trouble without loss of life we shall be giving a real proof of progress, and our loyalty and admiration for our President should be shown in no uncertain fashion. In time, even the fire-eaters among us will wonder at the wisdom of the man who is still keeping us from the horrors of war.



The "black-listed" business firms, protesting to Washington against Britain's action, is President Wilson's next great trouble. The black-list has been expected, and the only wonder is that it hasn't been made sooner. Now that the *pockets* of so-called Americans are touched—the call upon Washington for protection will be insistent and persistent. Every German firm will rise to prove how thoroughly American it is and how deserving of rightful protection from the American Government. The head of our Government is placed in the hardest possible position, and needs the wisdom of a thousand Solomons.



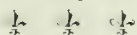
The following paragraph from an article by Charles Hodges, B. A., of Stanford University, is of interest to those who are watching the Japanese situation:

"Here is the crux of the Russo-Japanese Alliance, just made public. The new convention binds Russia to Japan's aims in the Extreme East. Britain has had her hands tied by the old agreement and the war. Japan, it is seen, has not forgotten that her arms in 1895 broke China; the Japanese angled for the great stronghold of Port Arthur, but Li Hung-Chang cleverly used Russia to force Japan to give up Kwantung for an increased indemnity. Three years later the Russians were in possession with a lease from China. Again in 1900, at the time the Powers were relieving the Peking Legations from the Boxers, Russia posed as China's friend in the settlement and behind the backs of the west and Japan. Out of this came Russia's grip on Manchuria.

"The new treaty is to prevent the repetition of any such tactics. Japanese assurances to the contrary, Li Yuan-Hung is being shown that no door in the north is held open by Russia for the escaping from Japanese designs. The new President of China is caught between the two millstones of Japanese pressure, with Russia's

By Staff Correspondent

non-interference, and the likelihood of trouble being stirred up among the southern radicals and military malcontents. Everything is pyramiding toward a climax. In this our country's diplomacy is a shameful cipher."



War's War on Drink

"One of the important results of the war, it is predicted, will be that 'the drink-evil will come to be universally regarded as a national problem which must be given more serious attention.' Since it has been found that a sense of national danger can enforce drastic prohibition, we see that legislation can do more than many people suppose in the suppression of evils flowing from the use of liquor. More important than laws, however, are seen to be the preventive measures that have sprung into force, such as the 'industrial canteen,' not mere 'substitutes' for the saloon, but places where wholesome food may be bought and where the social instincts of the average man may find an open field of innocent activity; not so high as to break contact with every-day life, but high enough to provide something more than mere animal gratification—simple comforts that make, if indirectly, for the better things of heart and mind'."—From *Literary Digest*.



One More Lesson For Us From the Great War

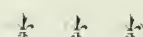
A "remarkable series of object-lessons in the North Sea" has been provided for the education of Congressmen and Senators working on the problem of naval preparedness. And the results, as the *Providence Journal* notes, have been most interesting. If the Naval Bill had come up before the Dogger Bank engagement, the House would have provided nothing but submarines. But they were missing from this fight, "and Congress then learned that they are of little use in a real sea-battle." Then, after Dogger Bank and the fight off the Falklands, "battle-cruisers were evidently 'the thing.'" Finally, about the time the Senate takes the bill under consideration comes "the evidence for battle-ships": "At least four magnificent battle-cruisers succumbed, like egg-shells, in the first general engagement between the hostile fleets, off the Jutland coast," while a modern dreadnought, the *Warspite*, "gave an astonishing account of herself in that battle." "It was demonstrated specifically," says the *Newark News*, "that the battle-cruiser and the dreadnought each had its proper place in the fighting-line, and that one could not be safely substituted for the other." Hence we find the

Senate Naval Committee disagreeing with the House program of five battle-cruisers and no battle-ships, and insisting on four of each. The committee also learned, after conferences at the Navy Department, that the sooner we can get an adequate navy the better, and not only came out for a continuous building program, such as the House rejected, but took the Navy General Board's five-year program and compressed it into three years. This means spending about half a billion dollars for 157 ships.—*Current Opinion*.



And Still Going On!

The chewing habit has cost the American people for chicle alone nearly \$35,000,000 in the last ten years, or almost five times as much as we paid Russia for Alaska, according to figures furnished by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce.



Heckling a President

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the Women's Social and Political Union should feel highly complimented. It is being imitated, subtly, but not the less closely, by the Congressional Union. First the Congressional Union reached a hand into England and stole the W. S. P. U. colors. Now it is stealing the W. S. P. U. tactics.

Of course, the newspaper accounts of the heckling of President Wilson by a member of the Congressional Union may have been greatly overdrawn. We refuse to believe that a sober-minded American suffragist begged to be arrested for disturbing the peace. But the fact remains that the aforesaid suffragist interrupted the President in the middle of a speech in order to ask an irrelevant question about the franchise.

In England, heckling is a time-honored political custom; in America it is rudeness—nothing more. Even the Englishman does not "heckle" unless the speech is in the interests of a campaign. He would not be at all likely to interrupt a formal address that did not deal with politics. English methods become absurd when they are grafted on to American problems.

Suffrage can be advertised in better ways than by discourtesy to the President of the United States. A case of that sort can do more harm than fifty editions of anti-suffrage pamphlets.

The Working Mother

By Helen Power, *A Working Mother*

THE intelligent minds of to-day are greatly concerned with our national problem of poverty. We who rank among the wealthiest nations of the earth have evolved a social and industrial system which forces *one-half* of our working population to exist *below* the normal standard of living necessary for the best development of the race. The normal standard for the average family as filed by modern sociologists is \$800.00 a year—as shown by the latest report of the U. S. Public Health Service Commission! These statistics prove the startling fact that the United States is a nation of general wealth and particular poverty and that an enormous percentage of individual citizens are victims of the economic system that has made the nation rich.

The greatest victim of our present social order is the so-called "working mother." Mothers have worked since the first great Mother Eve, but heretofore they have worked primarily as the homemakers, leaving to man the role of bread winner. Obviously, natural laws made this the natural division of labor. The first requisite for the highest evolution of the race is mother love and mother care and the perpetuation of the ideals of home life. *The strength of a Nation lies in the integrity of the home*, and the pillar of the home is the mother.

The industrial development of the twentieth century has forced a great army into the field of labor. We hear much talk from college women of "careers." We see about us the more practical demonstration of the working woman in her heroic struggle for existence. Not only the existence of herself but of those dependent upon her. More and more the army of women workers is being recruited from the ranks of the mothers whose homes still claim them, but whom stern necessity drives out into the marketplace to compete as breadwinners. The working mother is a concrete, an heroic, a tragic reality of today. Is she seeking economic independence or a "career?" Let me solemnly assure you that not one woman who has become a mother, whose children still cling about her in their helpless need ever voluntarily abandoned her home to follow these igni fatui (fake lights). Inexorable necessity alone impels her. A sick, a disabled, an unemployed, a deserting or dead husband—an inefficient or an utter absence of income—these alone are the factors which alone prevail to make a mother abandon her nest and entrust it to some cuckoo, be it neighbor, charity or State, while she fares forth to earn her bread and theirs.

The large and ever-increasing number of child-caring institutions testify to the present-day disintegration of the home. Day nurseries, kindergartens, schools, institutions, housekeepers, foster mothers and those pathetic child-women called "little mothers" are some of the pitifully inadequate substitutes for the working mothers. The rising generation of fifty per cent of our working class is an incubated one. Society becomes the brooder in order that the busy, tired mother may turn breadwinner. Evidently an enormous amount of money is being expended in vicarious child caring, with very inferior results. Nature's way is best, and it behooves us to study this social ill and apply to it Nature's remedy. Return the mother to her home lest the home disintegrate and the State be weakened by an artificial and inferior breed of motherless children.

The intrinsic value of maternal care is just beginning to be realized at its true worth. Students of social economics unanimously conclude that no artificial environment, however highly developed, reacts as beneficially on the growing child up to the period of adolescence as its natural home, however poor, provided a natural mother be its mainstay. The individual care and training that mother love provide are a better panacea for weak heredity and questionable environment than institutional system and discipline. In short, the best instincts of the child are fostered in the home, and only in the *preservation of the home* can the State enrich itself by that surest source of all wealth, an annual crop of lusty young citizens.

Already the State recognizes its interest in this vital need to preserve the home, and new ideas of civic responsibility are being born. This civic responsibility, or social consciousness, would make of the State, or municipality, the father principle in order that the mother may perform her function towards the children of the State unimpeded. Widows' pensions, municipal, county and State relief commissions, free employment bureaus and unemployment insurance are a few modern manifestations of this sense of civic responsibility that the ancient Greeks were the first to emphasize in breeding their glorious race. But this is only a forecast—a small beginning of future legislation that will secure its best citizenship by restoring the working mother to the home that clamors for her—that without her must inevitably be destroyed.

It is time that some such millenium dawned, for the working mother of today is the most martyred victim of our social system. She is everywhere—in every walk of life.

In the professions we find her in her happiest expression, for she at some time has been able to afford the expensive training and education to equip herself for the economic battle where only the fittest may survive. Thousands of women doctors, lawyers, teachers, lecturers, nurses, writers, journalists, advertisers, preachers and actresses are pursuing the stony path of economic independence, smoothed by the laurels of success and rejoicing in their work. But among these professional women are mothers, forced from their homes prematurely by the need to earn. Without this *need* they never would have left by choice until the little lives had matured under the watchful guidance of the maternal eye. Fortunate that these have a profession which they can turn to in their hour of need. It grants them a living generous enough to surround their children with safeguards against the most disastrous effects of the motherless home. But who knows what those little lives have lacked in that formative period from infancy to adolescence? Only a few years, but the most critical ones of the child's life!

Tens of thousands of women workers swell the ranks of the manufacturing and mechanical pursuits—occupations more poorly paid, with a greater measure of physical strain upon the mothers among them who must earn. How many laundry workers, garment makers, seamstresses, lace makers, milliners, candy packers and the thousands of factory workers are working mothers, eager, nervous, pushed on by the relentless necessity of little mouths to feed? We find them among the trades and transportation industries—numbered among the news dealers, fruit vendors, saleswomen, storekeepers, clerks, cashiers, stenographers, telephone and telegraph operators, ushers and manicurists and their like—our working mothers toiling for the same wage that unmarried women barely live on, but on which they must keep their families alive!

We find her at last, in the lowest stratum of gainful occupations: domestic and personal service, that wilderness of unskilled, unorganized and unregulated labor. Here, as cook, housekeeper, waitress, janitress, scrub-woman, foster mother, midwife, day worker and, in fact, any humble menial service she can perform for pay, the working mother slaves, the drudgery of her life glorified only by the halo of service she performs in the name of motherhood.

It is mainly for her that institutions and child caring agencies flourish. In this class is the vast majority of working mothers, and obviously, since society wills it that they work outside of their homes, society must dispose of

their children. Most of these institutions are semi-charitable, and it is only in the last necessity that the mother will accept their help. Pride drives her to pitiful extremities to avoid becoming that product of moral degradation "An object of charity," and the charities are supported by gifts of the rich!

This is all wrong. The greatest ruin—almost the only certain ruin—that can befall a state is race suicide. In giving birth to citizens all mothers are substantially serving the state by contributing to its wealth, but in the present order of things children of the poor are born only to die of starvation, to be thrust into social incubators where they are hatched out into imperfect manhood and womanhood with triple loss to mother, child and State. Unless the State intervenes to save its citizens by better methods, race suicide is inevitable by the process of slow enfeeblement, discouragement and decay from below.

In the name, not of charity, but of justice, let us work for the passing of the "Mothers' Pension Act," whereby sufficient sums will be granted to all mothers of growing children who would otherwise have to work outside their homes in order to live. This act should be broader in scope than the Widows' Pension Act already passed in several states. I would like to see all mothers thus enabled to stay at home with their children at the time they most need a mother's care—the first eight years of a child's life.

The number of dependent children placed in institutions by mothers who must earn would thus be vastly reduced. The results would be incredibly better to the child, to the mother and to the State. The labor market would be relieved of the strain of large numbers of working mothers, and so alleviate unemployment conditions by having fewer workers and more work. The cost of such pensions to the State would be less in the long run than the corresponding operating expenses of huge institutions, which to a large extent, could be done away with or modified into free vocational schools for children of adolescent age.

Best of all, the sum total of happiness, comparative comfort and better development thus secured to the child, and the prolongation of mother lives heretofore literally "worked to death," would alone amply justify the establishment of mothers' pensions throughout the land—public policy, social economy and common humanity alike dictate such a measure. How much longer shall we, as a nation, fatten ourselves by the exploitation of the working mother whose children are wealth to the State? Shall we end by killing the goose that lays the golden egg?

A CALL TO CONFERENCE FROM THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY

The two chief political parties tried to kill the suffrage movement by kindness. They added a little "jollier" to their platforms which they hoped would still any further demand for the Susan B. Anthony amendment. Judging, however, from a pamphlet we have just received, suffrage is about as dead as Market street on a busy day.

The National Woman's Party has issued a call to a conference which is to be held at Colorado Springs on August 10, 11 and 12. Its object is "to decide on measures to be adopted by the Woman's Party in the coming election to win national suffrage for women." Were the women fooled by the lukewarm enthusiasm of the two conventions? They were not! Instead of beginning a wearisome fight for state suffrage, they are mobilizing the enfranchised women with a view to forcing the reluctant candidates to make a stand for the amendment. They have learned that the ballot is not a "symbol"; it is something which has practical value.

The pamphlet calls attention to the fact that the women voters actually hold the balance of power in the next election. If they stand together and put suffrage before any other issue, they can win the ballot for the women who are not yet enfranchised. It is a glorious opportunity—one of which the women's party intends to make good use. The conference is called to look over the political field and to decide on the best method of propaganda. The Woman's Party will not definitely choose its candidate until after Hughes' formal speech of acceptance on July 31. The organization is calling on all its sympathizers to write to Mr. Hughes before that date, in order to induce him to take a stand for suffrage. Mr. Hughes' campaign headquarters are located at the Hotel Astor, New York City.

This is the first time in the history of the country that women were strong enough to change a request to a demand. We are willing to wager that the conference is causing the candidates more anxiety than they care to confess.

The Municipal Carmen's Ball Benefit for the Widows and Orphans

"Step lively!" say the street carmen; but they are not thinking of the fat passenger on the platform. To them, the words bring up visions of the stepping that is to be done at the grand ball on August 12. The carmen are not a bit selfish about their party. The latch-string is going to be out for all who care to obtain tickets. A number of society women have already consented to act as patronesses, and from the amount of interest that people are showing in the affair, the Civic Auditorium is going to be crowded to its full capacity.

The carmen have a motive for the ball, one which will add the consciousness of doing good

to the pleasure of the evening. All the proceeds are to be given to their fellow workers who are sick and to the widows and orphans of men formerly in the city's service. If you are naturally inclined to good works, this motive will furnish you a strong reason for attending the ball. But if you happen to be one of these selfish old codgers you ought to go anyway, if only to see Anita Peters Wrights' pupils dance and to know what it is like to meet a conductor without having to hand him a fare.

News Bulletin

Larger postal savings deposits will now be accepted at the post office. This is made possible by an important amendment to the Postal Savings Act just approved by President Wilson. A postal savings depositor may now have an account amounting to \$1,000 upon which interest will be paid. Formerly \$500 was the maximum amount he could have to his credit. This enlargement of postal savings facilities will be very gratifying to thousands of depositors who have already reached the old \$500 limit and are anxious to entrust more of their savings to Uncle Sam. Another feature of the amendment that will avoid further embarrassment to the public and to postal officials is the doing away with the limit on the amount that could be accepted from a depositor monthly. Under the old law only \$100 could be deposited in a calendar month. The amendment abolishes this restriction. While the Postal Savings System has already proved a signal success as is shown by the fact that more than half-a-million depositors have over eighty million dollars standing to their credit, still it has fallen short of meeting the full demands of the public because of the restrictions which have now been eliminated. Postmaster General Burleson and Third Assistant Postmaster General Dockery have been tireless in their efforts to secure a modification of the limitations and the new liberalizing legislation is particularly gratifying to them.

Congressman Stephens, who is to be Lieutenant-Governor of California, has brought to the attention of Congress the sworn testimony of Admiral Winslow that *one first-class super-dreadnought* could whip all the warships the United States maintains on the Pacific Coast. This being a sworn statement of fact by an admiral in our own navy, one naturally asks "Why? Why should our whole glorious Pacific Coast be entirely unprotected?" Senator Phelan says the answer to the question is that if we had an effective navy in the Pacific, Japan would not like it! If this is one reason for not having our coast protected we rise to ask if Japan is already dictating to us as to how we shall act?

THE LAW OF AVERAGES

(Continued from page thirteen)

A wonderful system, engineered, as you may have guessed, by our enemies in Europe, had been perfected for smuggling the complete equipment of an army into this country. There were well concealed depots at Lahore, Delhi, Ahmadabad, Gaur, Nagpur, and a dozen other places. How they carried it through as far as they did is still a mystery, but we do know the stuff was brought in by way of Afghanistan by camel caravan and deposited at convenient points for concentration. There were arms and ammunition sufficient for an army of 150,000 and the black devils were ready for the call. They had been promised all sorts of impossible things, and you know on what a bed of powder we whites live here in the best of circumstances. The time for the uprising was set for the 27th, which is less than a week from now, and then you can imagine what deeds of horror would be perpetrated. Why! '57 would be but child's play compared to it. Fortunately, we have caught the ringleaders. There was one woman mixed up in it, the spy we caught here in Delhi last night. She is an Austrian and is known as Charlotte St. Jean—"

Two shots, then half a dozen, blurted out close by.

Lord Harbison and those with him stiffened in their chairs, but Henry, too sick at heart to notice anything, scarcely heeded them. The Viceroy bent a look of inquiry upon Major Ritzen, who saluted and left the room. The rest remained in strained silence, with scarcely a movement to disturb their rigidity.

Finally the major returned, his face showing white through the tan. For a moment his glance swept the circle of faces turned towards him. Then he said in colorless tones:

"It's the spy, the Austrian girl. She attempted to escape dressed as a man and was shot and killed by the guards."

Shortly afterwards, Henry lay propped up by pillows, reading a note that had just been delivered to him. It had been written the previous night and read:

Cecil's Hotel, January 23, 1916
Mon cher Henri:

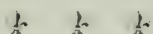
When you receive this I shall be far away. Please forgive me for running off without saying aurevoir, for under the circumstances it was quite necessary. Henri, I have a serious confession to make to you. I am a spy. My uncle has always been a secret agent of his government and it seemed but natural for me to help him in his work. We came here to India to start a revolution against the English. But now I realize what a terrible thing that would be, and I have decided to have nothing to do with it. When aroused, these Hindus will go to any extreme of cruelty and I can't bear to think of white women and little children falling into their hands. Then, too, your adventurous spirit has led you into discovering our plot and causing its destruction. So I am

going to flee before I am found out. If you choose, there is a still greater adventure awaiting you. Come to Karachi and you will find me there, ready to become your wife. With love and a thousand kisses, I remain,

YOUR CHARLOTTE.

And so, in the years to come Henry Pollock had always to link the death of his beloved with the story of his one great adventure.

(THE END)



THE SPIRIT OF THE THIRTEENTH BIENNIAL

(Continued from page eighteen)

different occasions. But in the selection of a leader for this great and many-sided organization, be it said to the credit of the average voter, no one question decides an election. An aspirant must prove all round fitness. She must show her adaptability by her words and deeds. And so naught but the fact that California's candidate made good, that she proved the truth of the utterances made by our ever vigilant and active delegation of eighty, is responsible for California's splendid victory. Our delegation was a united one, ever loyal, ever ready to distribute California's literature and to do whatever work the moment called for, and the fact that our women are of the type who win doubting voters to the side of equal suffrage, helped to bring about desired results and far be it from me to minimize the value of what our delegation accomplished; but in spite of all our effort in her behalf, in spite of past record and future promise, Mrs. Cowles had to prove herself master of the present, the better qualified of the two candidates—and so, I repeat, all credit is due to our Mrs. Cowles, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

And, "How did the New York men take it?" One of them said, "You remind me of a lot of commuters trying to carry away more bundles than you can manage, but, somehow, I have the feeling that you'll get there without losing any, and I'll even ask you to raise your arms so that I may tuck in my little bundle, most precious of them all, and I know that you'll value it, too." New York's men were amazed at the scope of our programs, taken back by the seriousness of the movement, impressed with the earnestness of every participant, inspired by the spirit of the Thirteenth Biennial, that spirit which kept the two thousand one hundred and forty-four delegates and four times that number of visitors going thrice daily to the meetings and straining every nerve while obeying every rule and regulation because of their eagerness to hear what was going on in the big Seventh Regiment Armory, which covers a New York City block.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

(Continued from page ten)

war (which is but wholesale murder) among nations just as the common law considers individual murder among its citizens as a crime and punishable as such, and, furthermore, would have created what it did *not* create, international institutions which would have safeguarded the life of the nations as effectively as the life of individuals is now protected by national institutions.

The question now arises, why has there not been a parallel development of the International Law with the national one? Why did International Law lag behind—in fact, only reaching in its development the status which can be defined as the Unwritten Law? The main reason is that among nations the abolishment of war up to the present age did *not* serve the utilitarian purpose the abolishment of murder did within the national body. So long as part of the earth still remained unparceled or occupied by uncivilized races, governments among themselves in the past had *more* to gain by war than by peace. So, unlike the national family, the international family balked, and is still balking—to take the step onward. Will it ever take it? It will, for the laws of evolution are inexorable. Peace will one day be *forced* upon humanity. There is no escaping it. Within the last fifty years the earth has become divided up. America, Africa, Asia, Australia do not offer any more the former opportunities for conquest. There is little left of "No Man's Land." If a nation becomes land-hungry it has either to buy it, or take it at such a financial and moral risk that "War for Conquest" has already been labeled by international assent as international crime. So that for the first time in the history of the world, not *one* nation now engaged in the present struggle dares to assume the responsibility of the war. All claim to have acted in self-defense—a rather significant sign. What nations are already ashamed to start one day they will be ashamed to continue. Besides, war for conquest, even under the guise of self-defense, will in this, the greatest of all wars, prove to the nation who did start it to be "the Frankenstein Monster" which devours its maker. I look at this world war as destined to prove the futility of all war, and when once the international mind finds no utilitarian motive for war, war will become a thing of the past, and peace will become as essential to the international body as it is now to the national one.

THE FIRST LAUREL

(Continued from page twenty-four)

and his longing for her greater and greater. How Cupid must have smiled! He, so great in giving oracles to the world, could forecast nothing of his own future. He followed Daphne day by day through the forests, declaring his love and entreating her to listen, but she always fled, leaving his plea unfinished.

One day while Daphne was speeding after a fleeing stag, her beautiful hair unbound and flying in the breeze, Apollo espied her and started in pursuit. Perceiving him, Daphne forgot the stag and fled for safety. Apollo, urged on by Cupid, darted after her and the distance between them became less and less.

On flew the virgin nymph and after her the fleet-footed god,—she, affrighted, he sped by love and longing.

Her strength failed, and seeing that Apollo was gaining, she sank to the ground calling piteously upon her father to help her, entreating him to open the ground that she might hide therein. Her cries were heard, and immediately her limbs stiffened, her hair became leaves, her body was encased in young and tender bark. Her feet became roots in the soft earth

and her beautiful out-stretched arms became bark-covered branches.

Apollo watched the transformation, astounded. He clasped his arms about the tree, kissing the branches with passion, but even then they trembled and seemed to shrink from him.

"As you cannot be my wife, you shall always be my tree," he cried. "I will ever wear you for my crown and decorate with you my lyre and my bow! You shall be woven into wreaths for great conquerors as they are led in triumph to be crowned. And since eternal youth is mine, you shall never waste away but the leaves you bear shall be ever green, and mortals shall call you *Laurel*!"



FEDERAL TAX ON INHERITANCE

(Continued from page two)

outgrowth of local and State conditions—not National. Beyond this, the Federal Government has many more sources of revenue upon which to draw than have the States. Many of these sources they have touched upon but imperfectly; and others they have not touched upon at all. For these reasons, it is ungenerous for the Federal Government to interfere with the revenues of the States as it proposes to do. The act is an invasion of the rights of the States. Time and space will not permit me now to elaborate upon this argument. I merely throw out these thoughts for consideration.

And so it seems to me, as I said at the

beginning, that we who are particularly interested in inheritance tax matters, and especially the women of the State, are not only now directly concerned in the election of members of the coming Legislature, but also of our Representatives in Congress and our United States Senators. We want men at Washington who will protect the rights of the State and who will do their part to bring about the repeal of that portion of the new revenue bill against which we protest. And we want men in the Legislature who will recognize the discrimination now existing against the wives of California, under our inheritance tax law, and who will have the justness and the courage to amend that law, as we ask them to do, and place the women and the men of California upon an equal footing. It seems to me that such papers as *Everywoman* and the women's clubs of California have before them sufficient incentive to throw them into the coming campaign with a vim and a vigor that will bring results.

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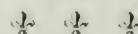
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At the Theatres

At the Columbia Theater

Henry Miller will inaugurate a notable season at the Columbia Theater on Monday night, July 10th, when he will present his specially selected cast of brilliant players in Hubert Henry Davies' three-act sparkling comedy, "The Mollusc." From the unusually heavy demand that has been made at the box office for seats for the opening night, it is evident that the playhouse will be filled to its limits with a representative San Francisco audience, which will be on hand to welcome their favorites who will appear here during the special season.

Mr. Miller in selecting the first play decided upon the Davies' comedy, which theatergoers recognize as one of the most pronounced international successes. It has never been seen in San Francisco, although we have been promised it on two former occasions, but through unforeseen circumstances playgoers here did not have the pleasure of enjoying this fine work. The performance of "The Mollusc"

will be preceded by the presentation of a one-act play called "A Golden Night," in which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, John Findlay and others will appear. The Henry Miller organization for the Columbia Theater season includes some of America's most brilliant theatrical stars, the roster including such names as Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Alice Lindahl, Charles Trowbridge, Walter Connolly, Margaret St. John, Mrs. Charles Craig, Gladys Wilson and W. H. Sams. "The Great Divide," with Mr. Miller and Miss Spong in the principal roles; "Come Out of the Kitchen," a new play by A. Z. Thomas, are among the future productions of the Miller season.

At the Cort Theater

The new musical show by Oliver Morosco

and Elmer Harris called "Canary Cottage" is packing the Cort with crowds of delighted people, who are not disappointed in the latest offering by the authors of "So Long, Letty." One long laugh, catchy music, and very beautiful settings and costumes. Don't miss seeing "Canary Cottage."

At the Alcazar

Adele Blood, "visiting star" at the Alcazar, is making a decided furore in George Broadhurst's much-talked-of play, "Innocent." Miss Blood is a San Francisco woman, and her opening night here was a real ovation. Her really fine portrayal of the name part in the play has made it a very great success. Forrest Stanley gave his usual splendid support, and so did the other Alcazar players. The play is disagreeably sordid and unhappy, and one wishes to see Miss Blood in a different character. The next will be a comedy called "The Blue Envelope," and we are promised a happier performance.

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

(Continued from page fifteen)

he suddenly raised her arm. Instead of dropping it as any normal person would do, she left it suspended in mid-air, apparently unconscious of the fact that it had been raised at all. "Another symptom," said the doctor.

Examining the eyes instead of the conscience is a new departure in the study of wrong-doing. But there is a small aperture in the eye that is closed over by blood-vessels when the nervous condition is abnormal. It was here that the doctor read the last chapter of Grace's story. The girl will never again be forced to apply her ten-year-old brain to a woman's problems. She is to be sent to an institution for the feeble-minded, where her case can be carefully studied and where she will be made as happy as her sick, twisted mind will permit.

There are many of Grace's type in the reform schools and the courts. Some of the officials call them incorrigible; others realize that they are no more responsible for their actions than a man in the delirium of fever. To those of its charges who are normal, the Oakland Probation Office offers every opportunity to make good; to those who are not, it gives sound treatment and special consideration. The old idea of punishment for crime is fading into the dimness of forgotten things. The new social worker believes in curing his brother before he preaches to him, especially if the brother is an uncomprehending child.

THE PIED PIPER

(Continued from page twenty-one)

Lonely Man why he cannot give the children back to their parents to become hardened to the world's standard of right and wrong, to have all the sweetness and truth and joy in life crushed out of them. This is the most dramatic moment in the play and Mr. Bremner's sympathetic voice stirred many in the audience to tears.

But the children are restored to their parents at last. Something in the pleadings of the little lame boy's mother has stirred the Piper deeply, and when he learns that she is sick unto death he calls her back to life and restores her child to her and the rest of the children to their parents. But the spell of the Piper will remain in their midst and keep them sweet and human as long as they live.

It was in 1911 that Josephine Preston Peabody won the Stratford-on-Avon prize for the best poetical drama of the year, and it was first produced in historic Stratford where Shakespeare was born. It was later produced in America, but we are under the impression that this is its first appearance in the west. The Forest Theatre Society deserves much praise for thus producing a children's play each year and inculcating in them in early life an appreciation of the beauty of the drama as a means of keeping alive in our midst the highest ideals of humanity.

Old Masters and New Nightmares

Though it is said on good authority that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, it has taken a Futurist to discover compensations for the little three-ringed entertainment which is taking place over in Europe. His reasoning is fully as futuristic as his hair-cut. According to this leader in the field of artistic nightmares, the war is doing Italy an inestimable service by reducing her treasury to the condition of Mother Hubbard's pantry.

When Italy is sufficiently impoverished, she will sell her art treasures to American collectors. "Then," says the prominent Futurist, "Italy will be freed from the tyranny and trash of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the rest of those ridiculous Old Masters. Her art will then develop into something worth while."

We wonder what he means by "something worth while." Probably several pieces of canvas bearing designs that might have been created by an electric fan gone wild in a paint shop. The artist then draws a contemptuous comparison between the body-painting of the Old Masters and the soul-painting of the Futurists. It seems to us, however, that if a man has a soul whose sentiments are expressible only in terms of dots and dashes, he ought to be prosecuted by a psychic board of censorship.

True art need fear no more from the Futurist. He has placed the dunce cap on his own head and removed himself from the company of sensible people.

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SEPTEMBER, 1916

20c.

EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of
The National Council of Women
Membership, 7,000,000



Mrs. Philip North Moore

Open
Forum
Platforms
and
Candidates
in 1916

Woodrow
Wilson

By Judge
Clayton Herrington

Charles Evans Hughes

By Francis J. Francoeur

Leading
Articles by
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the
Susan B. Anthony
Amendment Passed
Before Gabriel
Blows
His Horn For The
Last Time

Vol. VI. No. 5

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1916

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EVERYWOMAN feels the honor of being the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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National Council of Women

What It Means to a Suffering World

THE following communication from Lady Aberdeen will awaken a thrill of remembrance and loyalty as we recall her appearance with us in Washington in January. In San Francisco last year she was referred to as a *queen*, and the *mother* of the womanhood

BY MRS. PHILIP NORTH MOORE, *President*

various sections were full of interest for workers in various spheres of philanthropic activity, but its outstanding result was the demonstration of international solidarity existing between women who the world over are consecrating their lives to the service of humanity.

Such a demonstration came at a particularly psychological moment, when the women of the United States are reaching forth in instinctive sisterly sympathy and practical helpfulness to their suffering sisters and brothers in so many overseas countries.

I would like to congratulate the National Council of Women of the U. S. A. on this achievement, and also on the basis laid for international Emigration and Immigration work, through the influence of Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, at the last meeting of the I. C. W. at Rome in May, 1914, when at the request of the Department of Labor of the U. S. A., the International Council passed several resolutions regarding action recommended to the different National Councils of Women, which would bring the Immigration officials of various countries, and emigration workers, into close and effective touch.

The Biennial of the National Council, held at Washington in January, 1916, brought forward many admirable reports, and again demonstrated the need for an organization which can link together the various great organizations of women in the United States in comprehensive and yet elastic bonds, which will enable the womanhood of the United States to be represented as a whole, when the women of the world sit together in Council.

The affiliation of so many important women's national organizations with the National Council on the occasion of their Biennial, and the subsequent affiliation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, on the occasion of their Biennial Convention in May, enables the National Council of Women of the U. S. A. to stand forth as the representative of seven millions of women, pursuing diverse paths of service, but all at one in their adherence to the principle of the Golden Rule and their desire to see it applied to 'society, custom and law.'

It is a happy omen that the newly elected President of the National Council should also be a much valued former President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and we look forward to a great development of thought and activity amongst the women workers of the United States under her administration, both for the benefit of their own country and for the furthering of those great ideals to which the International Council of Women stands pledged.

Before the war, we women of the International Council had become sufficiently organized to realize the greatness of our

power and of our responsibility. That responsibility is now increased a hundred-fold, and as President of the International Council, I venture to call on every individual member of the American National Council of Women (and that means every individual member of every affiliated organization) to study and meditate, and prepare herself to understand and take a part in the great healing work which the women of the world are called to undertake in the near future, when they must lead the way in reconstructing new international relations, based on justice, freedom, faith and love, out of the sorrows and follies and tragedies of the past.

*Ishbel Aberdeen and Temair,
President of the
International Council of Women."*

Conference between

Mr. Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, representing the U. S. Employment Service of the Department of Labor,

Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Special Agent of the Department, and

Mrs. Philip North Moore, President of the National Council of Women, at the office of the latter in St. Louis, Mo., July 31, 1916.

This conference should be historically a guide post for the future employment interests



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

of the world. To us in the United States, she is the Chief, the honored head of the International Council, the one to whose sane, guiding influence we yield absolute loyalty and affection.

We recognize the International Council of Women as the organization of greatest potential influence in the world, and to be a part of such world power stirs us all to do our utmost.

"It will always be a gratification to me to remember that during the years 1915-1916, when the officers of the International Council of Women were debarred from carrying on the active work of the Council, I was privileged to come into close contact with the National Council of Women of the U. S. A., the eldest daughter of the I. C. W., and to whom we are looking to act the eldest daughter's part. The summoning of the International Congress of Women, which met at San Francisco in November, 1915, by the invitation of Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, the President of the American Council, was a happy idea at a time when women from so many nations were visiting the beautiful and wonderful Exhibition on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and the Congress itself proved a complete success. The



KATE WALLER BARRETT, M. D., D. SC.

of women and children in the United States. The Bureau has sent its circular to every federal employment office and to the state offices

(Continued on Next Page)

"El Invasor"

The National Hymn of Cuba

"El Invasor," General Castillo's contribution to *EVERYWOMAN*, was composed in Camp "La Matilde", near Camaguey, Cuba, written upon a window of the mansion house, when just abandoned by the Spanish column on the approach of the Cuban army of invasion, commanded by General Maceo, on the 15th of November, 1895, and dedicated to General Maceo, who, hearing it with the melody given by the writer of the verses, ordered it to be played every morning at "Diana" and on every battlefield, by his band.

This translation was made for *EVERYWOMAN* by Miss Carlotta Montenegro, who herself is a poet well known in Paris and New York, and whose book of verse entitled "Thoughts" is a treasure-trove of beauty. In our October issue we shall give our readers several of the poems of this gifted writer, which we are fortunate in having, for her work as poet and playwright has received high praise from some of the greatest literary critics in this country and abroad.

"EL INVASOR"

A Las Villas, patriotas cubanos
A Occidente nos blama el deber
De la Patria a arrojar los tiranos
Es forzosa morio o vencer!

De Marti la memoria adorada
Nuestras vidas ofrenda al honor.
Y nos guia la fulgida espada
De Maceo, el Caudillo invasor!

Del Clarin—al acento sublime
Va el incendio de un mar atomar
Y va Gomez que a Cuba redime
En glorioso, tenaz batallar.

Orientales heroicos al frente
Camaguey, Villarenos marchad!
Nuestras armas daran a Occidente
A la Patria infeliz libertad!

Nos esperan en la ancha sabana
En el campo de gloria y honor
Los que ultrajan la Patria cunana
Los soldados del vil opresor.

A la Carga! escuadrones! Volemos
Que a deguello el clarin ordeno
Los machetes furiosos alzemos
Muera el torpe que a Cuba ultrajo.



GENERAL E. LOYNAZ DEL CASTILLO

THE INVADER

Cuban patriots, Duty hath spoken!
She hath lifted her mandate on high—
The power of the foe must be broken;
We must conquer, or else we must die!

We will perish for honor, for glory
Still recalling Marti's deathless name
While Maceo's blade, fearless, glory
Leads us on like a quick-moving flame.

As the bugle sounds clearly and loudly,
Cuba answers from sea unto sea,
And Gomez goes forth bravely, proudly,
To fight for our land's liberty.

Eastern heroes march on without turning,
Camaguey shall behold the fierce zest
Of our arms, as the base tyrant spurning
From his grasp our dear country we wrest.

On the battlefield now they are ready,
The oppressor and all of his men!
And we with a purpose as steady
Will face them upon the broad plain.

Squadrons, charge! Lift your blades high
And make them obey the stern bugle's
command;

Let destruction and death overtake them
That have outraged our dear Cuban land.

National Council of Women (Continued from Page 2)

as well, to every agency desiring knowledge of conditions, to organizations and committees interested.

By virtue of the authority conferred upon me as President, through the resolutions presented at Washington and adopted, it became my pleasure and privilege to offer the co-operation of the National Council as follows:

First, in the general work of said Department, and

Second, in the following special work:

- (a) In lending beneficial attention to arriving immigrant women and children, provided the Department of Labor causes notice of such arrivals and their destination to be given to all branches of said National Council and affiliated organizations, consenting by resolution to undertake this branch of co-operation;

- (b) Also in aiding and co-operating, through official bodies representing the said National Council and said affiliated organizations, in obtaining opportunities for employment for wage earners, women and men, and in particular to co-operate in every practical way to promote the work of the Women and Girl's division and the Young Men and Boys' Division of said United States Employment Service.

I also offered to recommend to all local branches, co-operation under sub-division (b) above set forth.

Commissioner-General Caminetti expressed high appreciation of the co-operation, and details of the plan are to be prepared and placed in operation.

The very first detail was to send a communication to each organization in membership,

realizing that certain ones would find the plan impossible to their special line of work, and such reservation was made to the Commissioner-General. I realized, however, that all such women would come into touch with the work through other organizations and thus the interest of the entire Council would be obtained.

I am awaiting answers of official endorsement and thus arrange later details from the Bureau by the time the organizations convene for fall work.

Mrs. Barrett was as always a tower of strength in initiative and action. Can we not look forward to a future of great promise!

Every reader of this article is asked to express her interest in these labor problems, the employment of women and girls, and be a factor in working out their solution.

Platforms And Candidates--In 1916

Woodrow Wilson

BY JUDGE CLAYTON HERRINGTON

PRESIDENTIAL TERMS—"We favor a single Presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an Amendment to the Constitution making the President ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this Convention to this principle."—Democratic Platform of 1912.

PANAMA CANAL TOLLS—"We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal."—Democratic Platform of 1912.

If votes were to be based on platform promises and professions, there would be this year some difficulties as to choice. Democratic and Republican pledges are so excellent and so similar that one may say he agrees heartily with both. There are minor variations to be sure, but the melody is the same, and anyone, having read and duly pondered the Republican declaration, who then takes up the Democratic statement, cannot but feel that he has heard something like that before.

But after all the question for the thoughtful voter is, not what the parties profess, but what they practice; not what they say they will do but what they have done. In other words, which of them is entitled to confidence. To answer that one must have recourse to history.

It is undeniable that since 1860 the Democratic party has not had the confidence of our people. It is 56 years since Abraham Lincoln became President, and during all that period there have been but three Democratic administrations—Cleveland in 1884 and 1892, Wilson in 1912. The election of 1892 is the only one in which each party fairly measured its strength against the other; in that year there was no discord in the ranks. But in 1884 Cleveland won by a very narrow margin because of Republican dissensions, principally in New York, and in 1912 Wilson succeeded because of the Progressive revolt. About 15,000,000 votes were cast that year, of which Wilson received 6,293,000, Roosevelt 4,120,000, Taft 3,485,000. The combined Roosevelt and Taft vote exceeded that for Wilson by 1,312,000. As Bryan's vote in 1908 was 6,409,000, or 116,000 more than Wilson's, it is clear that not only did Wilson fail to poll his full party vote, but that his election indicated no change in popular sentiment from Republican to Democratic policies. The Republicans who voted for Roosevelt would have none of Taft, but neither would they have aught of Wilson.

More significant still is the record of elections for representatives in the lower house of Congress in the off years. In 1884 the Democrats had 84 plurality in that body—two years

later this dwindled to 15. In 1892 there was a Democratic plurality of 94—in 1894 it was entirely wiped out and the Republicans regained control with 142 plurality, a net gain



JUDGE CLAYTON HERRINGTON

of 236, more than half the entire membership. In 1912 there was a Democratic plurality of 145 in the House—in 1914 this had shrunk to 34, hardly a working balance.

The Democratic party has not only failed to command popular respect, but when intrusted experimentally with an opportunity to make good, has invariably failed to retain such confidence as had been reposed.

What is the reason for this deep seated distrustfulness; for these sudden and remarkable reversals of popular opinion? Ours is not a fickle nor an unreasoning people; they are very loyal to their convictions, very patient with their public servants. But they do require evidences of good faith, assurances that professions will be followed by some substantial measure of performance, and such evidences and such performance the Democratic party since 1860 has never been able to furnish. It has always been a party of improvised convictions—its platforms have promised fairly enough, but it has never shown itself possessed of an abiding faith in anything. In 1896 it declared for "the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1", when the actual ratio was at least 30 to 1. It was a financial heresy fit for a madhouse. "Lunacy dictated the platform and hysteria evolved the candi-

date", said the leading Democratic journal of New York. The free silver issue is dead as Julius Caesar, and not even the late Mr. Bryan any longer mentions it. In 1900 the party went to the country with "Imperialism", whatever that may have meant. That too is a forgotten nightmare. In 1904 it avowed its eternal devotion to the gold standard with Alton B. Parker as its exponent. From free silver to a gold standard was a remarkable feat of political gymnastics, but as the Democrats only professed what the Republicans had actually practised ever since the resumption of specie payments, the country would not listen. There was no issue in 1908 but the personality of the candidates. In 1912, however, the Democrats boldly bid for public favor upon two new subjects—the one year Presidential term, and the exemption from canal tolls of our coastwise trade. These were not doctrines of the hour, nor for a campaign; they were declarations, specific in detail and permanent in their very nature. If sound at all, they were sound as long as there were Presidents to be chosen, as long as there were ships.

In a fervid campaign speech, Wilson declared that the policy of toll exemption was not "molasses to catch flies"; that he and his party meant every word of it. But two years later, in response to his personal appeal, a Democratic Congress repealed the exemption law.

Pledged by his party to the principle of a single Presidential term, he has accepted the nomination for a second, and neither he nor any member of his party even mentions the platform of 1912.

Such being the history of the Democratic party, what confidence can be reposed in its latest set of promises put forth at St. Louis.

"Americanism" is one of these, but we all believe in that, assuming it to mean that on the whole our own institutions suit us best. "Preparedness"—no one disputes the duty of being at all times ready to perform all our obligations, civic, economic, and industrial, as well as military. But if the Democrats really believe in the duty of military preparedness, one asks why for the past three and a half years our military and naval establishments have gone to seed. The "Underwood Tariff"—but it is now proposed to abandon the principle of that measure and substitute a Tariff Commission.

Until a few months ago the Democrats insisted upon bestowing self government upon the Filipinos without further delay—now the platform speaks vaguely of "ultimate" independence.

The decadent Merchant Marine should be
(Continued on Page 25)

A Question Of Choice--In 1916

Charles Evans Hughes

BY FRANCIS I. FRANCOEUR

NO less than in the day that Tom Paine wrote the words, these are times that try men's souls. In Europe, issues upon which rest the future of the race depend upon the mightiest conflict the world has ever seen. Our destiny, no less than that of the other hemisphere, is involved in the outcome of that conflict, and in a multitude of ways we are concerned in its varying phases as it progresses. Nay, there were several occasions since it started when it seemed certain that we would be drawn into its vortex, and if we were spared that fate, it has been due to the inflexible resolution of the man who sits in the White House that only supreme necessity will cause him to put this country in a position from which the only egress would be an appeal to arms.

In view of this situation, it is clear to any man who can "think without perspiring" that the main issue before the American people today, when we are about to settle the control of our national affairs for the next four years, is whether Woodrow Wilson has done well or ill in his management in the past of those affairs as they are concerned with the world conflict. All other matters sink into insignificance beside this.

It would appear, then, that the party whose object it is to oust Woodrow Wilson would have something definite to offer the American people in lieu of the Wilson policy as we know it—something so definite that we would know what would happen should the man who leads that party be successful and be called upon to decide such momentous problems as have fallen to the lot of Mr. Wilson.

The Republican party has not dared to formulate any such program, and its candidate is as pusillanimous as the party. We have had condemnation in general terms of the administration, but the Republican party has not had the courage to say that it would have waged war on the Kaiser and his accomplices for the immolation of Belgium, for the atrocity involved in the sinking of the Lusitania, for the countless other horrors committed in the name of German "kultur" and which have almost caused men to despair of mankind.

There are a good many Americans who loathe German methods and German ideals in a manner past temperate expression, and to some of these a change at Washington that

would imply a resort to war on the first valid occasion would be acceptable. But such men are not likely to vote for a party and a candidate that dare not put themselves on record as committed to such a course. And the great bulk of the people do not want war, and are grateful to Woodrow Wilson that he has so maneuvered the ship of state as to avoid its breakers.

It was a recognition of this fact that determined the attitude of the Republican Party in formulating its platform at Chicago. It would have been courageous, if it had so believed, to declare that the United States should have solemnly protested against the martyrdom of Belgium; that on the morrow of the Lusitania infamy the government at Washington should have called upon Congress to authorize war



FRANCIS I. FRANCOEUR

on the assassins at Berlin. But it did not do so, and its candidate has not dared to say that he would have followed such a procedure had

he been in control of affairs. The fact is, of course, that the party and the candidate understood that the majority of the American people, while hating the deeds of the German administration, on reflection approved the course of Woodrow Wilson, who, while never bating a jot of the rights of the United States, and, indeed, while maintaining them with a vigor that led the nation to the very brink of war, yet saved the country from that awful visitation.

And so it happens that we find Candidate Hughes, at a time when men's minds are filled with the problems that revolve around the ideas of war and peace, devoting himself to criticism of Woodrow Wilson because some officer of his was not strictly regular in turning out of a job some departmental official, who, it would appear, was not in any way fitted for the job. The assertion will be ventured that, unless Mr. Hughes discloses some more cogent reasons for turning Woodrow Wilson out of office than he developed in the first week of his presidential campaign, he will be one of the worst beaten aspirants that ever sought the suffrages of the American people.

The poverty of the Republican cause is no less apparent in other Republican utterances than those of Mr. Hughes. The President is charged with inconsistency in seeking re-election after having stood on a platform that declared for one term. It is to be feared that he is guilty as charged, but one is inclined to think the American people will regard his offense as venial. Indeed, they may take the point of view that his services to the Republic were of so splendid a description that he had no right to put himself in a position of refusing to continue them. When we consider the achievements of the Democratic Party in the last four years—and those achievements are peculiarly the achievements of Woodrow Wilson—one is inclined to think that the American people of this generation, in taking such a stand, would deserve well of posterity. When we reflect that it is owing to the dominance of Woodrow Wilson over his party that we owe the remedial legislation that is summed up in the terms "Income tax", "Federal bank reserve", "Federal farm loans", "Federal industrial commission", "Clayton anti-trust act", not to mention other notable measures, it is hard to believe that the Republic will be ungrateful to its servant.

EVERYWOMAN, fully realizing the dangers besetting our country's welfare in these perilous days, offers two pages of this magazine for open discussion of political questions. It is necessary for a fair decision that voters know the truth from all political parties. Only articles from writers thoroughly acquainted with the true facts will be accepted.

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

Men—The Problem Makers

AS MEN have made the laws which govern humanity all through the ages—so, too, have they made the problems of the ages. And, we leave it entirely to the judgment of the enlightened men of the twentieth century, if they could not be improved upon. Women have had little or no say—oh, no; that is a mistake; what we mean is: they have had no part in the problem making, because their say counted nothing, hence the problems which would fade away like ghosts before the dawn, had the world been run by men and women—by the fathers and mothers of the human race, have taken shape and form, and are today tearing the supposed civilized world to pieces, with a ferocity that would make the wild beasts or the wild Indians strangle with jealousy.

And this monstrous war, with its far-reaching, unsolved problems, its insatiable desire for unlawful gain, for the subjugation of a world which scorns its tenets, its customs, its "kultures" and its conscience, is all the result of man's law and man's problems. The mad desire to gain the lands, the peoples, the commerce, the prestige, the moneys which do not belong to them, is the only motive—insane as it is—for all this fiendish carnage. And, the children of women—not the children of rulers—is the price which is paid for this hydrophobia of conquest. Why, there is not even the charmingly pitiful excuse of "A woman in the case."

Then we have the problem of "The Unmarried Mother." We have, also, the problem of "The Unemployed." And all these problems of man's making. For he made all the laws which govern them—and wonderful laws they are, to be sure. Now, if one were to give these deep and involved problems only casual thought, they would seem hopeless; but, in reality, there is nothing on earth but men's stubbornness to keep them from being problems of any consequence within one year from date, if a joint board of sensible, broad-minded humane men and women were to undertake the solution.

It is not that the majority of men are mean, cussed, or whatever other faults they stand accused of; it is simply: they are working under the hypnotic force of habit. They began with the mailed fist, and mentally or physically they have used it, until they are the slaves of habit. And they force themselves into befuddlement trying to do the whole mental work of the world instead of making it a partnership job—as God intended it to be.

So while the men of the Old World are destroying their kind, the women of The National and The International Council of Women have formed themselves into a ways and means organization to bind up the wounds of bruised and bewildered humanity, and make a better world possible for everyone.

Leading the World

WHO are leading the world today in evil? Two or three men in Europe who are driving millions of men—men far more useful than themselves—to death, through greed, jealousy and gain.

Who are leading the world today in all that is good? There are three or four women in America who are leading millions—seven millions at least, and doubtless as many more, into the light of all that is good for themselves and for the world at large. This you can read in other pages of Everywoman, written by Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, which has a membership of 17,000,000, and by Mrs. Philip North-Moore, President of the National Federation of Women, whose membership, in this month's count, number 7,000,000. This membership takes in practically all the affiliated clubs in this country. Under this head, also, comes Doctor Kate Waller Barrett, Past-president of the National Council, and now its treasurer, who is, despite the fearful heat of the East and Middle West, touring the country.

For what is Doctor Barrett touring the country? For her own pleasure and profit? For what are Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Philip North-Moore writing, urging, holding meetings and working in the sweltering heat—for their own pleasure and profit? No, not a bit of it. Their object is to apply the principles of the Golden Rule to "society, custom and law." And, what is more, they are doing it in the most practical, up-to-date methods imaginable. And the ghostly problems which had their grip on the throats of the unfortunate ones of the centuries, are fading away before the sunlight of their hard work and clear, powerful thinking, before their great organization and fine common sense.

For years the Council has given its moral strength and protection to the unmarried mother; as women's influence grows, it will soon be able to bring about laws which will do away with the shameful brand placed upon the helpless, and upon the innocent children.

The next great work the Council has taken up—and taken with such force and knowledge that it has spread over the country like warm sunshine, bringing help and comfort to all who honestly desire to work. This is the United States Employment Service of the Department of Labor. Mrs. North-Moore has, as its President, offered the services of the National Council of Women, which have been thankfully accepted at Washington. Doctor Barrett is the special agent of the Department, and in a recent conference with Mr. Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, at the offices of Mrs. North-Moore, the future cooperation was planned by these three, and is now being put into working order for the benefit of men, women and children.

Advisory Council Of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore

Mrs. John F. Merrill

Mrs. John Rothschild

Mrs. Edwin Goodall

Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen

Mrs. A. W. Scott

Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

Ina Coolbrith

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps

Mrs. Henry Payot

Mrs. E. Gerberding

Mrs. Georgea Sperry

The Woman In Politics

THE fascination of politics has taken a firm grip on a number of women all over the country wherever they have the legal right to express their just wishes, and this is really a step forward, always—provided the right women do the stepping. But voting women should be very sure that they have the right candidates and the right advisers before they accept them. For, of course, "the wily politician" is not altogether of the masculine gender, and women feel the bitterness keenly if they find themselves baffled or deceived.

But little by little the better class of women are coming to take a deep interest in the various candidates which they espouse and in the principles for which they stand—and they will not tolerate the trickery which men pass by with a nod and a wink, before they get through with the instigators of any dubious scheme they will know the for and wherefor.

As if to forestall any doubtful moves or dangers to the Republican movement, that wise old party had the prophetic foresight to induce Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, a woman of position, energy and ability to take the chairmanship of the Woman's Auxiliary of the State Campaign Committee, well knowing that the women's work under her jurisdiction would reflect credit on the party.

Mrs. Krebs made fame for herself when, as a young woman, she was left a widow with a charming family and a lot of undeveloped land, she turned her native ability into a new channel and became the first woman railroad president in the United States. Through her initiative and her determination she had a railroad built right over the heads of many men's judgment. Mountains were tunneled, precipices scaled and canyons bridged over with success, and no one who knows Mrs. Krebs will doubt that she can bridge any abyss which "the wily politicians" of either sex may dig under her feet.

Down in Los Angeles the Republicans are well protected also, Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, one of the most brilliant women lawyers in the United States and a famous orator, is strongly in the field for the G. O. P. Mrs. Foltz should be the logical candidate for one of the highest offices in the gift of the party.

On the Democratic side also, many women of good standing and ability are taking a deep interest in their party. Mrs. Charles H. Spinks, President of the Woman's State Democratic Club, who just returned from Washington, and from a most successful interview with President Wilson, brings back strength and comfort to her co-workers. She also brings back a sublime faith in the President and in his success for a second term.

Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, President of the Council of Women Voters, is marshalling her forces with all the charm of her winning personality, and with marked success. Mrs. Gamage has a large following and will undoubtedly win a large vote for President Wilson.

One thing quite sure, politics will be purified—if that is possible—under the watchful eyes of these guardians of the woman's vote.

Steps In the Right and Wrong Direction

THE country, East and West, is torn by strikes and threatened strikes. It is also plunged into bitter feelings by the refusal of the President to fully support the Woman's Party in its efforts to have the Susan B. Anthony amendment for Woman's Suffrage passed by Congress—a measure which would bring about the full rights of women in all sections of the country.

Both the platforms of the two large parties—the Democratic and the Republican—gave the suffragists the "privilege" (a privilege they have always had, by the way) to continue to beg from State to State from every male citizen, black, white or elephant's breath. Male citizens of every shade of character, and without any shade of character whatsoever, have the privilege to be as impertinent and as insulting as they please when asked by the most enlightened of women to give their support to the rights for which these women pay in hard cash and in mental and spiritual anguish. For women, against whom the governments discriminate, are taxed for about every breath they draw.

Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who is the Republican nominee, has taken many steps higher than his platform, and has promised the Suffragists his support in obtaining the congressional amendment. This is certainly a step forward and a step in the right direction; and naturally, women who have put in years of their lives working for this concession, are grateful. This they fully demonstrated at the reception given Judge and Mrs. Hughes by the women of the San Francisco Center, a non-partisan organization, and by Mrs. Abbie Krebs, the brilliant Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of the California Republican Committee, when the Palace Hotel was crowded with hundreds of delighted women eager to welcome and honor the man who had given them hope.

Now, there is no reason why the President of the United States should not give the Suffragists the same hope and the same help. The fact that "a few States are not yet ready," is no excuse—they never will be ready, and they should not be allowed to impede the progress of half the nation—and a valuable half at that.

The attitude of Secretary Daniels toward the Suffragists who so keenly voiced their disappointment when the administration refused its influence in the matter of the Congressional Amendment, only makes for bitterness and distrust.

President Wilson has been making such splendid efforts to harmonize labor and capital, Everywoman is encouraged in the belief that he will go forward into the broader field of humanity where women are struggling for the rights of their children and themselves, and throw his great strength and prestige in their favor before it becomes too late. Before partisan prejudice enters into this great principle of simple justice and turns women against men and men against women—a blight which could grow into the most unnatural bitterness that this sad world ever knew. For there never was a time in this country when harmony and co-operation were such invaluable assets as at the present moment. And, for deep and abiding reasons they will grow more so every day.

Woman's Power

Success Of Club Organization

WHILE it is true that the women of California have exercised the right of franchise only five years, whereas the men of the State have been so endowed ever since the admission of California into the Union—thanks to the male habit of running the universe—yet the women of the State today insofar as improving their legal and political status is concerned, are in a wonderfully fine position.

And this is due to their club organizations, especially as represented by the California Federation of Women's Clubs, the central organization which gives authoritative voice to their wishes, their needs and their demands. Representing as this Federation does, 40,000 active club women, and considering the influence each of these members exercises or can exercise if she will, a force is exhibited which, if operated along harmonious lines, would be, politically speaking, almost irresistible.

The potential power of such an association of clubs is enormous. The possibilities cannot but appeal most strongly to any one whose trend of mind is toward organization, toward gathering more or less ineffective units into an effective whole, toward doing away with waste and misdirected effort and bringing about, instead, a concert of action that will mean real accomplishment. This thought, to my mind, the Federation well expressed in the program of the Del Monte meeting this year in the simple but pregnant sentence, "Strength united is stronger."

But while strength united is stronger, or at least the increased potential power is there, yet if it be not utilized, of what avail is it? As a "club" in reserve the force is all right lying dormant if not required, but if the need shall arise for its use and it be not used, it might as well not exist.

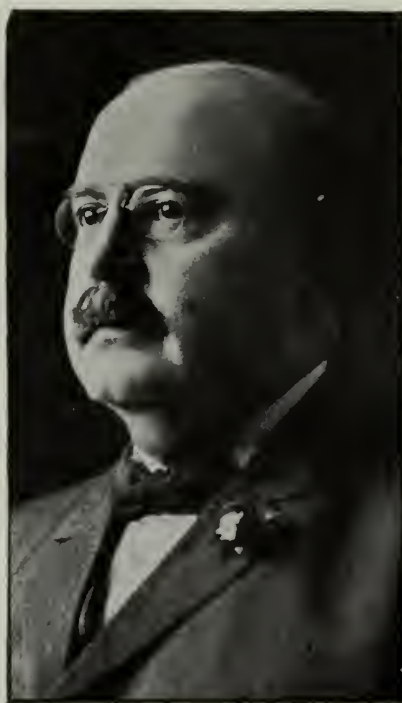
And this brings me, perhaps in rather a roundabout way, to the thought I had in my mind as I sat down to write. Let us consider merely the legal and political welfare of women as women, of women as a class. Upon such things all women surely should agree. Let us not talk of the tariff, of rural credits, of banking acts, ship subsidies or even of preparedness, upon which subjects women differ just as men do, but let us consider merely the rights of women—their rights, under government and the law, their political and legal rights.

Upon such an issue all women should come together. They may not all agree as to detail, but they should agree in a broad sense where principles and policies are concerned. And

BY HON. JOHN S. CHAMBERS,
State Controller

thus agreeing, they should use their combined strength. If they do agree but do not act, they might as well disagree. Keep this thought in mind. If you desire a certain thing and possess the power to gratify that desire, the responsibility is entirely yours.

Look at the labor unions! See what organization, defined policies and concerted action have done for the man who toils! The unions as unions do not worry over the Federal Reserve Bank Act, over the treatment of Jews in Russia, over retaliatory tariffs, or over extradition treaties, although the individual unionist may be interested in such questions.



HON. JOHN S. CHAMBERS

But the unions as unions do worry and are concerned over matters that affect them; that affect, at least as they view things, the moral, physical, legal, political and financial welfare of the laboring men. And by organization they have accomplished much, very much indeed.

But this record of achievement was not brought about in a day. The way has been long, the progress slow and the work hard. The vision of the early unionists was not very clear; they did not see far. They wanted something, but their wants were ill defined. But with the passing of the years, they saw more clearly; and the more clearly they saw, the more they gained. Slowly at first, but ever more rapidly as they appreciated the power of

numbers organized, they progressed toward the accomplishment of those things upon which their hearts were set. And, so, see the result today!

Women as a class have been much slower than laboring men as a class to realize their grievances; at least, to fight to better their condition. It may be, and probably it is true, that the appeal was not so strong, the incentive to action not so impelling. But in what we call the civilized world, progress has been made; in our own nation, the record is even better, while in many of our States, California especially, a great deal has been gained.

But much remains to be done. And it can be done. If the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in its outline of policies from time to time—in, so to speak, presenting its platform—really represents, as we know it does, the best thought, the highest desires, the heartfelt purpose of the womanhood of the State, then those policies, and that platform, can be made realities. This consummation no more can be brought about by words without action than could the labor unions have accomplished what they have brought to pass by merely proclaiming their desires and putting their trust in Providence to do the rest.

I am a rock-ribbed believer in organized effort. I always preach organization, but organization that is alive, that works in unity toward desired ends, that does things, or at least tries to do things. And the organized women of California have done things—very many things. Politically they are upon an equal footing with the men. At least this is true theoretically; in the eyes of the law. Prejudice—the prejudice born of the centuries—still blocks to some extent the practical fulfillment of political freedom, but the years are doing their work.

Legally speaking—in equal rights under the law—the progress has not been so sure. Some things have been accomplished, but much remains to be done. It is more difficult to decide from this viewpoint than the political; the issues are more involved, more intricate, the results harder to forecast. But all in good season the problems will be worked out.

As I said in the beginning, the women of California today are in a wonderfully fine position to improve their legal and political status, and this is because of their club organizations, especially their central rallying point—the California Federation of Women's Clubs. There is real organized effort—there is Power.

The Federation at Del Monte adopted a legislative program. It was decided to concentrate upon a few issues rather than to

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The Suffrage Element

Paramount in Present-Day Politics

BY SUSAN LOCKWOOD

TO a member of the House of Representatives in a Suffrage State, who asked a Congressman of the Judiciary Committee, "WHY?" came the reply,—

"Well, we had a lot of fine women and a lot of bad politics, and we thought the women might clarify the politics."

And they did!



ANNE MARTIN

The extent which this influence of the women upon politics has reached, was shown to the world in a flash of light at the three-day conference of the National Woman's Party held in Colorado recently, when the leaders met and made their plans for the coming presidential campaign.

Anne Martin, President of the Women's Franchise League of Nevada, is a young woman to whom Suffrage owes a great debt. Her zeal and enthusiasm are finely balanced by mental poise, clear intelligence and an unusual amount of dignity. It has been interesting to follow Miss Martin's career since she left college and pursued the difficult and dangerous ways of Suffrage that have led her to the top and to success. Her speeches are marked by conciseness and rare insight into her subject, and a spirit of absolute fearlessness that was doubtless acquired during her experiences in London at the period of the strenuous struggle of the women for the franchise.

Her part in the Colorado Conference was noteworthy. As the presiding officer at the Conference she displayed a remarkable ability, and all the coolness and resource of a veteran. Under her efficient guidance the deliberations

of the large and important gathering proceeded with a dignity and effectiveness that was a credit to Miss Martin and to the National Woman's Party. The work of organization accomplished was carried out with a thoroughness and skill that leaves no doubt in the mind as to the strength of purpose of these women who have had a hand in the governing of their country and are determined that their sex in all the other States shall be placed in that same stronghold of political equality.

It was decided by the Conference to pursue a line of active opposition to the present administration, and the speakers that went out from this gathering to various points in the Suffrage States were instructed to protest on every occasion against the failure of the Democratic Party to pass the national suffrage amendment, and in every case to oppose the re-election of Democratic nominees. A telegram was sent to President Wilson, signed by the Democratic members of the executive session of the Woman's Party, that read as follows:

"We, the Democratic members of the executive session of the Woman's Party, this eleventh day of August, urge you, as leader of our party, to secure the immediate passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, so that we will not be compelled to continue the campaign against you that we are compelled to do as long as your opposition continues."

Mrs. William Kent, Chairman of the Resolution Committee, threw the force of her convincing personality into her work, and addressed the five hundred serious, conscientious women slowly and distinctly and with an intensity that communicated itself to her hearers, all feeling the importance of the business in which they were engaged and anxious to do their best. There were other great speakers,—Gail Laughlin, the eloquent San Francisco lawyer, Florence Bayard Hilles of Delaware, daughter of one of the greatest orators America has ever known, Thomas F. Bayard. These and many others spoke and held their audiences spellbound. As we heard one listener say at the close of a meeting, "Not merely eloquence, but devotion and consecration to a cause, marked the speech of every woman."

Eager young workers, keen to throw themselves, heart and soul, into the campaign, and trained by the more experienced women before making their debut as public speakers, were present. We shall hear of many a new Richmond in the field during the next few months, and shall see enthusiasm moulded into absolute efficiency, harranguers become reasoners,

Miss Doris Stevens stood out among the selected leaders at Colorado Springs where she was actively engaged in the organizing work of the Congressional Union. She has diplomacy and a remarkable quality of oratorical eloquence. Her personal influence is very strong, and all for the good of the young women whose earnest and hearty zeal more than outweighs their lack of experience on the speaker's platform. Miss Stevens' work in Colorado two years ago in the first campaign of the Congressional Union against the Democratic Party is well remembered by Colorado politicians, and her splendid success at the Exposition last year was one to make any woman proud.

As to the situation as it exists between the President and the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage,—well, we have the statement made by Mr. Wilson in writing, which places in no uncertain light his attitude toward the state and national action on Suffrage. He says:—

"Both great political parties of the nation have in their recent platforms favored the extension of Suffrage to women through state action, and I do not see how their candidates can consistently disregard these official declarations. I shall endeavor to make the declaration of my own party in this matter effectual by every influence that I can properly and legitimately exercise.

"One of the strongest forces behind equal suffrage sentiment of the country is the now demonstrated fact that in Suffrage States

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DORIS STEVENS

Women Patriots

In the Famous Preparedness Parade

IT is not an unusual thing to hear men question the physical courage of women, even though they are willing to acknowledge her moral courage is generally greater than their own. Sometimes, owing to our fright—or is it disgust?—at the sight of a mouse or a snake,



MRS. WILLIAM HINCKLEY TAYLOR

we have been willing to believe that we lacked considerable of that splendid quality which, in a general way, is accredited to men. But, never again shall we be so deceived as to suspect women of lack of courage where the essential things of life are at stake.

It was during the Preparedness Parade at San Francisco, on July the twenty-second, that the courage of women was put to the test, and such a test as few women ever had to go through. For, before they had marched a block, keeping time to patriotic music and returning the smiles and salutes from friendly throngs who lined the sidewalks, it became known that a large number of people had been blown to pieces by dynamiters somewhere in the parade, not one trace of fear was evident among the women, no more than among the men. Nor have we been able to find one woman who dropped out of the line of march or even slowed down because of the long threatened tragedy.

This is all the more remarkable as, practically, the whole length of the allotted distance had to be covered before they knew in what

BY JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR

direction the bomb had been exploded, and fully believing that others were liable to come from any direction, at any moment. But, the feeling, as far as we could see or sense it, was one of angry determination. A determination which put patriotism first, though death, in any form, were the demand. Those who speak lightly of American patriotism should have been there to see and hear and feel. Even the sneering cynicism of the anarchist and the traitors would have frozen on their lips, at the fearless courage of tens of thousands of women of every social grade from the millionaire mothers of men in costly silks to the little cash girl in dainty cotton.

No one who witnessed and felt that scene of splendor, of the subtle power of martial music, the beauty of men and women in rhythmic motion, the glory of the sunshine and of the life vibrations in the very air could ever forget. And, then—the fiends belched forth a blast from hell and the death pall fell on the spirits of all. But, strange and mysterious arose the thrills of pure and fearless patriotism above the groans of the dying and the sorrow over the dead as if it were their spirits arising to meet their God.

Now, families mourn and the thousands who sympathize await the "Law's delay," while five anarchists are being tried for their wretched lives, with what the prosecutors call "A clear case against them." But, there is a sin which cries to Heaven for vengeance when their instigators are not being tried with the suspects, and executed as accessories.

In this issue we publish the pictures of a few more of the patriotic women who made the Preparedness Parade and the National Service School at the Presidio such a magnificent success. Many of these ladies were captains of squads in the parade and knew of the danger which they were facing. The miscreants who so fiendishly aimed their deadly bomb, unquestionably—according to their own threats—meant to distribute more of the kind, had not fear driven them to shelter.

Mrs. A. W. Scott, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the San Francisco Section of the Navy League, led in the Preparedness Parade with the Soldierettes in whom she took the greatest interest ever since they entered camp and afterwards. Society, clubs and other interest were all laid aside for the one patriotic interest which is leading millions of people in America today to the very core of patriotism which will lead to the protection of this country and which will prove its salvation

from war if followed up to the full and proper preparedness which insures us against insulting and greedy nations.

Mrs. Francis Carolan, who worked to advance the Preparedness Parade, was captain of a large squad of society girls and had the distinction of having marched in the New York Preparedness Parade. Mrs. Carolan carried with her into her work in San Francisco much of the enthusiasm which was displayed in New York preparedness. Mrs. Malcolm Whitman (Jennie Crocker) and Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, both of whom marched in the New York parade, contributed much of valuable knowledge to the success of the San Francisco movement.

It was on the shoulders of Mrs. Hinkley Taylor, who marshalled the Woman's Section of the parade that the greatest burden fell. For weeks before, assisted by a corps of secretaries, she devoted every waking moment to the ways and means of making this patriotic movement a credit to the State. It was she, too, who received the most brutal threats, and who at the last moment received the vicious note



MRS. FRANCIS CAROLAN

from a still more vicious hand, just as she led the women into the parade. Great must have been the astonishment of the assassins when the delicate, slender Mrs. Taylor did not flinch, but, led on to the end without the slightest hesitation or show of fear.

Soldierettes

The Pride of the Army and Navy

ALL over America, wherever a Branch National Service School has been formed, good reports come of the interest taken by the Army and Navy Leagues in the Soldierettes who have trained, and who are training under



MRS. A. W. SCOTT

the auspices of the Red Cross, for a useful life in whatever sphere fate or fortune may place them. All this, in the face of the unprepared condition in which the larger part of Europe was caught, when sudden war was thrust upon them, speaks well for the sanity and patriotism of the American woman, and for the intelligent awakening of the men of today to an honest recognition of the genuine value of women.

It would seem that the wonders of the twentieth century are not all bestowed on or displayed in science and mechanics nor, even in radium. The most wonderful thing to us is the change in the attitude of men toward women—at least out in the West—since they have had the opportunity to legally use their political powers; and, since they have used them—for the most part—with good judgment and dignity.

This display of good feeling and approval was most apparent during the six weeks of training given the girls and women at their barracks in the Presidio, San Francisco, which began with the first of June.

Under the direction of Major General J. Franklin Bell, Commander of the Western

Division, the training and discipline was as thorough as military regulations could make it. Colonel Guy L. Edie, Commandante of the Letterman Hospital, had charge of the camp and Captain Philip Andrews, Commander of the Naval Station at Yerba Buena Island instructed the Soldierettes on their trips to the Island. Mrs. F. H. Colburn, Regent of the Chapter, made efficiency the watchword of her regime. Mrs. E. J. Morser had charge of the finances and made a record that surprised the officers and the Board of Governors. Another lady who was untiring in her efforts to render every service to the training of the Soldierettes was Mrs. Ida H. Umbesen.



MRS. FREDERICK COLBURN

So, it is no surprise when out of this force working harmoniously that two hundred and thirty women who took the training received ninety-five per cent credits and a number of the members received one hundred.

Though large expenses were incurred, it was unnecessary to draw one cent from the League. So perfect was the management that the entrance fees were made to cover all expenses, even to the cost of putting the camp in perfect order, which was accomplished between the hours of Saturday night and the following Monday at noon.

The graduates of the National Training Camp, as they went to their homes throughout the State, formed centers, to the number of fifteen, which are now under way and training

classes in the same way as they have been trained. All of which is bringing scientific knowledge and efficiency in nursing and caring for the wounded and the sick into hundreds of families.

Only once during the season of encampment did an argument come up. A member of a squad made a protest to Colonel Edie. At once he informed her: "Soldiers do not protest. They obey." That settled it. She lost her credits. Such was discipline in the Woman's Section of the Navy League. Indeed, so strenuous was the training the Soldierettes demanded that there was no time for complaints.

Among the many interesting events which came up in the camp life was one touch of human nature which pleased everyone. It happened in this way: The society girls were the first to join the League and to enter the barracks; some time later the sales girls joined and came to camp at mess hour. The hour of their arrival was early, but the Board of Governors were there to receive them, and wondered just how the two classes of girls would meet. Without a word of suggestion from anyone, the society girls lined up along the way and bowed the young sales girls into the



MRS. E. J. MORSER

mess room; followed, and took the seats which were left.

A finer act of Democracy and Americanism was never carried out by the most accomplished gentlemen. In camp and in khaki the Soldierettes were all one.

Our Merchant Marine

America's Golden Opportunity



THE question, whether or not the United States should encourage the building up of a strong merchant marine, is as hotly debated as the question of adequate preparedness through the enlargement of the army and navy. As the question of a merchant marine is second only to the question of preparedness, and as the present great war has provided Americans with an unparalleled opportunity to create a splendid merchant marine, it is of very great importance that every American citizen should interest himself in the question.

To understand the present situation, it is necessary to first refresh our memories with the past history of our merchant marine, and it is my intention in this short paper to give a brief outline of our merchant marine in the past.

The first vessel built within the limits of the United States for commercial usage was a ship of thirty tons, named "The Virginia", and she was built on the Kennebec River in Maine in 1607. The wonderful harvest of the sea in cod fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland was the cause of the building of our first ship. For more than one hundred years before "The Virginia" was built European fishermen had been sailing Newfoundland's banks and returning home with rich cargoes of fish. It was the desire of our New England fishermen to at least share in this prosperous trade that at last brought about the building of the first ship.

As soon as the fishing industry grew to the proportion when our fishermen wished to export fish, carrying them in their own ships, the English Parliament framed acts for the regulation of the commerce of the American colonies like the one framed in 1646, which provided that no colonial produce should be carried away to foreign ports except in vessels under the British flag. At this time the English were very jealous of the enterprising Dutch, who were at this time leading in the commerce of the world. This act was, in a measure, framed for the purpose of restraining the Dutch-carrying trade and giving it to England, but it was also aimed against the American colonies since English shipping interests were menaced by American fishing interests.

Sir Josiah Child, a noted Englishman, said in a book on commercial matters: "Of all the American plantations His Majesty has none so apt for building of shipping as New England, nor any comparably so qualified for the breeding of seamen, not only by reason of the natural industry of that people, but principally by reason of their cod and mackerel fisheries, and, in my poor opinion, there is nothing more prejudicial and in prospect more dangerous to

BY CHARLES RALPH

any mother kingdom than the *increase of shipping in our colonies.*"

It was this argument of Sir Josiah Child against the American building of ships that brought on the use of the slogan, "The American Peril", and many acts were passed to restrain and hamper Colonial trade; and just here the writer wishes to emphasize the difference between commerce and shipping,—a distinction that must be made plain before one can see how these navigation acts affected the American merchant marine.

The restriction was laid upon the *commerce* of the Colonies and not upon the use of Colonial *ships*; the export *trade* of the Colonies was to be restricted for the benefit of the merchants of England; so also was the import trade. While all these acts had proved injurious to the Colonial producers and merchants, the Colonial *shipping*, the merchant marine, had such a vigorous growth that it was very alarming to the ship owners of England. Naturally many merchants of England bought Colony-built ships, and the New England shipyards were full of orders the year round.

A very distinct cause of the growth of the American merchant marine is found in the bounties which the navigation laws offered to, and the facilities provided for, those who were engaged in clandestine trades. It was unlawful to carry tobacco from the Colonies direct to a foreign port, but the export of fish was permitted. Again, the *importation* of salt was permitted, but Spanish iron must be purchased in England at a time when Spanish iron was the best in the world for ship-builders' use. The restriction on tobacco lowered the price in the Colonies and that on the iron raised the price there. If tobacco were clandestinely carried direct to Spain and the iron brought directly home from Spain instead of being purchased in England, the shippers made far greater profits; the smuggled cargoes paid no tariff-for-revenue dues or port charges, and it was very easy to smuggle in any kind of cargo. The Colonists had been repeatedly evolving the American idea of doing what they believed to be right, regardless of any law in the case, and inspired by honest indignation, seeing the opportunity to increase profits, Colonial shipping owners and crews, with great unanimity, appealed to the "higher law" and smuggling began as soon as there was an attempt made to enforce the law. It was at this time that the wonderful stories of pirates were written. A theorist, here and there, denounced privateering. Governor Bradford was worried by the doings of Cromwell's men and government

officials denounced as "pirates" the privateers who smuggled in goods instead of bringing them in openly and paying the usual duties. But the state of civilization warranted the Pilgrims in the warmth of the reception they gave to the pirates.

How far the piratical cruisers influenced the American merchant marine is not definitely known, but it is certain that great damage was inflicted. The most notorious of the pirates was Captain William Kidd. His career has fascinated boys for generations.

Tobacco, whaling and slave-trading enlarged the merchant marine year after year. The large incomes the captains of vessels received in these days and the enormous profits on the trade they carried made our merchant marine grow by leaps and bounds.

At the time when American Independence was achieved, we had a splendid sea trade and were acknowledged as important contestants upon the sea.

When the War of the Revolution came to an end our territory extended along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Georgia and while the war had diminished our shipping so that it had fallen below that of the other Colonies, we still had a remarkable number of ships and a remarkable amount of trade even at this time. And, in fact, it was at this very period that the American merchant marine first reached out for the trade of the far East.

In 1784 the ship, called the "Empress of China", sailed from New York to Canton under the command of Captain John Green, who carried the following letter when he sailed:

"We, the United States in Congress assembled, make know, that John Green, captain of the ship called the Empress of China, is a citizen of the United States of America, and that the ship which he commands belongs to citizens of the said United States, and as we wish to see the said John Green prosper in his lawful affairs, we pray that all the most serene, illustrious, honorable, venerable, wise and prudent emperors, kings, princes, dukes, earls, lords, and counsellors and judges and regents of all good places and cities, who shall see these patents, or hear them read, where the said John Green shall arrive with his vessel and cargo, may please to receive him with goodness and treat him in a becoming manner, permitting him to navigate and frequent the ports, passes and territories to transact his business where and in what manner he shall judge proper, whereof we shall be willingly indebted."

New York and Philadelphia merchants fitted out this vessel named the "Empress of China", which measured 360 tons, and the chief part of her cargo was ginseng. She sailed from

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Republican Women Rally 'Round Judge Hughes

BY A STAFF WRITER

ON the afternoon of August 18th, in the Palm Room of the Palace Hotel, the San Francisco Center invited the Women's Clubs to be present at a reception given to Charles Evans Hughes, Republican nominee for President.

The room and galleries were packed and jammed with a splendid and representative body of San Francisco women, who, while not wildly enthusiastic, gave very convincing proof of their intention to support Mr. Hughes in the coming election.

Mrs. Abbie Krebs, Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of the California Republican Committee, introduced Mr. Hughes, who raised a storm of applause and laughter by addressing the women as "fellow citizens". Mr. Hughes said that there was no use at any time in delaying a movement that was bound to win,—that in so doing politics would be confused and in a state of unrest to no purpose. For that reason, even if he did not believe in woman suffrage (which he does heartily) he would stand for the immediate

placed in the hands of the chief executive of the Government, and not divided into different parts to be passed upon and planned by different committees. The whole budget should be planned by the President, first, and his plan passed to Congress. The idea of treating the budget in this way was thought of in Taft's administration, and at the end of his administration the budget was in the hands of Mr. Taft. But in the administration of Mr. Wilson nothing has been done in this line, and the budget has been treated in the old way. Mr. Hughes said that no corporation in the world could live and make a profit, using the business methods which our Government uses for the business of this country. There is no more important matter in Government affairs than that the money of the people should be carefully and properly expended. There is at the present time a great pressure for expansion of public activity and never before were care and skill more needed in the matter of the budget, and the important plank in the Republican platform today is the plank for budget reform.

Mr. Hughes said that never had there been more extravagance and waste than at the present moment, and he said that the humdrum business of government housekeeping was as important a matter to-day as any other in our political life. He promised if his party was successful, and he himself elected President, that he should institute economical reforms.

Another important point brought out by Mr. Hughes was the terrible handicap under which our government machinery is placed by the appointment of men to positions for which they are not qualified. He said, a man can easily be a good fellow and a loyal Republican, and yet not be in any way fitted for the political position he seeks.

He said, if he wished a flying machine built, he would certainly go to the finest expert in that line he could find and not to a man who knows nothing whatever about flying machines, and yet, our government positions in a great many cases are filled by those who have had no previous experience in the lines in which they would work for the government. While our country is democratic and we are proud of it, it is no reason to suppose that the voice of the people should be represented by incompetency, and a high standard for qualification for office should be insisted upon instead of an indiscriminate parceling out of political plums to incompetents.

Mr. Hughes said that he wished the women



JUDGE CHARLES E. HUGHES

of San Francisco to know that he realized that the Executive should be not only destructive of wrong policies, but constructive of right policies. He said he knew that the line of peace was the line of firmness and self-respect in regard to all the nations of the earth. He said that in the past we, the United States, had voiced only what was just, will voice what is just, and what we voice we intend to maintain. He said that unswerving loyalty to the flag would insure contentment and peace always.

He asked the support of the women of San Francisco for his party because the Republican party has always stood for protection of American industries and for the integrity and honor of the American people.

After Mr. Hughes' speech was finished, Mrs. Krebs invited all those present to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and an informal reception was held for about half an hour.

The San Francisco Center is to be heartily congratulated on a most successful reception.



About the only difference between Carranza and Villa is that one of them wears a clean collar—sometimes—and the other one doesn't.



MRS. ABBIE E. KREBS

complete enfranchisement of women, since it is plainly to be seen that woman suffrage is bound to be an accomplished fact in the immediate future.

The main point of Mr. Hughes' talk to the women was, the need that the budget should be

The Job and the Woman

Uncle Sam's Employment Bureau

BY CASU WOOD

THE plan of the United States Government to organize a Women and Girls' Division to supply employment, place applicants for work and establish an interchanging and interstate system between zones and offices of the Government Employment Service, was the subject of a most edifying and instructive talk by the Honorable Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, to a representative gathering of California club-women at the Custom House recently.

I was interested to see in the audience fully a dozen women whose work I happen to know has to do with friendless girls. Their presence there and the interest they showed in this big and important question gave one the gratifying realization that these busy, brainy women, with a thousand claims on their time and attention, are "right on the job every minute."

The solution of the unemployed problem is occupying the earnest attention of Mr. Caminetti, who called upon his audience to help him in every possible way through their organizations, saying, "Women are awakening to the spirit of assistance. Co-operation with employers and all public and private organizations is all that is needed to make our work a success. Publicity is the essence of success. The movement was started with one general office. Now we have one in each of twenty-eight States. My plan is to interest your merchants in telling you when they have a position open; you in turn notify the committee of your club and communicate with our nearest employment office."

Mrs. Jean Sinclair, who was chairman pro tem of the committee formed to assist the Labor Bureau, made a stirring speech in which she appealed to her audience to help in the organizing and carrying out of this nation-wide plan to eliminate unemployment. "When there is no vision the people perish," quoted Mrs. Sinclair.

Mr. Caminetti outlined the system that the Bureau has so efficiently planned. We learned that if we desire to help in this work (and where is the man or woman who does not?) we must give our personal attention to the requests of women wage earners for work, and make every effort to meet the demand for female help in farming and rural communities as well as in cities.

Mrs. Barfield, who has charge of this division of the Bureau in San Francisco, stands ready to receive every application and every requirement for work. She will render to any one who comes to her, for the purpose of either giving or receiving help, every possible assist-

ance. She has records of many cases where she has been able to make suitable vocational selections for girls and young women, with a view to proper vocational training in order to guide them in desirable industry and avoidance of occupations and places where evil conditions exist.

"The Travelers' Aid are my staunch allies," said Mrs. Barfield. "We work together constantly." The scope of the Travelers' Aid Society and the magnitude of the Labor Bureau employment scheme, give us a feeling of tremendous encouragement, and it is safe to assume that all of our women's clubs, to whom this present appeal of Mr. Caminetti's is directed, will respond and co-operate.

The department of the club that takes this work in hand should acquire information concerning trades and opportunities to labor in suitable positions, including amount of wages paid, length of working day, hygienic and other conditions prevailing in the various industries, as well as protection from exploitation and misdirection. It is hoped that the co-operation of employers will be invited in developing a plan for a clearing house of information with reference to employment; likewise the aid and assistance of women and other organizations should be sought by correspondence and in such other ways as may be indicated as the situation develops. The clubs will find all officers in the Service most willing to place at their disposal every facility in the power of the division.

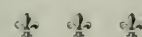
The writer of this article realizes her inadequacy to the task of placing before our readers this colossal undertaking in its entirety and hopes that the individuals and the clubs who are taking a genuine interest in the Government's plan to remedy one of the serious ills of our generation, will make it their business to obtain from the division investigators all the details of the scheme and full information as to the ways in which they can render and receive the best service and secure the best results.

Knowledge of the educational opportunities, experience, home surroundings and environment, together with observation as to tendencies, capacities and ambitions of each applicant, will aid in determining the best course to follow, and the attitude of parents as well as their co-operation, wherever obtainable, will be found useful.

The division urges the importance of appealing to parents or guardians in cases where applicants for work are still in school, to have

them continue, and if not, then to resume their studies.

Committees on co-operation composed of representatives of organizations, public and private, whose objects are in harmony with the plans of the Department of Labor as administered in the United States Employment Service, will meet with every encouragement from the Service, and to those who may feel bewildered by the magnitude of the proposed work, I can only quote, with Mrs. Sinclair, "When there is no vision the people perish."



WHY UNION ISN'T ALWAYS STRENGTH

The split in the suffrage ranks is always a subject for wailing and gnashing of teeth among certain friends of the cause. "Why on earth don't the Congressional Union and the National Suffrage Association overlook their differences?" these people demand. "Can't they see that division weakens both of them? In union there is strength!"

In making such statements, these well-meaning friends forget certain cardinal truths, both about human nature and the facts of the case. As far as the essentials go, no division exists. The two organizations are equal in devotion and loyalty to the cause they love.

Differences arise only in method. The Congressional Union is more militant, more radical. It is impatient with the slower ways of persuasion; it leans more toward direct action. The Association is inclined to make haste slowly, and only after due deliberation.

According to a well-known psychologist, every one is born either a radical or a conservative. Even among the radicals there are shades of difference, for some are philosophical and others are militant. Every propaganda in the world has had these two kinds of adherents. Some of the early Christian fathers talked in the market places while others wrote learnedly in their studios. Some of the Socialists of today believe in immediate action; others, less violent, are content to spend more time in writing and thinking. As long as these two types exist, organizations are going to split along that line of cleavage.

And is it such a tragedy after all? Are not they both valuable—the fighters and the thinkers, the reckless and the deliberate? As long as the two organizations are united in their ultimate purpose, these differences but broaden the scope of the movement. When there are two roads to Rome, the chances of reaching there are doubled.

E. McC.

Policewomen

True Guardians of the Peace

BY ELISE CONKLIN

DEAR reader, did you ever know a policewoman? Very likely you did not. Nearly everyone has a mental picture of a policeman arresting people and getting them into trouble with or without cause. In fact most people only think of policemen as the forerunners of trouble. For that very reason you should get acquainted with policewomen the very first chance you have. We cannot, guarantee that they are of the same material the whole country over, but, if you are ever in San Francisco do not fail to make their acquaintance. For you are sure to meet with some pleasant surprises in the legal line.

If you ever wander through the dim old corridors of the Hall of Justice when the police-courts are in session, you will undoubtedly see a cheerful-looking woman with Irish blue eyes and a pleasant smile. You can hear her say: "Good morning, sergeant," while passing a dignified member of the department. "Good morning, officer," he answers, raising his hand in a grave salute, as she goes on into the court-room.

This is Mrs. Kathlyn Sullivan, policewoman of San Francisco and the staunch friend of every unhappy girl who ever came into a collision with the law. Sometimes you see her sitting in court beside a lonely, unfortunate woman who is waiting for her case to come up. Sometimes she is in the city prison, talking to the girls who are spending long hours behind the bars. Again she is in her downstairs office, helping to smooth out the tangles that some woman has made in her life. No matter what the case, Mrs. Sullivan is always cheerful. The girl to whom she is talking is made to feel that life is still worth living, even if it holds the prospect of a prison sentence.

This San Francisco policewoman believes that her duty is to protect as well as punish. No one could feel more isolated and alone than a feminine offender who is arrested, tried and sentenced by men. "If there had been a single woman in that court-room, I could have looked at her and told my story. But when I saw only men, that couldn't understand, my words just choked me," said a woman in another city, who had just been given a life-sentence. It was largely to meet this terrible loneliness that the policewomen were appointed.

There are three of them in the San Francisco department. Mrs. Katherine Eisenhart makes a specialty of finding missing girls, and there is no abler detective in the whole Hall of Justice. Sometimes her work has required a knowledge of pugilism as a side-line, but Mrs. Eisenhart has always been able to meet the emergency. She is the terror of the human

spiders who weave alluring webs in the crooked side-streets of the city.

Though Mrs. Katherine O'Connor is sometimes sent to make an arrest, her work usually centers around the court-rooms. Her keenness in reading character is especially valuable. A woman prisoner can often deceive a man, but she is rarely able to fool a woman, especially if the woman is Mrs. O'Connor. It does not take her long to tell the difference between a girl who really deserves another chance and one who is clever at playing innocent before a masculine jury. Besides her work in the courts, Mrs. O'Connor is the keeper of the secret records in the policewomen's office. Every attempt is made to guard the girls from the publicity which would hurt their chances for a fresh start.



KATHLYN SULLIVAN

Mrs. Sullivan's special duty is the care of San Francisco's unmarried mothers. Any woman who is facing such a crisis can apply to Mrs. Sullivan at her office in the Hall of Justice. The first step is to find a home for the girl during the period of waiting. Usually a place can be procured in a private family, where she can receive good care for a low rate. If she is unable to pay her expenses, the Associated Charities helps to raise the amount.

During this time, Mrs. Sullivan gains the confidence of her charges. She tries to interest them in the life that is to come and to melt the bitterness from their souls. Sometimes she is given the hard task of telling the girl's mother, who is usually the last person in whom the girl wishes to confide. Often too, she seeks the man in the case to find out if he is worthy to play any part in the child's life.

According to the older standards, the only way of righting a tragedy of this sort was to marry the couple involved. No matter if the man drank and had a record as a rake, the one idea was to force him to marry the girl and "to make an honest woman out of her." Mrs. Sullivan sees no particular reason why a woman who has made one mistake should have the rest of her life ruined by marriage to a traitorous and unworthy man. If there is a basis of love and comradeship on which to build, well and good; otherwise, it is better if the girl shuts the men out of her life for all time.

When the wedding-bells chime for one of her charges, Mrs. Sullivan is usually standing up front in the capacity of bridesmaid. Generally, too, when the christening takes place, Mrs. Sullivan is on the firing line, "holding the babies," she explained, "and most of the feminine ones were named after me. You can imagine what a time I have remembering all the anniversaries."

The girl is given hospital care during confinement; then she has a two-weeks' rest in a private home. It is during this time that the child's future is determined. Here again, Mrs. Sullivan comes into collision with the older ideas. It used to be considered positively disgraceful for an unmarried mother to keep her baby. Usually it was hurried into a stranger's home, where its parentage could be concealed by adoption. If no willing family was discovered, the child was placed in a great foundling asylum, where its chance of dying was about ten to one.

"Having a baby to work for is often a girl's salvation," Mrs. Sullivan said. "Even women of the underworld seem to find a new grasp on life when they have a child to consider. Case after case which I mentally branded as hopeless have turned out wonderfully well. If the mother doesn't want to keep the child, we arrange for its adoption, but that is only a last resort. The girls often move to a new locality and change their names, so that no one will ever learn their story."

Even after the period of acute need is passed, Mrs. Sullivan takes a keen interest in the welfare of her girls. Out of all the hundreds she has helped, only four failed to make good. She aids them in finding employment, she pours oil on their domestic waters whenever they happen to be troubled, and above all she stands as a friend who can always sympathize and understand.

One day not long ago, a greatly agitated young man burst into Mrs. Sullivan's office. "Have you a girl on your records by the name

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A Matter of Business

Story of Modern Methods

BY BETTY CONDITT

THE chief editor of "The New York Planet" scowled at the office boy who had just brought him a card, "Thought I told you I would see no one," he thundered. "The gentleman says his news is too important for him to tell any one except yourself, sir," apologized the boy. Mr. Porter looked at the card which bore only a neatly engraved name,—"Mr. Winton Carson." "Never heard of him," grumbled the chief, "show him in here, but tell him he can have exactly five minutes."

A moment later a little man walked briskly into the sacred sanctum and said "Good morning!" in a particularly cheerful tone of voice. "Morning," growled the chief. "Your business? I'm busy—very busy." "I know exactly how busy you are and I shall not talk more than the five minutes you have given me," pulling out his watch. "I have called to give you the exclusive right to a remarkable bit of news concerning the firm of Pierpont Morgan & Co. A stupendous change has just been made throughout that great firm, and "The New York Planet" should be the first to know of it." "Ah!" breathed Porter, sitting up and looking interested. "Yes," replied Mr. Winton Carson, to the look, "will you promise not to interrupt me by a single word for the next three minutes?" "Well! I'm damned!" uttered the chief. Mr. Carson looked shocked. "Don't waste time, sir, yes or no?" he asked. "I shall not say one word unless you give me your word not to interrupt for three minutes." Their eyes met,—large quantity of surprise in the editor's, equalled by a like quantity of determination in Carson's. "You're on! Go ahead with your story," decided the chief.

Whereupon, Carson delivered the following speech, in the most charming conversational manner, and smiling most of the time. (While he was speaking, the face of the editor in chief of "The New York Planet" showed enough variety of emotion and color to have made his fortune on the stage.)

"Mr. Morgan's firm has just bought from me one hundred and fifty 'Century Wonder Typewriting Machines,'—all other machines are fired from his offices, and from now on only The Century Wonder Machines will be used by that firm. Why is this important improvement being made in one of the greatest financial houses in the world? Why? BECAUSE 'The Century Wonder' is the best and most up-to-date machine on the market, with every latest improved mechanical appliance. You will see from the cut in this catalogue that the platen roller is easily removed without a long mechanical operation,—slip two pins and off comes the roller! (Mr. Carson

presented the stupefied editor with a handsome catalogue of "The Century Wonder," looked at his watch, and continued without a perceptible pause.) "Another point worth mentioning,—the ribbon switch,—you can write in either blue or red ink, and yet use only one ribbon. By reversing the switch, you use thirteen yards of the lower edge, then by throwing the switch to the other side, you use thirteen yards of the upper edge, thus having the use of what is practically twenty-six yards of good serviceable ribbon, though you are paying for only thirteen yards! A clear saving of 50% on ribbons,—no small item to a large firm, as you will readily see. Another advantage is the new basket-shift; also, the carriage on this machine is absolutely rigid and stationary. On all other machines, it is fastened by a series of bolts and links which, you can easily understand, makes perfect alignment uncertain, if not impossible. Then our tabulator is part and parcel of the machine, and adds nothing to its original cost,—which is one hundred dollars, without discount. There are a great many other things about 'The Century Wonder' which I hope to tell you at another time. Now! My suggestion is, that at the same time you announce to the world that the Pierpont Morgan offices have installed 'The Century Wonder Typewriters,' to the exclusion of all other machines, that you should state 'The New York Planet' is making the same great improvement throughout its offices! My five minutes are up, sir, and, Mr. Porter, I thank you for your attention!"

Mr. Winton Carson looked solicitously at the editor, who was gasping of breath, his face purple, while he appeared to be trying to loosen his collar by jamming a finger between it and his throat. Mr. Carson kindly offered to procure a glass of water, but his offer was refused by a wave of the hand. Finally, recovering gradually normal color and breath, the chief shouted, "My Aunt! Suffering Moses!" (These are not Mr. Porter's exact words, but *Everywoman* would never consent to publish what he really said.) Mr. Porter mopped his brow and looked very intently at Mr. Winton Carson. At last, he asked feebly, "Are you loco, or is this plain nerve!" "Nerve," replied Carson, calmly and sweetly, with touching candor, "Good Lord!" wondered the chief aloud, "to think that at my time of life, I should sit and listen to a salesman for a typewriter! Doubtless I'll soon be giving teas to book-agents! Young man," he suddenly addressed Carson, "I hope you carry life insurance? I feel certain your days are

numbered,—you are not long for this world!" "Feeling fine!" answered Carson, with an absolutely irresistible smile, and the editor smiled back. It was his first real smile since the Bank Scandal Scoop, six months before! (This shows you what a truly great man Mr. Winton Carson was.) "A reckless desire comes over me, Mr. —ah—Carson, to waste more time with you, but I am only a poor devil of an editor, and I must WORK! Good morning!" "Good morning, sir," replied Carson, "here is my business card. When may I call again?" "Take advice from an older man, my boy, and wait until I send for you!" "Right! You will find my 'phone number on my card," and Mr. Winton Carson walked out as briskly as he walked in.

For at least two minutes the chief sat motionless, filled with admiring wonder,—this is SOME tribute from the editor of a New York daily paper!

Later in the day, a worried reporter, the best news writer on the staff, called on the chief and begged him "for the love of Mike, Porter, at the Committee Meeting this afternoon, strike for new machines for us! Of course the OLD MAN will order second-hand ones, if any, but we can't stand the ones we have another week." The chief nodded as his news man left the room.

And he suddenly became exceedingly thoughtful. Now the chief was not a business man in any sense of the word, but the astounding call of Mr. Winton Carson, so closely followed by the plea from the reporter's room for new machines, caused him to originate for himself a perfectly good business idea. He knew quite well that the machines in the "big room" were disgracefully old and used up; he knew, too, that without a doubt the matter would be brought up that afternoon, when The Committee were to consider the yearly budget. Also that it was the inborn habit of the owner of "The New York Planet" (who came from the Long-suffering Race) never to buy anything new, if it could be found second-hand.

Having added up all these facts, the chief suddenly grasped his 'phone, and called up an old friend, who, for years, had held down an important position in the offices of Pierpont Morgan & Co. "Helloa! Pierpont Morgan's? Yes? Mr. Winter, please,—that you, Tom? —this is Dick Porter.—fine!—how are you?—good!—Tom, don't think I'm losing my mind, but can you find out whether your firm has bought one hundred and fifty 'Century Wonder Typewriters'?—you have?—never mind how I knew, I'll explain later.—What I want to know is this,—are your old ones for

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A Big Little Woman

Protecting Those Who Need It Most



BEATRICE McCALL is a radical. Not, of course, of the kind that wear short hair and talk from soap-boxes, though she is no more satisfied with the present scheme of things than they are. Technically she is a



BEATRICE MC CALL

charity worker; actually, she is hotly opposed to charity. The old-fashioned philanthropist would count her a heretic; the new social worker would hail her as a prophet. But Miss McCall cares little for the opinion of the outside world. She goes on serenely day by day, helping the women who come to her, and dreaming of the time when the State will stretch its arms to all its needy children, instead of leaving them to the whims of chance.

Miss McCall is secretary of the Women's Protective Bureau of Oakland, a part of the city government which is a step toward the realization of her ideals. Assisted by Miss Richardson, a sympathetic, capable woman, she takes care of the hundred and one cases for which the other city departments have made no provision. Mrs. Hudson, who owns a deputy sheriff's star, is the third member of the Bureau. She conducts investigations, brings girls and women into court, and renders friendly aid to those who are in need. Mrs. Hudson's shrewdness and kindness mean much to the county, either in dealing with a woman who needs discipline or one who needs bread.

I asked Miss McCall just what were the duties of the Bureau. "Ask rather what our duties aren't!" she laughed. "One of Oakland's mottoes seems to be 'Tell your troubles to the Women's Protective Bureau', and people certainly live up to it. Some who come really want aid; others are just looking for a safety valve that helps them relieve their minds. We

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

dealt with 1184 cases in less than a year, and they concerned everything from murder to tracing lost baggage."

The 1915 report certainly covered a wide range of duties. Imagine finding a lost wife, censoring a movie, settling a dispute between a tailor and his customer, and putting mental court-plaster on a domestic sore spot, all in the course of an afternoon. When the telephone rings, Miss McCall doesn't know whether she will be asked to have an insane woman committed to an asylum or to find shoes for one of Mrs. Antonio's nine children. Whatever the emergency, Miss McCall is on hand with arnica or legal advice, or anything else that meets the needs of the occasion.

More cases are grouped under "Failure to provide" than under any other heading. The Bureau is not very popular with the gentlemen who invest their wages in the corner saloon. It usually gives them the choice of caring for their families or of joining the stone chippers' union. Miss McCall believes that such prisoners should be set at hard labor and paid by the county, the wages being turned over to the neglected family. A few weeks on the stone pile is guaranteed to interest any man in the condition of the family larder.

The next greatest number (127) appear under the head of "Girl Problems." The problems include dependent girls, delinquent girls, lonely girls, girls who are unable to "get along" with their families, and immigrant girls who can't understand the language. Miss McCall is so familiar with the algebra of the human heart that she can find the answers to the problems almost as soon as they are presented.

"Employment" and "Domestic Problems" come next, with "Legal Aid" running a close third. Many a woman summoned into court has no money with which to pay for an attorney. The Bureau often furnishes her with such assistance free. Miss McCall and her assistants have become so familiar with court procedure that they are sometimes able to offer advice themselves, without being forced to call in a lawyer.

"Women and girls have felt free to come here because their affairs are kept absolutely private," Miss McCall explained. "Before this Bureau was established, women who feared publicity or disliked to ask for anything that looked like charity simply choked down their suffering and went on alone. We are so careful about guarding the confidence of our girls that we make out bills incident to their care under fictitious names. Girls place their repu-

tations in our hands with the knowledge that they are as safe as they would be if they told no one at all." The man who said that women can't keep a secret certainly never met Miss McCall, Miss Richardson or Mrs. Hudson.

"More and more social workers," said Miss McCall, "are getting away from the idea of conferring charity or favors on the people they are paid to assist. In this office we consider it a privilege to be admitted into the lives and confidence of the people who come here. Most of them are merely people upon whom the strain of misfortune has been too great for them to bear alone. Some, it's true, are weak and helpless, but they didn't fail on purpose. They are just the results of a society that is selfishly organized and very stupid."

Miss McCall's blue eyes flash fire whenever she mentions the failure of the community to meet its problems. Indeed, only a moving-picture camera could take a picture of her that would do justice to her changing moods. "Until employers pay a sufficient living wage, we are going to have the poor, broken-down woman who needs to be taken care of," she went on. "When souls are ruined for the almighty dollar, we have no right to feel inflated with either charity or pride. Here we endeavor to give back some little service to those who have a ruined life to face."

According to Miss McCall, society's greatest failure lies in the fact that it merely punishes those who take the wrong road, without making any attempt to show them the right one. "Outside of the Playground Departments, which are beautiful, but which are not touching the lives of grown-up people," she explained, "the municipalities are not contributing a jot to the happiness of their communities. We have had a silly idea of repression. We believe that if we tell people not to talk, we forbid them to think; that if we forbid them to dance or drink, they'll stay home and turn their efforts into some useful channel. You can no more rid a community of any evil by condemning it than you can get dust off a floor merely by saying that it shouldn't be there."

"I'm sure that if we were to make the way of decent living a little easier, instead of making it so very difficult, many more people would take to decent living. Our cities are quite willing to spend money on large demonstrations to advertise themselves, but they are not particularly interested in good social centers or free swimming-pools. As for the graver problem of decent living wages, they consider that out of their province altogether."

Miss McCall sighed over the imbecility of the average city. "I'm not optimist enough to

(Continued on Page 29)

Everywoman's Bookshelf

Harriet Howe's Poems and Pastels

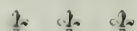
A VERY pleasing little volume of verse has reached us from the pen of Harriet Howe, who, by the way, is a Californian, though she has spent many years in the East. There is a real distinction in her poetry that is sadly lacking in most present-day verse. This is particularly true of the poems "Tragedy," "New York City" and "The Reward." Mrs. Howe is an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman and one notable poem in her little volume is called "To Walt Whitman." Mrs. Howe's book is called "Along the Way," and can be had from "The Maverick Press," Woodstock, N. Y. We print the following verses from the poems which appeal most to us:

THE CALL IMPERATIVE

*The white road stretches far away,
Fair hills invite on either side;
The white road calls, I must obey,
It calls, and will not be denied.*

*The white road reaches far, and oh,
The sweet wind calls me by my name,
Where it shall blow I long to go,
My starved soul answers plain.*

*For neither love nor duty own
So strong a claim upon my will
As the consuming thirst to know
What lies beyond that utmost hill.*



THE TRYST

*Who was the elfin maid who came to me,
And laid her rose-leaf cheek to mine,
Led me, enchanted, with her calling eyes
Along lanes pink with columbine?*

*Out of the ether world of sleep she came
And made my night a mad June day . . .
Her hair was like a shimm'ring sun-kissed brook
Where gold and dusky shadows play.*

*Her eyes were like those half-hid wistful
flowers*

*That glance up from the meadow grass,
On mornings made of cloud and wine and dew,
When sudden perfumes float and pass.*

*But more than skyey color of her eyes
Was their deep Sphinx-like sorcery—
No mortal maid could ever put so much
In one low-lidded look, as she.*

*"Tonight is ours: to keep the tryst we made
A thousand years ago beside
The Nile. And hence a thousand years, again
I come. You thought that Love had died?"*

*Her eyes spoke thus. Was it in recompense
For all my cloistered years to me,
She came out of the dusk of dreams, to teach
Me Life? Or was it mockery?*

ILLUSION

Last night I felt that I was done with life and life was done with me, and planned today to leave it all behind.

Towards morning, in the grey dawn, I fell asleep and then you, whom I was not expecting, and of whom I have not allowed myself to think, came into my dream.

You did not speak, but something in your face made me fain to wait, to live a little longer, though . . . God knows . . . I have waited past all hope.

So when I woke, I was careful not to open my eyes for a long time, lest the sight of familiar objects should blot out the vision of the message in your face.



JUDGED

"Do you not love flowers?" asked the woman with the lorgnette, gushingly.

"No," answered the pale woman with the talking eyes, "they stifle me,"—thinking of the faded violets gathered in a Roman garden, now pressed in a volume of Browning at the page of "Memorabilia."

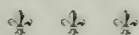
And a little silence fell between them.



"Do you not adore children?" presently resumed the woman with the lorgnette, with affection.

"No," answered the pale woman with the breaking heart, "they startle me,"—thinking with a pang of a tiny grave in the Pyrennees, where a single white rose tree scatters its petals on a tiny mound.

And another little silence fell between them.



"But do you not passionately love music?" persevered the woman with the lorgnette, with sly curiosity, pretending to examine her marquise ring of turquoise and diamonds.

"No," answered the pale woman of griefs, "it wearies me,"—thinking of a song she heard once at midnight, on the beach at Waikiki, a song of moonlight and perfume and the beat of soft waves upon a pebbly beach, a song that changed the current of her life, a song sung by a voice that she will never hear again.

After a pause the woman with the lorgnette glided away and spoke to her satellites.

"There must be something very wrong indeed about a woman who confesses to not caring for children or music or flowers," she said with significant emphasis. And the satellites nodded their heads sagaciously.

GOLD-EYES

In the cool of the afternoon she comes strolling down the white pebbled garden path in the shade of the tall sunflowers, carrying a small dry twig in her mouth.

She pretends she is not looking for anything at all, but nevertheless Gold-eyes is looking for me.

She knows that I am writing in the grape arbor, and that presently we shall play together. The small twig is a part of the game. She seats herself at a little distance with the most detached air imaginable.

Soon I stop writing, lay a smooth white stone on my papers lest a breeze scatter them, and sink down upon the dry earth as if weary. Instantly Gold-eyes is beside me, and carefully lays the twig close by my hand. Then the game begins.

I attempt to take the twig. There ensues a great rivalry for its possession. Sometimes I get it, sometimes Gold-eyes holds it fiercely. When I have it, I tease her with it very gently, while she growls with savage pretensions of wrath, struggling for it earnestly, and it is not possible for me to keep it for long.

If in the contest a needle sharp claw presses too close and I cry "O", she instantly pauses to caress the spot with repentant affection and a warm red tongue.

Then I snatch her up bodily and kiss her silken ears, her snow-white throat, her velvet forehead. She bursts into ardent purring, while her eyes swim in tenderness.

Then I set her down, the game begins anew.

Once when I fell asleep in the grape arbor I woke to find Gold-eyes also asleep, curled into a beautiful round ball on my manuscript, to keep it from being blown away.

Not to disturb her, it was necessary to go to the house for more paper, before beginning work again.

Every night I find beside my pillow a ball of fur. It remains motionless, oblivious, apparently unconscious of all my night-time preparations, until I am well settled in bed.

Then suddenly very much alive, it softly insinuates itself eagerly into my arms, and I caress the dainty figure murmuring all the endearing words I know, while the deep-throated purr breaks with excess of happiness.

As sleep claims me, my caresses grow fainter, my words become indistinct, the delicate form deftly glides from my arms, and stepping tenderly, finds its place outside the counter-pane, and curls itself in the bend of my knees.

There Gold-eyes sleeps all the night long.

Music and Musicians

WE are all more or less acquainted with the splendid work the Reverend D. O. Crowley is doing in building up a strong body of citizens through labor with boys in the Youth's Directory, and it is certainly our wish to help to preserve California's historic missions, beautiful relics of the past. Well, there will be an opportunity to extend a helpful hand by attending the coming out-of-door's production of Verdi's great opera "Aida" on the evening of Sept. 30th, on Ewing Field, given for the benefit of the above-mentioned cause, and at the same time enjoying a rare treat which promises to be one of the culminating features of the season. Josiah Zuro will be responsible for the artistic success of the enterprise. His past records have shown him to be always lofty in his ideals and careful and conscientious in detail. From the ranks of several important singing societies he has drawn the most talented and capable and is submitting them to a severe drill in operatic singing. The soloists are too well known to need more than mention of their names and their selections for the duties assigned them would be sufficient testimonial. They are Emmy Destinn, Julia Clausen, Leone Zinovieff, Henry Weldon,



LEONE ZINOVIEFF

BY JOSEPH GEORGE JACOBSON

Clarence Whitehill and others. The orchestra will be augmented to over two hundred musicians. Arturo Spelta, who was the stage manager of a performance given in Egypt and in Philadelphia, will take charge of the work of building the giant stage and painting the many sets of scenery, the costumes, specially designed for the Philadelphia production of "Aida", have been secured and more than one thousand persons will take part in the elaborate pageants that abound in the opera.

The opera lends itself superbly to such a production. The somewhat remarkable circumstances under which it was composed and first produced, under the patronage of the Khedive of Egypt, in Cairo, and later staged again at the foot of the Pyramids, invested it with a romantic interest. "Aida" was composed to illustrate an Egyptian theme, and few composers could have been chosen to treat a subject replete with so many dramatic and picturesque effects who were more gifted in these qualities than Verdi. The French scientist, Mariette, wrote the story of the opera which was changed by the Italian librettist to adapt it for lyric composition. The story, set against the background of that ancient civilization whose grand mystery inflames the imagination to these modern times, not only sweeps the gamut of the usual stock-in-trade, love, hate, jealousy, but takes its flight into the heroic and sublime. The scenic effects of the drama are wonderful and no better choice could have been made for an open-air production. The music is striking and vigorous throughout, not lacking rich, redundant melodies easily accessible to the emotions of the multitude. Verdi's arias are always bold and short, sudden blazes, not lingering fire.



The Symphony Orchestra

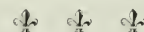
The long heralded symphony orchestra for San Francisco is now an established fact. The approaching musical season, not for our city alone, but for the State at large, is prolific in its promises and gracious expectations. After overcoming many trying difficulties things are now in such a shape of forwardness as to be very sanguine, and San Francisco takes its place among the great cities of America which can boast of an institution based on highly artistic lines. Thanks to the Board of Governors, headed by Mr. Sproule, the business management is now inspired with that intelligence and enthusiasm which are more or less necessary than the same qualities in the purely musical work. No more will the musicians labor under that misfortune of not executing only the higher class of music, no more will they have to play



EMMY DESTINN

ragtime in the evening and appear tired and worn out the next morning to study a Beethoven symphony. Now there will be incessant practice under unifying influence. The musicians are not permitted to play in any other orchestra without the permission of the conductor and the management. They are to have a continuous season of 23 weeks with liberal wages. Every day there will be rehearsals for a period of nearly six months. The orchestra now cannot fail to be one of the most important factors in the enjoyment of the musical people during the winter.

It is almost supererogatory to refer to the conductor's work. Mr. Hertz is adding so much to the high culture and appreciation of good music of the public. He is not content to rest on the laurels of the past, but is ready to shoulder hard work with a purpose of raising the standard of music to its best estate.



Three Mansfeldt Recitals

These two worthy musicians have planned three interesting recitals with the assistance of three well-known writers of our city. One evening will be entirely devoted to Schumann, when Mr. Redfern Mason will be the speaker, another evening works of Chopin will be heard with Mr. Thomas Nunan as speaker, and the last recital will be a Liszt programme with Mr. Walter Anthony as speaker. The musical selections show the high mindedness of the executants and will attract much attention. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt deserve the thanks of the musical community. What they offer is of merit.

Clubs and Clublights

THE Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association holds a unique place in the history of San Francisco club life. The Association was founded over twenty-five years ago by Mrs. Emily T. Y. Parkhurst, daughter of the pioneer educator, John Swett. It was the first strictly literary organization of the coast. The motives back of this Association are moral and intellectual worth. To be an incentive to and stimulate literary endeavor among the members; to give helpful co-operation to the struggling pen workers. In a word, to assist in the advancement of striving members for authorship.

For the coming year we hope to bear out the best principles underlying this organization. Our aim shall be: to promote constructive literary development of members, whether active or associate, particularly the associate members anxious to qualify for active participants in the body. To foster and encourage helpful sympathetic criticism of papers in any line submitted for that purpose. To have two days in the year set for competitive work, one for prose, the other for poetry, a prize to be awarded the ablest production, by impartial judges outside the organization. To encourage membership from high schools, colleges and universities.

To secure lectures from able sources, on literature.

To encourage readings of Western poets and writers.

To keep in touch with the demands of the world of letters.

To learn what changes are taking place in the taste of the reading public, to encourage effort to that end.

To appoint a committee whose duty it shall be to find out where the worthy output of members may be placed and marketed, etc.

The open day shall, we hope, come up to the highest standard of efficiency from a musical as well as intellectual viewpoint.

In California, probably, more than any other part of the world, is there a wonderful field of inspiration for the literary aspirant. Nature has so prodigally scattered her most precious favors, physically as well as materially, that no one may be at a loss for a theme in playing the gamut from the

"White caravans of clouds" that "go by"

"Across the desert and bright sky," to the valley's "laughing rills," or from the snow-clad pine-capped great Sierras with voice omnipotent calling from infinite space, bearing down upon finite thought, often transmuting its dross into notes of golden sweetness, as exemplified in the songs of our charming poets. Yes, there are those who, like our Sappho of the West, "Walk with God upon the hills," with ears attuned to the mystic influences of nature's most impressive,

ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN,
President P. C. W. P. Association

most sublime gifts. This wonderland of the West!

"It lies where God hath spread it
In the gladness of His eyes."

Indeed, there is infinitude of matter around us if we but open our souls in a receptive manner to the alluring voice of nature from the songs of the "silver peaks" to the "wind-braided waters" of the great Pacific. Such songs may yet be sung as never golden age of any land, nor grace, nor home may boast of.



ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN

A splendid beginning has been achieved. It is for the present generation to bear out its glory to a noble fulfillment, for

"Right here, if we but lift our eyes
I say there lies no cone or land
Between this Heaven and Paradise!"

This, the romance land of Spanish days before the Gringo came, and after! The sacred spell of Mission days! "The spirit pure" of Serra, "who in our age of infamy, saws souls alone," as George Sterling puts it. I might go on ad infinitum and it would be a delightfully, self-imposed occupation, but space forbids.

There is much to be done that we may not at present define, for exigencies are sure to arise that may be worked out at the proper time.

To all members of the Association who write and wish to write, I appeal with the Poet Laureate:

"But all my lays and legends fade away
From lake and mountain to the further hem
Of sea, and there be none to gather them"—
California.

THE CALL FOR THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

The National American Woman Suffrage Association issues this CALL to its members and friends for the Forty-Eighth Annual Convention to be held in Nixon's Theatre, Atlantic City, New Jersey, September 6th to 10th, 1916.

Our cause has been endorsed in the platforms of every political party in our land. In order to determine how, most expeditiously, to press these newly-won advantages to final victory, the convention is called.

Women workers in every rank of life and in every branch of service, in increasing numbers are appealing for relief from the political handicap of disfranchisement. Older workers in our cause grow weary in the struggle and are longing to see its end; young women are impatiently protesting against the necessity of a life-long campaign to win the tool with which to do life's work.

Meanwhile, under the influence of a nationwide campaign, newer, truer, and clearer ideals concerning woman's relations to the State are rapidly emerging from the slowly disappearing mist of old traditions. Unmistakably, the crisis of our movement has been reached.

A significant and startling fact is urging American women to increased activity in their campaign for the vote. Across our borders three great Canadian provinces have granted universal suffrage to their women within the year. In every thinking American woman's mind the question is revolving: Had our forefathers tolerated the oppressions of autocratic George the Third and remained under the British flag, would the women of the United States today, like their Canadian sisters, have found their political emancipation under the more democratic George the Fifth? American men are neither lacking in national pride nor approval of democracy, and must, in support of these convictions, hasten the enfranchisement of women. To plan for the final steps which will lead to the inevitable establishment of nation-wide suffrage for the women of our land is the specific purpose of the Atlantic City Convention.

Anna Howard Shaw, Honorary President; Carrie Chapman Catt, President; Jennie Bradley Roessing, First Vice-President; Katharine Dexter McCormick, Second Vice-President; Esther G. Ogden, Third Vice-President; Emma Winner Rogers, Treasurer; Hannah J. Patterson, Corresponding Secretary; Mary Foulke Morrisson, Recording Secretary; Helen Guthrie Miller, First Auditor; Pattie Ruffner Jacobs, Second Auditor.

Clubs and Clublights

THE first of September will see the clubs opening their season and many interesting events are already planned. The coming election, in which the club women are all vitally interested, will have great effect upon the political interests of each club and a careful campaign will be quietly and publicly waged. The Suffrage question and the attitude of Mr. Hughes has caused several clubs all over the country to pledge themselves solidly for Hughes. There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson has lost thousands upon thousands of women's votes.

Another problem which will receive the attention of the clubs is the Child Welfare Work. It is work which always receives the attention of the clubs, but a special effort will be made now in co-operation with the United States Employment Service for the abolition of Child Labor. The California Federation of Women's Clubs will make this work its principal object during the coming months. Dr. Louise B. Deal is Chairman of the Child Labor Committee for the Federation, and she will arrange for each club in the Federation to do a certain part of the work needed. Through this system it will be certain that the children of the State of California will be protected and safe. In close connection with this work is the

United States Employment Bureau, which provides positions for women and girls. In this work the women's clubs are peculiarly fitted to help since they have wide experience and knowledge from their own work in this line in the past.



City Federation of Women's Clubs

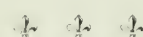
This season will see the beginning of the San Francisco City Federation of Women's Clubs. It has been found that the National and State Federations are so successful in concentrating activities along any desired line, that it has become plain to the club women of San Francisco that a City Federation will be of the greatest possible service in making quickly effective the plans and work of the different City Clubs. The City Federation will become a power in San Francisco very speedily and will be a power to be reckoned with regarding city welfare, from now on.



Sacramento Women's Building

On Saturday, September 2nd, the Women's Building in Sacramento will be formally opened with appropriate ceremony. Representatives of all the women's organizations of the State will be present to participate in the gift of the building to the women of the State.

John M. Perry, President of the State Board of Agriculture, will make the gift at eight o'clock in the evening. The presentation will take place on the lawn in front of the building, and Mrs. Edward Knight, President of the State Federation of Clubs, will make the address of acceptance. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles of Los Angeles, the President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, will make an address, and Governor Johnson will also speak. A programme of music arranged by Mrs. Walter Longbotham, Chairman of the Department of Music of the State Federation, will be a feature of the evening.



Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

A meeting of the Board of Directors and officers of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association was held at the residence of the President, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan. The gathering was unique in that a mid-summer club business meeting attended by every member of the directory and board is out of the ordinary. Plans for the coming season's work and entertainment were enthusiastically discussed and formulated, and as the proposed programme stands, the year promises to be most interesting and profitable. A large number of new memberships were proposed.

On the Value of Right Thinking

EVERYONE knows the effect of uncontrolled passion upon the human body. Temper, rage, maniacal fury increase the flow of sugar from the liver into the blood to such a degree that the body, momentarily, acquires a strength almost inhuman, but the reaction leaves the system depleted of its energy, the mind torpid, the physiognomy ravished.

Right thinking is mental and moral hygiene. No man can deviate very far from goodness and truth whose mind is clean and wholesome, and no man can live right unless he thinks right.

By far the most efficient work is accomplished by the man whose thoughts flow from a clear stream, and like everything else the art of right thinking can be cultivated by simply eliminating wrong thoughts—putting them away at once when they intrude, abjuring thought of revenge, hatred, reprisals, et al., and leaving room only for all goodness, faith, hope and charity, "and the greatest of these is charity." Perhaps the reason charity is greatest is because we give it out. Faith and hope are received by us among the greatest blessings, but charity emanates from ourselves, and were it stinted it could not be charity. We must give and forgive with all our might.

Besides, right thinking keeps the body in

By MARGARET H. PLADWELL, M. D.

condition. A normal, sane person cannot think right without living right, and the two combined make for true happiness of the individual himself and all with whom he comes in contact, and sweetens the bread of life.

Bathing

The daily bath as an etiological factor is a well known fact among physicians, especially the cold plunge or shower in the morning. This is a health giving systemic tonic which keeps the body in condition for the day, and prepares it for the work to be accomplished.

Dr. Simon Baruch, an eminent German scientist, has started a general cold water bathing propaganda. He declares German efficiency in all directions is due not so much to the greatly lauded "kultur" as to cold water, which has become an institution in that empire.

Those who indulge in this habit—and it does become an ineradicable habit after a time—know what its stimulating qualities are upon tired bodies, fatigued nerves and jaded senses. Greece, Rome and the more ancient Byzantines were cold bathing nations in the height of their power. It was the luxury of warm scented baths of aromatic oils and unguents

which weakened and depleted the mental faculties of the aristocracies, by their enervating sensuous influence upon mind and body that afterward contributed to the destruction and fall of these proud people.

During sleep, when the body is relaxed and warm-blanketed, the pores cast off excretions like those secreted by the kidneys, because their functions are similar. Sometimes too much work is placed upon the kidneys, because the pores of the skin do not act properly, causing auto-intoxication, often organic affections, and people complain of all sorts of miseries, pains, aches, rheumatism, kidney troubles and kindred ailments. Nature does her best to eliminate these poisons from the system, but does not always succeed, and we can assist her by keeping the outside clean at least, and if the outside is clean the inside cannot but follow as the sparks fly upward.

"For a clean body and a clean mind are the greatest factors of civilization, and all things shall be added." They are co-existent, one with the other of necessity, for I cannot conceive of a clean minded person with a filthy body or vice-versa. Many say they have not the strength to take cold baths. Begin by taking them tepid, gradually cooler and finally cold. Strength is not a requirement.

Guarding the Giver

Efficiency Which Deserves Emulation

BY CATHERINE FRANKLIN

IF you happen to read an account of an enterprising charity worker who takes up a collection for homeless Siamese dogs and then departs for regions unknown, it is a sure sign that the scene of the story is not laid in Berkeley. If it were, the tale would end with the seeker for funds looking through the grill-work of the city prison. The cause of this difference in outcome would be the Berkeley Commission of Public Charities,—a body which stands as a Nemesis to the frauds who play golden notes on other people's sympathies.

"The wise men came out of the East" says the legend, and no doubt some of them settled in Berkeley to found the Commission. This organization consists of nine members, all of them appointed by the Mayor. With the exception of the secretary, who devotes all her time to the work, the Commission serves without pay. If a person tries to solicit funds or sell tickets for a benefit entertainment without the endorsement of this body, he is given the privilege of telling the judge just how it happened. Every charity is carefully investigated before the permit is granted, and the result is that the people of Berkeley are able to give intelligently, without fear that the donation will be spent on cigars instead of orphans. A kind heart has too long been the happy hunting ground of quacks and fakirs—only an organization like the Commission can prevent generosity from being exploited.

Even when the charity is located outside of Berkeley, it is subject to investigation if it goes harvesting among Berkeley's citizens. What is more, the standard to which it must measure is high. In the first place, it must be managed by a board of directors. The Commission has learned to distrust one-man organizations. The manager of such a charity is apt to quote about the right hand not knowing what the left doeth, when as a matter of fact both hands are busy putting funds into the promoter's pocket. If a sponsor of a charity cannot get a committee of intelligent men or women to act as his directors, there is something wrong with his methods or his cause.

But a board of directors is not the only requirement of the Commission. It then proceeds to investigate the charity itself, to discover if the homeless children are properly housed or if the money is really being sent to the Belgians. When the Commission is satisfied that the charity is a worthy one and that its money is being spent intelligently, it grants a permit for the organization to solicit funds in Berkeley.

Sometimes, when the cause seems worth while and when there is trouble only in the

administration, the Commission drops its police uniform to become a friendly advisor. There is one case on record where the endorsement was refused on account of bad management. The cause was good, but the two leaders of the movement had quarreled and the accounts were in an endless tangle. The Commission took hold of the situation, reconciled the warring factions, opened a class in bookkeeping for the managers and soon made a model charity out of what had been an example of how not to do things.

Though a number of arrests have been made, the Commission has seldom been forced to prosecute. Usually the solicitor informs the court that he erred through ignorance and is willing to enter an application for endorsement. If his charity is the sort that will not bear investigation, he hastens to promise the judge that he will do his privateering in other waters. A second offence means a fine or even a jail sentence, but such penalties are infrequent. Whenever an endorsement is refused, the Commission explains through the newspapers just why the action was taken. As a result, the pirates of philanthropy are as anxious to go to Berkeley as the average man is to go to jail. To the pirate the two words are quite apt to be synonymous.

Miss Mabel Weed, the secretary of the Commission, is the mainspring of this social watch system. She is a pleasant, efficient woman, one who is able to deal with an undisciplined charity and a needy baby at the same time. Dreaded as she is by law-breakers, she is looked upon by all worthy organizations as an advisor and a friend. She has been a member of the Commission since 1911 and has done much to make it the unique institution that it is. Berkeley is the only city in the United States that has linked common sense to kindness in such a thoroughly efficient manner.

One of the greatest problems which the body has had to face is that of benefit entertainments. The Commission believes that the buyer of a ticket has a right to know how much of his money goes for charity and how much for the leading lady's costume. Miss Weed has discovered that in many cases the benefit benefits nothing except the pocket-book of the professional entertainer. In some cases the result has actually been a deficit,—the charity finds itself poorer than it was before, with its chances to collect more money decidedly weakened.

It is for these reasons that the Commission insists on a rigid investigation of all benefit entertainments. If the financial outlook is not

bright, permission to hold the affair is denied. If more than ten per cent of the proceeds are to go toward expenses, the Commission demands a public statement of the fact. The man who rolls his money under the wicket has a right to fair play. He wants to know if he is contributing to a charity or merely buying a theater ticket. In the latter case, he will probably prefer to attend a regular performance which does not run charity as a side-line. Certain professional entertainers are notorious for using benefits merely as a means to add to their own salary and reputation. Though an unpaid amateur performance may require more self-sacrifice to attend, it at least presents the charity with something besides bills.

In addition to regulating all Berkeley's philanthropies in a general way, the Commission has direct control of the Municipal Labor Bureau. It supervises the three semi-municipal charities—the Charity Organization Society, the Berkeley Day Nursery and the Berkeley Dispensary. Here again we find a new departure in the government of the college town. So keenly does the city realize the value of these institutions that it pays all their overhead expenses out of its own treasury. They solicit only the funds used in their relief work. The person who contributes to one of them knows that he is actually buying shoes or medicine for a needy child and not paying a stenographer's salary or getting rugs for the office. True, the clerical side of such work is important, but the giver would rather help pay for something more concrete.

Such funds are raised either by letter or by a house-to-house canvass. The Commission does not approve of tag-days. "It usually means the exploitation of the young girls who help. They are exposed to all forms of unpleasantness," said Miss Weed. "A charity that has to depend on the good looks of its solicitors can't have anything vital back of it."

There is a certain type of person who looks upon the union of efficiency and kindness with distaste. He is the man who talks about "a cold statistical Christ" and the good old days when charity was carried to a poor man's house in a basket. He shudders at the idea of harnessing a generous impulse, disregarding the fact that unintelligent, emotional giving may be as dangerous as handing out medicine in the dark. Usually, too, the man who has most to say against organized charity was never caught giving away anything more valuable than an old transfer.

The lady with the basket might have met the problem of destitution in the pastoral era, but she is as much out-of-date to-day as a stone hatchet or a dinosaur.

The True Story

Of an Indian Girl's Romance

BY JESSIE LIVINGSTONE PURCELL

IN the great Northwest where the tall pines nod their heads and beckon with long arms, and whisper weird tales to the sound, that answers back in soft hushed tones or in mighty roars as its humor fancies, there lived many years ago a great Indian Chief called Seattle. He was at the head of all the Siwash tribes who were then a much greater people than at the present day.

Chief Seattle had one daughter, the idol of that stern old man's heart, a comely young Indian maiden, who was looked up to by all the women of her tribe, for she was a great chief's daughter—a Princess—Angelina, Princess Seattle!

There were comparatively few white settlers in those early days, but it did not take long for the greedy land seekers to learn of the wonderful opportunities in the Northwest, the fertile soil, the mild climate in winter and the beautiful and wonderful summer days that would allow a man to work in the open, eighteen hours if he so desired.

Although Chief Seattle permitted the white men to remain on his land, fell his trees and hunt his game, there was a certain and sure feeling of discontent arising over the matter among the tribes, as the settlement was growing larger day by day.

Out in the forest the wild blackberries grew in great abundance, trailing their vines over and under the fallen trees and around the stumps in wildest confusion, hiding beneath their autumnal tinted leaves the luscious fruit which the Indian women gathered and made into wine, and some sort of preserve which was greatly prized and partaken of at all holidays.

One day Angelina was picking her berries a considerable distance from some of the other women, when she heard a cry which struck terror to her heart. When a pine tree leans over and rubs against another pine, there comes a pitiful moaning sound, which to the Indian mind was an evil omen, and indicated much sorrow to those who heard it. However, as to that superstition I, the writer of this little story, will say I have heard that cry *once* and only *once*, although I had lived near the trees that made the moan for a couple of years, and sorrow did follow soon.

Angelina listened. The cry was repeated and then she knew it was a human voice calling for help. Thinking naturally that it was some one of her people, she ran with all possible speed in the direction from whence issued the cry. She called out and there came an answering cry, but very, very weak. Still running in the same direction she came suddenly upon a newly fallen pine, one of the many

false rooted ones which are such a menace to human safety where a strong wind is on.

Imprisoned under the pine was a white man still sensible, but weak from pain and loss of blood, having been there for several hours. His foot was caught under the fallen tree at such an angle as to make it impossible to extricate it without help. With the courage and strength which is born in the bone and flesh of an Indian girl, coupled with the man's help—feeble though it was—that end of the tree was lifted and wedged with great difficulty enough to draw the leg out.



PRINCESS SEATTLE AT NINETY

Although badly injured, the man displayed so much fortitude and courage that it completely won the girl's respect.

Tearing her skirt and bandaging the wounded foot, running a half mile for water to moisten the parched mouth, did not take so long, but long enough for the man to see the fine, womanly nature of the plucky Indian girl, and as he lay on the ground a picture floated across his vision of a little home wrecked—a woman gone—God only knew where, all for a few words of flattery and a few sparkling trinkets.

With the same kindness that many whites have received at the hands of Indians, both male and female, and I am sorry to say, failed in the most atrocious way to appreciate, Angelina helped the wounded man on his way, holding up his weight with her strong young shoulder over those rough trails, until they reached his comrades, and then without a

word, like a shy young deer she disappeared into the forest.

Who shall say why? In a few days, a man with a rudely made crutch hobbled along that hard rough trail, (how hard and rough no one knows better than the writer of these lines), to that fallen pine. Who shall say why? On that same day, a little shy Indian girl wandered towards that same spot to pick her berries.

Our modern lovers of this wonderful 1916 would call it mental telepathy, but however that may be, by that fallen treacherous giant of the forest, there met the wounded man and the Indian girl.

How can I tell or put into words the details of that meeting—who knows? It was the "same old, sweet story that soundeth ever new," and ere they parted Angelina had promised to be the white man's wife. There were many stolen meetings at the trysting place, the fallen pine, and the more the white man saw of the Indian girl the more he appreciated her many good qualities.

It was about this time that there were many rumors afloat and many grave looks were passed among the Indian men. But Angelina heeded nothing, so full of "Love's young dream" was she. However, there came a night when there was a great council among the men at which all women at all times were excluded.

Somehow the danger signal was at last communicated to Angelina and that night there was a silent woman's figure on the ground unseen and unheard at the council.

A terrified maiden ran miles that wondrous starlit night, to find the "light of her life"—the man she loved. There was danger on every side from the many wild things that infected the forest at that time, but she ran on and at last found her lover, and between gasps of exhaustion she managed to communicate that her people were preparing for battle and he must save himself and escape somehow. There were some dry sobs and half muttered words of endearment that had been taught her beside the "fallen tree," and a white faced man strained an Indian girl to his breast and placed on her forehead one long last kiss of farewell, which was indeed Farewell!

Quickly as possible through the forest and the northern moonlight sped the girl. Now a pause, to listen, then again a pause of exhaustion to gain breath, yet still she staggered on that she might reach the tribe ere she was missed by any of its members.

Angelina's lover gave the alarm and the settlers far and near armed themselves and made

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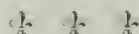
Since Last Month



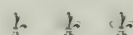
Y the masterly coup in the capturing of Goritz, which is the key to Trieste, Italy has answered once and for all those critics who have said she is doing nothing for the Allies. The New York World declares the taking of Goritz one of the most important achievements of the war, and all other war correspondents unite in this opinion.



The great military interest of the past month has centered on Verdun. The importance of Verdun to either side is incalculable. The Crown Prince of Germany has made the great pretracted assault in the hope of bringing the British to the help of the French, but as the French have not asked for aid, the British have not needed to leave their own positions to go to Verdun, and the Prince has been disappointed in that particular. While the wisdom of the Crown Prince in the matter of Verdun is lauded by the Germans, it is nevertheless true that Germany has paid an enormous price during the past month with no gain to show, and there is no sign as yet France losing Verdun.



Mr. Redmond is the first man in history who has made a formula upon which Irish parties could agree. He put through his plan at the great conference in Belfast the other day and the strength in his scheme lies in the fact that any other plan would mean the government of Ireland by force. Mr. Redmond's plan will mean the operation of Home Rule.



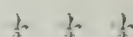
The *Current Opinion* called attention rather wittily to the "high-brow" political campaign. For a democratic country, it seems we are "going some." The two Presidential nominees could write their names as follows:

FOR PRESIDENT:

WOODROW WILSON, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.,
Lit.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.,
LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.

FOR PRESIDENT:

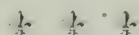
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, A.B., A.M.,
LL.B., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.,
LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.,
LL.D., LL.D.



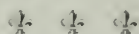
New York State jumps to the front with two new laws to foster national preparedness by means of compulsory training of school children. They represent the most significant attempt yet made by any of our States to establish a kind of double standard of physical and military efficiency in connection with the

educational system. The new measures take effect the first of next month.

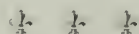
These new laws for the Empire State are first fruits of the nation-wide agitation for universal military training as the only proper defense for a democracy. They were enacted without having received much public attention, along with other preparedness measures, including a grant of power to the governor to draft citizens for military service. The principle of conscription has now unquestionably been embodied in New York State law. While the State press voices considerable demand for the repeal of all this "hasty" legislation, the advocates of universal military training point out that compulsory training of this kind is but a logical extension of the principle of compulsory education.—*Current Opinion*.



The Child Labor Bill passed the United States Senate last week by a vote of 52 to 12. The bill had been made a party measure at the urgent request of President Wilson, and, although all the votes cast against the bill except two were Democratic and from the South, the party and the President are entitled to credit for its passage. The two non-Democratic votes against the bill were those of Senator Penrose and Senator Oliver, of Pennsylvania.—*Outlook*.



The new President of China is faced with the Russo-Japanese combination and is not blind to its danger. What he wants most to know is the attitude of the United States. No doubt Washington looks with dark suspicion on this alliance between Japan and Russia, but the question is, Will she really do anything to help China in this new crisis? The answer to this question is of paramount importance to Li Yuan Hung.



"The sanctity of treaties, the rights of small nations, the question as to whether militarism shall dominate civilization, are all involved in the final decision.

A peace which does not restore Belgium to the Belgian people and to their own government, which does not give them such indemnity as will allow them, so far as possible, to reconstruct their wasted cities and villages and restore again their ruined prosperity; a peace which does not recognize the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe; a peace which does not offer some guaranty that such a calamity as the present war shall not recur—a peace which does not insure these things would be a disaster and not a blessing.

It is because we believe that the success of

Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia will mean the restoration of Belgium and of Serbia and the suppression of militarism that we ardently hope for that consummation. In that hope we believe the future of civilization to be involved."—From an "Address to the People of the Allied Nations" signed by 500 representative citizens living in all parts of the country from California to New York and from Louisiana to Maine.



THE BOY AND THE LAW

As I turned the corner I noticed a large crowd on the sidewalk, a crowd made up mainly of children. The figure of a policeman rose head and shoulders above the staring, straining, pushing mob. While I was looking for the prisoner, the big black automobile drew up and the policeman thrust aside the crowding youngsters. Then I saw the cause of the commotion.

He was a little, white-faced boy whose sensitive features wore a look of shame and fear unspeakable. He was still clutching the baseball bat that had wrought his ruin. "Playing ball in the street. Busted a window," volunteered the policeman. "Jump in, Jimmie," and Jimmie, with a last agonized look at his comrades, climbed into the black wagon.

"Jimmie's goin' to prison; Jimmie's goin' to prison," shouted a few irrespressibles on the edge of the group. Most of the children, however, were open-mouthed with awe and terror. Suddenly, with a snort, the black automobile drove on, carrying away with it a child's crushed self-respect. As the crowd dispersed, I went on along the city's high-road, but the tense, white face of a little boy came between me and the morning sun.

There are many little Jimmies who break windows. Playgrounds are not plentiful; and a fellow just has to play sometimes, even if his batting average is measured in terms of shattered glass. Sometimes a ball goes wild, and then the whole machinery of the law bears down on Jimmie and takes him away. There are other ways of dealing with broken windows. A word to the boy's parents about the advantages of the public playgrounds accompanied if necessary by a fine, are adequate in meeting the problem. But to take a sensitive little boy in the police patrol, to book him at the station and to keep him even over-night are punishments far beyond the range of the offense. I do not believe that a man sentenced to the electric chair could suffer more than a self-respecting youngster who is disgraced before his companions. A broken window is less important than a broken spirit.

Platforms And Candidates In 1916

(Continued from Page 4)

re-established, but that was promised four years ago. The Civil Service should be improved, but no administration in our history has so shamelessly looted it. Equal Suffrage is promised, but only upon the "installment plan" by State action, which is to say that from the Democratic party one-half of our people shall have no redress. Moreover, all of these promises are parrot-like repetitions of the Republican programme announced two weeks before.

The platform is no less insincere than is the candidate himself. In a speech at the Press Club banquet in New York on July first, the President said—"Do you think it our duty to carry self-defense to a point of dictation into the affairs of another people"? But why then did he interfere in behalf of Madero against Huerta; why take sides with Villa, and having done so, repudiate him and embrace Carranza? Why was a fleet sent to Vera Cruz to avenge an "insult to the flag", and, after a few poor

Mexican peons had been killed and some American sailors sacrificed, recalled with the flag still trailing? Why for three years was the pillage, rapine and murder of our citizens endured, and when our troops had been massed upon the border, recalled upon Carranza's promise to be gentle and good to us hereafter? Vacillation, inconsistency and indecision have characterized our President in every domestic emergency. He repeatedly changes front. "You may know him by the flower in the coat that he has turned".

The atrocities in Belgium elicited no comment from the White House save admonitions to our people to "be calm" as the slaughter progressed. The murderers of the women and children on the Lusitania have not been brought to justice, nor has any reparation whatever for that act of piracy been made or even promised. "The President has kept the peace"—that is indeed too true. There are two ways of keeping the peace—to let it be known that

you will resent if outraged, or that you will not. Mr. Wilson chose the latter with Germany. Against weak Mexico we brandish the big stick; to powerful Germany we show the white feather.

Peace at the price of national dishonor is not peace but cowardice.

Judged not by its professions but by its performances, the Democratic Party has kept no faith with our people, as its spokesman has kept no faith with himself. What assurances then can anyone have that from that organization any good may come. There are many thousands of voters who will vote the Democratic ticket this year because they have that habit; these will cancel a corresponding number of Republican votes. But the four million electors, Progressive four years ago, independents this year, look for something other than promises and big words. To these the Democratic party offers nothing else because it is, and for twenty years has been, nothing else.

Our Merchant Marine

(Continued from Page 12)

New York on the 27th day of February, 1784, and with the above letter, arrived at Canton Roads (Macao) on the 23rd of the following August. She reached home on the 11th of May, 1785; the profit on the venture was \$30,000, which, being only twenty-five per cent on the investment, was considered small. This adventure was the beginning of our Eastern trade.

The trade with China was so profitable that by 1789 fifteen American ships were in Canton Roads.

In 1793 England was at war with France. America was the leading neutral maritime nation. The British statesmen knew that American ships would secure much of the trade in the Mediterranean which English ships had been doing unless promptly checked by some extraordinary means, and to administer this check pirates were loosed upon the Atlantic. Understanding this, you will be able to comprehend why American shipping was subjected to ruthless spoliation during the entire period between the end of the War of the Revolution and our second war for liberty, which began in 1812. The only criterion of right in international affairs was might.

The French Government had carried out a system of spoliation also. On the 9th of May, 1793, the French Government authorized the seizure of all neutral vessels destined for the enemy's port. This decree was contrary to the treaty between France and the United States made in 1778, and the United States was harassed by both England and France, and

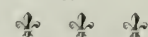
every bit of our trade in the Mediterranean hotly contested.

The total amount of damages suffered from the foregoing have never been completely calculated, but documents written under oath show that more than 600 ships were despoiled before 1800, and that the losses amounted to \$20,000,000. Though it is a part of our naval history, and not of our commercial history, it is worth while adding that when our naval ships, though few in number and small in size, were at last ordered to protect our trade on the seas, only three or four well fought actions were needed to bring the French spoliations to an end.

The aggressions of the British Government upon our shipping during the period between the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812 call for an understanding from the English viewpoint. The men who governed England had not only to guard, but to promote, the English interests against those of other nations. Natural ambition and patriotism inspired them to do this as fully as possible. The supremacy of the nation depended upon her supremacy on the seas, and it was therefore quite natural England should feel obliged to hamper all possible rivals for that supremacy. And at the end of a century when England had been more years at war than in peace every Briton felt that British supremacy at sea must be maintained at any cost. The British prohibited American vessels from entering the ports of their West India Islands, Canada, and other American possessions, and their East India spice market. We admitted

British vessels into all of our ports on payment of a tonnage tax. The British imposed double light-house taxes on American vessels bound to any port in England except London. We imposed no extra light-house duties. British merchants were prohibited from using American-built vessels in a great number of trades. We allowed our merchants to use British-built vessels for any trade. The British prohibited the importation of goods by American vessels from every country except the United States. We permitted the British vessels to bring us goods from all countries. These and a great many other unfair differences between what Great Britain allowed and what we allowed began the trouble which culminated in the War of 1812, the result of which is well known to us all.

In 1813 Fulton and his associates reached out for along-shore trade by building the "Fulton" for use between New York and New Haven, and expansion by steam navigation began. From this time on until the year 1860 the American merchant marine grew by leaps and bounds. At that time, which was the high water mark for American prestige in shipping, we had full control of the Pacific Ocean trade, owning 800 of the 900 vessels trading on the Pacific, and our trade with European nations on the Atlantic and Mediterranean was enormous.



What Did He Mean?

She—"Is Princeton in New York?"

Student (truthfully reflective)—"Yes, a great part of the time."—*Princeton Tiger*.

Writing Pieces For The Paper



EARLY everybody writes a piece for the paper once in a while and every paper in the country receives pieces every day. The editor raves because the majority of these casual contributions are improperly prepared and the writer raves when her contributions appear in print, distorted, or not at all. And so the friction between press and public continues.

Those contributions which cause the most trouble are personals, social items, club reports, church activities, fraternal notices and obituaries. Usually the folks who write such matter never had any specific training in writing and they attempt a literary polish which results in a miserable piece of copy, so topsyturvy in construction that the editor cannot possibly get an accurate idea of what the item is supposed to contain. The item either goes into the waste basket or the editor tries to rewrite it into an intelligible piece of news and often the result is a distorted story.

Not long ago I had occasion to read a club report which ended like this:

"Many little squibs Mrs. Beasley gave us, showing that if man is the head, woman is the neck, making a pleasant afternoon."

No doubt the writer had a witty thought to bring out but in this instance the wit reversed and brought the laugh on the writer instead of on her idea. Had she used care, she could have turned her last sentence into a clever conclusion.

Many contributors use adjectives galore. Everything they describe must be beautiful, pleasing, delicious, delicate, interesting, well prepared, exquisite, instructive, inspirational, pretty, bountiful, or wonderful, and the word "very" usually is prefixed to make it stronger. Adjectives are excellent when used judiciously but an abomination when thrown in hit or miss. And "very" is never necessary and rarely acceptable in good writing.

The result of too many adjectives is clearly shown in the following club report:

"The North End Literary Club held a pleasant meeting Wednesday at the home of the president, Mrs. Helen Walters, 214 H—street. It was entertainment day and the magnificent program certainly was indeed entertaining, being in charge of Mrs. Grace DePew, who always is so enthusiastically energetic over anything of this kind. Beautiful and inspirational were the pretty songs which were splendidly sung by Mrs. Georgia Waite, whose exquisite and well-trained voice has won for her a warm place in the hearts of those who have heard her sing. A charming and well-acted playlet was given by the Misses Harper,

BY ALTON D. SPENCER
Club Editor of The Grand Rapids News

Stem, Fuller, Cole and Castelein. The elegant way in which they portrayed the difficult and complicated parts which they took speaks well for the histrionic ability of these fine young women. A helpful, instructive, entertaining and forceful address was given by Mr. A. G. Hopper on 'The History of Art.' The members gave a rising vote of thanks for the splendid address. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. Alice Holden, 19 B—street."

Copy written on both sides of the paper drives the editor wild. In many newspaper offices the printers will not accept such copy and it must be rewritten. Some folks write so close that there is no room left for corrections. Some run wild with quotation marks, dashes, colons, semi-colons, exclamation points and commas. Others don't bother to put any of these in. Some capitalize all the important words in their articles and others apparently don't know how to make capitals.

One thing that steers many of the longer contributions to the waste basket is the indelible pencil. Nothing is harder to read than copy that shines. The editor has to strain his eyes enough with good clear copy.

Promptness is another feature that counts. If you have a party, if your club holds a meeting, or if some friend goes visiting, write the report as soon as the party or meeting is over or the friend has left. Don't wait a day or two to get into a good writing mood. Do it while the event is fresh in your mind. Then get it to the paper at once and let folks read about it before it is stale.

If you write for more than one paper at the same time and make carbon copies, use a good impression sheet. No editor will kick on carbon copy if it is easily read. It is better, however, to write separate reports for each paper.

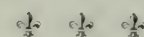
It is natural for people who write items for the paper to want to see them printed just as they were written. But the editor would lose his job if he didn't make changes in most of the articles he receives. He often is forced to listen to a tirade over the telephone or sometimes face to face, from someone who has written something for the paper that didn't get printed as it was written. Sometimes the editor is at fault for carelessness, but more often the article is in much better shape for his corrections. If those who write would write carefully, plainly and in accord with the set rules of the paper, which may be determined by a

careful reading of one copy, they would find few changes in the items they submit and they would get a blessing from the editor.

And don't forget the newspapers. They want news. And matters connected with your clubs or with any movement in which you as a class are interested will be welcomed. Think over the papers in your town and county; and where you don't know the editors, get acquainted with them. Then tell them what you are interested in.

A Good Guide to Follow

Write on one side of paper only.
Leave plenty of space between lines.
Spell proper names correctly.
Don't use an indelible pencil.
Make every sentence complete.
Write plainly.
Quote quotations only.
Don't use big words.
Send items in promptly.



THE WORKERS' SUICIDE PACT

To the average workingman, preparedness is a bugaboo with horns and at least two tails. It is something that is lying in wait around the corner, ready to empty his full dinner pail and spend all his wages on warships. He trusts a preparedness advocate about as much as a prohibition league does a ward boss.

The result of this attitude is shown in extreme statements of pacifism. The Socialist Labor Party has even come out with the motto, "No country worth defending." Yet, if the United States was overcome by a hostile power, who would be the first to suffer? The capitalists? Not at all! Though their wealth might be greatly reduced, they would still be able to fly to a more favorable country. It was not the rich Belgians who suffered by the German invasion. Nearly all of them fled to France and England, and the German Government is trying to coax their capital back to Belgium by all kinds of favorable offers.

But if you want to know who really suffered ask the Belgian workingman, the one who was unable to fly. Ask the toiler who, with his home destroyed, is now being exploited to the last quota of his strength. The American worker complains about the unjust treatment he receives under his own government. If he is dissatisfied now what could he expect under the heel of a hostile power?

The workingman who opposes reasonable preparedness is lighting a fuse to a bomb that may some day blow himself and his ambitions into unrecognizable bits.

A Woman For Congress

MRS. JOSEPHINE MARSHALL FERNAND is a pioneer, with all a pioneer's fighting instinct. One must admit that combatting prejudice requires every bit as much courage as facing wild Indians. Blazing new social trails calls for greater sacrifice and more endurance than making paths through a primitive forest.

Mrs. Fernand is the first woman in California to run for a Federal office. She is the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fourth District; and from all indications, she will be something more than a mere straw figure for the opposition to knock down. She is thinking, not so much of the office, as of the women who might follow her. "My candidacy, while beset with all the difficulties that cross the path of the pioneer, will make it

easier for the women who come after me," she says.

Mrs. Fernand has proved that a campaign can be both vigorous and dignified. Unlike many men politicians, she does not believe in villifying her opponent. She prefers to present her case without mentioning any defects of the other candidate. If many more women of her stamp enter into public work, politics will soon cease to be a synonym for craftiness and foul play.

Her platform may be summed up in the old ship-board cry, "Women and children first!" "Whenever a child-labor bill or a bill providing for better opportunities for women comes before me," she promised, "the women of the nation may depend upon me for the right, helpful stand," and anyone who has looked into Mrs. Fernand's strong, kind face knows that she means what she says.

This pioneer candidate knows more about political questions than many a man who is now holding a seat in Congress. Her father was an army officer and an attorney. All of her family, from her ancestor, Chief Justice John Marshall, to her own parents, have been interested in public matters. "I was almost raised on the Congressional Record," she states, "and as far back as I can remember the happenings in diplomatic circles and the problems of the state furnished our table-talk."

Above all, Mrs. Fernand is a real woman, cultured, clever and refined. She does not bear the slightest resemblance to the noisy, ranting person whom many people picture as a typical suffragist. Her three children have given her the mother viewpoint, and when a mother enters Congress, it is time for the youngsters to hold a national celebration.

Policewomen

(Continued from Page 15)

of Mary Y——?" he demanded. Mrs. Sullivan politely informed him that it was none of his business; then asked what reason he had to be so interested. "We were engaged to be married," he explained, pacing up and down, "and here, after the furniture was bought and everything, I find out that she was once disgraced. To think of a girl like that wanting a respectable man to marry her!" "Is your record as clear as you want her's to be?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan. The young man stopped in astonishment. "That's an entirely dif——" "Not a bit of it!" interrupted the policewoman, and after she had given her views on the subject, the young man departed hastily, without offering a word in answer.

Her telephone rang a couple of hours later. "Could you come over Sunday?" inquired Mary Y——; "Jack and I are going to be married and we want you for matron of honor." Then a meek, far-away masculine voice added, "By Jiminy! You certainly laid me out!"

Among others whom Mrs. Sullivan has "laid out" are husbands who fail to provide. She has brought at least fifty such men to the attention of the court, gathering all the evidence and virtually conducting the prosecution herself. Out of all these cases she has lost but one, a record of which any lawyer might be proud. Neglected children also come under her motherly wing and she co-operates with the Juvenile Court in trying to make the world treat them a little more kindly.

Mrs. Sullivan's daily experience runs the whole gamut of life and death. Recently she

began her day by baptizing a baby. As the little life was fast flickering out, the mother was afraid to wait for the clergyman, and Mrs. Sullivan performed the ceremony of lay baptism. About an hour later, a fourteen-year-old girl died when her child was born. Mrs. Sullivan remained with her through her final struggle; then arranged for the funeral with a charitable undertaking-parlor, so that the little girl would not be buried in Potter's Field.

She then hurried to a down-town church in order to be godmother for one of her numerous namesakes. Her day ended with being bridesmaid at a wedding, where the financial embarrassment of the groom forced her to buy the license, lend a ring for the ceremony and pay for the supper which was given to celebrate the event.

"I find that one of the best things I can do for my girls is to invite them home with me," said Mrs. Sullivan. "Sometimes my guest is an unmarried mother, sometimes a delinquent who has been in court, but no matter who they are, their response to home life is wonderful. It is really pathetic to see how eager they are to help in the kitchen or take care of my adopted baby. Many of them have not been inside of a home for years. It seems to touch something way down deep even in the women who have the hardest faces. Catching a glimpse of family life might mark a turning-point in the girl's whole career. The spare room is very seldom vacant."



They say that Oregon is so dry that there are two or three stores in every town where one can't get a drink.

Woman's Power

(Continued from Page 8)

scatter strength by taking up too many at the 1917 session of the Legislature. It seems to me this is a very wise policy. It is better to progress a little at a time, than not to move at all. Haste makes waste. While a general attack in the end probably would prove successful, yet that end will be reached the sooner by capturing trench by trench rather than by attempting to take all the trenches at one time.

I am happy to note that one of the few issues set apart by the Federation for special effort is that in which I am particularly interested—the placing of the wife upon an equal footing with the husband insofar as community property is taxable under the inheritance tax law of this State.

The law as it stands is a rank discrimination, a gross injustice to the women. When the wife dies the husband, as matters now are, not only retains his own half of the community property without the payment of one cent in taxes, but also takes over and retains without tax, the wife's half. When the husband dies, however, the wife not only cannot touch her own half of the community interests until she pays an inheritance tax thereon, but has no claim upon his half save as willed to her, and such a bequest is taxable, also.



HADN'T HARMED THEM

Visitor—"My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house."

Cottager—"That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's goin' to hurt 'em.—Punch.

At the Theatres

BY THE MATINEE GIRL

Alcazar

"Johnny Get Your Gun" did not attract me by its name, but I am glad that I was not kept away from the Alcazar on that account, for the play is one of the most diverting little dramas I have seen for a long time. I always enjoy going to the Alcazar. It is all that a theater ought to be in comfort and service, in its excellent ventilation and the air of quiet refinement that prevails. The theater-goers of San Francisco appreciate a house of this kind, and show that they do by their regular patronage. I am looking forward to the opening of the stock season, when we can be sure of seeing good plays well acted, amid congenial surroundings. The season will begin with Eva Lang and Jack Halliday as stars in the well-known success, "The Hawk."

Columbia

Henry Miller has given San Francisco a genuine theatrical treat in presenting the delightful comedy, "Come out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton, Bruce MacRae and the other gifted Miller players. The play has attracted crowded houses and will continue to do so for another fortnight. Mr. Miller's company does not give Sunday performances.

Cort

"Canary Cottage" is in its eighth week as we go to press, and seems to get more popular all the time. It is a merry musical farce and with a cast including Trixie Fraganza, Charles Ruggles, Herbert Corthell, and a splendidly efficient chorus, gives pleasure to the "T. B. M." and his sisters, his cousins and the whole family.

Have We Contracted the Disease of Anarchy?

Just at this stage of grief and sorrow over the tragedy of the Preparedness Parade, where our people were murdered and mangled by the bombs of anarchists, who, taking the suggestions given them by the viciously minded politicians, who, in a constant search for publicity and a desire for leadership, without the basis of thought or reason set themselves up as self-made leaders of the people, *Everywoman* desires to protest most forcibly against the false and unfounded statement made against the Preparedness Party—a party of citizens who are simply desirous of preparing against the attacks of anarchists and bandits who invaded our borders, and now invade our homes. The stupid and vicious statements constantly made by so-called pacifists and non-preparedness politicians, accusing all who desire self-protection as being allied with ammunition plutocrats and desirous of seeking war, are knowingly and maliciously false.

The truth of the matter can easily be determined by any man or woman who will give it a little time and intelligent thought. And, the truth is this: The whole objective is the befuddlement of the working people and the mad desire to control their vote; and if anyone cares to look into the matter they will quickly recognize the old saying, "Politics make queer bed-fellows," and, owing to the unnatural and peculiar combination, they usually make most dangerous ones. But the working people are seeing the light, as was proven by their participation in the Preparedness Parade in spite of threats against life and the actual taking of life. But they in a large measure are seeing the light slowly. Otherwise they would have resented the clumsy political threats and the

efforts to contaminate them with the disease of anarchy, and every union man would be proudly carrying the Stars and Stripes—his only and natural protector.

What has the "blood red" emblem of anarchy (advocated from the unpreparedness platform) ever done for the working people? What will it ever do for their little homes, for their little children if they are left unprotected before the aggression of the barbarous hordes who with greedy longings are endeavoring to make themselves masters in this fair land?

No! No! Working men of America, be not deceived, these anarchists and their masters have no place in your lives, nor in your country for that matter. Kick them out, and do your full share to co-operate with your employers. Co-operation is the salvation and the only solution of the business problems of America today.

Do not allow these murder miscreants to arouse jealousy or anger in you against your employers—"fat plutocrats," etc. Remember, we all have to work, in our own way, as best we can, and to grow to higher and better things as we go along. We could not fill the job of the plutocrat if he gave it to us, nor could he fill our job. Some are born with the talent for music; some are born with the talent for painting; some are born with the talent for money-getting, and they get it. They simply do the best they know how—as we all should do.

And employers, "fat plutocrats," etc., please take the same warning, and do not let the enemies of your country and of mankind incite you against your employees—they should be your best friends, and you should be theirs. Then, spend the money you now spend in

fighting them in ways and means to co-operate with them and better their condition and you'll find that the self-imposed "leaders" and anarchists will be looking for an honest job, or they will get out of the country. And, decent employers and decent employes, it is straight up to you to put them out, for they spare no one when they are on murder bent.

✥ ✥ ✥

The old, and pretty ceremony of christening ships in champagne was employed by the Standard Oil Company recently in the launching of their tanker "Astral" in San Francisco. The Vacuum Oil Company also used champagne in the christening of their tank steamer "Paulsboro" in San Francisco. On both occasions Golden State Champagne was employed, which was quite apropos. California craft—California wine—each a credit to the State!

✥ ✥ ✥

FRENCH WITHOUT A STRUGGLE

The prophets say
All flesh is grass.
But so is hay—
N' est ce pas?

—Don Marquis.

✥ ✥ ✥

Lightleigh—"I am sure if you accepted me I would make you a good husband."

Miss Wayleigh—"That is out of the question, but I'm sure I'd make a good husband if I accepted you."—Puck.

✥ ✥ ✥

THE LURE OF THE MOVIE

Many are the wiles of the moving-picture man! When he can think of no other way to coax the elusive coin, he merely puts out a notice saying, "Don't Miss This Thrilling Drama! Persons under sixteen not admitted!"—and lo, the jingle in the box-office drowns out all other sounds.

✥ ✥ ✥

Mrs. Bacon—"I don't think our streets are nearly so clean as they used to be."

Mr. Bacon—"Of course not. Just see what short skirts you women are wearing."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

✥ ✥ ✥

ANNOUNCEMENT

DURING the months of January, February and March, 1917, Mr. Clarence Eddy will make a trans-continental tour of the United States, when he will be available for *ORGAN RECITALS* and the *OPENING OF NEW ORGANS*.

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A Big Little Woman

(Continued from Page 17)

hope that we'll ever become unselfish," she said, "but I am hoping that we'll give people a chance to do better, merely as a good business investment. A woman earning her living under decent conditions is less expense to the county than a woman being boarded in jail.

"I have one case, though, that just about takes the prize. There's a woman on my list who works six days a week to support her seven children. If she doesn't get a set of false teeth so that she can chew her food, her health is going to be undermined. We have absolutely no fund in the community whereby we can get her a set of false teeth, because we haven't enough economic sense to know that to keep her health is a better investment than to let her die and to have to support the children. Those teeth would mean all the difference between a united family and a number of county dependents, yet we have no way to get them for her."

The telephone rang just then, and Miss McCall turned to answer it. "How long has the girl been missing?" she demanded, reaching for a sheet of paper. "Yes, we'll take up the case immediately. What did she have on when last seen? Can you give a description of her?"

I filtered out the door, feeling inefficient and superfluous in the presence of such an emi-

nently useful woman, but wishing in my heart that there were ten thousand of her.

She Can Take Her Choice

The working-girl who does not live with her family usually has the pleasure of choosing between a boarding-house filled with miscellaneous cranks and a lonely furnished room accompanied by meals in a restaurant. As a rule she drifts from one arrangement to the other, unable to decide which is worse. It is difficult to choose between the solitude of the restaurant and the boarding-house pests who ride their hobbies across the dinner-table.

Now, there is no reason for the business girl to endure either. The college women evolved a system of house-clubs—one which their sisters off the campus could copy with profit. A number of girls who enjoy each other's society rent a house and proceed to live together. One of them is usually appointed house-manager, her duty being to see that the butcher and his related pirates do not overcharge the little family. Her services in superintending the buying are rewarded as a rule by a reduction in her board bill.

This plan has worked out so successfully in college that many a group live in a pretty home, with each girl's share of the expenses amounting to only twenty-two dollars a month. This rate includes the employment of a cook

and an occasional "Japanese honest youth" to do the heavy sweeping. The girls have something better than a dreary boarding-house parlor in which to entertain their friends. Sometimes, when the chancellor of the exchequer permits it, they hold a dance or a chafing-dish party.

The greatest advantage of such an arrangement is that the membership is selected by the house. No women with acrobatic tongues can gain admittance, merely by having enough money to pay the board-bill. No girl who keeps late hours or other people's possessions can force herself into the little circle. Invitations to join are extended only by vote of the entire house and no uncongenial soul is permitted to pass the girls' censorship.

The old idea that women cannot live in harmony together has been put on the shelf along with hoop skirts and family albums. The college communities have refuted it hundreds of times. Business girls who have tried the house-club plan have refuted it likewise. Indeed, a house-club usually becomes a friendship incubator and many a girl's life has been enriched by a stay in a "family" of this sort.

Clubs do not exist only for wealthy women. If more business girls would try living together in groups, they would gain in money, friends and happiness. A few more "To Let" signs on hall-bedrooms would be a great improvement to the city.

Strength Of The Suffrage Element

(Continued from Page 9)

women interest themselves in public questions, study them thoroughly, form their opinions and divide as men do concerning them.

"Woman's part in the progress of the race is as important as man's, and Suffrage and service go hand in hand. The war in Europe has forever set at rest the notion that nations depend in times of stress wholly upon their men."

Is this "the time and the place," we wonder, to quote the words of "the loved one?" The one—the only—Sarah Bard Field has said, "The Democratic Party has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

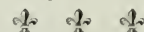
And immediately on top of this, as if to prove the truth of Mrs. Field's paraphrase, comes the "plain-talk" speech of Secretary Daniels, in which he says that should President Wilson be defeated, no party would have a two-thirds membership in either House or Senate, necessary to pass a constitutional amendment, and that should it pass later, the Southern Democratic States would prevent ratification of the amendment by their legislators.

In following the perilous paths of politics

during the eventful year of 1916, we have gathered these impressions, which all who run may read: That the Democratic Party recommends the extension of the franchise to women State by State. That the Republican Party, with its sound slogan of government of, for, by, etc., favors the extension of the suffrage to women, but recognizes the right of each State to settle this question for itself. The utterances of its nominee in favor of the Congressional Amendment and National Suffrage, needless to say, sent joy through the ranks. That the Progressive Party believe the women of the country who share with the men the burdens of government in times of peace and make equal sacrifice in times of war, should be given the full political rights of suffrage, both by State and Federal action. That the Socialist Party advocate and pledge their elected officers to unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women, and the immediate adoption of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, granting the suffrage to women on equal terms with men.

To Be or Not To Be

We would like to submit the following puzzle to an anti-suffrage organization. Suppose an anti lived in an enfranchised state and a measure detrimental to suffrage came up for a vote. Now, the anti is pledged to fight suffrage every time she has a chance. She is also pledged to keep away from the wicked polls, where the men smoke and say bad words. Would she use the vote to fight the vote, or would she stay home with her crocheting and allow her suffrage friends to carry the day? Like Hashimura Togo, "We ask to know."



Little Edna's proud parents had left the nursery door open, and with the visiting uncle and auntie stood very quietly outside listening to their only daughter say her prayers. She finished her general appeal and began to particularize regarding her relatives. "God bless my dear Auntie May, and my Uncle Hal (Gee, ain't he FAT!) and God bless—but the rest of her devotions were lost to the listeners in the hall, for the fat uncle had to be smothered and quickly removed to where he could relieve his feelings with laughter.

Indian Girl's Romance

(Continued from Page 23)

ready for the attack, that would come at sundown the following day.

It was a fierce and bloody fight. The Indians were driven back, but there was much slaughter on both sides, and among the dead was Angelina's lover.

Among all people in all ages bad news flies quickly, and Angelina was soon made aware of her loss by one of her lover's comrades who had escaped. Her dumb agony that followed was noticed by her people, and something of the truth became known. Dark, suspicious looks were cast in her direction, but one word was spoken. Then came a secret council, between Angelina and her father, Chief Seattle, the nature of which no man ever knew. Chief Seattle was satisfied, though a bit more stern than formerly, and from that day Angelina was never seen to speak to any human being for several years. She refused all offers of marriage and lived unto herself until the death of her father.

As she grew old her reserve softened towards the children and now and then she would speak to some of the white people who now flocked to the Puget Sound country.

The land where the city of Seattle now stands once belonged to Angelina, by the rights of father to child, she being his only one. The people of Seattle never ceased to be grateful to Angelina, especially the old settlers, and among them there was an unwritten law, that she should never be charged for anything she happened to fancy in their stores.

She lived to the good old age of ninety years, and when about twenty-five years ago she passed away to join her father in the "Happy Hunting Ground" those who could remember and those who had been told to remember what she had done, honored her by closing their places of business, and there followed to her grave such a conclave of people as never followed an Indian woman to her grave in all the Annals of American History.

A SENATOR'S DILEMMA

"The hardest I was ever sat down on," said Senator Glass of Alabama, in the smoking-room, discussing a rebuff that had just been given him on the floor of the Senate, "was at a farmers' gathering in a little village near Birmingham. I was addressing the gathering on a live issue that had an important bearing on Alabama agricultural interests. In the midst of my speech a man arose from the center of the hall and said:

"I'd like ter ask yer er question 'bout that."

"I was in the midst of an important point and didn't want to be interrupted, so I said:

"If you will kindly wait until the close of my talk, I will do my best to answer you."

"He persisted, however, which brought another man to his feet, shouting:

"Sit down, you ass!"

"An altercation of a wholly personal and uncomplimentary character followed between the two disputants, when a third man got up and said:

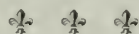
"Sit down, the two of yer; both of yer are asses!"

"In a moment of extreme unwisdom I turned to the three of them and said: 'There seems to be an unusual number of asses here tonight, but for heaven's sake let's hear one at a time.'

"Whereat the first gentleman, pointing a long finger at me, replied:

"Well, you go on, then."

"For once I racked my brain for a suitable reply, and racked in vain."



PLENTY TO DO AT HOME

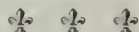
In Georgia there are no laws providing for compulsory education or for the regulation of white slavery. Suffrage is unwomanly—"they are not yet ready." Women students are barred from entering the State University. And yet we send missionaries to the South Seas!



FRENCH WITHOUT A STRUGGLE

Our boarding house is far frem merry.
They always fry our pommes de terre.
With unclean cloths upon the tables,
I'm sure we are Les Miserables.

—Don Marquis.



The Catcher—"And how do you like married life, Jerry?"

Shortstop (newly wed)—"Well, Jake, she is just like an umpire. She never thinks I'm safe when I'm out."

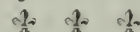
BUGLE CALL

We walk no more, I and the moon
Careless, the nightly land
Only a year last spring
We had such dear commune
With fays, atraise the milky-way
To sound of elfin flutes
And clown bassoon.

Moon, I fear you now
You have the strangest look
You have been gazing on the dead
You have been looking
Where the fields are red
You have a strange numb look—
The elves are frightened away.

There's something sparkles up the sky
Along the starry way—
They are white feet in silver shod
All marching up to God—
Escaped from the red fields
They step a stately pace—
It seems a hymn they're marching to
A hymn that sets the air athrill
A hymn of stars, a bugle call
Though all the night is still.

Come, smile again, sad moon,
You have been looking where the fields are red,
You have been gazing on the lonely, lonely
.....dead—
While all along the starry way
March up in shining ranks
The lights of day.



As far as we can see, the only people that the punitive expedition punished were the families of the men who went.

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A Matter of Business

(Continued from Page 16)

sale?—they are?—what make machine?—Overtons?—good!—how many and how much?—one hundred and twenty—the lot to one buyer for \$4500?—thirty dollars each—splendid condition—fine!—thanks, old man! Now one thing more, can you give me the option for those machines until five o'clock this afternoon? You will? good! I'll call you up at five. Goodbye!" The chief smiled, well pleased with himself.

At five, he was 'phoning his friend Winter again. "Helloa, Tom. This is Dick Porter. Tom, the deal is on, The Planet buys your old machines. What's that you say? You know how I found out about your buying 'Century Wonder Machines'?—oh, Mr. Carson has been in!—What!—he told you that you would probably hear from us, as he believed he had arranged for us to buy your old machines!—what!—He gets 10% of the \$4500, as commission! Well!—I'm damned," and the chief fell weakly back in his chair.

A few minutes later, the office boy brought the chief the card of Mr. Winton Carson, representing "The Century Wonder Type-writer." "Show him in!" said the chief. In walked, smiling and even more cheerful than ever, a broad grin decorating his jovial countenance, Mr. Winton Carson. "Ah, Mr. Porter! I have dropped in to tell you that I owe you the best dinner in New York. Come along and get it now, for if I am to die as soon as you think, you may miss it if you wait till tomorrow! I was a bit blue over you this

morning, for you didn't look like ground for mental suggestion, but it worked like a breeze."

A few moments later Mr. Richard Porter and Mr. Winton Carson were on their way uptown together. And over a particularly good dinner Carson explained to the bewildered chief, the up-to-date workings of a salesman's mind. "A month ago a friend of mine who is a reporter of yours, gave me a long tale of woe about your old typewriters; also that there was no hope of my selling 'The Planet Century Wonders,' because your paper always bought second-hand ones. He told me also that today was your 'Budget Day.' It occurred to my mind then, that if, during the month, I could sell some big firm an outfit of 'Century Wonders,' I could probably also sell the cast-off machines of that firm to The Planet, if I could spread just a little information about in your office, which I *did* this morning.

"Is everything clear? Good! Here's to you, sir, and to The New York Planet!"



POLICE COURTS AND POLITICS

At last the people of San Francisco are beginning to wake up to the dangers of having the police judges elected by direct vote of the people. A man in office who hopes to run for a second term tries to garner as many prospective votes as possible. In an ideal city, the police judge who was wisest in his decisions would be the man who would have the best chances of re-election.

Unfortunately, however, the ideal city is

located about a hundred miles west of the millennium. The ordinary respectable citizen draws skirts or coat-tails, as the case may be, away from the unpleasantness of the police court. He has neither the time or the desire to visit, and but few of the decisions seep into the daily press.

The only voters who watch the police judges with any degree of interest are the great unwashed of the underworld. The crooks, the pick-pockets, the "fiends" are in close touch with everything that happens in the court-rooms and they are the ones who hold the electoral sword over the judges' heads. Unfortunately, this part of the city's population never fails to make use of the franchise. They visit the polls as regularly as they do the bar, while the respectable citizen is often too tired or too busy to vote.

A police judge is thus isolated in a little island of the demi-monde. His decisions are as little known to the outer world as they would be if they were delivered in the middle of a forest. Small wonder that he finds himself catering to queer, unkempt horde that drifts in and out of his court-room. Being only human, it is not long before he administers justice in terms of votes and becomes a silent partner to the forces of the underworld.

When good citizens become as interested in the government as bad ones, it will be time to have police judges elected by the people. Until then, however, it is better they should be appointed and thus removed from the temptation of angling for votes in the city's gutters.

APT PARAPHRASE

Eugene Wilson was always very tired when bed time came and prayers were recited with frequent promptings from mother at whose knee he knelt. One evening she told him that his little playmate, Aubrey Daly, had learned the big folks' prayer that began "Our Father which is in Heaven," and Eugene, though far from eager to make any extra mental effort at that time, consented to learn the new prayer.

and patiently repeated it, line for line, after his mother. When they came to the words "Give us this day our daily bread" the weary sup-

plicant looked up and said, "Mama, if Aubrey Daly prays for daily bread, I 'spose I'll have to pray for Wilson bread."

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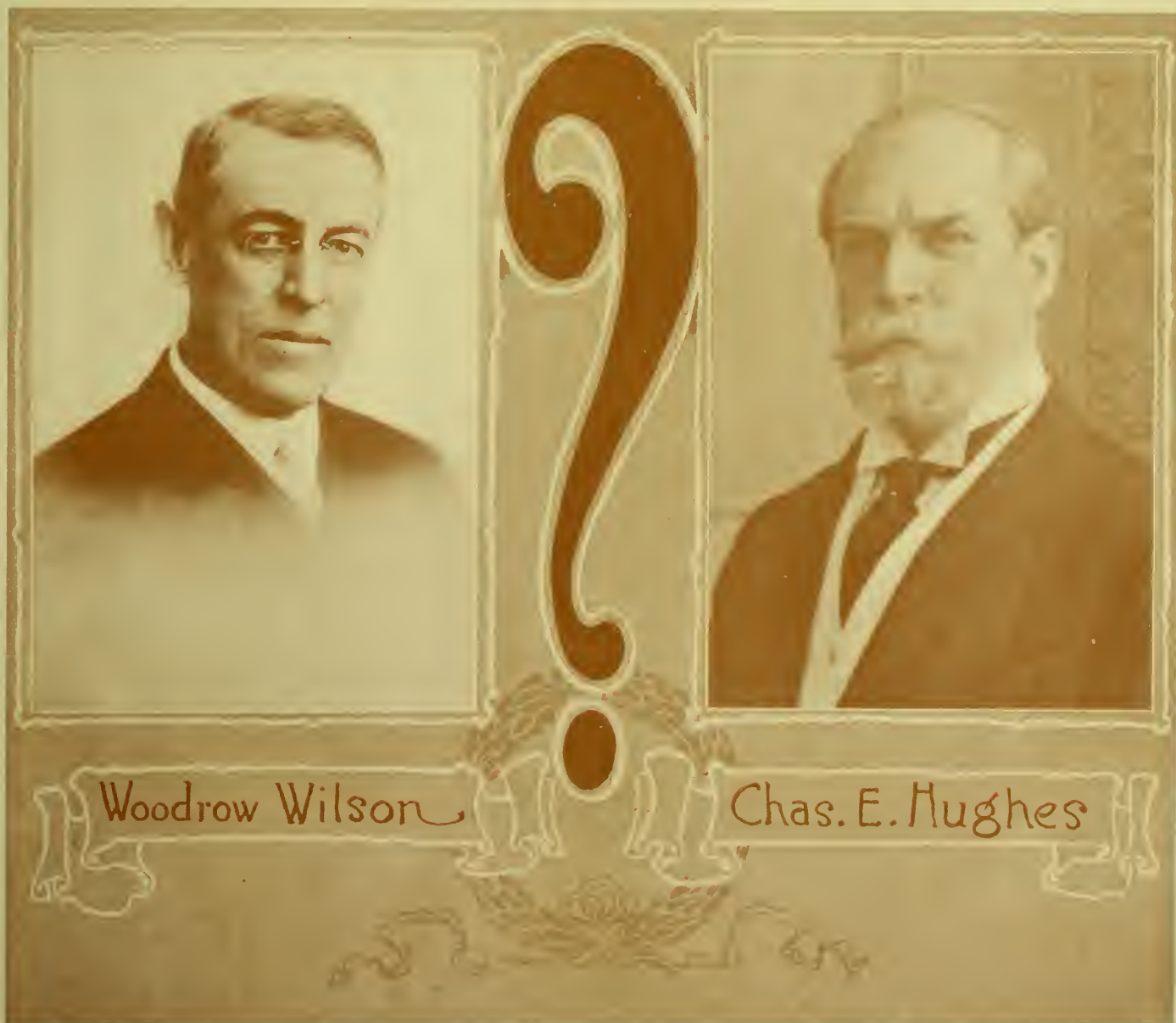
October, 1916

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EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of
The National Council of Women

Membership, 7,000,000



Open Forum

"The President and the Federal
Amendment"

By Sarah Ward Field

"Women Drop Parties to Uphold
Wilson"

By Helen Farnham



Articles by

Hon. John S. Chambers

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Everywoman Wants
the
Susan B. Anthony
Amendment Passed
Before Gabriel
Blows
His Horn

VOL. ~~VI~~ No. 6

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1916

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EVERYWOMAN feels the honor of being the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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OPEN FORUM

President Wilson--Federal Amendment

"I AM a man who can change my mind." So last December spoke the President to the envoys from the Woman Voters' Convention held in San Francisco the previous September.

From that moment on, the Congressional Union, aided since June by that powerful right hand, the Woman's Party, has been using every means of persuasion, from arguments of a high intellectual nature to those of pure political expediency, to bring about the desired change of the President's mind on the Susan B. Anthony Amendment.

Wherever the President went on his winter Preparedness tour women met him to convince him that suffrage had become a national issue. They met him in the palatial parlors of the Waldorf-Astoria. They met him in the snow-bound expanses of the grounds about the Topeka (Kansas) capitol, where he kept them waiting in the cold an hour before he gave them a hearing. They have gone to him in large and small deputations in the White House. Always with this plea: As a party leader under a recognized party government system, will you not use your influence to further the National Suffrage Amendment in this session of Congress?

Over and over again women from all over the United States, under the direction of that sleepless sentinel of suffrage, the Congressional Union, have patiently rehearsed the weighty arguments supporting our demand for federal action on this question. We have argued from cause to effect. We have shown that the cause of our appeal is the fact that the Democratic party is in power to make or unmake legislation in accordance with the rules of party government. And we have said that the effect of their refusal to legislate favorably on the suffrage issue will mean the alienation of the woman's vote. Always with unblushing frankness we have told the President this. We have made no apology for the fact that we thus resorted to expediency. We were merely playing the game as man had laid down the rules.

Over and over again the President had told us he would, of course, confer with his colleagues, but that he personally objected to the suffrage amendment on the ground of his eager belief in local self government. Meanwhile he has committed the Democratic party to

By Sara Bard Field

issue after issue of a federal nature. He has fostered and nurtured federal action on currency, on popular election of senators, and child labor. He has said to our deputation: "Ladies, I am but the mouthpiece of my party. I cannot speak for them. I must speak as I am told to do." But he has amazed his party by precedent-breaking visits to Congress or congressional committees to speak personally in behalf of particularly beloved measures. His whole record has been one of making issues for his party and then speaking for them. His whole



Sara Bard Field

administration has been one of party leadership raised to the nth degree. Said the Review of Reviews in the March number: "More than any other President in history, he has developed the theory of government by party, with the President as party leader and as manager and director of the legislative program. He shaped and directed all of the work of his first Congress, forcing to a conclusion his tariff bill; his currency measure that established the Federal Reserve System; his legislation concerning 'big business,' and establishing the Federal Trade Commission and other matters."

We who attended the St. Louis Democratic Convention had an intimate chance to see how nearly autocratic the power of the President as party leader has become. We went to St. Louis as

a sort of last stand, so far as an appeal to the Democratic party was concerned. We had been heckled and mocked, tricked, and finally smothered by the Democratic members of the House Judiciary Committee. We had assailed a stone wall so far as influencing the President. We reminded ourselves of the New Testament parable of the man who owned a vineyard and who had left it in the hands of overseers. When he sent to collect his vineyard returns, the overseers killed his emissaries, one by one. In despair, the owner of the vineyard said: "I will send my only son. Surely they will receive him." In the same spirit of trying all things, we said, "We will go to the rank and file of the Democratic party. Surely they, the people, will heed our righteous demand, and will call for immediate action on this suffrage issue, not alone for the glory of noble service but for the less ideal but highly practical wish to save their party scalp."

And the rank and file did listen to us. They would, I believe, have heeded our demand, but for the dictation of the man who said to us: "I cannot speak for my party."

We established ourselves in the Hotel Jefferson lobby, right in the heart of the Democratic headquarters. We put up a great sign saying, "Woman's Party." We began an active lobby. Night and day we told the delegates how their party had blocked suffrage and what a menace this was to their future power. The work told. Secretary Daniels called in Gilson Gardner, Washington correspondent for the Scripps papers.

Mr. Gardner told him in graphic pictures of the nation-wide campaigns of the Congressional Union and the growth of the Woman's Party; of the successful women campaigners with their large followings who were behind the demand on Congress, and the menace, which, he, Mr. Gardner, believed it would be to the Democrats to turn a deaf ear to the demand of modern women.

Secretary Daniels was plainly impressed. He called in Miss Paul and Miss Martin for conference, and together they drew up a federal amendment plank of uncompromising statement. Not that we were after a plank. We wanted, as you know, immediate action by the Sixty-fourth Congress. But

(Continued on page eighteen)

OPEN FORUM

Women Drop Parties to Uphold Wilson

EVERYWOMAN, fully realizing the dangers besetting our country's welfare in these perilous days, offers two pages of this magazine for open discussion of political questions. It is necessary for a fair decision that voters know the truth from all political parties.

Only articles from writers thoroughly acquainted with the true facts will be accepted.

THE so-called Woman's Party in California has served a purpose for which it was not organized.

Formed to defeat President Wilson's re-election in a spirit of retaliation, it has rallied to his support women voters from all over the State—women who represent the majority of suffrage workers in California's campaign and who stand for the ideals of humanitarianism. The Woman's Party's object is to prevent President Wilson's re-election, despite the fact that he favors Equal Suffrage, and solely because he did not force the Federal Suffrage Amendment through Congress. The suffragists who have refused to adopt this program of retaliation, see in it the edification of a method, and declare that the Woman's Party is calling upon their loyalty to political tactics, rather than upon their loyalty to those ideals for which the great suffrage leaders have stood.

As a spontaneous result of this program of hostility to the President there has sprung up an Independent League of Women for Woodrow Wilson. A great cry has come forth from the women—women of all parties and women of no party—who say:

"We can no longer by our silence give consent to this self-styled Woman's Party. The cause of suffrage is not in the balance, and this is not the time to throw all the ideals of humanity under the Juggernaut of a political method. In gratitude we uphold the man who has stood unflinchingly the faithful guardian of our country's honorable peace, and the champion of helpless little children."

In the words of Mary Field Parton, writer: "There are greater gifts to give to women than the ballot at this election. There is the precious leisure for education and self-help which flows from an eight-hour day; there is gladness that comes with the emancipation of little children from factory life; there is the fine thrill of justice that comes from

By Helen Farnham

freeing the sailor from his semi-peonage of the sea; and for women especially there is the quiet joy of having their boys at home rather than in the trenches.

These results from the measures which the present administration has managed to build into law mean a bigger stride in the emancipation of the race than all the uplift laws, political action and oratory of former administrations. So that when the women of the West put Wilson back into office they do not feel that they are sex traitors nor that they are indifferent to the call of their sisters. That call they hear. But they hear as well the call of men and of children, and they feel that they are using their vote which has come to them in the course of his torical development as it will come to all women, for something more fundamental than the enfranchisement of women; they are using it for the benefit of the race. They feel that their ballot has been cast not with sex alone in mind, but with all humanity whose interests are best served by the maintenance of democracy."

"I object," says Louise Herrick Wall, magazine writer and campaigner for equal suffrage, "to the principle upon which the Woman's Party is founded, because I object to all parties that make a God of a mere political contrivance, fall down, worship it, and then proceed to offer to it human sacrifice—Wilson or another."

There Ain't No Such Thing as a Woman's Party

"With due deference," writes Miriam Michelson, novelist, "to the sincerity of women among them who sincerely dream it, and none at all for the politicians among them who capitalize that dream—there ain't no such thing as a Woman's Party. There is no sex in social economics. Is not this the first and last word in all suffrage literature? We women are what in anti-suffrage days we tried so hard to convince men that we were—human beings. As such we are, like men, variously minded. We are Repub-

lican or Democrat, Socialist or Prohibitionist; and some of us, like myself, are of no party, but vote as best we can for things—not for men or women or party traditions.

I believe, as I believed in 1911, that woman suffrage is a vital issue. But I believe now, as I believed then, that there is a greater justice than justice to women, and that is, of course, justice to humanity. That justice is sooner attainable through the party which looks forward than through one that faces backward, and through the man whose administration—despite mistakes, plenty of them—has been what I call a gallant administration, a human, honest effort at doing right in a complex, critical period of our national life. I prefer the larger hope to the smaller one. Therefore, I cannot join a Woman's Party which would make a sex-sacrifice of the former to the latter. Nor can I make a distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee and say with these women that they are merely opposing Wilson, not seeking to elect Hughes. Nor can I fail in gratitude for the child labor law, the eight hour law, the seamen's act, nor for the appointment of enlightened, humane men to office—nor for peace, up to date."

And from Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Past President San Francisco Center, prominent in club and society life of San Francisco, comes the protest:

"Woman suffrage has heretofore been won upon appeals to reason. This is the first time it has been attempted through force. I hope it will be the last. I cannot see how women of this State, who have what they claim as the greatest privilege they possess, can justify their present attitude toward a man like Judge Raker, to whom they are indebted to such valued service in their cause. I greatly fear the effect upon observant voters in the non-suffrage States."

Miss Bird M. Wilson, attorney-at-law, first Vice President of Equal Suffrage League of Nevada, chairman of legislative committee of Federation of Wom-

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

Roumania's Queen

And Her Home in the Wild East

By Susan Lockwood

WHEN Princess Marie of Edinburgh, a granddaughter of Victoria the Good, was born, her fairy godmother hovered overhead and chanted this verse:

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for every fate!

The skies above her were blue and beautiful and without clouds for more than half her life-time, then she married a Roumanian Prince and had need for the "heart for any fate."

The world always heaves a sigh at hearing of a royal marriage, but when Marie married Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania, the world felt no anxiety about her future happiness, for it was a love match and they made a bonnie, brave pair. He took his bride to his own land, a land that so few people know anything about. The most of us, when we think of Roumania, think no further than Bucharest and the gay time we had there one spring when we stopped en route to Venice. What larks! And what flat purses when it was over! For the Capitol of Roumania is one of the gayest, most extravagant, most brilliant, superficial, fascinating of the European cities. We recall the glamour of the streets at night, the cafes, the exorbitant prices for everything, the startling costumes of the women and the somewhat startling conduct of some of them. We think a bit ruefully of the luxurious hotel and its bills; we see the magnificent residences, the imposing business blocks, the splendid horses and carriages with their gorgeously arrayed drivers. The nights at dancing and cards, the wonderful wild music—these are our memories of Roumania. We did not see the long stretches of black mountains, the miserable hovels of the peasants, the groups of shepherds and their flocks on the hillsides, the hardy, frugal population of more than seven millions of Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Magyars and the bands of picturesque gypsies wandering over the country. They are inured to toil and the rigors of the climate and in some parts never are known to sleep indoors.

It was to a small chateau on the mountainside that Marie went a bride, and here her two sons were born and many happy years were spent. "Pelisor" this home was named, and the Crown Princess nick-named it "The Nest." Soon

she will leave it for a more pretentious abode, for now she is the Queen and must head the Court, which is very ceremonious and crowded with pomp.

When Prince Karl of Hohenzollern was chosen as the first ruler of Roumania, he took the title of Prince of Roumania, and in 1881 was called King.



Marie, Queen of Roumania

Of his wife, Carmen Sylvia the world has heard much, but only since the death of Karl, which occurred soon after the beginning of the war, have we known anything to speak of about the wife of their nephew Ferdinand. A bit shadowed, perhaps by the brilliance of the Queen, the Crown Princess lived her life without much of stirring eventfulness.

Her home is thoroughly English. The surroundings, the customs, the very atmosphere itself, would almost make one think she was back in England. The afternoon tea-pot is covered with a woolly "cosy" and the scones are hot and buttery. The fireplace is a-blaze and the ladies smoke, and it is only when the two men servants in their barbaric splendor of uniform, come in to take away the tea things, that we realize it is only the spirit of England, not the State.

Ferdinand is a fine looking man, rath-

er terrifying in his regimentals and bold black beard, with hawk nose and stern black eyes. He is stern and uncompromising, and not altogether popular. Proud of his race and of his country, proud of the independence it has acquired, Ferdinand has an ardent sense of nationality. He strikes one as being temperamentally gloomy, and the Queen, unless she is unusually diverted, is of a quiet, pensive turn. Both lack self-consciousness to a degree. The Queen has a charming wit—she is a niece of King Edward VII—and the group of brilliant diplomats and politicians at the Court enjoy her conversation.

"Her poise is perfect," exclaimed a Frenchman who was unaccustomed to the combination of dignity and sprightliness.

Ferdinand is Roman and Catholic. Marie is English and Protestant. The fact that this has been so ever since the marriage, still is, and promises to continue to be so, speaks well for the strength of character and forbearance of the royal pair.

In recalling personal impressions of Marie, comes a vivid picture of her dark beauty with a setting of the glowing amber she likes so well to wear. This clear amber is found in some parts of Roumania and is of considerable value. She has many pieces of the brown and gray clouded amber, too, and tells of having gone to the Bazen River to obtain it. A few bits of the bluish variety she has in her collection, but never wears, as she owns to a superstition about it.

Roumania, by the way, is full of superstition. Pagan beliefs linger among the people; vampires and witches are dreaded and the Evil Eye still glares and terrifies. Charms and spells are practiced, and every peasant home has its ikons, more for protection against evil spirits than any sign of religious reverence.

The people have great pride in their Latin origin, and always assert their Roman descent. Peculiarities of the language and many national characteristics sustain this claim. When the Romans were driven out of their country a thousand years ago they found refuge in the hills of the lower Danube provinces, and

(Continued on page twenty-six)

Woman's Burden

Under the Federal Tax

By Hon. John S. Chambers,
State Controller

A MONTH or two ago I had the pleasure of writing for **Everywoman** an article under the caption "Federal Tax on Inheritances Will Place Additional Burden on Women." At that time I only had before me the provisions of the House bill. I did not know what the Senate of the United States would do to that bill. It was assumed at the time of my former article that the Senate and the House leaders were in accord and that the House bill as passed would be adopted in the Senate practically without change.

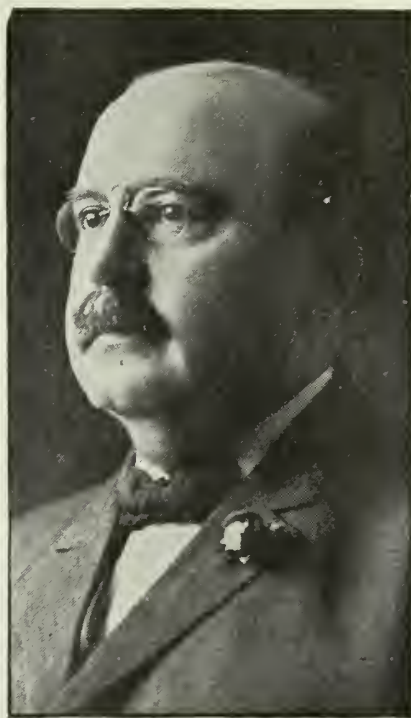
But the Senate, upon receiving the bill, amended it very materially. The rates as imposed in the original bill ran from 1 to 5 per cent, the latter applying to all estates above \$450,000. The Senate retained the House rates, with the exception that the 5 per cent was made to apply to estates running between \$450,000 and \$1,000,000. It then proceeded to place additional rates upon other classifications, the highest being 10 per cent upon estates of \$5,000,000 or over. The House concurred in these amendments and the new revenue bill, including the inheritance tax provision as just outlined, is now the law of the land.

In my former paper I made no endeavor to show just how much the Federal Government would take from the State of California under the House bill, nor did I endeavor to show what the additional burden upon the women of the State would be. Now, that the bill has been enacted into a law, I have had computations made not only to show the amount of tax the Federal Government would have taken from California in the last fiscal year, had the Federal rates then been in effect, but, also, what proportion of this tax the widows of California would have paid. Necessarily, I can not now say what the tax will amount to this fiscal year, inasmuch as the year is not completed. We must confine ourselves to a completed year. But it is reasonable to assume that the average for the past few years not only will be maintained, but increased as time goes by.

Had the Federal Government's rates been in existence then, last year, Washington would have taken from California, in the shape of inheritance taxes, approximately \$2,175,825. This figure has been worked out by segregating the

California estates handled last year by me into the classifications of the Federal law, and are exact, except that for two months of the time I was compelled to estimate in part, owing to faulty records due to the failure of appraisers, at the beginning of my new system of bookkeeping, to report. It is entirely safe to say, and the statement is conservative, that the Federal tax would have been at least the figures just given, and probably a little more.

Some time ago, when I was giving very earnest attention to the matter of



Hon. John S. Chambers

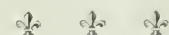
exempting from the inheritance tax of this State the wife's half of the community property in order that women might be placed upon an equal footing with men, I had occasion to run through my books in order to ascertain as definitely as possible the proportion of the tax paid by widows in the settlement year running from May 1st, 1915, to May 1st, 1916. As a result, I ascertained that the proportion of the tax borne by the widows during that period was almost one million dollars. At this ratio, under the Federal inheritance tax rates as applied to the estates handled in this State last year, the women would have paid of the approximate Federal tax of \$2,175,825.00 between \$750,000.00

and \$1,000,000.00, and this, bear in mind, an additional burden—a burden added to that they now carry.

This is a concrete statement far more effective than pages of words.

In my former paper, to which I have already referred, I stated that, just as the women of California were in a position to lessen their financial burdens through the exemption from the inheritance tax of their community property, along comes the Federal Government and imposes as great, if not a greater burden, upon them than they had been carrying. Surely if the women of this State have reason to resent their status under our present inheritance tax law, they have as much, if not a greater reason to resent the Federal inheritance tax law. As they have, so far, with apparent success prevailed in California (and in my judgment there is no doubt of their final victory when the Legislature meets next year), so do I believe they can prevail if they will unite and fight against this iniquitous tax imposed upon them by Congress.

It is my purpose to continue to fight this tax as I have fought it, and to bring about the co-operation of other State Controllers, State Auditors and fiscal officials generally. But if the women of California, and the women of other States, especially where they have the franchise, will join with us, it will make our work much lighter and will go far toward guaranteeing success.



A PRAYER

By Sarah Teasdale

*When I am dying, let me know
That I loved the blowing snow
Although it stung like whips;
That I loved all lovely things
And I tried to take their stings
With gay unembittered lips;
That I loved with all my strength,
To my soul's full depth and length,
Careless if it break my heart;
That I sang as children may,
Fitting tunes to work or play,
Loving life, instead of art.*

EVERYWOMAN

EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

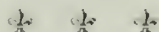
The Balance of Power in Women's Hands

IF ever the significance of world changing conditions becomes transparent to mortal man in his political arena, it is this year of our Lord—1916. And yet, mortal man, particularly, when he is away up in the political swirl, does not get the vision correctly. Many men in high places, are either blinded by the flattery of those interested ones who surround them, or by the belief that they have the power to overlook the rights of half the world. In either case there is sure to be an unpleasant awakening; for, by every sign of fairplay and world advancement, women will have the balance of power, to give or to withhold, in the coming election; and more, and more, in the elections to come.

At the National Suffrage Convention in Atlantic City, N. J., Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was re-elected President. The first work accomplished by this powerful convention was to put the association strength behind the nation-wide Suffrage Amendment. The next was to pledge eight hundred and eighteen thousand dollars (\$818,000.00) to back the reorganized movement in the coming year, to vote to concentrate behind the Federal Amendment, and to systematize State campaigns.

Women, by nature, are non-partisan and we hope they will receive such encouragement as will permit them to continue so.

Can anyone doubt the earnestness and power of these women? There is no difference between the ranks of women who are working zealously for Suffrage. There has been a difference of method, but, even that has practically disappeared with this reorganization.

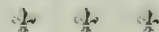


No Fear for Women's Judgment

AND, Everywoman is not one bit afraid that women will misuse their power. It is true that there are only 4,000,000 women free to vote in the United States, while there are 20,000,000 women who pay the expenses of government as men do, and obey the laws far better; and, yet the only voice they have in that government is to pay the taxes to send men to Congress and to the Legislature, and to be paid back in false promises. And there is scarcely a doubt that the women will be paid in false promises, perhaps again, and again. But, that will never thwart them, nor make them bitter to the men of their day. Still, they will stand firm against the wrong of centuries until National Suffrage is won for every woman in America. Those who do not care to use it may, of course, refuse to vote. No one will bother them.

The women of today cannot go on in the patient, pleading ways in which their mothers and grandmothers bravely

struggled. Times have changed, and men and women with them. School life and college life have been great and beneficial factors in that change. Co-education has proven beyond question that sex has no patent on brains. If it comes to supporting the State or the family—given the same training and opportunities—women fill the bill as well as men. And, indeed, if men do not cease killing one another, women may be compelled to go a good deal farther. However, there is every hope that the young men and women of America who are trained alike, who see the truth in one another, who can and do work together in good fellowship, will work out their own salvation, and out of mutual respect and admiration give one another their just dues.



The New Party and Something of Its Meaning

WE have another Party in the land—The National Woman's Party. You could call it the Baby Political Party if you wished; it is so young.

But, owing to its message and its personnel, it is both large and broad. Its ambition is no less than the Enfranchisement of all women in America, who are qualified to vote. This principle of human rights is put first in all things. It is placed before old party affiliations. It is put before position; before remuneration; before comfort; and, indeed, before everything, with the exception of family-ties and Heaven. And, even the family ties are brought into harmony with the justice of the cause.

In their very demand and support of this measure they show their gratitude to the woman who was first to simplify the Suffrage movement. They show their justice by giving that woman—though dead—the credit which her lifework entitled her to; and which, as a general thing, is confiscated by those who follow her. Now, all through the twelve States—where women are free, and where freedom has proven a blessing, these women are working unceasingly to bring the same strength and protection to their less fortunate sisters. Those who belong in the free States are unselfishly working for the States which are not free. They do not forget—in a few years—the support which came to them from those same States, when the Western women were making their fight.

Perhaps, for the first time in political history, women are using the same tactics as men have always used. The young leaders of The National Woman's Party have fore-sworn cajolery altogether in their campaign work for votes. They look upon that most subtle of weapons as obsolete, if not rather degrading; and, henceforth their political efforts lie along the direct method of asking their rights, and offering the best and most logical reasons why they are entitled to them.

Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore

Mrs. John F. Merrill

Mrs. John Rothschild

Mrs. Edwin Goodall

Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen

Mrs. A. W. Scott

Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

Ina Coolbrith

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps

Mrs. Henry Payot

Mrs. E. Gerberding

Mrs. Georgea Sperry

Warren K. Billings Found Guilty as Charged

THREE months ago, almost to the day, June the twenty-second, ten people were killed and fifty mangled by the explosion of a dynamite bomb set off in the main street of San Francisco, which was crowded with participants and spectators on the day of the Preparedness Parade. Within a few days after, four men and a woman, were placed under arrest. The authorities claimed to have ample evidence to convict the suspects. The authorities have kept their promise, as far as one of the men is concerned.

Now, Warren K. Billings has been found guilty as charged, with a life sentence staring him in the face. It could as well have been a death sentence had not the prosecutor made a plea to the jury that life sentence be imposed instead of that of death. There were two very good reasons for this leniency. In the first place, Billings is only a boy—a poor, foolish, weak egotistical boy, was a shoe cutter, the tool of older and more vicious criminals. In the second place, there is hope that he may confess and disclose the names of the large gang of conspirators into whose plans preparedness threw such terror that they were willing to go into the trade of wholesale murder in order to discourage it.

There are four more suspects to come up for trial—one a woman, Mrs. Rena Herman Mooney, a teacher of the violin. A woman who might have been leading a respected, useful life, had she insisted on minding her own business. But, that is practically true of all the prisoners. Mooney, whom the authorities look upon as the "brains of the crowd," was an iron moulder, strong and aggressive, a man who could have made a good living, had he minded his business. Israel Weinberg drove a jitney. He looks foolish, healthy and young. He, too, could have made an honest living, had he minded his business. Nolan is of another type altogether. The mind cannot connect him up with crime or even criminal company. He is a machinist, and looks it. He is young, clean, intelligent—and, scared to death. His pretty, frail, little girl-wife, with the great sad, frightened, black eyes, and his dainty little child, hang with loving tenderness around the bars of his cell as long as the law will permit. When you think of crime, they are entirely out of the picture.

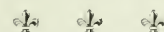
You can readily see them in a nice little cottage out in the suburbs. You can see the dreamy-eyed wife, trimming her flowers, the little one playing with the pets, and the bright young father on holidays, working over some mechanical invention, which is sure to make his lovely little family very, very rich. Then you look up into the ghastly face of a very decent looking young man—within a cage—whose starved eyes are devouring that same little family, and, all the prison bars in creation could not make you see him planning murder.

The Nolans have sensibility—they have the knowledge of their danger. Billings, the poor weak-faced boy of twenty-one who looks about eighteen (having already served a term for carrying dynamite), is so impressed with being "active in labor" that he is blind to danger. And, as for Mrs. Rena Herman Mooney and her husband, they are so thoroughly

imbued with the idea of being "labor leaders," and bending the world to their desires that they are as hopelessly bound up in egotism as was the Kaiser when he tried to slaughter the Allied peoples when they refused to let him "expand" over their countries and enslave their citizens.

Innocent or guilty—these people have dangerous and abnormal views of their rights; and, Heaven help labor if it is misled by such impossible views.

The great, important stand for honest labor to take is to keep their boys and girls away from anarchists, evil influence and the kind of "laborers" who cannot mind their own business.



Solidarity—A Soul Bond

WE hear very little now about "the new woman." So fast is the world changing that even that term (somewhat of reproach), which was so overworked a few years ago, has practically passed out of date. Still, there is absolutely a new fashion in ladies—and, a very fine fashion it is. It warms your heart. It stirs your soul. And, you feel, at last, that women are coming to an understanding. They are drawing together in a common cause and for the common good. There is a subtle power which is drawing them closer and closer together every day—and they call it solidarity. Now, solidarity is in the dictionary, and professors will give you long Latin meanings for it, but, if you want to know, to feel, to live its meaning, go to The National Woman's Party the very next time it has a meeting or a luncheon or a gathering of any kind, and you will learn for yourself that Solidarity Is a Soul Bond. And once the thrill of it clutches your soul you will never care to get rid of it.

For some years we have heard the word used rather frequently, by fluent speakers. A nice, ornamental word it sounded, but the full meaning—the essence did not ooze out, and all at once you know why. Because, now, you fully realize that you are in the presence of women who are heart and soul, mind and body, in deep and thorough earnest when they plead for the solidarity of women, and what it means to the future of the race. You know that these talented, cultured, handsome young college-bred women have turned their backs on the rosy paths of life, of which girlish dreams are made and to which girls of their kind usually fall heir, in order to gain for their sisters, all through this great country, the rights and privileges, the freedom, justice and fair play which every citizen who bears the burdens of a country, should be entitled to. And, without fear or favor, apology or cajolery, they are making their plea to the intelligence of all, to grant women their rights.

The National Woman's Party has one plank, and that is: Nation-wide Suffrage for Women. And in the face of grave disappointment, they go bravely forward with an eloquence which burns to the root of political sophistries. Night and day they slave for the power which will give a sane balance to the world, where men and women alike will have their legitimate place in the great affairs of life, for which women as well as men are responsible in the sight of the laws.

Selections From "Joanna, the Mad Queen of Spain"

By Carlotta Montenegro

THE subject of this drama is "Joanna," sometimes called "La Loca," the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and also mother of the great Emperor, Charles V. Her husband, the handsome young Austrian, Duke Philip, while inspiring her with an impassioned and deathless love, was neither responsive nor faithful. His attentions to other women, especially to a beautiful young Flemish girl of the Court, inflamed Joanna's ardent and jealous nature almost to madness. Philip's sudden death partially overturned her reason, which his indifference had already so deeply troubled.

She loved his memory with the same intensity that she had felt for the living consort and after a bewildering conflict between her sorrow as a bereaved woman and her sense of a sovereign's duties, being cogently persuaded by her ambitious father and his brilliant prime minister, Cardinal Ximenez, she retired to deepest seclusion in the Convent of Santa Clara, and for many years lived there like a phantom, forgotten by the world, but ever faithful to her love.

She has inspired two remarkable paintings in the Modern Museum at Madrid.

Whatever height ambition bids me clinch;

A hard steep course, which better to endure

I'll sometime break from to beguile an hour

In the soft lap of pleasing, passing love.

Ferdinand:

Welcome, Ximenez! Come you from Castmar?

Ximenez:

E'n so, your grace.

Within the bowery basin of that grove
With holy rinsings did I cleanse my soul.

Ferdinand (now married to the young Princess Germaine):

I and my Queen will steal a day from pomp

And in that spot tell of the hours in prayer.

Ximenez:

Your Majesty will find one day too short

To satisfy the spirit's appetite

Frederick Weygold, painter of the fast-fading race of North American Indians, who has made the famous collection for the Museum of Berlin, writes to Mrs. Montenegro, in part, as follows:

My Dear Miss Montenegro:—

The University of Pennsylvania has purchased copies of your "Alcestis" for its library, and would like to have any other works of yours that may have been published since. The request from the University for some of your other poems is so urgent that you would confer a very great favor upon myself and my friends by letting me know if you have published any other works since "Alcestis," and where.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,
Very truly yours,
FREDERICK WEYGOLD.



Carlotta Montenegro

When Heaven and Earth incite the soul to hunger.

There the wrapt body parts with consciousness,

Leaving the temple of the senses free
For spiritual occupancy—there

Do worldly men, with low-hummed orisons

Suck at the sacred sweetness of that grove

Like bees within a honey-stored flower.

There every breath that blows breathes benediction

To which the bowed trees ever sing response.

There, penitently shadowed, creeps the sun

Like a proud king that kneels uncrowned to pray.

There doth the world that brimmed men's narrow sight

Seem but a mate to eyes fixed on wide Heaven;

And there the mystery that ever haunts

The curious hour of questioning meditation,

Reveals its kinship with the soul of man

And hovers like a sweet familiar dream.

There, as I prayed, the future showed to me

My flock safe-housed in Virtue's clean sweet fold,

And I, their shepherd, waiting but the morn

To lead them forth upon the hills of Heaven.

Ferdinand:

Forty long years you've prayed in that still haunt.

Ximenez:

Forty long years I've prayed for man—today

I work for him and I need less to pray.

At last the dim and distant light shines near;

Him whom I worshipped there I now love here.

God is in all his creatures, high and low;

If lovingly we know them, Him we know;

If lovingly we know Him, them we know.

As knows the heart that sees the sin and loves.

Selections From Act I.

Joanna:

The voice of true love speaketh from the heart,

Which is a well exhaustless. Thus in love,

Thought follows thought as wave doth wave in ocean;

Forever 'tis the same yet new in motion;

And carying invention turns the old
To seem a new sweet secret yet untold.

In love, today, harks breathlessly to yesterday.

Philip, my being entered into thine

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

Health and Long Life

The Great Value of Metchnikoff's Investigation

WHY is health, and what is the relation of health to the length of life?

Why do people who seemingly disregard the rules for health in toto, often "flourish like a green bay tree," while other who punctiliously observe every known health-giving factor frequently become victims of various maladies?

These are questions involving a deeper knowledge of biological, pathological and psychological facts than medical science has discovered thus far. Carrel points out the obvious slowness in the advance of medicine and how reluctant men are to act upon sound principles of health.

But, even though there are certain laws of health, axiomatic facts as that twice two are four, which can be laid down in a general way, such as proper nutrition, hygiene, care of the body by bathing, exercise, et al., there exist certain factors peculiar to each individual that make for health or disease, which require special study of the individual.

Some persons take all sorts of chances with health, yet their bodies seem able to cast off the toxins which accumulate, and they escape scot free, while others are susceptible to the slightest deviation of the law or no deviation at all apparently.

The latter is called idiosyncrasy, the former immunity, a resistance of the body to bacterial invasion.

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, perhaps the most daring investigator in his own particular branch of scientific research, who died recently in Paris, where he was a director of the Pasteur Institute, promulgated the theory years ago of bodily defence from this invasion of pathogenic bacteria by the leucocytes or white corpuscles of the blood.

He proved that these corpuscles, or phagocytes, are capable of ingesting foreign bodies and micro-organisms and carrying them off through the walls of the blood vessels. He believed that normally these phagocytes are present in number sufficient to keep the blood stream clean and carry off the effete matter, but that in disease they multiply enormously to repel the invading forces.

When the symptoms lessen and finally subside, it is proof that the white corpuscles are the victors, or the army of

By Margaret Helene Pladwell, M. D.

disease germs may prove too powerful for the little "pacifists" when the disease triumphs.

Ehrlich, another noted investigator, enunciated the theory of bodily defense in the fluid elements of the blood rather than the corpuscles.

After a comprehensive study of the subject he proved that the blood serum possesses bactericidal and prophylactic properties also.

These two apparently widely divergent theories are now accepted side by side as acting together for the benefit of mankind.

Much, then, seems to depend upon the body functioning properly in health and disease in order that the "alexins" and phagocytes may be created in numbers sufficient to arrest or destroy the enemy.

But there are other diseases, those of non-infectious origin, such as gout, nephritis, cancer, arteriosclerosis diabetes and so on, which Metchnikoff believed traceable to the enormous number of microbes which infest the intestines, especially the microbes of putrefaction, of which there are three distinct kinds, and which secrete dangerous poisons that should be eliminated from the body.

This was the foundation of his theory of longevity which attracted exaggerated attention from a purely medical standpoint.

The Evening Post (New York) says: "The direct basis of his (Metchnikoff's) later thinking lay in his theories of the spread of the scientific spirit, of the widening observance of the rules of health, of the development of reason and human equality, and, above all, of the possibility of greatly increased longevity."

By this time Metchnikoff's scope of thought had broadened immeasurably.

In seeking causes for the prolongation of life, as well as the why of death, he acquired statistics concerning the health and span of life of the world inhabitants geographically—that is, he investigated each country or group as a people specifically, their mode of living, physical conditions, etc., but mostly the staple of food. He discovered that the people of the Balkan peninsula are those longest lived, the percentage being far above that of the country next preced-

ing. He discovered, too, that the main article of diet consisted of curdled milk. This curd Metchnikoff found, after investigation, produced a lacteal ferment which prevents the germination of the bacteria of putrefaction in the intestines, and that, by adding these ferments to milk or sweetened bouillon, they would be destroyed. Also that these ferments, together with abstention from raw and unclean foods, would, by conquest of the non-infectious diseases before named, insure improved health standards and prolonged life. He believed normal man should attain the age of 120 years, and death from "old age" as now known was premature.

Although Metchnikoff's years summed up less than half of the period he stated as being the normal span of life, his death by no means disproves his contention.

He declared it was a gradual process, and perhaps another prophet will rise in his place and take up the work to its conclusion.

On the other hand, he may have been wrong, but he believed in himself, and his work has left the race richer for his living, since he gave his discoveries freely to the world.

Human nature clings to life, and the theory of longevity found willing acceptance all over the world. Peoples of all countries are using the "Bulgarian bacillus" in their food and rejoicing in the belief that by so doing they add to their life tenure.



**Mrs. Josephine Marshall Fernald,
Candidate for Congress From the Fourth
District**

The campaign of Mrs. Fernald is "going strong." She is receiving the support of that large and important element of voters interested in social betterment and the solution of large political questions in general. Senator Phelan says: "I am pleased to hear that Mrs. Fernald is a candidate for Congress. Without Congress the President can accomplish little, and apart from Mrs. Fernald's own strength she will carry the strength of the President into her campaign." Her personality is firm and quiet, full of force; she inspires confidence. Her family has for generations been interested and active in public matters, and she is thoroughly informed on political questions.

The Hand of Fate

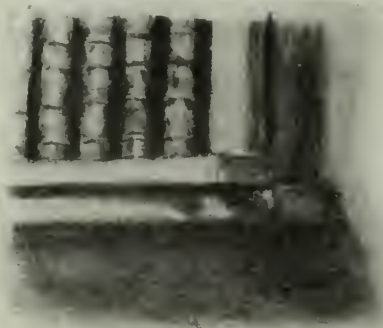
A California Romance of Early Days

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

IS the "hand of fate" a metaphorical or a genuine hand? The following story would go to prove that it is a most singularly material hand. At least it seems so in this case. It is a long leap from the days before the "Gringos came" and the disaster of April 18th, 1906, and yet the hand of fate slashed right across the face of time and obliterated, with one slap the public records of a family's greatness. It swept away all the public documents that, it is said, would go to prove the rights and titles of the Fitch family to part of the peninsula of San Francisco. And these records, now in white ashes, spelled—Romance. And that romance was in big capitals at one time. Indeed, it is so still, on private family records, up at Healdsburg, in this State. But when one speaks of it the question comes—from commercial minds, of course—Romance! Romance! Where is it nowadays? Nowhere! Still, it jumps at one now and then—mostly from out of the past, it's true. In this case, however, it links itself with the present—and in all probability with the future. The heroine that links this story with the past was Senorita Josefa Carrello, who in the days before and after the "Gringos came" played all kinds of strange pranks with the hearts and heads of "soldiers and civilians," Spanish grandee and "Gringo" alike. And, as a penalty for the great beauty, magnetism, charm, or what one will—she was stolen by one sweetheart, walked on bare knees for a block to beg her father's forgiveness, and was married three times to the same man. She was the innocent cause of having father and husband imprisoned by a powerful and disappointed suitor. She and her husband had to kneel for twenty-four hours, holding candles three feet long, until their fingers were scorched. Her husband had to join the church; and, as a final penance, present thereto the bell that now rings out the vespers at an old church in Los Angeles.

And yet this beauty's heart belonged solely to her husband, and it might as well have been buried in his early grave, for her fidelity did not protect either herself or family from the ruinous fate that swept over them, even as the conflagration of April 18th, 1906, swept away the public records of their former greatness. While all beauties, and girls who are not beauties, love romance, are

there any modern belles who crave a record like that, and who are willing to pay the price? Hardly.



Josefa's Balcony

Linked With the Past

The other picture that links this history with the present and the future is of Mme. Josefa Fitch de Bailhache, the eldest daughter of the heroine—and who

About 1835 Senorita Josefa Carrello, the daughter of Don Joaquin Carrello, and the niece of General Ramon Carrello, commandante of the Mexican army, stationed at Old Town, San Diego, was, at the age of 16, the acknowledged beauty of the country embracing Mexico and Southern California. Among her cousins were the history-making Pio Pico and Senor Pacheco (later Governors of California). The senorita's admirers were legion, when an American stepped in, or rather sailed in, and changed the current of many lives.

This American was Henry Delano Fitch, a young sea captain, who was himself of an historical family, and the grandson of Beriah Fitch, who came out from England to establish the first Episcopal church at Fitchburg, Mass., and who owned the site of Bunker Hill.

Henry Delano Fitch was the owner of La Learta, a great ship in those days, and he proved to be a dashing, handsome



Captain Fitch Serenading Senorita Carrello

was offered as a peace offering, when only a month old, to a proud and angry father. This lady is at present a resident of Healdsburg, Cal. She has in her possession all the wills, deeds, titles, maps, etc., to prove the rights of her family. The records ran after this fashion:

and dangerous rival to the young Spanish senors and dons, for he not only fell instantly in love with their idol, Senorita Josefa Carrello, but she as quickly returned his love, and made no secret of it. Her family, too—father, uncles, cousins and all—were satisfied, and took the young American sea captain

to their hearts and homes. For once true love did run smooth. When Josefa became 18 the marriage was to take place. Such was the decree of her father, Don Joaquin Carrello. The impatient American had to be satisfied, and, as the betrothed of the lovely Josefa he sailed away, after delivering a rich cargo of silks, laces, merchandise and all the costly things the wealthy Spanish taste demanded. He also carried away another cargo, mostly composed of furs, hides and tallow, which was what the American trade demanded.

Needless to say, Captain Fitch's La Learte made record speed between San Diego and Boston and back again on every trip after that. His heart was anxious. Though filled with faith in his sweetheart he knew something of the nature of his rivals. Still, the two years of waiting crept by, and La Learte sailed into port one day almost hidden from sight beneath its draperies of flags and other decorations, for this time Captain Fitch was to take his bride on a long honeymoon.

Encounters His Rival

The hacienda of Don Joaquin Carrello was a blaze of glory. So was all San Diego. There was cheering and feasting everywhere, everyone was dressed in the picturesque, festive Spanish garments of the times. Still, as Captain Fitch made his way from the landing place, passing the smiling, familiar faces, the grip of an icy hand seemed closing on his heart. Perhaps it was because his promised bride was not the first to greet him as he stepped ashore, as was her custom. Perhaps, but, he had little time to speculate on the psychic warning that was knocking at his heart, for, as he entered the illuminated patio of the casa de Carrello he was greeted by a large, swarthy stranger, who grasped his hand, crying, in a sneering manner: "Senor Americano, I am the Commandante of California. You have the honor to drink to my bride."

Captain Fitch looked at this individual in silent surprise—he was about 45 years old, and almost covered with medals, orders and jewels, while a great sword clattered at his heels. For a moment Fitch thought that this was a character made up for a masquerade, and himself the victim of a practical joke. But, when he glanced at the anxious faces of his former friends and the ghastly face of his promised bride, something of the truth dawned upon him. Fitch, too, was a man of huge proportions—and he was young and his blood was hot. The next moment the commandante, medals, jewels, sword and all, was floundering among the decanters, glasses



Love and Intrigue

and decorations of the banquet table, and the beautiful Josefa, whiter now than the bridal dress she wore, lay fainting in the arms of the furious Captain. As she sprang from her father's detaining hands, she threw her arms about her lover's neck and, before she lost consciousness, cried in a gasping whisper: "Ah, Carissima, steal me! Steal me!"

All that Captain Fitch remembered clearly of that scene in after life was that his fiancée was forced, as one dead, from his arms. That his head escaped the great sword of the infuriated Commandante as he felt himself dragged and shoved by a hundred not unfriendly hands along the road to the water's edge. Later, on board his ship, with a few of his Spanish friends around him, among them the brother and cousins of Josefa,

the whole truth was told him, for young Fitch was a favorite with them, and the Commandante was not.

Faithful to Her Captain

Pio Pico was the spokesman, and told young Fitch that his rival was no less a personage than Don Ruiz, the Commandante of California, who was sent up from the City of Mexico a month previous. All of which meant that everything in California—army, church, state and the life and liberty of its people—were at his mercy. His first act was to fall in love with the Senorita Josefa. His next was to order her father to make preparations for the wedding feast, which was to last a month. Perhaps the father's ambition was aroused by the wealth and position of the suitor. Perhaps he

(Continued in November issue)

The World's Women

What They Are Doing Everywhere

By Casu Wood

THE Boston "Woman's Journal" has taken up headquarters in its new home, the spacious old house on Boutwell Street, Pope's Hill, Dorchester, which was for years the home of Henry and Lucy Stone Blackwell, founders of the "Journal" and parents of the present editor, Alice Stone Blackwell. The paper has enthusiastically and earnestly supported Woman Suffrage ever since its charter was granted in 1870.

There are seventeen rooms in the old house, and each has been given the name of some one who stood for the rights of women when to do so was highly unpopular, not to say hazardous. One bears the name of Katherine Breshkovsky, the Russian exile, once a guest in the Blackwell home. Others are Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore (the first editor of the paper); Emily and Eliza Blackwell (pioneer women physicians), and Rev. Antoinette Blackwell, who was ordained to the ministry in 1853. The library is a beautiful room on the top floor, from whose windows an extensive view of Dorchester is had. Here have been gathered 2,000 volumes, the largest collection of Suffrage literature in the country. A smaller room contains cases filled with documents and letters, as well as photographs of distinguished people who spoke and wrote for this and other reforms.

German Men Jealous of Women's Success

The Germans at the front are beginning to warn the women who are so splendidly filling positions of all kinds throughout the country during the war, that they must not expect to keep their jobs when the war is over—that is, the interesting jobs. Women are important enough now in Germany to be honored by serious discussion. "Hands off the universities" and "Back to the nurseries" are catchwords which are already heard, in anticipation of after-war problems. Men who might be inconvenienced by it are beginning to be disturbed by the fear that German women may look upon the state of things produced by war as a condition which becomes largely permanent, owing to the shortage of men which will follow the war. Warnings are heard "When things settle down German women must return to

the three Ks—Kinder, Kirche and Kuche, supposed to represent the Kaiser's ideal. There is discussion of the "feminization of the universities." Lecture rooms naturally now show a preponderance of women students. The Prussian minister of education some months ago issued a memorandum urging that the elementary schools "be much more leavened with female teachers, not only because of the lack of men, but because there is thought to be a lack of feminine influence in these schools. The result was a rush of girls to take the school teaching course; men began to fear women might capture to some extent higher branches of professions; German women are now being warned against producing an "academic proletariat," proving as injurious to German women as did that before to German men.

An Unpleasant Job Well Done

Mrs. Ellen Jarvis of England, a rat-catcher by profession, is said to be one of the most successful persons in her line. Before setting out to slay rodents she studied them, and by careful scientific observation discovered that their chief trait is cleanliness. Every rat, she found, when about to eat, first washes his paws, then his face, then rolls over his tidbit with his paws and washes them again. Not till this is done does he swallow the tidbit. Taking advantage of this habit of cleanliness, Mrs. Jarvis strews poisoned tidbits in his way, and the wash he takes after handling one of these is his last wash. As soon as he touches his mouth with his paws he rolls over, dead.

American Writer at the Front

Louise Closser Hale, author and popular magazine writer, writes to **Every-woman** from Chateau Thierry, Maison Jean de la Fontaine, in France, and says: "Just think of my being at the front with all the ambulances going through! Walter goes on to Verdun; I can't go much further than Paris." Walter Stearns Hale, Mrs. Hale's handsome and gifted husband, illustrates her books and stories. And by the way, our readers may be interested to know that it was Walter and Louise Hale who invented the titles "Friend Wife" and "Friend Husband." They are friends and lovers and co-

workers, and about all the things that married people ought to be and so seldom are. Besides, or perhaps because of this, they are the most delightful companions in the world, both of them being blessed with rare good looks, brilliant wit and charming, friendly ways. Mrs. Hale is going to write about economic conditions as she finds them in France now.

Red Cross Has Royal Inspectress

Princess Helene of Bourbon-Orleans, Duchess of Aosta, has been busily employed since the beginning of the war, at the northern front in Italy, according to La Marquise de Fontenoy, as inspectress of the Italian Red Cross Society. The Duchess, we are told, is no new hand at the game. At the time of the Italian invasion of Tripoli she played a leading role in the ambulance work both on land and at sea, the various hospital ships and the nursing on board being under her active direction. In a circular recently issued by her to the members of the Italian Red Cross, and especially to the women nurses who are recruited from among the members of the most illustrious houses of Rome and other great Italian cities, the Duchess insists upon the absolute democracy of the service, demanding the temporary abandonment of all titles, rank and precedence, and declaring that the only distinctions among them are those of the official hierarchy in the ambulance service. She also insists upon the most rigorous discipline, so that the nurses may inspire everywhere respect and esteem, two things that cannot be obtained without irreproachable conduct, scrupulous discretion, and undiscussed and immediate obedience to every order received from official superiors. From La Marquise we also learn that the women are inordinately proud of their name and of their rank, and that they should submit to directions, and couched in such a vein, by the Duchess of Aosta is a manifestation of their earnest patriotism and a tribute to the experience and to the skill in all Red Cross mat-

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Is College Worth the Price?

What a Girl Pays for Higher Education

By Elsie McCormick

IF you are a young girl who is dreaming of the happiness that awaits you in college, or if you are the mother of such a girl, it would be wise to lay aside your plans for a few moments and face the issue squarely. To the youthful imagination, college is a land of illusion, a carefree, happy country where the ukuleles are always playing and the fudge is ever bubbling in the chafing-dish. It is hard for the prospective student to lay aside her rose-colored glasses and look at college in its cold, bare reality. Yet the road from the freshman year to the senior is marked by the scholastic graves of students who were so deeply disappointed in what they found that they concluded college was not worth the price.

Now, college is worth while, eminently so. But it is worth while only to those who deserve it, who realize the sacrifices ahead and are willing to make them. Only half the freshmen who enter a university ever receive their degrees. Most of the others "just quit," disillusioned, discouraged, and worse off than if they had never enrolled at all.

It has been seriously suggested that no student be allowed to enter a university until two years after graduating from high school. This would eliminate the class who go merely because they don't know what else to do. It would also eliminate those who rush in without thinking the matter over or of discovering whether they wouldn't be happier in some other line of work. The girl who is settled in a good position or who has an alluring prospect of marriage won't give them up for four years of college. The fudge-scented dreams of the high school graduate will be rather dim at the end of two years, and the importance of the work will loom larger than serenades beneath the sorority house window.

The survivors who desire to go to college did not fade during the probation period would be those who could really appreciate the work. Even though such rules have not yet been made, the girl who is thinking of going to the university should at least wait until the ink dries on her high school diploma. While she is waiting, she should think of a few of the prices which a girl pays for four years of higher education.

In the first place, if she is thinking mainly of social opportunities, she is going to be disappointed. There are

good times in college, of course, but not enough of them to compensate for hundred-page essays and headaches over differential calculus. A girl who dreams of a fraternity dance every other night will discover that "mid-week dates" are forbidden and that her friend who remained at home has twice as many social engagements. Even if she receives a large number of invitations, she will soon find out that a mind befogged by late hours and French pastry is unable to battle with a course in logic. When, the morning after a party, she crawls out sleepily to attend an 8 o'clock lecture, she'll decide that burning the candle at both ends is a losing proposition.

Many a girl who entered college for a good time is surprised to see the university men "rushing" a stay-at-home body who is able to rest in the mornings and to take greater care of her appearance. At times the co-eds have protested against the presence of outside girls at the college parties, but the objections bring them nothing except comment.

And here endeth the ukulele dreams. They never last longer than the first sixty-page assignment. The girl who has been raised on popular college stories wakes up to discover that her life is not going to be a series of basketball games and amateur theatricals. Unless she is interested in her studies, college will offer nothing but a long, hard grind. It consists only of a body of students completely surrounded by work. Such girls remain in college a resentful semester or two; then their career usually comes to a painless end at the hand of the registrar.

It is in this way that a girl pays a social price for going to college. She must reconcile herself to being set aside for the girl who remains at home. If she lives at a distance from the university, she must reconcile herself to returning after four years and being almost a stranger in her former set. She will be lonely at times, and even resentful, but if she has made good use of her college training she will find it worth the price.

But this is not her only payment. The person who rides to success on a university car must expect the conductor to return for several fares. Perhaps the girl who makes the poorest bargain is

she who buys college at the price of her individuality. Here we meet another old illusion, one which is more difficult to kill than the dream of social happiness. It is the fondly cherished belief that college will "bring out" a girl and will develop her personality. This sometimes applies to a small institution, but it is by no means true of a large university.

Anyone who has been a student in a big college is familiar with those pathetic shadows of girls who haunt the classrooms and campus. They are shy, colorless, lonely, overlooked in all the good times, merely derelicts that drift with the great student tide. They go from boarding house to campus and back to the boarding house again, always alone, with no way of making friends. They lost step somewhere at the beginning of the procession, and the crowd has swept on without them. Such girls were perhaps shy by nature and their families hoped to develop them by sending them to college. Instead, they come out more repressed, more reticent, poorer in the touch of human comradeship and far less self-confident than they were before they entered.

True, there are opportunities for development in a big college, but the force of numbers is so great that only students who are aggressive in the first place ever come into touch with them. What chance has a shy, repressed girl to become student president or associate editor of the class annual? Many a co-ed finishes college without even serving on a dishwashing committee. The young woman who slips into a dull routine of classes and boarding house meals leads a far narrower life than her friend who stays at home to "help ma." The price she pays for college is all out of proportion with the value received.

Any girl who attends a large university runs the risk of trampling with the herd and of losing that precious something which makes her different from anyone else. There is no institution on earth so bound down to tradition as an American college; no social group where deviations from the standards are so

(Continued on page thirty)

The Opportunity is Here

Great Suffrage Convention in Atlantic City

"I HAVE come to fight with you," said the President of the United States, as he stood beside his wife at the Suffrage Convention held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and addressed the large gathering of women who are fighting for the franchise on both State and Federal lines.

Mr. Wilson's speech, which aroused tremendous enthusiasm, was followed by a splendid address by the Reverend Anna Shaw, considered the greatest orator of the Suffrage cause. Dr. Shaw always makes her points. She is concise. When she turned to the President and said, "We have waited long enough to get the vote. We want it now. We want it to come during your administration," the audience rose and cheered till the house rang.

The great speech of the President of the National Woman Suffrage Association, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York, alone, would have made the 48th annual convention of the Association memorable.

The Crisis

"I have taken for my subject, 'The Crisis,'" said Mrs. Catt, because "I believe that a crisis has come in our movement which, if recognized and the opportunity seized with vigor, enthusiasm and will, means the final victory of our great cause in the very near future. I am aware that some suffragists do not share this belief; they see no signs nor symptoms today which were not present yesterday; no manifestations in the year 1916 which differ significantly from those in the year 1910. To them, the movement has been a steady, normal growth from the beginning and must so continue until the end. I can only defend my claim with the plea that it is better to imagine a crisis where none exists than to fail to recognize one when it comes; for a crisis is a culmination of events which calls for new considerations and new decisions. A failure to answer the call may mean an opportunity lost, a possible victory postponed.

"The object of the life of an organized movement is to secure its aim. Necessarily, it must obey the law of evolution and pass through the stages of agitation and education and finally through the stage of realization. As one has put it: 'A new idea floats in the air over the heads of the people and for a long, indefinite period evades their under-

By Our Staff Correspondent

standing but, by and by, when through familiarity human vision grows clearer, it is caught out of the clouds and crystalized into law.' Such a period comes to every movement and is its crisis. In my judgment, that crucial moment, bidding us to renewed consecration and redoubled activity has come to our cause. I believe our victory hangs within our grasp, inviting us to pluck it out of the clouds and establish it among the good things of the world.

"If this be true, the time is past when we should say: 'Men and women of America, look upon that wonderful idea up there; see, one day it will come down.' Instead, the time has come to shout aloud in every city, village and hamlet, and in tones so clear and jubilant that they will reverberate from every mountain peak and echo from shore to shore: 'The Woman's Hour Has Struck.' Suppose suffragists as a whole do not believe a crisis has come and do not extend their hands to grasp the victory, what will happen? Why, we shall all continue to work and our cause will continue to hang, waiting for those who possess a clearer vision and more daring enterprise. On the other hand, suppose we reach out with united earnestness and determination to grasp our victory while it still hangs a bit too high? Has any harm been done? None!

"Therefore, fellow suffragists, I invite your attention to the signs which point to a crisis and your consideration of plans for turning the crisis into victory.

"We are passing through a world crisis. All thinkers of every land tell us so; and that nothing after the great war will be as it was before. Those who profess to know, claim that 100 millions of dollars are being spent on the war every day and that two years of war have cost 50 billions of dollars or 10 times more than the total expense of the American Civil War. Our own country has sent 35 millions of dollars abroad for relief expenses.

"Were there no other effects to come from the world's war, the transfer of such unthinkably vast sums of money from the usual avenues to those wholly abnormal, would give so severe a jolt to organized society that it would vibrate around the world and bring untold changes in its wake.

But three and a half millions of lives have been lost. The number becomes the more impressive when it is remembered that the entire population of the American Colonies was little more than three and one-half millions. Those losses have been the lives of men within the age of economic production. They have been taken abruptly from the normal business of the world and every human activity from that of the humblest, unskilled labor to art, science and literature has been weakened by their loss. Millions of other men will go to their homes, blind, crippled and incapacitated to do the work they once performed. The stability of human institutions has never before suffered so tremendous a shock. Great men are trying to think out the consequences but one and all proclaim that no imagination can find color or form bold enough to paint the picture of the world after the war. British and Russian, German and Austrian, French and Italian agree that it will lead to social and political revolution throughout the entire world. Whatever comes, they further agree that the war presages a total change in the status of women.

"Women by the thousands have knocked at the doors of munition factories and, in the name of patriotism, have begged for the right to serve their country there. Their services were accepted with hesitation but the experiment once made, won reluctant but universal praise. An official statement recently issued in Great Britain announced that 660,000 women were engaged in making munitions in that country alone. In a recent convention of munition workers, composed of men and women, a resolution was unanimously passed informing the government that they would forego vacations and holidays until the authorities announced that their munition supplies were sufficient for the needs of the war and Great Britain pronounced the act the highest patriotism. Lord Derby addressed such a meeting and said: 'When the history of the war is written, I wonder to whom the greatest credit will be given; to the men who went to fight or to the women who are working in a way that many people hardly believed that it was possible for them to work.' Lord Sydenham added his tribute. Said he: 'It might fairly be claimed that women have helped to save thousands of

(Continued on page twenty-six)

Since Last Month

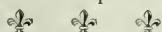
GREECE is still on the fighting fence, though there is little doubt the die will be cast by the time this paper goes to press, and she will have joined forces with the entente allies. The will of the people seems evident, but diplomacy and politics are still on the ascendant. That 40,000 Greek soldiers should be placed under Teuton control by the commander speaks for the disrupted condition of the little kingdom on the Aegean Sea.



We are getting on. Before going to the polls in November it is quite essential that we should have at least a hailing acquaintance with the meaning of preferential voting. The function of this new issue is principally to get rid of the expense and turmoil of primary voting, and though the subject seems complicated and a trifle difficult to understand at first, after a bit of study it will be found simple enough. Look it up!

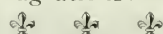


Henry Ford says he will not slam Dr. Aked because the doctor is a "gentleman!" He simply opposed the Ford policy in Europe, so did not return. "We disagreed, that's all," said Mr. Ford, *verbum sapienti!*



"Tall oaks from little acorns grow," big (and expensive) fires from little cigarettes grow. It is a matter for congratulation and rejoicing that the Big Basin at Redwood Park and the

semper virens trees have been saved from the holocaust that raged over the Santa Cruz mountains. "True, 'tis and pity 'tis 'tie true" that a fire should have occurred at all in that wonderful area where hills, canyons and precipitous gorges combine to form a scene unsurpassed in magnificence even in this wonderful State of California. But is there not an avoidable cause of these perennial conflagrations?



European war interest is now centered upon the Greek crisis and the Balkan tangle. The aged premier, Alexander Zarmis of Greece, and his cabinet retired precipitately upon the arrival of the Allied fleet off Piræus, when the moment seemed ripe for the advent of Greece into the war. This fact and the internal discord fermenting in his country have broken Zannis.

M. Dimitricopolus signified his willingness to accept the premiership if given full power to control the nation's policy, but the entente allies were not satisfied with the program outlined, and now Premier Kalageropoulos has established a permanent and satisfactory ministry. He also demands the return of the 40,000 troops and army corps. The people still cry war!

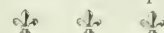


Neither presidential candidate is using his scholastic degrees nor pulling any high-brow stuff.



"Edison has gone camping with John Burroughs and Henry Ford."

The wizard is a marvel of simplicity. He eats temperately, as he does everything else and camping in his ideal recreation, where he lives with nature. Perhaps he discovers her secrets at such times, for it is said he experiments once, twice, a thousand times in campaigning. It isn't done with the proletariat!



Russia and Japan have sent formal assurance to the government at Washington that their new treaty neither repeals nor affects those of 1907-1910, in which these countries pledged themselves to maintain the integrity of China and the open-door policy. Time will tell!



Kitchener was a seer. He had the inner vision and said the world war would enter into the third year, at least. He was scoffed and disbelieved, but the third year is in the beginning and his plans are still being carried out on the allied fronts.

Joffre has the same spiritual quality. At the beginning of the war he was criticized, exhorted and threatened, but he stood unmoved, imperturbable, and has never deviated from his doggedly persistent course.

A concensus of opinion of the leading papers in this country seems to center in the belief that the warring factions in Europe will continue to fight to exhaustion. This will probably be nearly extinction likewise!

Re-Elect Judge Frank J. Murasky

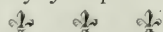


In the campaign there is a candidate for re-election, a Superior Court Judge who is worthy the support of every right thinking citizen. We are refer to Judge Frank J. Murasky.

Judge Murasky has been on the Superior Court bench for many years, and has proven himself a faithful servant of the State. One of the most glowing tributes that can be paid him is the fact that during his incumbency of that office not even the whisper of suspicion has ever been heard against him. To his noted integrity he unites a brilliant mind and an exceptional ability, which

have placed him in the foremost ranks of the judiciary. His splendid work during the past five years in the Juvenile Court alone should gain for him a practically unanimous vote of the citizens of San Francisco.

—By Joseph E. O'Donnell.



Programme at McKinley School, September 15, 1916, Miss Cora Gallagher, principal:

Remarks, "How We Correlate Music with Other Subjects of the School Curriculum."

Part I.—Essays, (a) "Hungarian Music," (b) "The Gypsy," (c) "Hungarian Dancing," (d) "Composers," (e) "Authors," (f) "Liszt and Schubert," by pupils of McKinley School; "Views" (among them one showing Schubert in the heart of the Hungarian Mountains, listening

to a Gypsy band, and taking notes)—"Gypsy Chorus and Dance," "La Traviata" (Verdi); "Come With the Gypsy Bride," "Bohemian Girl" (Balfe); "Csardas," the National Hungarian "Dance Le Spagnoli" (Ciro Pensuti); by McKinley School Chorus, directed by Miss Gallagher.

Part II.—"The Birth of the Flag," pupils; (The late Judge Robert Ferral); "Pledge to Flag and America," pupils; prize essay, "Why Labor Union Is Opposed to War," by the author, Master Thos. Bailey; presentation of loving cup to McKinley School, by J. O'Connell, secretary of Labor Council; acceptance, Master Thos. Bailey; remarks by A. Roncovieri, Superintendent of Schools. Master Thos. Bailey wrote the essay that won the prize in open competition with all the schools of San Francisco.

A Club the Boys All Like

The Popular Boy Scout Organization

EVERY woman likes boys. Sometimes she likes them pretty old, but she likes boys. Therefore we expect the women readers of this magazine to be interested in the boys' club now enjoying a widespread and merited popularity—the Boy Scouts of America.

By Major A. H. Hutchinson

most everything a boy wants to find in a club. This makes it a most satisfying thing all around.

What does a boy do who wants to be a scout?

First of all he takes the "Scout Oath:"

one merit badges. There are also honor badges, awarded for unusual bravery and heroism in the actual saving of life. Then there are service stripes for each year in the organization, other marks showing the rank of the Scout, and still others showing the colors of the patrol or squad to which the Scout belongs, and the troop, so that one versed in the technical knowledge of the Scouts can almost read a uniformed Boy's Scout history by the marks on his uniform. Trust a boy to wear everything he is entitled to. He learns that from us older boys.

The great charm of the Scouts for boys is probably found in that it gives him chances to learn the kind of things he is interested in, and puts a premium upon his learning these things thoroughly. Every boy wants to know things. The great fault with most of the old-time boys' clubs was that they did not teach the boys the things they wanted to know, but the things their elders thought they ought to want to know—something quite different.

A boy is an animated question mark, full of energy that must be exercised on something. That his questions are answered in the Scouts, and his energies given play in outdoor work of many kinds is a satisfaction to the members and a blessing to the community. No boy is really bad, intentionally. He only requires direction up or down to become a blessing or a curse to the community of which he is a citizen.

It is a cause for thankfulness that many adults who have loved boys and wished to see them grow up good citizens are given a chance to do so by helping some troop of Boy Scouts, either actively or with their influence and support.

I have a troop under my supervision in San Francisco. There are sixty boys on the roll. If I could get as much pleasure out of all the hours I spend in work as I get out of the time I spend for the boys, I should grudge the hours I am obliged to spend in sleep. They come into my office at all hours after school is over. I can examine a boy on his Tenderfoot tests now without interrupting my regular work, and I have pieces of cord handy to try the boys' knowledge of knots. If the boys took as much interest in passing their school examinations as they do in passing their Scout examinations the schools would



Boy Scouts on a Hike

While claiming to be "Not Military," its military features are just the things that make the organization popular with the boys. Without its uniform, its ordered methods of enjoying hikes and outings, and its flags, signaling and salutes, it would tempt but a small fraction of the boys who now throng to its membership, and exert themselves to pass the by no means easy tests and examinations.

The organization is a good one—none better. It is a good thing for boys to belong to, and it is so because every good, sincere lover of boyhood and organizer of boys' clubs in the country has had a hand in making the plans for the organization. No one person can claim the credit for the good points that go to make a very complete whole. This does not hinder a great many from laying claim to having originated the plans for the first Boy Scouts.

The fact of the matter is that the Boy Scouts is a piece of patchwork—selections of the good points of many and various boys' organizations—woven into a very complete and attractive quilt or blanket club, comprising almost everything we want to see in a boys' club, and, what is more to the purpose, al-

The Scout Oath

On my honor I will do my best —

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

Before he receives his badge, the boy must learn the Scout Law, know the composition and history of the American flag and the customary forms of respects due to it, and learn to make four knots out of a list of nine common knots. He then receives a "Tenderfoot" badge, and after a certain time spent in the organization is entitled to try to pass an examination for second-class Scout, and later for first-class Scout, each step upward being marked by badges that show to all the initiated just how far the boy has progressed in the organization.

After a boy has become a first-class Scout there are an almost unlimited number of merit badges to be striven for, the attaining of each of which is signaled by the awarding of a new badge, worn on the right sleeve of the uniform. Winners of certain merit badges receive further badges as "Life Scouts," "Star Scouts" or "Eagle Scouts." The Eagle Scout, by the way, must win twenty-

be bragging of a lot of prodigies in no time. They come to my house after work hours, asking questions and eager to bring other boys into the troop. They call me up on the telephone, anxious to ask a question or so, and so eager they forget to mention their own names, and they monopolize my holidays, for it is then that we all go on "hikes." I haven't taken so much outdoor exercise in years as I have since I became a Scout Master. But I am not going to be outdone by my boys, so I hike as far as any of them, and defy them to tire me out—in one day, at least.

A Boy Scout must be able to travel a certain number of miles in a given time, and to write a description of his trip. He must be able to draw a map of such a trip, and to build a fire without the customary household equipment of a dry newspaper and unlimited matches. Having built his fire, he must be able to cook a meal without the common kitchen pots and pans, if necessary, and to care for victims of any accidents to life or limb that may occur in his presence—at least until more competent help can be obtained. It is part of his mental equipment as a Scout that he shall be able to do these things, and he is anxious not to be found wanting when any sudden test of his knowledge presents itself.

Where does he acquire all his knowledge?

Well, there is a considerable literature devoted to the Scouts now, and most of what he needs to know the Scout finds in an excellent "Handbook" of 500 pages, published at a cost of two bits for the individual Scout, which can now be obtained at almost every bookstore, even though the retailer makes no profit thereon. This Handbook is revised and amplified every year, and the editors are not ashamed to correct the errors of former editions and to call attention to improvements. The various chapters in this book are each written by authorities on the various subjects treated. A celebrated M. D. writes of "Health and Endurance," an ex-President of the United States contributes a chapter on patriotism and practical citizenship, three well-known authorities of nationwide celebrity contribute a very practical chapter on first aid and life-saving; there are practical and readable sections devoted to botany, forestry, entomology and zoology, and allied matters, but not handicapped with their scientific names, and over a hundred pages devoted to Campcraft.

The man who aspires to the leadership of a troop of Scouts finds a literature devoted to his needs, so complete

that, be his knowledge of boys ever so little, he may not err too often in his leadership if his heart is in the work.

As a matter of fact, the Scout Master of a lively troop is usually more of a regulator of the speed and energy of his troop than anything else, where a troop is not hampered by its surroundings. The boys want to do things. Usually they want to do too many things. A man who can limit the boys to what they can do with enjoyment to all and dissatisfaction to the fewest is a successful Scout Master.

For convenience in handling a troop, the boys are divided into "patrols" of eight boys. If the organization were "military" this would be called a squad instead of a patrol, and the "patrol leader" would be called a corporal. The patrol leader wears a couple of bars of green on his sleeve instead of a corporal's chevrons, and is in command of his patrol only in the absence of his Scout Master, who, if the organization were military, would be called by the shorter title of Captain, while his Assistant Scout Masters would be Lieutenants. But we must not forget that the organization is not military, even though it marches in military formation in parades, as the military form has been found the only form for handling boys or men in considerable numbers.

Outings and hikes are not supposed to be conducted by the boys unless accompanied by the Scout Master. Oc-

troops on Admission Day. We went out to the end of a car line before starting our hike, and each boy brought a lunch while several who were intending to try an examination for second-class tests brought uncooked food as well. We stopped at a pleasant place near the beach, and while some of the boys were doing their fire-building, where a fire had to be started without using more than two matches, and with only dry wood to start with—no paper or shavings—the other boys had a drill in setting up exercises and first-aid. Then the fire-builders cooked meat and potatoes, which were not considered properly cooked unless the boys could eat them.

A boy who is trying for his first-class examination performed with a variety of bandages on boys who were interested subjects, and the mascot, a boy several years too young to belong to the troop, looked on with as much interest as the older ones.

Then everybody had lunch, and the troop adjourned to the beach, where some donned bathing suits and went in far enough to get wet, others went wading, and a number who were candidates for their first badge gathered around the Scout Master to tell what they knew about the American Flag, the Scout



Work for the First Aid Expert

casionally a patrol leader is intrusted with a hike as part of his training, but it usually results in more or less trouble except the troop is old and trained in obedience.

Two pictures are shown, taken on a "hike" undertaken by San Francisco

Law, and to practice the various knots they are obliged to know. They very reluctantly got ready to go home when the lengthening shadows warned them that it would soon be time for another meal, with no provisions nearer than their own homes.

Open Forum

President Wilson--Federal Amendment

(Continued from page two)

we knew we could get Congress to act more readily if the Democratic party went on record for a federal amendment, and thus we obtained party indorsement. We were happy that night when the plank was drawn up. And God knows the Democratic party hasn't let the suffrage workers indulge in much happiness as far as their actions are concerned. We could indulge in humor about their actions or sarcasm or disappointment or anger, but happiness, it's been as scarce among us during this session of Congress as robins in New York during January.

Then, too, the resolutions committee were undeniably impressed with the arguments of the Woman's Party. It was a wonderful hearing. From the moment Miss Martin rose to speak till the last of our speakers came to her final period, there was marked deference given to us as women voters. The air was electric. The men—even our enemies—said it was the first time they had ever heard valid arguments for granting the suffrage. They meant it was the first time they had grasped the fact of how many votes we women hold and what we are going to do with them. That's what impresses politicians. And all through the rank and file of the delegates there was a new disposition to listen to our demand to heed it.

Then came Secretary Baker to St. Louis. He had the President's instructions in his brain and the President's platform in his pocket. The Secretary himself is opposed to National Suffrage. He and the President are like Siamese twins on the subject. And the President put the quietus on all the move toward a federal plank and immediate action. The "dear people" at that convention didn't have a show. They had to submit to the dictation of the man who has, according to his own utterance, "a passion for democracy."

Well, I thought I'd take a personal responsibility as a Democrat in informing the President of the situation and my own views on the matter of the menace to the Democratic party which his blind opposition was creating. A very close friend of the President's who was much disturbed about the Woman's Party possibility in connection with the fall elections said he would go to Washington and tell the President about the situation. He offered to take a letter from me to the President, written as

Democrat to Democrat. I wrote the letter. I told the President that my desire was very earnest and deep that the Democratic party should have the honor of establishing real democracy by making it possible for all the governed to have a voice in government. I said if he would heed our demand the Sixty-fourth Congress would pass this amendment to the States. I myself would go out without remuneration and get five other strong campaigners among Democratic women to work for his election and the reinstatement of the Democratic party.

Our friend and special envoy came back from his interview with the President and told us the amazing answer from Mr. Wilson: "I do not think our party should surrender its principles because of expediency. And second, I do not think the women can deliver the vote!" From the sublime to the ridiculous. Someone rightly said if the President had believed the latter he would not have bothered about the former of his objections.

Meanwhile, not waiting for the envoy to take my letter, I wired it to the President. To this I received the following reply some weeks later:

"My Dear Mrs. Field:

"Your frank, friendly and cordial letter, wired from St. Louis, was deeply appreciated.

"I have been in frequent conference with my party colleagues concerning the question of suffrage, and I trust you are satisfied with the platform declaration on the subject.

"With sincere appreciation,

"Yours cordially,

"WOODROW WILSON."

I do not want to be unduly harsh toward the President, for whom I have a deep respect and for whose attitude on the European and Mexican situation I have nothing but praise. But as a member of the Woman's Party, and considering the suffrage issue alone, I think it nothing short of either naive ignorance or of the feeling of women or else unpardonable flippancy that, in the face of the gigantic struggle for national suffrage which women have made; the sleepless nights; the foodless days; the tireless labor; the sacrificial giving and striving, the President can write "I hope you are satisfied with the platform utterance on suffrage." Satisfied with defeat, he means; satisfied with deaf ears to our

passionate need and demand. The question, it seems to me, is, Will he be satisfied with a stone when we have asked for bread; with charitable utterance instead of just action. No, Mr. President, we are not satisfied with the platform utterance or the party record on suffrage. I wrote him so. I told him I was still hopeful he would allow no menace to fall upon the Democratic party through his unwillingness to face speedily our demand. I told him all Western women felt this way. We of the Woman's Party, this powerful, growing political organization, with our one steadfast purpose of "suffrage first" go on record as wholly unsatisfied with the President's action in the past on suffrage and the record of the Sixty-fourth Congress. It is our sacred duty as women voters to rebuke beyond question a party deaf to justice to women. It is our duty to ourselves; our own souls; which call us to be true to our sex and our party; it is our duty to the Eastern women. It is our duty to the women of Europe and Asia and Africa who will profit by what profits us. It is our duty to the generation in which we live. It is our duty to the unborn. It is our duty to Democracy which we have not yet attained. The handwriting is on the wall. It has been written by Western women. It is addressed to you, the party in power, and to your leader. It says: "Mene, mene, tekel u-pharsen," which, being interpreted, is: "You are weighed in the balance and found wanting."

✿ ✿ ✿

ALONE

By John Hall Wheelock in "Poetry"

From the loneliness that follows

Have I ever fled away

Ah, never in all my life

My spirit night and day!

Though I fly to the dearest face,

It follows without rest—

To the kind heart of love,

And the beloved breast.

Though I walk amid the crowd,

Still I walk apart;

Alone, alone I lie

Even at the loved one's heart.

"Come and Be Healed"

San Francisco Charity Worth Knowing

By Grace Marbury Sanderson

AWAY out, far from the city's din and turmoil, in the "warm belt" of San Francisco, stands a large, grim looking red brick building of many wings. It promises better things within, and this promise is fulfilled. Do not hesitate on the steps and wonder if perhaps those inside would resent intrusion. Knock confidently at the door. A sweet-faced, soft-voiced Sister of Charity will greet you with warm welcome and a smile that makes you feel glad you came. The first thing one sees after entering, a fitting background for the black-garbed "ever merciful one" who gives us welcome, is a large marble statue of "The Promised Land." This statue is symbolic, because here is truly the promised land to all who are sick and weary of the burdens of the flesh, who need help medical, financial, spiritual.

This is Mary's Help Free Clinic in Guerrero Street, the Mission.

From the moment you enter the whole atmosphere changes, the grim looking exterior is forgotten. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mary's Help says, "Come, all ye who are weary and sick, and ye shall be healed," for there help is never refused.

You catch a glimpse of a beautiful chapel, where prayers are said for the sufferers, and for those who will never suffer again.

It is not an endowed hospital, but is self-supporting by voluntary contributions and pay patients, and for those the rates are low enough for people of small means to go there and have every comfort for just about half what it would cost them in the average hospital; but if your circumstances are such that you are unable to pay, no difference is made in the treatment afforded you, for "The Colonel's Lady and Rosie O'Grady are sisters under their skin."

Last year 7,000 of the city's poor were given free treatment, operations when necessary, free medicine, bandages, and financial help, and in three years 18,000 people have received help from this wonderful institution.

The children's ward is especially interesting, and what dear little mite could help but regain perfect health amid such surroundings? The rooms for the little sufferers are made almost entirely of glass, so that none of God's sunshine will be shut out, and there, in

clean, white beds, plenty of fresh air and good, nourishing things to eat, their little pinched and old-before-their-time faces regain the color and roundness that are theirs by right of childhood. I even heard one little thing laugh out loud and then look almost scared; that's part of the daily routine—to teach them to laugh. At the end of the children's wing, made also of glass, is a beautiful sun parlor, with palms and easy chairs. And, what pleases the kiddies most of all, birds—little, yellow birds, whose throbbing throats are never stilled; and how they sing, their little bird hearts out for the tiny bits of humanity who haven't had much music in their short pleasure-hungry baby lives, because, Sister told me, in most cases "Father's either dead or gone some place, and tired, wan Mother is kept far too busy trying to eke out an existence for the hungry little mouths to think of amusement." And how the tiny convalescents love the sun parlor! Books, too, with real colored pictures in them of scarey wild animals fresh from the jungle, and "Little Red Riding Hood" and that wonderful "Cinderella" who lost her golden slipper, and you were so afraid the fair godmother would turn her into a pumpkin or something. And your eyes grow big in anticipation of what is to come, and you beg nurse to let you stay up just five minutes more, and nurse remembers when she, too, loved and believed in those stories, and perhaps, if she isn't too busy answering bells, she'll sneak a minute and take you on her lap, kind of cuddly like, and let you know that Cinderella really married the Prince.

There were several little convalescents in the sun parlor as we entered. Their little faces beamed as they greeted their beloved Sister Angela, because, as one little tot exclaimed, "You know, she's a friend of ours." Sister said to one slip of a girl with big, wistful eyes, "So you are perfectly well now and going home this afternoon?" The child looked back longingly at the clean, white beds, sunshine and flowers, and answered seriously, "Yes, Sister, ain't it awful?"

We next visited the free maternity wards. There, too, the little new souls are greeted by sunshine and flowers. A

wide porch leads off of the ward, and there, as the mother regains her strength, she can sit in a comfortable easy chair and look down on an exquisite miniature garden. Later, when strong enough to take baby home, she is visited daily by efficient nurses, and if the little new life hasn't proper clothes, because father has been out of work for so long, clothes are supplied and baby is just as carefully and just as tenderly watched over as her little sister born with a gold spoon in her mouth. Mother, too, is taught a formula for feeding the baby, proper methods of bathing, etc.

The Clinic for the Poor opens daily at 9 o'clock and closes at 12. Practically the whole first floor is devoted to it, where, besides a large and cheerful waiting room, with a sympathetic nurse in attendance and examination rooms, there are ten rooms perfectly equipped to answer every need—X-Ray, Eye, Ear, and Nose, Obstetrics, Surgery, Medical, Dermatology, Gynecology, Abdominal Surgery, and Children's Diseases. A laboratory with a competent pathologist and bacteriologist. The free Clinic and staff doctors donate their services, their only remuneration being the thought of the good they do for others, and of these splendid men there are twenty in all.

The hospital was founded by Mrs. Kate Johnson, July 2, 1812, and the beautiful statue of Hope that greets you was donated by this same great-hearted woman, after being in the Museum for eighteen years.

In the building of this hospital great care was taken to obtain the desired result at as small an initial cost as possible, and so that it can be successfully operated at the least possible expense. It is so constructed that every room and ward will, some time during the day, get sunshine, which is not only a health-giving agent, but does much to cheer.

Its wide, sun-flooded corridors, with green palms dotted here and there, then you come upon an unexpected doorway leading out to a wide porch, where easy chairs are placed; and if you'll walk out on that porch you will

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Music and Musicians

The Legitimate and Illegitimate in Art

ARE not technique and mannerism overshadowing to a great extent the sentiment and soul of music among our performers, instrumental, vocal and orchestral?



Joseph George Jacobson

Have the artists spoiled the public or has the public's taste turned from the true sense of art? The answers to these questions seem to be "both."

We all know that acknowledgment of one's artistic efforts by immediate manifestations, in other words the applause of the public at performances is as necessary to the executant as the very air he breathes and without it the profession would be like burgundy without the sparkle and few would follow such a strenuous vocation without such intoxication.

If the artist had to confront only two kinds of audiences, that is, those to whom music is only emotion and sentiment, or, on the other hand, highly educated musicians, the questions could be easily settled and the performer would always be the genuine artist for art's sake. But there is a third class of audience, the most dangerous class and unfortunately in the majority. It consists of those who have a little knowledge, just enough to go into raptures and "die" and go "wild" when they hear a tenor, well advertised as to the amount he receives at each performance, bawling till he is red in the face to show off his high "C," where probably it was meant to be sung an octave lower, or a prima donna, with a "tremolo" singing an over-ornamented aria of no musical consequence, or a long-haired instrumentalist, to whom bravura-playing is the pinnacle of art, going through a whole set of contortions and grimaces which would put to shame a circus clown. Then enthusiasm is rampant and the third-class audi-

By Joseph George Jacobson

ence splits its white kids by clapping rapturously over what they consider rare art.

In by-gone days wealth and breeding were associated generally with culture and refinement and those were the patrons the artists catered to. This is not the case today, especially not in America, where fortunes have been made rapidly by illiterates, and the parvenu element has entered the social whirl not well equipped to appreciate art and to be able to distinguish mediocre from good, but willing to pay the price to be informed. For that reason so many artists deviate from the strict path and give way to ridiculous eccentricities to please "money."

Now, on the other hand, much blessing has been derived from this evil in as much as through a larger diffusion of wealth a more general culture of all classes is taking place, public entertainments are well patronized and every home is trying to give some member of the family a musical education. We all know of the "talented" young lady next door who makes one wish that Czerny, Clementi and scales had never been born. The time is approaching fast when knowledge of art will permeate all our world of thought as once among the Athenians when all listened with delight to the grand speeches of Anaxagoras and Pericles and looked with wonderment at the inimitable master works of sculpture of Phidias and of Polygnatus and enjoyed the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles and the odes of Sappho and other banquets of delight for the cultured soul. To a great extent this is the case in Italy today. One has just to watch an Italian audience at the opera to fully appreciate their knowledge of the music or see the delight a German "Beer Garden" audience manifests when the orchestra plays a Bach composition. They know the beauty and finish of the work and how it should be rendered. In those countries music is cheap and easily accessible.

Were our general public more enlightened and inexorable in demanding from the performer only genuine art, we would not be called upon to admire most what is least estimable. But as long as the artist is encouraged with applause for bravura exhibitions he will resort to same and so the fault lies as much in the hearer as in the performer.

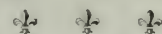
Conditions of music today in the Unit-

ed States are such that we have an eloquent prophesy and a certain guarantee of a future high standard of musical culture.

Instrumental and Lecture Recitals

The evening entertainments given by Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt, uniting a scholarly lecture with illustrative performance, have aroused a good deal of interest. The lecturers to assist were Mr. Redfern Mason at the first recital; Mr. Thomas Nunan at the second, and Mr. Walter Anthony will take part at the coming entertainment in October. Such lecture recitals are full of value, and throw much light on things which often perplex the listener at concerts. Of the artistic capabilities of the two pianists, we spoke in the last issue. I heard Mr. Mason speak the first evening. His subject was Robert Schumann. Mr. Mason displayed good taste and artistic feeling in the treatment of his subject and deserves praise for being able to give so much information in the short time allotted to him. Interestingly he spoke of Schumann's large mental culture, aside from the special direction of music, and of the warmth of heart and elevation of taste of this great romantic German composer. He told us of the deep-rooted, morbid melancholy of which Schumann was the victim from his earliest years, in spite that he was blessed with the most adoring and sympathetic of partners, whom he loved most ardently, the highly talented Clara Wieck, who ranks among the world's greatest pianists. His terrible fate, which quenched the flame of the composer's genius, advanced slowly but surely and he died insane in Endenich, 1856. Mr. Mason told us of the remarkable articles of Schumann, which appeared in the "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik" of which musical journal he was the editor, of his thoughts in music and of his aims at the victory of the pure poetic impulse over musical formalism and much more, and helped to make the evening an enjoyable one.

We regret not to have heard Mr. Thomas Nunan.



The Minetti Quartet

The Minetti Quartet is preparing for a very active season and will soon announce a series of concerts. The executants will be Messrs. Giulio Minetti, first violin; Lion Goldwasse, second violin; Marcelli, viola, and Mr. Bem, 'cello.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has fixed the date for the first per-

formance which is to take place Friday afternoon, October 27th. This will be followed by a concert every alternate Friday until March 30th, 1917. A concert will be given on each Sunday following the Friday symphony.

So wonderful an impression as an interpreter of Brahms was made by Alfred Hertz last season that it is but natural that the brilliant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra should elect to usher in the new season with a Brahms composition. So the first number of the first programme, scheduled for Friday afternoon, October 27, at the Cort Theatre, will most appropriately be Brahms' First Symphony, which Hertz himself considers one of the most remarkable works in symphonic literature.

The second number of the first programme will be devoted to a symphonic poem by Chausson, called "Viviane," a most tender lyric piece, which will serve in admirable contrast to the powerful strains of Brahms. The concert will be brilliantly concluded by the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," for which Hertz invariably received an ovation at the various presentations of the opera under his direction at the Metropolitan Opera House.



William Augustus Benjamin, the New

York tenor, and Miss Thay Clark, the harpist, gave a combined recital at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley on Sunday afternoon, September 17th, which proved one of the very attractive musical affairs given at that famous place. The work of both these artists was much beyond the ordinary, which was evidenced in the spontaneous and insistent approval of the great audience gathered to hear them. Miss Beatrice Clifford was Mr. Benjamin's accompanist, and did good work.



The San Francisco Musical Club

The San Francisco Musical Club has issued a very attractive booklet, being a report of last season's performances and giving the programmes of their concerts. The society deserves much praise for the good work it has done and also for giving an opportunity to local musicians to become known. The President for 1916-17 is Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, and Mrs. John McGaw is the Vice-President for this term. They have planned much good for the welfare of their society and much of interest will be heard at the various concerts.



Free "Pop" concerts by a Municipal Orchestra of symphonic size, is the latest proposal for the Exposition Audi-

torium. These concerts will be participated in by soloists of international fame, and may be alternated with high class dramatic productions. The entertainments will cost the city only four cents per spectator for the fifteen thousand capacity of the Auditorium, it is said. This is certainly a better proposition than letting the Auditorium stand empty, and better than renting it to private concerns.

San Francisco will not be a pioneer at free municipal concerts, but as usual she will do the job up a little better than any of the other cities that have tried it. It is said that money is available to make the free concerts possible every other week from now until the new budget is made up by the Supervisors in March. There seems to be no reason why the Auditorium Committee of the Board of Supervisors should not go ahead with the plan. Favoring the plan are Mrs. W. B. Bonfils (Annie Laurie), Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Mrs. Frederick Schiller, Redfern Mason, Walter Anthony, Jesse W. Lilienthal and many others.



If all the world's a stage, the magazine and newspaper writers are the people that manage the spotlight.

Re-Elect Judge Cabaniss

Trust Those Who are Trustworthy



These are the times when all who have the good of our city or country at heart should stir themselves into active working members of their communities for the good of all. And, it is a well established fact (side-step it as some of us may) that politics play an immense part in the welfare of the country. It is also an established fact that women suffer far more from the effects of bad politics and bad politicians than do men. Women have neither the desire, the knowledge, nor the fighting power with which to protect themselves that men have. So, it is incumbent upon women to put into office the best men. This is particularly true, when we come to selecting judges.

Do not forget that the judge on the bench—be his judgment good or bad—

if justice or injustice brings you before him, has you at his mercy. Then, what you want is a man who has the right kind of judgment. This can only come through two channels: knowledge and experience. In coming before the public for its votes, Judge George H. Cabaniss, present incumbent, is again in the field for election to the Superior Bench. There is no man more worthy for that exalted position than is Judge Cabaniss. He is thoroughly equipped both mentally and morally; and, for the following reasons:

In the first place, Judge Cabaniss is a gentleman, a scholar and a student. From his first case, as a young lawyer, to this day there has never been even a shadow of doubt cast either upon his intelligence or upon his judgment. As he has spent sixteen years of his life on the bench this is a most remarkable record. For seven years he served the people as Police Judge and for the last nine years has filled the position of Superior Judge with honor.

Judge Cabaniss really fills a far more intimate relationship to the people of San Francisco, than that of the average judge, who is often a very remote personage. He throws into the case which comes before him the human touch—the sympathetic understanding. All who come before him for judgment are not criminals or evil doers, be they rich or poor, until their case is fully sifted from every angle. And, he was never yet known, not to be able to temper justice with mercy.

Judge Cabaniss having been born and reared in California, educated in her schools and colleges, his domestic life is as clean and admirable as is his professional life. In their extreme youth he married Miss Howell, the beautiful daughter of an old California family, who is to society what the Judge is to the law. They have one brilliant son, fast growing to manhood and destined to make a name for himself before many years.

Everywoman's Bookshelf

"The Abyss"—Nathan Kussy.

By Eleanor Oliver

THERE is a little church in a country village, a regular countrified village, not more than an hour's journey from Boston, where the preacher is elderly and prosy and the choir is of local volunteers and the organ is a noisy, inglorious instrument pumped by a boy. The congregation is of plain folk in well washed and starched and ironed summer Sunday best and the church edifice is as plain and ugly as a church may be. The preaching, however, is earnest and the singing is sincere and not unstudied and the service is conducted in a God-fearing self-respecting manner that makes it memorable for its dignity. Sincerity is at the bottom of it and simple and homely as it is, it is very far from commonplace. Such is the quality of Mr. Kussy's book "The Abyss." It is so realistic that its autobiographical form is only less convincing than Mr. Kussy's statement that as autobiography, it is altogether fiction. It reads like a narration of fact and it is hard to believe that the man who wrote it did not actually live it nor any part of it except in his sympathetic attention, but Mr. Kussy says he made the story up and there is that about Nathan Kussy that makes you know that though he can write fiction so realistic that it fools you, he cannot tell a lie. The truth itself looks out of his eyes; he is a melancholy man. So is his book a melancholy book.

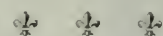
Mr. Kussy says he cares more for Dickens than for any other writer of books and "The Abyss" itself is evidence of his close study of Dickens' manner and method, you have only to read Chapter I of Book 4 to be sure of that, but he has not any of Dickens' nonsense and jollity, none of his sentimentality. But he has more than Dickens' sympathy. That may be why he does not find the poor amusing nor make amusing reading of their stories. He sees no joke in their sordid makeshifts of living and he has only a horror of their brutality. Dickens understood Bill Sykes, so he did not altogether abhor his brutality. Bill Sykes indeed is so much a part of Dickens and Dickens of him that each shares even as he makes the immortality of the other. Dandy Dan of "The Abyss" is a brute of a man who does horrible things to hurt people as much for the sake of hurting them as for his further and selfish purposes. Mr. Kussy doesn't know why he does them nor how he feels, so he makes of Dandy Dan only the sort

of person that one sees and reads about in police court cases; men that beat and burn their children with hot pokers. We suppose they must be crazy or in some way abnormal, but we have none at all of the human interest in them that we have in Bill Sykes. Not even the "Newark Kid" who tells the story in the first person singular, wins the spontaneous sympathy that we would like to give him and that, having seen him through so many tribulations, we feel we owe to the cause of his regeneration. This is because Mr. Kussy's gifts are not of the imagination. His appeal is to our sense of justice, not to our hearts. That is why his careful, truthful, almost matter-of-fact story of the lives of tramps and vagabonds and pickpockets is very valuable. There is no glamor, no sentimental moonshine about this tale. Such people live and this is their manner of life. These are the things that can happen and do happen in the world that we have made and touch elbows with every day walking through the street. The "Newark Kid" is not a child peculiarly good, bad or even peculiarly sensitive, but is a little boy, it might be almost any little boy, left an orphan and without relatives among poor and ignorant people in a big busy town such as Newark, New Jersey, a town adequately policed and ordinarily well governed by ordinarily greedy politicians and otherwise seen to by the usual societies and organizations for social betterment, conducted in a modern and "efficient" manner. Such things can and do happen, indeed they do inevitably happen. There is nothing new in Mr. Kussy's book, nothing exaggerated, he assures me, nothing sensational. Such, precisely such, are the lives of tramps, hoboes and their victims. What Mr. Kussy has done is to patiently and plainly and unanswerably point these things out to us.

Mulberry Bend is a name to conjure horror with. Everybody has always known that, but has known it vaguely. Mr. Kussy escorts us there "where rotten tenements shake their frouzy heads and leer at the garbage piled in their alleys," (The Dickens of that!) "and takes us inside the tenements and makes us look at and listen to just what is said and done. A Bowery lodging house has become a phrase only less classic than the Aegean Stable and only less mythical to the world at large. Mr. Kussy submits specifications and we

know exactly how such places look inside and how they are conducted. And now that we know, what are we going to do about it? Nothing very drastic nor immediate probably, but one thing we are not going to do, because of Mr. Kussy's book, we are not to console ourselves with the reflection that it is sentimental, overdrawn, highly colored "uplift stuff." So much for the book, "The Abyss."

Mr. Kussy himself is even more interesting and more sincere, if possible, and totally uneffected. He accounts for his success in the way that Carlyle accounts for genius, by an infinite capacity for taking pains. He claims only one gift, that of patience, and seems proud only of the distinction of being a Jew, and when one comes to think of it, to be a distinguished Jew, is to be distinguished indeed. He has achieved distinction, too, by exerting to the utmost his racial gift of the power to pursue fixedly and untiringly a single purpose. Nathan Kussy always meant to succeed in writing and he has succeeded, not by cultivating a great literary gift, but by cultivating intensely what might in a mind less determined have remained a casual liking for reading Dickens. His interest in living people inclines naturally toward poor folk and criminals and that is primarily why he has written about them. He does not want, apparently, to "uplift" humanity, he wanted very much more than anything else to write a successful book and he wrote it about the phase of life that he found most interesting.



TO MY FRIEND, ABBIE E. KREBS

By Esther Rujaro

*As in the depths of some cathedral dim,
A radiant window glorifies the air,
By sending through the aisles and arches grim
Its rich, sweet light replete with colors rare;
So, in the sacred places of my heart,
Your friendship stands, and sheds its tender glow
Enriching, beautifying, in such part,
As only you and I may ever know.
Then in this sanctuary of my life,
Oh, shine forever, friendship passing dear!
With purity and strength and sweetness rife,
I'm blest, indeed, while I can claim thee here!*

Clubs and Clublights

THE club season has opened brilliantly. Enthusiasm and hopes for a most active and useful period are running high in the hearts of all our prominent clubwomen. A splendid start has been made, and if the plans and promises of the clubs throughout the State are carried out this will be an epochal year in clubland.



Mrs. J. E. Cowles

Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in speaking of the great Biennial held in New York City, said that she was proud, and she knew that every woman in California was proud, of the election of the California President, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles.

Mrs. Knight has entered into the matter of organization and consolidation of different departments of Federation work, and she strongly advises sharp separation of sections which will prevent overlapping and promote the sectional activities. Mrs. Knight's work is a big one, and every member of the State Federation feels the value of having so able a leader, a woman whose poise is perfect and whose purpose is steadfast.

California may indeed be proud of furnishing the President of the General Federation. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles represents her high position in every desired way. She is the type of woman the West is glad to acknowledge as a leader in club life—a splendid type morally, intellectually, and a very charming woman withal. As a presiding officer Mrs. Cowles has no peer.

Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

Mrs. E. D. Donovan, the new president of the association, whose membership includes the names of women of achievement in literature from all parts of the country, is to be congratulated upon the first "guest day" under her leadership. The club rooms were filled and many new members were present, showing in their numbers that the association is starting its club year under the happiest and most favorable conditions, enthusiasm running high among the members. James Whitcomb Riley Day was celebrated on the occasion of the first guest day, and Mrs. Gertrude Alison, who is vice-president of the association, gave some reminiscences of the poet and read selections from his books. The following dedication verse was beautifully read by Mrs. Alison, and reminded her audience of the remark made about her by Emerson Brooks, the poet. Mr. Brooks said that he always associated Mrs. Alison with Riley, for in the early days of the Hoosier poet she read and loved his work when it was little known in California, and by her sympathetic rendering of his lines made many people acquainted with him:

Inscribed, With All Faith and Affection,

To all the little children—the happy ones, the sad ones;

The sober and the silent ones, the boisterous and glad ones;

The good ones, yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.

Mrs. Clarence Eddy's singing of several Riley songs gave the large audience the greatest pleasure. Her glorious voice was never better, and her charming personality won all hearts. Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt played the 12th Hungarian Rhapsody in her best manner. The Association was indeed fortunate in having such high-class professional entertainment. San Francisco music-lovers need no description of Mrs. Mansfeldt's art, her popularity here is too well established.

California Club

Miss Margaret Curry, President of the California Club, opened her club year with a "get-together luncheon" at the club house early in September. The welcoming speech by the President was followed by three-minute talks by the chairmen of departments and the musical section of the club furnished further entertainment. Since the opening luncheon

the happenings at the club have been many and varied. Chairman of the department of education, Mrs. W. A. Hammond, took charge of the meeting at which a debate took place, "Resolved, That Judges Should Be Appointed," between George C. Sargent in the affirmative and Wilson H. Sigourney in the negative. Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt gave an elaborate programme on the occasion of "social day," when the beautiful rooms were filled with members and their friends.

Adelphian Club

"The dramatic and physical culture class is going strong," said a prominent member of the Adelphian, as she left the club, and with a mighty stride swung down the street, just to show how physically cultured she was becoming. The musical section is doing lots of things, too. The Thursday concerts are attracting large audiences. The French section meets on Fridays, the Art History enthusiasts on Mondays, and by the way, Mrs. Mildred F. Husband's talk on "Art in Spain," was a rare treat; it is hoped that she will give other talks on similar lines. On Tuesdays the physical culturists are to be found in large numbers, "working like the Watsons," and on Wednesdays the sober Civic section settles subjects of State and city. At the meeting of the Household Art Section, Mrs. Kate Lucille Reinstein read "Billie Brad and the Big Lie," and several other delightful tales, in her own inimitable manner. Mrs. Andrew J. Aitken gave a



Mrs. E. D. Knight

Clubs and Clublights

most interesting talk on "Romance of California Names." And just to show their many-sidedness, their all-round completeness, the Adelphians meet one afternoon a week to sew!

The California Woman's Party

The Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage is with us again. Sara Bard Field, the ever-popular, is in splendid form. Doris Stevens, she of the executive ability, is abler than ever. With them are a body of fine earnest women who are going to organize and speak throughout the State. The California Woman's Party was formed at the luncheon given at the St. Francis, where three hundred and fifty women gathered and listened to some stirring speeches by Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Ida Finney Mackrille, Miss Beulah Amidon and others. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst presided at this meeting and showed her interest in the work proposed in a very characteristic manner. Miss Stevens told us that, like every other campaign, this one required funds, and she asked for two thousand dollars to help the good work along. Within two minutes after this statement was made, the amount required was just half that amount, for Mrs. Hearst rose and said very quietly that she would contribute \$1,000. Cheers arose and in a quarter of an hour the other thousand was raised in sums of a hundred, fifty, twenty-five, ten, five and one dollars.

The Mending Club

This is an unique institution, and a very useful and practical one. The mending, repairing and all kinds of plain and fancy needlework done by the club not only fills a long-felt want of bachelor men and girls, but gives work to women who need it. Mrs. B. Jordan has given the club rooms rent free and several other philanthropic women are interested, seeing, as they do, the possibilities of the enterprise. It will be a boon to many of us who have little time and less ability for wielding the needle, and whose shirts and blouses, as the case may be, lie staring us reproachfully in the face, after the wear and tear of a hard day. The Mending Club is at 521 Sutter Street, and its capable hands are held out to the helpless ones.

New Era League

Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, President of the League, is planning and executing much earnest work for her club this

year. She has wonderful ability and is backed by her large and energetic body of members, women who are keenly interested in all vital questions of the day, women whose intelligent grasp of a subject makes it a real pleasure for the different celebrated speakers to address them. The discussion of the "Enforcement of the Red Light Abatement Act" at the New Era, under the direction of Mrs. Bascom Johnson, was one of the many splendid meetings of the month.

Clonian Club

The officers of the Clonian are: President, Mrs. H. C. Jensen; Vice-Presidents, Mesdames Sherman T. Blake, M. S. Dobie; Secretaries, Miss Jean Cumming and Mrs. Theodore Labhard; Treasurer, Mrs. C. R. Avery; Auditor, Mrs. W. E. Arding.

At their first autumn meeting in the Sequoia Rooms, members had the pleasure of hearing readings from "William Tell," given by Mrs. H. M. Hastings. Nothing could be more artistically satisfying than the way in which Mrs. Hastings rendered Schiller's beautiful lines.

Mrs. Gerberding's Lectures

Clubwomen and all others who follow the topics of these stirring times, are looking forward to the series of lectures on "Current Events," which Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding announces she will give, beginning at the Sorosis Club rooms, 536 Sutter Street, on September 21, at 10:30 in the morning.

San Francisco Center of the California Civic League

Officers: Miss Marion Delany, President; Mrs. Ida Finney Mackrille, First Vice-President; Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, Second Vice-President; Miss Alice Kohlberg, Recording Secretary; Mrs. P. H. Pierson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. S. McLeish, Treasurer; Mrs. Frank P. Deering, Auditor; Mrs. Genevieve Allen, Business Secretary. Directors: Mrs. Walter Arnstein, Mrs. Orlow Black, Mrs. W. D. Brookings, Mrs. Robert A. Dean, Miss Mabel Pierce, Mrs. Alfred E. Raas, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. James Whitney. Chairmen of Standing Committees: Finance, Mrs. George B. Sommers; Headquarters, Mrs. Arthur L. Fisher; Legislative, Miss Gail Laughlin; Membership, Mrs. Samuel Spiro.

The San Francisco Center of the California Civic League is busy just now with the issues to be decided at the November election. One of the most important functions of the Center, one which

it constantly aims to fulfill as actively and broadly as possible, is the "Open Forum." For the women of San Francisco to be given an opportunity to hear full and free discussion of all matters of civic interest in the broadest sense, is very necessary at this juncture in their political life, when they are called upon to exercise the full rights of citizenship. Many measures and many men are to be voted on in November, and the Center is planning a full discussion of the measures, and when possible, a presentation of the men or their representatives. Charles Evans Hughes appeared lately before the Center; soon President Wilson's side will be presented; the senatorial contest at the primaries furnished a meeting; two meetings were devoted to the question of the "open shop." Mrs. Pankhurst, Margaret Sanger, Max Eastman, have been among recent speakers for the Center.

The "Open Forum," however, important and unique, is not the only activity of the Center by any means. Committees to do active work are formed from time to time, as occasion arises. The two most active committees formed during the past year, are the Public Health Committee and the Committee on Municipal Affairs. The Public Health Committee was formed for the purpose of study and work in matters pertaining to the civic side of public health. This committee, at present under the able leadership of Dr. Adelaide Brown, is studying social insurance—a subject, undoubtedly, of social legislation in the near future by the State Legislature.

The Municipal Affairs Committee, also fortunate in possessing an able Chairman, Mrs. Ada Finney Mackrille, was formed for the purpose of helping women to express themselves on matters of public moment. Informal discussions on affairs of the community are held, and the women have responded to the opportunity thus offered. So many discussions are planned for the Center as a whole until the time of the election, that the committee will not resume its meetings till November.

Many pieces of public work have been accomplished by the Center, and it is increasingly turned to for information and help in matters civic; every woman in San Francisco who takes an interest in the life of the community should be a member, and is hereby invited to become one, on application to the business secretary at 220 Post Street.

Clubs and Clublights

California Congress of Mothers

Mrs. George Wale, Chairman of the Second District, led a discussion on "Play on the Home Premises," that gave much food for thought to the large gathering in the Recreation League rooms, Phelan Building, and Mr. Edward de Groot gave a comprehensive report of the work done by this section of the Congress, as well as an outline of its future activities. He spoke at length on the subject of recreation centers, and praised the plans formed by the local Board of Education, which he said will greatly promote this important part of the work. The playgrounds at the State Normal School will be used for the purpose of training the students to teach games and become play leaders. The meeting unanimously opposed the use of the Civic Auditorium for boxing matches. Many prominent clubwomen attended this meeting, and among the delegates were Mrs. W. H. Marston of Berkeley, representing the State Congress of Mothers; Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, President of the California Federation; Miss Rusella Ward, Civic Department of the California Club; Mrs. Alan Benner of the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco; Mrs. J. S. Graham, Recreation Chairman, San Francisco Congress of Mothers; and Mrs. J. S. Hartell, Vice-President, Second District Congress of Mothers.

Twentieth Century Club of Berkeley

This is a club that is always up and doing. Its new officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Aaron Schloss, 2925 Hillegass Avenue; First Vice-President,

Mrs. Frederick G. Athearn, 2805 Regent Street; Second Vice-President, Mrs. William E. Colby, 2901 Channing Way; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frederick C. Lee, 825 Shattuck Avenue; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles S. Downes, 2514 Benvenue Avenue; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Willard H. Merrill, 1617 Shattuck Avenue; Treasurer, Mrs. Talbot Ware, 1205 Spruce Street; Mrs. George N. Nash, Mrs. B. N. Pratt, Mrs. G. S. Whitley, Mrs. F. L. Saylor.

The September meetings have been full of interest. Annie Little Barry's "Book Review" proved so popular that it is sure to be repeated, and Mrs. J. G. Berryhill's resume of the Biennial was a source of great pleasure to those who were there and those who stayed at home. The Parliamentary Law section of which Mrs. C. M. Keeler is Chairman, and Mrs. A. L. Barry, leader, meets every Wednesday morning and is attracting many members.

Woman's Building at the Capitol

The dedication of the Woman's Building at Sacramento was a memorable occasion. The building itself is a spacious and beautiful one, pleasing and comfortable in every way, and the fact that the women of California appreciate having a home of their own in the Capitol City was shown by the thousands of them that visited it during the State Fair. It was formally opened by the President of the Agricultural Association, Mr. John Perry, who presented it to the women of the State. The addresses of acceptance were made by Mrs. J. E. Cowles, President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. E.

D. Knight, General President of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. The musical programme which followed was worthy of the day, and the reception held in the evening was largely attended, the new building looking very attractive with the illuminations and flowers.

Cigarette Day

San Francisco, with her usual generosity, responded nobly on September 14, the occasion being the Cigarette Day for the benefit of the Belgium, French and British Blind Fund and the San Francisco Blind.

The total amount of receipts received from the sale of cigarettes amounted to a little over \$6,000, while the benefit performance at the Columbia Theatre netted an additional \$3,000. Besides this there were 195,000 cigarettes paid for, but not accepted by the generous public and these have been forwarded to the soldiers in the trenches.

The work was carried on under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Mrs. Lindow, Miss Carolan, Mrs. Major Abernathy, Miss Leona Goodman, representing San Francisco, while Mrs. R. Valentine Webster and Mrs. George A. Kessler, honorary secretaries of the fund, represented the parent organization.

Over fifty captains and three hundred and sixty beautiful society girls took charge of the actual sale of the cigarettes. Both Mrs. Kessler and Mrs. Webster, by reason of their charming personalities made many friends during their short stay in the city. Others assisting in the work were Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) and Henry Miller.

Domestic Science--Harness It for Your Needs Right Now

Fully realizing the great cost of living, the Sperry Flour Company is now constructing a very fine Domestic Science Department, for the benefit of all housekeepers who are desirous of taking advantage of the most thorough and complete course of instructions in cooking ever offered in San Francisco.

On the corner of Green and Sansome Streets, the Sperry Flour Company is putting the finishing touches on a handsome garage; one of the floors of which is being finished, throughout, with the most modern equipments for a Domestic Science School.

Knowledge is wealth; and never was this so true as it is today; when, through knowledge, you can save a large share of your household expenses, and at the same time provide for your family on a much more nutritious, appetizing and healthful scale. All this every girl or

woman in and around San Francisco can learn free of cost, during her spare time, almost any hour of the day.

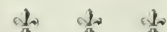
To become an excellent cook is a fine accomplishment as well as a money-making and money-saving asset. Scientific demonstrations will be given by experts in baking. Lectures, at stated intervals will be part of the course. And, unlike incidental demonstrations given now and then, this free school will be a daily enterprise.

Over one hundred persons can be seated at one time. Club presidents who wish to contribute an educational course for the benefit of members, will be most welcome.

By writing to Mr. R. D. Brigham, Sperry Flour Company, San Francisco, you will receive courteous attention and all necessary information.

Everywoman is co-operating in this

much needed and exceedingly beneficial school, and requests that every reader will take this opportunity to become expert in the most necessary of sciences.



LAUNCHING OF U. S. SUBMARINE

The United States Submarine "L-7" was launched at the California Shipbuilding Yards, at Long Beach, California, on Sept. 28th. This was an occasion of great importance and interest to Americans throughout the country who want a greater navy, and California's part in it is very gratifying to the State. Built by California shipbuilders, launched into California waters, christened with California champagne (Golden State Extra Dry Champagne was used in christening this vessel) the career of "L-7" will be followed with great pride by our State.

"The Opportunity is Here"

(Continued from page fourteen)

lives and to change the entire aspect of the war. Wherever intelligence, care and close attention have been needed, women have distinguished themselves. A writer in the 'London Times' of July 18, 1916, said: 'But for women, the armies could not have held the field for a month; the national call to arms been made or sustained; the country would have perished of inanition and disorganization. If, indeed, it be true that the people have been one, it is because the genius of women has been lavishly applied to the task of reinforcing and complementing the genius of men. The qualities of steady industry, adaptability, good judgment and concentration of mind which men do not readily associate with women have been conspicuous features.'

"On fields of battle, in regular and improvised hospitals, women have given tender and skilled care to the wounded and are credited with the restoration of life to many, many thousands. Their heroism and self-sacrifice have been frankly acknowledged by all the governments; but their endurance, their skill, the practicality of their service, seem for the first time, to have been recognized by governments as 'war power.' So, thinking in war terms, great men have suddenly discovered that women are 'war assets.' Indeed, Europe is realizing, as it never did before, that women are holding together the civilization for which men are fighting. A great search-light has been thrown upon the business of nation-building and it has been demonstrated in every European land that it is a partnership with equal, but different responsibilities resting upon the two partners.

"It is not, however, in direct war work alone that the latent possibilities of women have been made manifest. In all the belligerent lands, women have found their way to high posts of administration where no women would have been trusted two years ago and the testimony is overwhelming that they have filled their posts with entire satisfaction to the authorities. They have dared to stand in pulpits (once too sacred to be touched by the unholy feet of a woman) and there, without protest, have appealed to the Father of All in behalf of their stricken lands. They have come out of the kitchen where there was too little to cook and have found a way to live by driving cabs, motors and street cars. Many a woman has turned her hungry children over to a neighbor and has gone forth to find food for both mothers and both families of children

and has found it in strange places and occupations. Many a drawing-room has been closed and the maid who swept and dusted it is now cleaning streets that the health of the city may be conserved. Many a woman who never before slept in a bed of her own making, or ate food not prepared by paid labor, is now sole mistress of parlor and kitchen.

"In all the warring countries, women are postmen, porters, railway conductors, ticket, switch and signal men. Conspicuous advertisements invite women to attend agricultural, milking and motor-car schools. They are employed as police in Great Britain and women detectives have recently been taken on the government staff. In Berlin, there are over 3,000 women street car conductors, and 35,000 women are employed on the general railways of Germany. In every city and country, women are doing work for which they would have been considered incompetent two years ago.

"The war will soon end and the armies will return to their native lands. To many a family, the men will never come back. The husband who returns to many a wife will eat no bread the rest of his life save of her earning.

"What, then, will happen after the war? Will the widows left with families to support cheerfully leave their well-paid posts for those commanding lower wages? Not without protest!"

Mrs. Catt spoke at length of the breaking of British fetters, which is heard above the roar of cannon, the scream of shrapnel and the whirr of aeroplanes. "The woman's hour has struck," cried the speaker. She told of the insults and hardships endured by the pioneer suffragists, calling them the stones in the foundation. After dealing with the obstacles that seriously retard progress, Mrs. Catt launched into statistics concerning the vote of Indians, negroes and immigrants.

"Why should American women be content to beg the vote on bended knee from man to man, when no American male voter has been compelled to pay this price for his vote, and no woman of other countries is subjected to this humiliation? Shall a Republic be less generous with its womanhood than an Empire?"

The rousing call to arms closed with this appeal: "Women, arise! Demand the vote! The character of man is measured, it is said by his will. The same is true of a movement. Then WILL to be free. Demand the vote. Women, ARISE!"

ROUMANIA'S QUEEN

(Continued from page four)

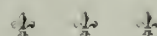
generation by generation they have gained in strength and have become the sturdy race of today. Despite the mild-mannered and rather humble attitude of many Roumanians, there are traces of their having sprung from "Caesar's conquering legions."

Travelers in this country all remember the picturesque costumes they see everywhere. The men wear long linen tunics, leather belts, white wool trousers, leather gaiters and sandals. At the different Spas where invalids from all parts of Eastern Europe come, one spends many idle, delightful hours watching the passing procession of people, clad in fashions of different climes and times. On holidays the Roumanian wears a sleeveless jacket embroidered with red and gold. The linen dresses of the women are fastened by long sashes or girdles wound many times around the waist. Much embroidery is seen, the women spending a great deal of time doing it. This brings us back to the Queen, who does beautiful embroidery and seems to love the hours spent in this way.

Her Majesty is intensely interested in the literature of Roumania, much of which has been preserved only in manuscript and kept with jealous watchfulness in the Academy, where these treasures have accumulated and been entombed. It is the desire of Queen Marie to have a history of the literature of the country compiled. When his work is published it will disclose the fact that much good poetry but very little prose of merit has been produced. No ponderous Popes, no mighty Macauleys will speak from its pages, but one recalls the song of the lute-player under one's window, and thrills again—

"Come, maidens, the summer night
is as soft as your lips!

The moon is coming. Oh, come and
dance!"



"Dad," said the young medical graduate, "in your two weeks' absence I managed to cure Mrs. Goldenby of her indigestion."

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you, of course, but Mrs. Goldenby's indigestion was what put you through college."—Boston Transcript.

Open Forum

Women Drop Parties to Uphold Wilson

(Continued from page three)

en's Clubs and former member of advisory council of Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, says:

"I am deeply disappointed to see such fine, able women as compose the Woman's Party depart from methods based on principle to adopt tactics of personal retaliation. Such methods will, I think, delay the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment by Congress rather than accomplish it. Suffrage for women is dearer than life to me, but the peace and security of my country are dearer still. I have no political party. I shall support President Wilson because I believe the Nation's affairs to be safest in his hands, including equal suffrage."

Miss Marion Delany, President of the San Francisco Center of the California Civic League, a warm advocate of woman suffrage, declares: "I am a cordial suffragist, but I do consider the narrowing of our civic ideals to one issue, instead of standing on broad human grounds for the advancement for the whole race, a positive mistake. The Woman's Party ignores too much that is human to accomplish too little that is humanly valuable."

Mrs. Charles A. Hawkins, social worker and Progressive, feels that women owe

much to the Wilson administration: "So much," says she, "that—devout suffragist as I am—if my one vote would bring suffrage to all women, I would not give it, if by so doing I should make Hughes President. If suffrage can only be got at so great a cost, then, to my mind, it is not worth it."

"A man with so little judgment and tact and common sense as the Republican presidential candidate showed in California, by lining up with the reactionaries who have fought every piece of legislation of which California women are proud, who stands with the Penroses and all the old-time bosses, and against the Progressives who left the Republican fold—not because they wished to found a new party but because they could not stand the old—that man is not my choice for President, nor is the Woman's Party, which, directly or indirectly, aids him, my party."

Mrs. Fremont Older, formerly officer in Congressional Union, voices her protest as follows: "I strongly favor the Federal amendment for suffrage, but President Wilson is in my mind one of our three great Presidents. The other two were Lincoln and Jefferson. In spite of President Wilson's attitude on the

Federal amendment I would rather trust suffrage with him than with Senator Penrose, Senator Murray Crane, Senator Cabot Lodge, and the others who dominate the Republican Party, and in consequence dominate Hughes. I desire the re-election of President Wilson because he is trying to reform the Supreme Court; because he freed the sailors; because he caused the eight hour day law to be enacted; because he kept the country out of the world massacre."

Hear then the voice of the keepers of the home who have dropped all thought of party in their allegiance to the man who has served the Nation in its most terrible hour! Faced with the greatest problems that have come to our country since the Civil War—that have come in unprecedented numbers—he has steadfastly held to the ideals of a great democracy.

These women believe that the people of the United States must not lose the cumulative force of President Wilson's achievements which will come to the highest fruition in this next administration.

Just look back on what he has done in the past four years and give him four years more!

Elections and Extremes

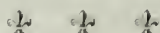
Another election day has passed and the California home is still intact. If there were any accounts of mothers deserting their children or of married couples settling their political disagreements at the point of a rolling-pin, we have somehow overlooked them. Judging from the number of happy, well-dressed youngsters we see, the maternal instinct is still managing to struggle on, even if mother did walk across the street and drop a piece of paper in a box.

"If the antis who rave about the dangers of the vote could see a California election day, they'd go back to the homes they talk so much about," a prominent man remarked not long ago.

It would take a very short time to convince an anti with anything above the ears except hair that modern society is not tottering because a woman stepped into a voting booth on her way home from the market. Gone are the old-fashioned polls, established in the back room of a saloon. Gone are the loungers, the cigar smoke, the men who argued and bet over the outcome of the election.

Instead we find neat tents, with a pleasant, white-haired grandmother presiding behind the ballot box. Grandmothers seem to have a special fondness for being election clerks, and their presence makes the much-talked-of contamination of the polls seem absurd even to the unenlightened.

Voting is such a quiet, commonplace, orderly procedure that the woman who has once cast her ballot is saved ever afterwards from running to extremes. To speak of the franchise as something holy seems almost as ridiculous as condemning it for ruining American womanhood. It loses its poetic significance and assumes a new practical value. Casting a vote becomes as exciting as buying a beefsteak, and is just about as dangerous to the sacredness of the home.



We must admit that forest fires are one of the burning questions of the day.

SELECTIONS

(Continued from page eight)

When thou didst wake it where it slept
beneath
Contentment's wing, grey bird that
sings one note,
Life's lullaby of fond monotony.
Now, whatso'er I am, mad restless
thing,
Or craving care and love, wild as the
storm,
Or gentle as a breeze, the work is
thine—
For I am wholly thine, thy creature,
locked
In thy soul's keeping, subject to thy
will—
I have but thee! I love as women
love,
Forgetting self and Heaven!
Philip (soliloquizing):
To this fond Queen that hangs upon
my neck
Chance makes me false, but she shall
think me true,
And thinking so, be happy. True it is,
Love plays but little part in royal
ties!
My duty's clear enough; unto myself,
My future and my manhood do I owe.

WORLD'S WOMEN

(Continued from page twelve)

ters of Helene, Duchess of Aosta.

Princess Helene, whose husband and two sons, Adameus, Duke of Apulia, and Prince Aymon, Duke of Spoleca, are serving their country at the front has been a beautiful woman.

She was born at Twickenham, on the Thames near London, some forty-six years ago, talks English without an accent, has always been a particular favorite of Queen Alexandra, and a few years ago, when threatened by lung trouble, undertook long exploring and shooting expeditions into Central Africa, where she was lost to civilization for many months, undergoing the most extraordinary adventures.

She has hunted big game in India and in Asia, has also visited the United States incognito, and is the second daughter of the late Comte de Paris, who served with the union army in the American civil war.

Her mother, the widowed Comtesse de Paris, will celebrate on Thursday her sixty-eighth birthday at her chateau of Randan, at Puy de Dome, in France. Still wonderfully vigorous in body and mind, this princess of France, who is likewise, through her parents, the late Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, an infanta of Spain and in the line of succession to the Spanish throne, has converted the great castle at Randan into a hospital and home for wounded officers and soldiers, whom she entertains there as her guests, providing all the necessary medical attention.

Since the beginning of the present war the Comtesse de Paris, like her children, especially her youngest and favorite son, Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Montpensier, has frowned upon all political activities on the part of their royalist adherents and contributed in every way possible to help the government.

Her sons are prevented from bearing arms for France owing to the existence of the law, enacted at the instance of General Boulanger, excluding scions of formerly sovereign families of France from serving under her flag. But the Duc de Montpensier, like his brother-in-law, the Duc de Guise, and the Duchesse de Guise, and like their cousins, the Duc and Duchesse de Vendome, are all devoting themselves to hospital work and to the organization of relief for the sick and wounded.

MARY'S HELP

(Continued from page nineteen)

look down upon a little garden with red geraniums nodding you a warm welcome back to health. And who could feel sick or disheartened with flowers, sunshine and tender, loving care, in a place that radiates happiness and good will to all?

Sister Angela is virtually the head of the hospital, and is a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten woman, one well worthy of the name "Sister of Charity," with her ever-ready sympathy and understanding; and, combined with that, the wonderful executive ability she must possess to manage such an enormous proposition. She certainly must feel, when the day's work is done, that it has indeed been the "end of a perfect day," for there is never a moment when she and her fifteen assistants are not helping some one.

Then there are sixty-five nurses who help carry on this splendid work, and many of them go daily amongst the city's poor, and there chronic invalids and bedridden patients are bathed, treated, and proper food prepared.

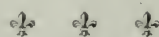
Any outside help, such as financial aid, clothing, food for the poor, is gladly and gratefully accepted. This splendid, Godlike work should be universally shared by all more fortunate.

The patronesses, all big-hearted, generous women, provide every service within their power. Cleanliness reigns supreme in this promised home of sunshine and goodness.

Among the patronesses are: Mrs. Mary Tobin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. F. Kelly, Mrs. Bertha Welch, Miss Mary Phelan, Mrs. J. S. Reardon, Mrs. J. J. O'Toole, and Mrs. A. P. O'Brien.

Medical aid is provided by the most competent physicians, but the great demand in Mary's Help for assistance is almost bigger than the supply; yet help is never refused or questioned. These wonderful women who carry on this work are full of enthusiasm, and far-reaching in their blessed charity.

Their motto: "It's more blessed to give than receive." For there is no end to the good, the help and the large-heartedness of all those connected with Mary's Help.



General Bliss has been appointed to duty on the border, and the inhabitants of New Mexico are wondering what's in a name.

A CITY SKETCH

Have you ever attended the evening convention of lonely people? Have you ever been present at the local gathering of the Society of Sad Hearts? Perhaps you protest that you did not know that there were such meetings, that you haven't the slightest idea where they take place; perhaps you are only too well acquainted with them.

For the uninitiated we will explain that they take place every evening in every cafeteria in every city in the United States. We don't know why the lonely people always pick out cafeterias. It may be that the festivity of other places makes their loneliness seem all the more poignant. Perhaps, too, a cafeteria is the only place where one can dine on a glass of milk and a piece of custard pie without receiving scornful stares from the waiter.

But the fact remains that the men and women who are making life a solo instead of a duet have chosen such places for their headquarters.

There are no happy family parties at cafeterias; no people who are dining out merely for the pleasure of it. Such crowds seek the brighter, gayer places. The evening customers are devoted solely to the sordid business of obtaining nourishment.

There is none of the noise and laughter of the noon-hour. Each person sits at a table by himself, automatically working his elbow and taking a desultory interest in the evening paper. A few listen to the music as they choke down the familiar beef stew. There is always a young lady in white who sings sentimental songs—songs which cause some of the diners to forget their trays and look off into space.

The Society of Sad Hearts has no age limits. Its members range from sixteen to sixty. There is a little girl just from home who sees a designing Lochinvar in every lonely drygoods clerk bent over a piece of apple pie. There is a librarian of a "certain age" whose personality has become as dry and dusty as the volumes she handles. There are fussy old bachelors who polish all the silverware on their napkins before settling down to the liver and bacon.

Night after night one sees the same figures at the same tables. Night after night they go away as lonely as they came, wishing for comradeship and yet separated by the great gulf called convention. All of them look as if the light of love and friendship had been suddenly snuffed out of their lives, leaving them groping in the dark alone.

Judge B. V. Sargent

Candidate for Judge of Supreme Court

By Howard A. Welsh



Judge B. V. Sargent is a native son of pioneer parentage. Until he was eighteen years of age he performed the work of early California ranch life. At that age he entered the College of Santa Clara.

Among the great men who were his professors were the Rev. T. Kenna, Rev. T. Pensco, Rev. Father Bayma. He always loved Father "Joe" Carreda and that dear old soul whose memory is always green in the hearts of the students of Santa Clara who were fortunate enough to know him, the Rev. Father Young and also L. Byington, the well-known attorney and native son, a classmate of Santa Clara.

After his graduation from the Jesuit College young Sargent went to Yale where he took the lawyers' degree in the class of 1887. On returning to California he entered the District Attorney's office in this city, then presided over by Major Stoneheill. He remained here a short time and then went to Monterey County and became successively, assistant District Attorney and then District Attorney.

In 1902 he was elected Judge of the

Superior Court, which office he held for twelve years. During this period of time he was called upon to preside in a great many of the counties and when the courts of extra-session opened in San Francisco Judge Sargent was requested to act in this city for the purpose of clearing up San Francisco's congested calendar. He was not asked what kind of cases he was familiar with but was sent into the maelstrom of work in all the courts, civil, probate, criminal and juvenile.

Judge Sargent was always a hard worker and prompt in his rendering his decisions. During three years and a half he acted while here his calendar was crowded all of the time. Some of his decisions stand out as land-marks, for instance, the laundry case, the one involving the constitutionality of a long obsolete ordinance closing laundries between the hours of 6 in the evening and 7 in the morning. The ordinance lay unobserved for 20 years. American women were competing Japs and Chinamen working at night. A case having been made under the ordinance its constitutionality was attacked. The hearing was had in Judge Sargent's court and in the face of the strongest kind of opposition he held the ordinance constitutional. He was latter sustained in the Supreme

Court. He also declared the tailors' suit scheme illegal. This was a scheme whereby dishonest tailors obtained a dollar a week from women by professing to give them a valuable suit of clothes for one dollar in a weekly drawing. Judge Sargent's decision broke up this practice. He also passed upon and upheld the constitutionality of the State Banking Act. He was latter sustained in the United States Supreme Court. He was also chosen by both sides to try the Civic Center condemnation suits involving seventy millions of dollars. He was never reversed in a criminal cause, although he tried a great many very important criminal cases, both in San Francisco and Monterey. Judge Sargent took great interest in Juvenile Court work, sitting very often for Judge Murasky. In this line of work he had a very large and unusually successful experience, the result of his labors in this field of endeavor have been extremely gratifying, to all of whom he came into contact. Judge Sargent's family consists of his wife and three sons and he is a member of Stanford Parlor N. S. G. W., the Olympic Club, the Press Club, Lodge No. 26 of the Moose, and also belongs to the Elks and a number of other fraternal organizations. Judge Sargent is a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court of this city and his friends are working very hard for his election.

Have you ever thought how many men have been found guilty because the air was bad in the courtroom and the jury had a headache? Or how many

prisoners have been hanged because the judge ate plum pudding the night before?



Says the suffragette: "My husband can't represent me at church or at the dinner table; why is he expected to do so at the polls?"



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Is College Worth the Price?

(Continued from page thirteen)

quickly and so drastically punished. The student who differs from the others is likely to be branded as "queer," and she who is "queer" is buried in a neat social graveyard. Only a person of exceptionally strong character can rise above this criticism to a place of leadership. The girl who is easily repressed belongs in a small college, for there she will not be buried under an avalanche of numbers. Above all, no young woman should enter an institution where she is entirely unacquainted. Nowhere else is the fate of she who "hath not" made more bitterly apparent. The student who is handicapped socially in her first semester may be doomed to an endless treadmill of lonely days.

There is another price which the college girl must pay—the price of isolation from the active, outside world. The school becomes her universe. She hasn't time to attend the theaters, to read the newspapers, to rub elbows with people who are doing real work. After a time even the desire for these things passes and she is perfectly contented in a world which extends no farther than the college campus. University students are notoriously ill-informed about what is happening outside the campus hedges. They become afflicted with a pe-

culiar form of near-sightedness. A campaign for student-body president looms larger to them than a campaign for president of the United States. They are more interested in the outcome of a football game than they are in the European war.

Often, when a girl enters a business or social career at the end of her course, she finds that the world is four years ahead of her. Though she knows a good deal about the social customs of the Aztecs, she is utterly unable to discuss the latest child-labor bill. In a business office she feels very much like a nun who was suddenly taken out of her convent and given a job. She lacks the self-confidence of the woman who took a position at the end of her high school course. Though eventually the college girl may rise far higher than the others, she pays the price of her isolation in a year of confusion and painful readjustment. Her near-sighted vision must be twisted back to normal and the process is never pleasant.

There is one last price which we must consider, even at the risk of presenting an anti-climax. Though this item may not seem important to many, it is something which the college girl seldom fails to pay—the price of her good looks. For

some reason she ages and fades far earlier than her sisters who stayed home or even than those who went into business. A college girl at 21 looks as old as a business girl at 25.

Take a group of seniors and notice the number of tired, white faces that show up under the mortar-boards. True, you may see pretty girls on the campus, but if you investigate, you'll discover that nearly all of them are freshmen. A physical culture director recently said that she had watched hundreds of pretty freshmen fade into worn-out, colorless seniors. It is impossible to name the reason or to place the blame; but the college girl must be prepared to make this last sacrifice with the rest.

Then we come again to the question. Is it all worth while? This depends on the way in which you regard the price. If you consider it too high, it will be too high. If love of the work makes it seem insignificant, it will be insignificant. Because a college training brings happiness to some, it does not follow that all are equally fitted to enjoy it. The entering student should remember that, like all good things, it will demand its price, and that only those who pay cheerfully will find a reward.

Mr. Jacobson's Pupil Recital

The artistic residence studio of Joseph George Jacobson was filled to overflowing on the occasion of a pupils' recital the other evening. It is always a pleasure to visit the large airy, picturesque studio, which is hung with some beautiful paintings by Mrs. Jacobson, who is a gifted artist. The collection of bric-a-brac and antiques adds to the interest of the studio. Mr. Jacobson's pupils gave the hundred and fifty guests a delightful musical evening. They were Miss Lorraine Sliger, Miss Vivian Whitney, Miss Loretto Ford, Miss Margaret Galway, Miss Barbara Jones, the Misses

Woll and Rumiguere, Hall Norris, Mrs. Simon and Messrs. Menz and Gunder- sen, and their finished performance showed the excellence of Mr. Jacobson's teaching methods.

Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox delighted the audience with her superb singing, especially her rendering of Mr. Jacobson's beautiful song "Passing Out of the Shadow."

The concert ended with a Godard trio for piano, violin and 'cello, which was beautifully executed by Messrs. Arthur Conradi, Georg von Hagel and J. G. Jacobson.

Joseph George Jacobson

PIANIST-TEACHER

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At the Theatres

By the Matinee Girl

Alcazar

Catherine Chisholm Cushing's bright little four-act comedy delighted Alcazar audiences for a week, and packed the theater at every performance. Eva Lang and John Halliday in the principal roles did some fine work. Miss Lang's interpretation of the famous Billie Burke part, "Jerry," was so thoroughly charming that we are looking forward to seeing this gifted young actress create a role all her own. She has magnetism, grace, a delicious sense of humor, and a dainty way of doing things that is very fascinating. Her voice is pleasant, but not always as audible as the old folks in the last row would wish—for she has such a pretty way of speaking that one hates to miss a word. The October plays at the Alcazar, with the excellent company now playing, will be "The Man Inside," "Passers By" and "The Cub"—all new to San Francisco.



Cort

"The Clansman" at the Cort is proving once more its tremendous popularity. One of the greatest moving pictures ever seen, it is attracting large houses, and the audiences are moved to tears and laughter and carried out of themselves by the powerful drama that unfolds one of the country's most tragic

stories—the history of the Civil War. Beginning October 8th the Cort management will offer a very different kind of entertainment. One of the great New York Winter Garden successes, "A World of Pleasure," is coming to please San Francisco theatergoers who enjoy good music and splendid scenic effects.



Tivoli

William Locke's great novel, "Jaffery," makes a wonderful photo play. C. Aubrey Smith appears in the title role, and plays the part splendidly. Eleanor Woodruff as Doria is delightful. The production affords an hour and a half of thrilling entertainment, and is aptly called "the story of a strong man's strong love."



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—Dorothy Dix.

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RE-ELECT

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ELECT

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Don't Misunderstand Proposition No. 2 to be Voted on at the November Election

Read the Text of the
SECOND

PROHIBITION AMENDMENT
AND YOU WILL FIND THAT

PROPOSITION No. 2 is NOT purely
an anti-saloon measure.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would wipe out
practically every legitimate avenue of
distribution of California wines.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent a
Californian from securing a glass of
wine with his meals anywhere in Cali-
fornia because they would have no
place of PERMANENT RESIDENCE
here.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent
California from securing a glass of
wine with his meals the moment he
left his permanent residence, or went
to another city or town.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit
the serving of wine with meals in
hotels or restaurants.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would banish all
wines from clubs or fraternal organ-
izations.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make fel-
ons of those who served wine at a
banquet in any hotel or place of pub-
lic resort.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it
impossible for any one enjoying a va-
cation at a summer resort to secure
a glass of wine with meals.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would stop any
hotel or restaurant chef from using
wine in preparing gravies, sauces or
special dishes.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent
any bakery from using brandy in
mince pies or plum puddings.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it
a crime to offer a wine punch at a
public reception.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent
the sale of wine by the gallon or
bottle in grocery or other stores.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would eliminate
every branch or agency of a winery
in California.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit
the soliciting of orders away from the
place of manufacture, and eliminate
traveling salesmen.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent
the sampling or tasting of wine at the
winery.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would forbid the
contemplating purchaser from going
to a winery and taking away with
him any quantity he might wish to
buy.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would discour-
age the manufacture of the finest
grades of wine, because they are aged
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November, 1916



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Official Journal of
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Open Forum

"Policy of the National Woman's Party"

By Doris Stevens

"Why I am for President Wilson"

By Miriam Michelson

Articles by

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VOL. XI. No. 7

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1916

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EVERYWOMAN feels the honor of being the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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# OPEN FORUM

## Policy of the National Woman's Party

By Doris Stevens

California Campaign Manager

**T**HE campaign of the Woman's Party is directed toward the defeat of President Wilson and the National Democratic ticket in the twelve equal suffrage States.

The Woman's Party is not campaigning against Mr. Wilson in any State except the twelve suffrage States. Women have political power in these States only. All the members of the Woman's Party, and all the officers, belong to those States. The Woman's Party does not operate, politically, in



Doris Stevens

any part of the country save in the States where women vote.

The Woman's Party is opposing Mr. Wilson because he is the leader of the party which has been in control of Congress for the last four years, and which has used that control to block and defeat the national enfranchisement of women.

By their own words, Mr. Wilson as leader, and the Democratic Party have admitted their responsibility for the legislation that has been put through this administration. We have only to scan their own statements in the Congressional Record, and to listen to their campaign speeches to know that they are eager to impress the country with the fact that they and they only have been responsible during this Administration

for the guidance of national affairs.

There are some Democratic politicians who would excuse the President because of lack of precedent. Democratic partisans ought to be the first to realize that President Wilson has never adhered to precedent—so it matters not how much precedent there is for a President urging on Congress the passage of a Federal amendment.

President Wilson made a driving smash at precedent when he delivered in person his message to Congress. Over and over again he has shown a fine disdain of precedent. It is a matter of general gossip in Washington that whenever he wishes to urge action from Congress on any measure which interests him he loses no time in consulting with the House and Senate leaders for the purpose of directing legislation. Democratic politicians sometimes make the misleading statement that even if the President had initiated action on this measure he would not have had the necessary two-thirds majority among the members of his own party in both houses. It is absurd to imagine that the minority members in Congress cease to vote on majority measures. Any student of the operations of Congress knows that almost no legislation goes through with the exclusive support of one party. **But the significant fact to remember is that no measure can go through when opposed by the majority party."**

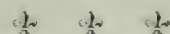
The majority leaders control the actions of every committee of Congress—the Democrats when they are in power, the Republicans when they are in power, and the majority leaders own and apportion all the time consumed by both Houses in debate on a measure.

It is interesting to note that the vote on the suffrage amendment in the House of Representatives, January 12, 1915, showed 174 votes cast in favor of the amendment, of which 32 per cent were Democrats, 63 per cent Republicans, 100 per cent Progressive Republicans, 93 per cent Progressives, 100 per cent of the Independents.

Voting against the Suffrage Resolution was 62 per cent of the Democrats and 29 per cent of the Republicans. That is; 170 out of 204 opposition votes were Democratic votes were cast against the

resolution. It would not therefore have secured the necessary two-thirds majority if **every member of every other party had been present and voted "yea."** The defeat of the measure was accomplished by the overwhelming adverse vote of the Democratic party.

The Federal method permits concentration and economy of effort, and when submitted by Congress it occupies a situation of great advantage, for once through Congress it is passed for all time, and remains before the State Legislatures **until ratified.**



A State which ratifies an amendment, ratifies it for good. The duration of time during which a State Legislature may consider a State amendment is absolutely unrestricted. Attempts to restrict the time have always proved unsuccessful. James in his treatise on "Constitutional Conventions," Ames in his "History of Proposed Amendments to the Constitution," and Watson, the constitutional authority, all agree that there is no limit as to the time in which an amendment must be ratified but from the moment of its origin until it becomes a law, it remains subject to ratification. Equally clear is the precedent that the rejection of an amendment is not final, but can be continually reconsidered. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were rejected and reconsidered by some of the States before the final ratification.

Professor Charles A. Beard, head of the Department of Politics, Columbia University, and a recognized authority on Constitutional law, has just sent a ringing endorsement of the Woman's Party echoing across the country. He says in part:

"The Woman's Party refuses to oggle and smile sweetly for the gentlemen. It will not go out into the streets to plead with loafers. It will not weep in public about mother and home. Its leaders are willing to plead with the voters for other causes, but they will not take a sex conflict to the gutters. They know that every man who really believes in the 'justice' of their cause will give his support to the Federal amendment, that talk about States' rights when three-fourths of the States must give their consent, is either

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# OPEN FORUM

## Why I am for President Wilson

By Miriam Michelson

**A** PETULANT party of women who have been denied the thing they asked for is out for the defeat of President Wilson. I have been asked why, as a suffragist who worked for suffrage in 1911, I do not join this party.

The first reason is because it is a woman's party; because it thinks in terms of sex instead of terms of humanity, and so can use only half of that mighty force for change which lies in the whole body of people. Because, too, as half a party, it has only a negative policy. Its slogan is DO NOT. Nothing was ever accomplished with DO NOT. No thinking body of either men or women or both can stand together and effect anything unless there is a constructive purpose behind them. The petulant party disclaims any intention of electing Hughes by the defeat of Wilson—of course, a rather nonsensical attitude of mind, but one which must nevertheless be taken into consideration, for it is the official attitude of the party.

The second reason is a constructive reason. It is because Woodrow Wilson is for peace. The world today has been shamed and humbled, as an individual is shamed and humbled when he discovers that the brute in him, the savage is mightier than the man. There is no civilized reason for war. It is only upon the assumption that we are imperfectly civilized—or rather, that we are yet barbarians, that war may be justified. Today the United States is the only great nation on earth which is not participating in a world massacre that belongs back in the middle ages. And this exemption from war madness, I firmly believe, we owe to Woodrow Wilson.

The Woman's Party, like a naughty, passionate child, cannot see the difference between friends and enemies. Like a child in a temper, it makes big threats which it cannot accomplish. Like an undisciplined child, it cannot tell right from wrong. Its acknowledged intent is to sacrifice indiscriminately friend and foe alike, if that friend or foe be in the Democratic party.

One reason why I must be for President Wilson is that I am a single taxer. No liberal-minded person, no sincere radical can at this crisis in affairs afford the luxury of registering his vote for his own special theory of economics.

If Henry George himself were running for the Presidency—with absolutely no chance of success, as is the case with the Socialist candidate, say—I would not cast my vote for him, but for Wilson.

If Susan B. Anthony were running for the Presidency—with no hope of election—and she would have made an excellent executive, capable, humane, just, as some other women will, I trust, though not in my lifetime—I should vote for Wilson.

The petulant party has adopted a Rule or Ruin policy. The Woman's Party, right or wrong, is their slogan. Personally, I have never been able to subscribe even to the My-Country-Right-or-Wrong theory. I don't believe in my country when it is wrong. Oh, I am very ready to admit that I may be mistaken as to whether it is wrong, but when it is admittedly wrong, it

has not my allegiance. I don't believe in myself right or wrong. The wrongness of individuals or governments is not a thing to glory in. Countries, like individuals, must sometimes be wrong, but let us not be jubilant over it. And as a time when enlightened people of all parties are climbing up from behind the savage old party stockades, these women—beginning their political existence unfortunately, at the point where advanced thinkers have left off—pen themselves in behind strict party lines. They imprison themselves behind walls, closer, more limiting, more cramping than any party theory in existence today, for they restrict themselves by sex as well as by party. Walled in, down in the gully of their prejudices, shutting their eyes to even the partial light that might penetrate—this party of petulance reverts, naturally, to savage methods; commits hari-kari; kills its political existence; and would kill

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



Miriam Michelson



# National Council of Women

## Future Plans Outlined by Its President

Members of the National Council of Women:

The intense heat and a long absence from my desk prevented by letter to **Everywoman** for October. At present we find ourselves on the ground, renewed, and in condition for a season's work of great promise.

Pursuant to the report of the conference held in St. Louis, July 31, re employment work for women and girls and the endorsement of the National Council of Women (September issue of **Everywoman**)—the letter sent to every organization and the answers—we now have most encouraging report.

Twenty of the twenty-five organizations pledged earnest endorsement and support, and the others will, I am sure, answer as soon as they have had further consultation. There has been no objection, only the expression in a few cases of the different work carried on, somewhat alien to the proposed plans.

The Commissioner-General is now prepared to make more definite arrangements, and we in turn may propose a practical method of reaching our membership, to begin the co-operation.

Officially, I wish to express appreciation of the privilege of adding our endorsement to this work of the department, our endeavor to obtain employment and opportunity for many out of work, and our belief that we may aid in breaking down the barriers between employer and employee.

The chairmen of department work in the National Council are completing the personnel of the committees, and recommendations for active interest on the part of those carrying on similar lines of work—that the force of numbers may aid the plans of any one organization specially interested.

The chairmen have specified the months for their reports in **Everywoman**, and we hope to have two or three in every issue.

The publicity work is under the charge of Mrs. Wm. Jennings Bryan, chairman; Mrs. Effie Leese Scott, Denver; Mrs. Edw. A. Knapp, Kan-

Letter from the President of the National Council of Women



Mrs. Philip North-Moore

sas City; Mrs. Mary N. North, Virginia.

Mrs. Bryan will announce her plans for releasing material; and she has divided the organizations so that each member of the committee will have personal touch with them and personal reports from all.

The National Council of Women is a part of the great plan of the world, and should be known by name and work to every woman.

It will be a pleasure to correspond in answer to any questions.

Questions and answers may be given in this monthly letter, or privately if so desired.

Sincerely yours,

Eva Perry Moore.

✿ ✿ ✿  
(Editorial Note)

**I**N this letter Mrs. Philip North-Moore gives an outline of some parts of the work to be pushed forward in the coming year. The letter also proves that even the president of an organization which has a membership of 7,000,000 women, needs a rest very much as other people do. But, following upon that rest we are all sure to reap a rich harvest of ideas and accomplishments.

**Everywoman** looks forward to the works of the National Council of Women as of the greatest importance to the world at large. Ever since we began to write we have advocated and wished sincerely that women would take up

and work with all their might on a few of the really great things which lie close to the heart of life itself, and which would, from their very nature, do away with many of the problems which are torturing our distracted world of today. And these things are: To find proper work for the unemployed—to bring the employer and the employee together without cost. To make every effort at wiping out friction between the people who work and the people who are supposed not to work. It is in this field that the trouble breeder finds his most lucrative employment; for, when people come together and know one another better, they will find their mutual interests and human feelings very nearly akin. Then, there is the all-important work of sufficient Preparedness, without which there can be no kind of peace until the world is far more civilized than it is today. There is also to be considered the unmarried mother and the nameless child problem, which must be dealt with by just and honest methods and a square application of fair play; particularly for the innocent children, who should receive the help and consideration of all who think.

There is no greater satisfaction than to realize that your cherished desire and work, unknown to you, have found lodgment in the hearts of so many women of the broadest sympathy and knowledge, and who are able to use all their gifts and power in placing the true cornerstones of human endeavor under a poor old world which is rocking to destruction owing to its being builded upon false ideals—which are far more treacherous than sand as foundations for anything lasting.

Such are parts of the world's work which the National Council of Women are trying to accomplish. And, even though there are 7,000,000 of them, you will understand that they have their hands pretty well filled in organizing the working units of this Nation-wide undertaking.

\* \* \* \* \*

All the embattled statesmen of Europe claim to be prepared to fight until the fate of the great principles at stake has been permanently settled. It would be permanently settled if a comet hit the earth, too.—"Bulletin."



# The Great "War-Fair"

## What an American Woman Did in England

By Arnold Bennett, London Leader

THE work of charitable committees may usually be divided under two heads: Getting the money and spending the money. Both activities are very difficult to carry out properly. As I knew more about the first than the second, I am naturally inclined to think that the first is rather more difficult than the second. The Wounded Allies Relief Committee of Sardinia House, Kingsway, which can boast that it began when the war began, and that it helps the wounded of all Britain's allies without exception, has a sub-committee which does nothing but collect money. I am the chairman of that sub-committee. We are always in need. We are always seeking fresh devices for extracting money from the public. We count it a virtue that, though we might have done so, we have not hitherto subjected London to a flag day.

One afternoon, Mrs. Katherine Scott, the American wife of Mr. A. H. Scott, Alderman of the L. C. C., and formerly M. P. for Ashton-under-Lyme, who also is of the sub-committee, said, at a meeting, "If we could get the City of London to lend us the Caledonian Cattle Market at Islington, free of charge, for two days, we might have the biggest jumble sale ever held, and make thousands out of it." Now, there are several hard-headed businessmen on the sub-committee—lawyers, men of affairs, men experienced in the world—and they all smiled condescendingly at Mrs. Scott's suggestion. I did the same. I replied, voicing the sentiments of the meeting, "Yes, Mrs. Scott, IF— But you may be sure the City of London won't do such an unheard of thing!" Mrs. Scott said, "Well, will you authorize me to try?" I said, "Certainly."

The next thing we knew was that the City of London had lent us the Cattle Market free of charge. Sir Lindsey Smith, the Committee's Honorary Secretary, was summoned to the deliberations of the City Cattle Markets Committee, and received a most marked welcome. Mrs. Scott was not yet satisfied. She conceived the idea of getting the City of London National Guard to assist. Our sub-committee had apparently learned nothing by its previous experience. We told Mrs. Scott that the National Guard could not be got. Mrs. Scott got the National Guard.

Through Major Passingham our bill-

posting, which Londoners will admit was effective, was done at a cost so trifling that it must arouse the envy of even Sir Hedley Le Bas, who tells us not to dress too well and not to go for joyrides in motor cars, and who is famous for his economic bill-posting. Mrs. Scott also obtained the co-operation of the Lord Mayor, despite our solemn warning that the Lord Mayor would be far too busy to attend to us. And she obtained the hearty services of a great number of other important people, including those of Mr. H. G. Montgomery, the organizer of all the Olympic



Mrs. A. H. Scott

shows, whose labors for us have been incessant and invaluable.

For myself, when the enterprise began to materialize, I quailed under its vastness and looked around for a pillar of strength to which I could cling. Inevitably I thought of Mr. Selfridge, the American merchant of Oxford street. I wrote him requesting him to join us in the organizing. I did not expect him to consent, but he at once consented. After that, when Lady Paget, whose success in money-collecting for war charities had been prodigious, agreed to become honorary director of the affair, I breathed more easily. The inclusion of Mr. Reeves Smith, a director of the Savoy Hotel, in our active personnel, finally rendered me quite calm, and I could at length hold my pen firmly for the composition of advertisements. I even

made a joke. I said, "We will call the thing the "Caledonian War-Fair."

We wanted the War-Fair to be not only a London enterprise, but a democratic enterprise. It was. It was the first truly democratic bazaar in the history of war charities. Most such schemes have been designed to rope in the well-to-do. The Caledonian War-Fair certainly roped in the well-to-do. It also roped in the poor. It roped in every class. We asked for everything, and we asked help from everybody. We received it. The response from all sides was splendid. It was touching. The poor sent gifts innumerable. We received motor cars and diamonds, and we have received bits of old rubber tires wrapped in bits of paper. Every one worked for us, collecting, transporting; and generally putting themselves to a lot of trouble. The local people, headed by the Mayor of Islington, who attended officially to welcome the Lord Mayor, and the Mayoress, who took a stall, were exceedingly active and generous. As to the market officials, we turned their lives upside down, and they replied by unparalleled exertions on our behalf. The sun alone maintained a strictly non-committal attitude towards us, undertaking positively that whatever he did, the War-Fair would occur.

The array of goods of every imaginable kind, covering five miles of stalls, for sale at genuine bargain prices, simply can not be described. Nor can the array of amusements, attractions and diversions provided for visitors. Nor can the illustriousness of the helpers. The entrance fee of sixpence was ridiculously inadequate, but it was democratic. We should have charged no entrance fee at all, but for the warning of experts that if we did not the arriving crowds would be absolutely unmanageable, and business rendered impossible. It remains now to say that Islington, so quickly accessible by tube, motor-bus or train, was reached without trouble, the refreshment at various prices were provided, and that the great and sublime auction of the afternoon, conducted by many honorary professional auctioneers, under the auspices of the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute, made a finale worthy of the royal and mayoral inauguration.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the record amount for any war charity, was netted at this fair.



# EVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### *How One Woman Captured the West*

**S**HE came! She saw! She conquered! We can say this truthfully without apologies to anyone; for, that is the only way of expressing the triumphant march of Inez Milholland Boissevain of New York, who has been touring the twelve free States of the West, in the interest of the National Woman's Party. And, no one who listened to her arraignment of the powers against National Suffrage or the numerous and powerful reasons for its immediate success, could for a moment dispute either her facts or her knowledge of laws and the fundamental rights of the woman half of the world to have its judgment consulted and respected under these same laws under which they live and for which they pay.

It is doubtful, if—even in the days of Portia—one thousand five hundred men and women (or all who could reach the sound of her voice), of differing political faiths, sat spell-bound for over three hours listening to the charm of a girl's voice and a girl's reasoning; for girl in appearance at least is Inez Milholland Boissevain. And, then, have those who came to differ and to heckle, spring to their feet and cheer to the echos, until the ball-room of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco trembled and vibrated to the sound. This crowd had waited for an hour or more for the arrival of the speaker, and tried to hold her for another hour after the close of the meeting. And, such was her triumph through all the free States.

Doubtless those who have not had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Boissevain will wonder at this great success. But those who were privileged to hear her will never be surprised at any triumph she shall attain in the future. In fact, from every side, men and women alike expressed the wish that she were in the race for Presidential honors; and, it was quite clear, if such were the case, she would not have to do any pleading in her own cause.

Without malice or vituperation the young spell-binder marshaled her legal facts, her knowledge of political sophistry and excuses—fourteen of them—which she set forth in the words of the President as well as every flaw and error in the administration, and then, with lance-like thrusts of wit and logic, she ripped them to pieces. The platforms, past and present came in for their share of condemnation, and every controversial point along the lines, from canal tool to our foreign policy, the negro vote and the child labor bill, together with the eight-hour law, received calm, judicial treatment. And, entirely unlike the men opponents of the President, she gave him full justice for the good in each; but emphatically asserted that his power and prestige placed squarely behind the Federal Amendment, which would hasten National Suffrage, was of more value to the country, giving due rights to half of its people, than all the issues put to-

gether, for they would, as a natural consequence of right and lawful action, be taken care of in their proper routine. She answered all questions intelligently put and otherwise—and they were mostly otherwise—with the utmost fairness, until the most stubborn became friendly and ceased to question.

Then, her plea for National Suffrage, for the good it would bring to the poorly-paid, over-worked majority; the protection to the ignorance of youth and poverty before it became too late, and the right to rescue and place the hopeless sisters of the world at any time, was the most womanly, brilliant, and sympathetic plea ever voiced by human lips.

Mrs. Boissevain made no plea for any party or candidate, but, emphatically made the statement that from now on the National Woman's Party would play politics in men's way, and oppose all who opposed the only way for women to obtain their rights before the world came to an end; and for the right to take their place in the readjustment of the world and of its women and children after the war.

The scene which followed the closing words was one not to be forgotten. A tall, slender, graceful girl of singular beauty, with long, tender, brilliant eyes of blue; thick masses of rippling black hair; features—strong, though classical in outline, and a complexion and smile through which the spirit shone as if a glow of light shone through alabaster. But there was magic in the voice—that musical, contralto voice, which reached every ear and played a tune on every heart; and, above and beyond all, was the freedom from elocution, the striking naturalness, simplicity, sincerity and truth. Truth in every time and fiber of it.

A few such women as Inez Milholland Boissevain, if given justice, would make the sad old world over to a semblance of what God intended it should be.



### *In the Heat and Heart of Politics*

**I**T is doubtful if in the history of America politics had ever had a deeper interest than it has today for the peoples of this country; and there are very good reasons why this should be so. There are really great and far-reaching issues at stake. While war-talk is not so loud as it was a while ago, there are plenty of opportunities for that talk, or its equivalent in subtle signs to appear at any time. The threatened strikes, while quieted in one corner of the country, break out in another. The Mexican question is not dead—but sleeping.

But, above, and beyond all, the Suffrage movement is at the heart's core of politics today.

Until the Suffrage question is settled in America—nothing is settled; nothing really can be settled. While half of the world is deprived of its rights; feels itself the plaything of politicians; realizes that it is only being made use of to



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further the ambitions of office seekers, there can be no true settlement of the world's real work.

The real world's work, and the solutions thereof, are far more in the hearts and in the whole natures of women than it is in the hearts of men. The swirl of problems in which men have entwined the children of women would never have taken place had women had their proper rights established even for a few generations—but, it is better late than never. Does any man who thinks honestly and intelligently believe that women would make or assist in upholding laws which would permit the annihilation of civilization and humanity which is taking place in Europe at present, merely to satiate the blood-thirst of monarchs for greed and aggranizement? Does any one believe that the useless, senseless, strikes and unfair distribution of labor hours would not have met with a more fair and equitable adjustment long ago? Does anyone believe that there would have been any need for a Child Labor Law? No; we believe they do not—for there never would have been any child labor to fight about had women the power to make and administer laws on an equal basis with their fathers and brothers.

It is the unnatural, unsettling of human affairs which grow out of men trying to do women's thinking for them, against their wills, which unbalances world conditions. It takes the father and mother of a family—and their best efforts at that—to properly bring up a family; and the world, after all, is only a series of families. So we have to get back to right principles before the world's work can be properly accomplished.

For all of these reasons—and for many more—the Suffrage movement is at the very heart of politics today. And the quicker National Suffrage is granted the quicker will come the solution of most of the harmful problems which are destroying the peace and harmony of the world, and sinking millions of its people in deepest misery.

No man, nor coterie of men, can hold back these rights much longer, as the world is becoming too enlightened for that; so it would be the part of good policy, as well as the part of good principles for the candidates of all parties to place themselves on record as being responsible for that great work of justice—not on as a promise, but as a performance.

The fathers of the world have made the worst, most disastrous and ruinous mess of the world's work by trying to direct it alone. Now, let the mothers of the world have an equal share—and no more—in its adjustment, and see if all of the world's brains are not more valuable than half of them.



#### *Fairplay for All— Both Great and Small!*

THE motto of Everywoman is: Fairplay For All Both Great and Small! This has been the course of Everywoman from its birth, and shall continue all through the years to come. We fully realize that it is not the most popular course in a world where every other person thinks you should stand by him or fight him, no matter what his cause or grievance may be.

If you happen to meet a capitalist friend during a strike he will read you a nice lecture on your duty as a publisher. He expects you to wade into the strikers and not only tell them what you think of them, but "Can you not make them see what blankety blank idiots they are, and how they are ruining the country. What between the eight-hour law and the kid-gloved agitator, they are skimming the cream off the top of the dinner-pails for the few and making tramps and hobos of the many?" If you have enough ginger left, after working sixteen hours, you promptly tell him that you cannot. The job is too big for you. And, besides—being a woman—you did not make the laws, nor the problems which brought about these idiotic conditions. If you have enough courage left, you may also tell him: "Mr. Capitalist, it is straight up to you and to the kid-gloved agitator to come together and straighten out the idiotic tangle you both have gotten this little world into, and give the poor people in between the two grindstones a chance for their lives."

Then, as you step livelier, feeling a little better for having told the truth—for once—you encounter another friend, as you turn into a restaurant to snatch a longed-for meal. He is all decorated with a medal which reads, "No!" in big letters, and a bright red ribbon floating from it. Before you can make up your mind whether it is a decoration from King George, or a substitute for the Kaiser's Iron Cross (which seems to have disappeared these days), he says: "Pardon me, but you should not eat in this restaurant. It is 'unfair.' They do not pay their help enough, and they work them more than eight hours a day. Instead of patronizing these 'scabs' you should roast them. You could do a great deal of good with that magazine of yours. You women could do the world of good if you got back of this eight-hour and more pay movement." Then you realize he is now a picket.

You remember him as he led a very good orchestra, and was big enough and strong enough to lead an expedition of gold seekers through the Klondyke—if laziness were to permit. Then, you turn to him with disgusted meekness and say: "But I work sixteen hours a day, and swallow something to eat in a great hurry, for which I pay an awful lot, and which gives me indigestion because I'm so tired. But tell me where I can get dinner in a 'fair' restaurant, in a hurry." At great length he tells of an eating-house about two miles away, and how to get there. Then you remind him that your day has only twenty-four hours, and that life is too short for such pleasant excursions. You also remind him that as he is big and strong, with a powerful union back of him, which, together with the aforesaid capitalists have made all the laws heretofore, he should call all these together and make a law called "Fairplay," which would give us poor, unprotected folks some chance. In life beside working constantly to keep out of the way of the upper and under grindstone.



# Cheating the Children

## Schools and School Books Analyzed

By Bertha Taylor Voorhorst

**T**HIS is an age of progress, both material and intellectual, and progress comes from competition rather than from duplication of effort.

It is only by means of broad observation and the adoption of methods that have proven beneficial and discarding the ineffective or obsolete that we as a people forge to the front.

This country has today the greatest opportunity to forge ahead that has ever been presented to any nation. Our children of today should be so trained as to enable them to grasp this opportunity. As to how best to train the children is a question that is receiving much consideration.

No less an authority than Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, said recently in an address before the National Education Association, "Nobody yet knows the best way to teach public school children." In another address before the School Administration Department of the same convention Dr. Claxton said: "I am glad we are bringing into our National Educational Association these administrators. I think it is well for us as teachers, professional thinkers and expounders of methods of education to have the help of men and women of affairs; those who are working in the mill of today, grinding out the grist of life, using their energies for improvement in the flood of life into which the great body of those must go whom we educate, that we shall have their help in trying to make out what it is that education should result in; what it is that men and women need to know; what kind of training they need to have; what kind of preparation is best suited for the life they have to live, and then we shall the more certainly be able to find the way to the goal."

From another source comes a humorous plea for "A Teaching Force Extraordinary." "I wish," says Stephen Leacock, "that I had time to organize a school and that some good fairy would stand the expense of it until it got started. I mean, of course, a real fairy, like Carnegie or Rockefeller, not the imitation one of the picture books. I would undertake to show to the world what a real school could be, and, more surprising still, what a harvest of profit could be made from it. I would engage, regardless of cost, the services of a set

of men that would make every other school look like—well, look like what it is. I would select the senior members with the same care, and at the same salaries as if I were choosing presidents of railway companies and managers of banks. Let me try to give the reader an idea of what the staff of a first-rate school would look like. The list would read something after this fashion:

### Residential School for Boys

(Beautifully situated in the Ozark Mountains, or the Adirondacks, or the Laurentians, or any place fifty miles from a moving picture.)

Head Master.....Woodrow Wilson  
Treasurer and Bursar.....

.....Pierpont Morgan, Esq.  
Instructor in French....Mons. Poncaire  
Russian Teacher.....Nich. Romanoff  
Military Instructor.....T. Roosevelt  
English..... { .Sir James Barrie  
                              ...Mr. R. Kipling  
Piano.....Ig. Paderewski  
Department... { ...Miss Jane Addams  
                              ...Sir Wilfred Laurier  
Chaplain.....The Rev. W. Sunday

Wisdom is shown in the choice of the proposed faculty insofar as it goes, but no provision is made therein for vocational training. The question confronting us today is that which Dr. Claxton has so ably put, "What kind of preparation is best suited for the life they have to live?"

Is it not quite as reasonable that this question should be delegated to specialists in methods of education, backed by men of affairs, as it is to consult eminent physicians when an epidemic threatens? Do we question the wisdom of our National officials in sending its specialists to confer with and supplement the work of the New York Board of Health in combatting the infantile paralysis plague, and do we not defer to their judgment, based upon wide experience and research?

Let us answer the foregoing questions for ourselves, and let us also answer the following:

Is it wise to abandon, by means of local legislation, ready access in our schools to the most advanced teachings of today? Should we permit the introduction of school textbooks limited in scope and inferior in workmanship merely to make use of an infinitesimal amount of local product and labor?

Should we thrust upon our children the commonplace and crude in composition and color illustrations, or deprive them entirely, perhaps, of modern artistic reproductions of the scenes and objects with which they should be familiar? And should we, in addition to all this, and because of it, submit to an increased tax to permit local politicians to juggle with State funds to enlarge and equip a State Printing Plant and purchase in too generous quantities the supposedly requisite material for the publication of a limited output of school textbooks?

Before we decide these questions let us be informed. Let us review what has transpired in States where such laws have been passed.

In California, as statistics will show, it was estimated that an appropriation of \$170,000 would equip a manufacturing plant and pay for the compilation of books. But the total of the actual appropriations made by the State between 1885 and 1911 for the installation, maintenance and operation of this plant amounted to over \$800,000. And this money has gone into the California State Printing Plant from the pockets of the taxpayers. For a time (1885 to 1905) the text for school books printed by the State of California was prepared by California authors, employed on a stated salary or by the day. Rebellion on the part of the educators of the State, because of limitations and consequent hardships, resulted in throwing into the junk heap all text books by local authors in use prior to 1905. It is admitted that it cost the parents of California in that one year over \$300,000 to replace the school textbooks which their children were compelled to give up. This in addition to the aforementioned \$800,000 appropriation taken from the taxpayers. In the meantime an entire generation of school children were the victims of a twenty-year experiment in the use of provincial texts.

Comparisons, both in California and other sections, show that the result of the publication of school textbooks by the State is not only a burden to the taxpayers, but that the product is far from satisfactory. From Kansas comes the report that, despite the State appropriations for enlarging the State printing plant and for the purchase of special



machinery and other equipment, the product is very unsatisfactory, and it is still necessary to have many of the textbooks used in the Kansas schools manufactured in New York and Brooklyn.

Georgia, after a thorough investigation by a committee of eight, composed of the State Superintendent of Schools, two other members of the State Board of Education, two members of the Senate and three members of the House of Representatives, decided against State publication of school textbooks.

Embodied in the report of the School Book Investigating Committee to the General Assembly of Georgia are the following comments relating to their findings in California and Kansas, the only two States in the Union attempting to produce their own school books:

"It seems beyond doubt, however, that during the years during which California has been manufacturing her own

school books that the following may be fairly stated as the result: 1. The cost to the parent—of the books made in California—all things considered, has not been, upon an average, cheaper than the Georgia texts. 2. It is only just to state that there has always been considerable question, expressed sometimes even by California people themselves, as to the quality of their books. 3. It is beyond doubt true that these California texts are inferior from the standpoint of paper, print and binding—this fact is apparent even to the careless observer."

The report further states that a number of the California books were procured and submitted to the State Printer of Georgia for an expert opinion as to their comparison with the textbooks supplied by standard publishing houses. The opinion rendered is, in part, as follows:

"I find the California books are decidedly inferior as to material and construction, and the matter is one of con-

trast rather than of comparison. My information is that the State of California has appropriated over a million dollars on a plant to do this work, which, in my opinion, is more than is necessary for such an equipment. The only solution to the problem is the fact that it takes more than a printing plant to produce satisfactory school books. Experience in handling this particular class of work is an essential element which appears to have been lacking in the California books."

Referring to the experience of Kansas, the report cites a reference to the History of Kansas which terms it "A Historical Novel;" for the manuscript the State paid \$3,000 to a local author, and an additional \$500 to other persons for revision. The report also states: "The Teachers' Association of Kansas has requested that the School Book Commission discontinue its work, temporarily at least, until the Legislature shall have assembled again for reconsideration of the question." In the Georgia report is incorporated a communication from one of the Kansas State officials, which reads:

"It seems reasonable to believe that a publishing concern whose principal business is the selection and publication of books, is better prepared to handle the business more successfully than a State which has so many other matters of importance to deal with."

The investigation in Kansas by the Georgia committee is thus summarized: "It will be seen, therefore, that from the situation in this State it is difficult to secure much argument, as yet at least, to authorize the creation of a printing plant and the publication of school books by the State."

In the face of such conclusive evidence it would seem that State publication of school text books is not only cheating the taxpayers but, more deplorable, it is cheating the children.



A Few  
of the  
More Fortunate  
Children  
Who Come Into  
the  
Real Pleasures  
of  
Childhood

#### RAIN IN THE NIGHT

*Raining, raining  
All night long.  
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,  
Just like a song.*

*There'll be rivers in the gutters  
And lakes along the street.*

*A Lie-Awake Song  
By Amelia Josephine Burr*

*It will make our lazy kitty  
Wash his dirty little feet.*

*The roses will wear diamonds  
Like kings and queens at court—*

*But the pansies all get muddy  
Because they are so short.*

*I'll sail my boat tomorrow  
In wonderful new places,  
But first I'll take my watering-pot  
And wash the pansies' faces.*



# Selections from the Second Act of "Joanna" the Mad Queen of Spain

By Carlota Montenegro

(Joanna enters dressed in a creamy robe with a girdle of red roses.)

Joanna:

Good morning, Marchioness,  
What's this? (Pointing to the decorations and wreaths of flowers.)

Beatrice (Marchioness of Bobadilla):

The fete, your Majesty. Hads't thou forgotten?

Joanna:

Yes; I had forgotten.

Beatrice:

Did'st thou sleep, dear child?

Joanna:

I did not sleep; I dreamed! The night—the night—  
That long dull road between two days—two worlds—  
The old, that's sped, the new that's still to come.  
Sigh not. Of late, all that I say is strange,  
And all I do not say is stranger still.  
But new experience new language speaks.

Beatrice:

Thy dreams were pleasing?

Joanna:

Nay, not so; not so.  
I dreamed three times: such dreams!  
what are they, dreams?

Beatrice:

I know not, nor does he that's wiser know.

Joanna:

I dreamed the girl—thou knows't whom I would say—  
Her name doth stab my lips—I cannot speak it—  
Did so enrage me with disdainful speech  
That with mine own hands I did force her head  
Upon the block and held it till 'twas severed;  
And as it rolled aside, the golden hair  
Changed into snakes that hissed about my feet;  
And one climbed up and stung me on the breast.  
Then with a shriek I woke—It may be true  
That what we think, we dream—it may be true.

Beatrice:

. . . Alas! for dreams!  
But look! a glad sweet morning greets thee, look!

Smile to the smiling day! Forget the night!

I'll open wide the door, nor should I stare

To see a heap of roses tumble in.

Come to the window; there's a soft breeze blowing;

More tongues than Rumor wags speak in this breeze

Bidding us smile and hope and happy be.

Drink this; 'tis liquid fire; see how it glows!

A web of topaz radiance shines throughout.

Joanna (holding the glass of wine):

A bubble like the naiad of a fount  
Cleaves the clear surface of this golden well

And dancingly salutes the upper world,

'Tis the glad symbol of this life's brief joy.

Behold! it is a rocking rainbow sphere;  
Behold again! 'Tis nothing but a tear.

Such is the soul of all our pleasures here.

What's happiness?

Beatrice:

Some little child of love

That laughs from morn till night could better tell

Than all the grave and wise philosophers.

Joanna:

Is it a spirit that from time to time  
Brushes the soul of man with downy wing

Caught from the flower the instant that it blooms,

And from the bird the moment that it sings?

Caught from the stars when first their light appears

And from the soul itself just after tears?

Of late, I'm much alone with racing thought

And in its noiseless, nimble company  
A twinkling image oft enchants my sight;

Ribbons of rainbow bind its shining hair

Which two red joyous sunbeams hold in place,



Carlota Montenegro

The light of dawn plays on its smiling brow

The golden staff of Hope gleams in its hand;

Its perfume woos the senses as it moves

Such as the flower of months, the glad-eyed May

Breathes on the world to stir the heart of joy

For roses trickling dew, so honey sweet

Kiss the soft shoulders pink and fair as they.

Close to mine eyes it glides—it looks within—

I hold mine eyes out to the pretty thing,

But with elusive, laughing coquetry

It flits away, so that I have it not

But hold mine arms again and hope to have—

And this is happiness. Pray, what is love?

Beatrice:

There is a weeping love, a laughing love,

Love is as different as the souls that love;

As various as the flowers of the field;  
A tender, violet, modest, nestling, shy—

A rose, triumphant, open to the sky—  
A hardy marigold that shining lasts.

Joanna:

A nettle blossom, harsh, with jealous stings.



Woe to the careless hand that plucks  
the last.

What is a kingdom to a husband's  
heart—

What is a husband's heart but the  
wife's kingdom?

As the soft rose leaf in the calyx lies  
So woman's nature folds and fits in  
man's;

Tear off the calyx and the rose leaf  
dies.

(Joanna stands suddenly with a look  
of terror.)

What bell is that? One—two—three  
—four—

Beatrice:

I hear no bell—

Joanna:

Six, seven, eight, nine—

The bell of old Vilella! Dost hear it?  
Muffled as in the folds of crepe it  
sounds—

Six, seven, eight, nine—the heavy  
tongue of doom

Groans in those strokes.

Beatrice:

'Tis fancy fooling thee.

Joanna:

No, no! It means a death, a royal  
death.

A peasant heard it when my mother  
died.

'Tis said the strokes told off her age  
and this—

Now, I've lost count.

(Enter Philip. . . . Marchioness  
goes out.)

Joanna:

Why hast thou stayed away so long?

Philip:

Cans't ask?

Joanna:

Oh, look not so! I have been near  
to madness.

Think what these months have been.  
Alone! alone!

And yearning, yearning for thee every  
hour.

Each day has seemed a month of  
creeping days.

'Tis long since we have talked to-  
gether, Philip.

Philip:

There's naught to say.

Joanna:

So much! Say what thou wilt.

Speak! though it be to blame me. Ah!  
I see.

Thou hast not yet forgiven. But thou  
shalt.

Philip:

I beg thee—

Joanna:

Hear me, Philip! What's my crime?  
I did remove my mortal enemy.

I banished her from Spain. Ah,  
knowest thou

What I had thought to do and what  
I did

Were different as life and death. That  
night—

The adder's sting's a playful prick to  
this

I still feel in the center of my heart,  
The loving, tender center.

Philip:

Since that time,

Thy wilful mad vagaries, thy caprices,  
Have scarcely wooed me to thy side.

Joanna:

Alas!

For any wrong I've done, reproach my  
heart

Whose helpless slave, in mind and  
will I am,

I understand it not yet doth it rule  
me.

It burns?—I burn. 'Tis cold? Then  
I am so.

'Tis restless? So am I. 'Tis glad,  
I'm glad.

It doubts? I doubt. 'Tis trustful? So  
am I.

It fears? I fear. 'Tis bold, then I am  
so.

It hates? I hate, and every breath is  
hate.

It loves? I love, and all my soul is  
love.

I love thee, Philip. . . .

Thou cans't not doubt my love. . . .  
Of late

I've wished to love thee less, and  
loved thee more.

I've prayed indifference might un-  
twine the bonds

That hold my heart to thine, and  
known the while

Undoing death could never loose such  
ties,

But only fix them for eternity.

(Philip goes out.)

Joanna (alone):

I would have gone with him, but  
"no" he said;

"Not now; the games of ball"—or  
something else.

Words lend such easy service—ah,  
this doubt

Whereon my mind doth ever turn and  
twist,

"Would I could understand thee!"  
"Where's the puzzle?"

Love understands; what was't he said,  
and truly—

"A love too closely watched fades like  
a flower

Worn in too warm a bosom." I'll hide  
my love,

And never question him again. Hard  
task.

Strange thing is love, to cool if warmly  
nursed.

(Passionately) Philip, I pray thee!

What! I pray to thee?

Who prays to mortals first prays God  
at last.

God, who hast lent thine essence unto  
me—

To me, a spark of thine eternal fire—

Thou only knowest this weak and  
struggling heart,

Thou knows't the cause of every  
quicken'd pulse,

Of every pause in its dull hammering;

Thou knowest its secret ruffian tenan-  
try,—

Suspicion busy in Confusion's Cause,  
And jealousy that doth direct sus-  
picion—

Mad master and mad workman at mad  
work—

These wild disturbers of my heart thou  
knowest.

Thou didst behold when gentle, trust-  
ing love

Put flowers on my head, light in mine  
eyes,

Doves in my heart and music in my  
voice;

And Thou alone didst know when  
doubting love

Put his fierce fingers at my quivering  
throat

And stuck a dagger in my burning  
breast;

Put curses on my lips, wrath in my  
eyes

Thorns on my head and gave me up  
to hate.

Unuttered moans Thine ears alone have  
heard—

"God give me beauty, give me witch-  
ery!

God give me Philip's love! Were  
such sighs sin?

Then have I sinned with every fever-  
ish breath

Since at his quick, short passion mine  
took fire.

Hot love's a fierce flame which is  
soon blazed out

But oft it sets a steady fire to burning.  
Steady!

Not all the tears of grief's eternal  
fount

Could quench this steady, steady love  
of mine.

My soul is waiting, but for what—for  
what?



# A New City Department

## The Domestic Relations Bureau

A VISIT to the District Attorney's office the other afternoon disclosed the interesting fact that a new department has been inaugurated, with Mrs. Jean de Greayer at its head. On looking up Mrs. de Greayer we learned all about her new bureau, and said, "But this is the work you have been doing all along, is it not?" "Yes," was the reply, with the slow smile that lights up her face and transmits its cheerful philosophy to her vis-a-vis. "Yes, but now it has a local habitation and a name, and I do that and nothing else." "Sure, and that's about enough for one woman to do," we commented, knowing that Mrs. de Greayer has in this past week dealt with thirty-six cases, only four of which resulted in warrants. How easy it is to write down that simple statement! What a very different matter it is to handle those thirty-six cases, each one involving at the least two, and usually half a dozen people. "First it's the wife who comes to me," said the head of the Domestic Relations Bureau. "Trouble, nine-tenths of it is caused by women, through women, for women. The wife comes and tells me that we must do something to make her husband support his family. I listen to all that she has to say, but instead of getting out a warrant for his arrest, which is generally what the exasperated wife wants, I send for him to come to see me. He comes, and I hear what he has to say. Often a great deal of patience is required to listen to the 'slacker's' tale. I have the children come. I do everything I know to make this man do his duty without sending him to jail, for if you lock him up you stop his earning power and you lose all chance of his ever treating his wife decently again, for when he comes out of jail he is going to feel very sore at the woman who sent him there. Many and many a domestic difficulty is adjusted here, and I receive satisfactory reports of my cases."

While we were talking, a very excited and abusive apartment house keeper cycloned into the room, followed by a young man of about twenty, with his young sister. The boy and girl had come to San Francisco to look for work, and went to live in the noisy woman's rooms. They stayed there for a month, then decided to seek other quarters, and,

having paid their bill, prepared to remove their belongings, consisting of a few pieces of luggage. This the landlady would not allow. She demanded "notice," although this was not in the arrangement; then she had their luggage taken to the basement, and, after a week, during which they called every

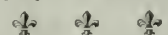


Mrs. Jean de Greayer

day for it, she announced that twelve dollars storage was due her. And then the young people came to Mrs. de Greayer. I listened to the stormy tirade of the woman, to the boy's story, and to Mrs. de Greayer's decision, and, after they had departed, the woman with abusive and threatening screams and shaking fists, I remarked that this was a new phase to me of the landlady and lodger proposition, as I had always thought it was the former who were ill-treated. I learned from Mrs. de Greayer (and she knows) that the ways of apartment house keepers in this city are wiley, and their methods monstrous very often. "Of the flotsam and jetsam that drift in here, whirl round in an eddy, and float out with the human tide," said Mrs. de Greayer, "the instance of the young Porto Rican the other day will suffice to show you what my days are filled with. She came to me with six children, ranging from three months to eight years. She told me that her husband was tired of her, and refused to support her and the children. 'And, as for me, I too am,

tired of him,' was the astonishing statement, uttered quite calmly by the young matron. 'You are?' 'Yes; I like another fellow. He very nice fellow, and wants me. But,' (a light sigh), 'he say he not take the children.' It came out that the girl had not been married to the father of the half-dozen young hopefuls, and matters looked complicated indeed. I asked to see the father. He came, accompanied by the whole family. I viewed the situation, and said to the girl, 'Now, this other man you speak of—what of him?' 'Oh, he is waiting outside the door,' she said. He was invited in. . . . Well, the matter ended by the number two young man taking the girl with the greatest pleasure and the six children with willingness and twenty-five dollars a month from their father for care and support."

The incidents of the bureau would fill a barrel of books. I asked how this remarkable woman managed to keep track of all her cases, and she said that a new efficiency system introduced by Mr. Fickert himself, whereby all the data and detail were kept in accessible form, had helped her greatly. And I saw the pile of printed forms, all filled out and filed ready to hand, each one telling of some human tragedy or comedy and showing the conscientious attention, the wide knowledge of human nature and the immense sympathy they had received from the big, public-spirited woman who is at the head of the District Attorney's "Domestic Relations Bureau."



### SUN AND MOON

McLandburgh Wilson

*In all the course that he has run  
There's nothing new beneath the sun.*

*Thus even in his fiery day  
Has he become a bit blase.*

*His searching eye has seen it all  
And thus adventures only pall.*

*Inestimable is the boon,  
There's nothing old beneath the moon.*

*Though white and cold, her heart is young  
And keeps the changes ever rung.*

*With silver transformation light  
Fresh magic does she weave each night.  
—The Sun.*



# The World's Women

## And What They Are Doing Everywhere

THERE is no more interesting figure in the ranks of Suffrage today than the Reverend Anna Shaw, President Emeritus of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. She is no longer young, and much of her vitality has been given to her work, but this wonderful little woman radiates life and power, and to meet her and hear her speak puts real vigor into the slackest heart. Mind, body, heart and soul, Dr. Shaw is for Woman Suffrage. She often tells how she studied medicine, then she studied law, then she studied theology. None of these satisfied her desire to know the one great thing that would enable her to be of the most use in the world. Then Suffrage claimed her for its own. She is giving her life to this work. Epigrammatic sayings of Dr. Shaw's are quoted far and wide. "The object of a republic is not to furnish education to tender-hearted ladies, but to make opportunities for men, women and children to live," said she at the Atlantic City Convention, and all over this country the newspapers, whether for or against the Suffrage, comment on the aptness of the speaker and her rare ability to define in a pat phrase the whole art of government. At a huge gathering in Newark, New Jersey, one rainy Sunday afternoon, a year or so ago, Dr. Shaw spoke in one of the large, gloomy theatres of that large, depressing town. And the big, halfway indifferent crowd that listened to her, suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of "heckling" the brave little speaker. So a loutish fellow arose in the audience, and with a swaggering look round at his friends, said, "Well, lady, that is all very fine, about yer votin'—but who's agoin' to tend the baby while wifey goes to the booth?" This highly original sally met with the usual approval, and the Doctor waited for the laughter to subside, then she replied, quietly but firmly, and very seriously, "Why, I'll tell you, my man. All wifey has to do is hand the baby to the candidate she is going to vote for, and he will be delighted to hold it while she casts her ballot." The merriment this aroused put her audience with her, and we sat for two hours and listened to her wonderful talk, then for another hour while she answered questions, earnest and intelligent questions.

### "OYEZ"

WE are looking forward to the arrival on November 1, of the monthly journal of woman lawyers, which Rose F. Bres is preparing to publish and call "Oyez."

Mrs. Bres is a New York lawyer now, but she began her interesting career as a reporter on the Paducah News, under Henry Thompson. Irwin Cobb was on the staff of the "News," and he is going to write an appreciation of women lawyers for "Oyez," which we feel sure will be worth reading. And, by way of saying "thank-you-nicely" for this tribute, a hundred women lawyers in cap and gown will attend the first night of Cobb's play, "Under Sentence." This is the kind of thing that makes one sigh occasionally for New York. The "Sun that Shines for All" allowed one of its rays to play around Rose Bres, of whom it says that she is probably the only person, male or female, in New York who goes out and leaves her office with the door unlocked. Mrs. Bres leaves it not only unlocked, but wide open.

"Oh, well," she says to friends who express surprise at this confidingness in wicked old New York, "There isn't much in my office that people want, and if they want it more than I do, why, let them have it."

Then she hooks her arm in the arms of whoever happens to be around and sweeps them off to lunch.



### NEXT TO GODLINESS

In Springfield, Missouri, the women have taken a hand in "spring-cleaning" their city. After a stiff fight with the politicians who did not seem to take much interest in the movement for a thoroughly clean and decent town, the women got together and what they have not done to the flies and dust in the grocery stores, the dairies and the streets you could put on the point of a needle. They made out a set of rules for store-keepers, and they followed up the distribution of these printed rules by visits of inspection. Their organization is powerful, and it is by their patronage or their ban that they make the shop-keeper toe the mark.

### COLORADO GIRL MAKES GOOD WAR NURSE

CHARLOTTE M. TOUZALIN, the daughter of Mrs. L. M. Touzalin of Colorado Springs, has just returned to America after a year spent as a Red Cross nurse in England and France. She was on a walking tour in Switzerland with another American girl when the war began, and returned to America with the thousands of American tourists who were caught at that time indulging in the great national custom of "rubber-necking" and scared to death when they found themselves in the midst of the terrible conflict. Well, Miss Charlotte says that she wanted to become a war nurse, but realized that untrained nurses are more trouble than they are worth, so she went to England and obtained admission to the training hospital in Brighton, through her sister, the widow of Admiral Horace Hood. She admits that the four months of training were the hardest work she had ever known. Perfect health, which this very sensible young woman tells us is the first essential for nursing, helped her accomplish the task, also the fact that she had studied a bit of medicine at the Colorado University. She was sent to France, where she found the sanitary equipment in the hospitals everywhere inferior to English and American systems, and some of them in the small towns woefully deficient. Her stories of the bravery of the British and the French wounded soldiers bring quick tears to the eyes, and her simple, straightforward account of her experiences arouses our respect and admiration, and causes us to unhesitatingly accept her statement, that, "As a character builder there is nothing in the world like a few months spent as a war nurse."



### COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA

"In the celebrations of Columbus Day the public should always be reminded that Columbus had a silent partner, Queen Isabella. When all the kings to whom he appealed for help had rejected his plea, Isabella furnished the money that made it possible for his great undertaking to succeed. Without her aid he could not have discovered America. Honor to Columbus, and honor to the woman who showed herself wiser than any of the other crowned heads of her day."—Alice Stone Blackwell, in "The Woman's Journal."



# The Hand of Fate

## A California Romance of Early Days

(Continued from October)

realized fully that his refusal was of no consequence. However, he went on with the preparations. But neither commands nor the Commandante's medals nor jewels could force or bribe Josefa Carrello to utter the words that would make her the wife of General Ruiz until Henry Delmas Fitch would arrive and release her from her promise to him. The fainting spells that prostrated her in the presence of the officiating priest, her friends and tyrannical lover almost every day for weeks were no shams. The girl suffered fearfully. She was but a mere shadow of her former self. But her courage never failed her, for night and day, concealed beneath the costly laces of her garments, was a jeweled dagger, which she trusted to for a sure release if the worst came.

The truth almost drove the American mad with impotent rage. He used his fists on his friends in his endeavors to return and have it out with his rival. However, reason returned when they pointed out that, with one command to his soldiers, Ruiz would have him blown to smithereens before he could reach the wharf, but, with a little strategy and diplomacy he might win out. For, while the General owned the forts and the army, he, Fitch, owned the ship and the girl's heart, and that the latter could be counted on to keep the General at a distance while hope remained, while neither the General nor the soldiers could be counted on to do much walking on the waters of San Diego bay.

Fitch saw light from a Spanish viewpoint—and he cooled down immediately.

The wharves were crowded with armed soldiers when Senor Pacheco, Carlos Carrello, Pio Pico and others returned from La Learta and reported that Fitch would sail in a few hours. General Ruiz, of course, wished to avenge his honor which he seemed to have lost among the debris of the banquet table, but the same young diplomats took him in hand and pointed out that walking—along Captain Fitch's trail was bad.

So there was something of a damper on the festivities as the night wore on, for Senorita Josefa lay still unconscious, in her costly wedding dress, on the couch on which she had been laid when Captain Fitch had been so unceremoniously hustled away for his good.



Pio Pico Consoling Josefa

### The Commandante Anxious

The Commandante was really touched by her sufferings and frequently tiptoed to the door to make inquiries and offer his sympathies, perhaps also to assure himself of her presence. However, his approach was barred by Senora Maria Ignacio Lopez, a great lady of those days—who laid a warning finger on her lips, and pointed another finger at the door, all of which testified to the danger of the case, and the General was too gallant to dispute with a lady—particularly one whom he looked upon as a friend.

Finally, many guests rode away to their own haciendas, among them Senor Pacheco, Carlos Carrello and Pio Pico. Pico was accompanied by his valet, a pleasing youth whom everyone liked; and as the General thanked Pico for his good advice he slipped a gold coin worth \$16 into the hand of the young valet, as he rode smilingly away after his master.

At last the lights of La Learta were

seen to move farther and farther away from shore, and finally to fade away in the distance. Then General Ruiz made a last visit to the door of his future bride, shrugged his regrets with eloquent shoulders, threw passionate kisses at the silent, white figure on the couch, bent low with a most graceful bow to Senora Lopez, whose finger still remained on her reproving lips, and took himself off to his chamber and to untroubled sleep, now that the troublesome Americano was safe on the high seas.

He was solicitous, however, about the girl, and was among the first to make inquiries for her in the morning, and to assure himself of her welfare, as soon he had again ordered her father to continue the festivities and to see that the marriage took place that day. Josefa's duenna, who carried his loving inquiries to her mistress, came running from the room with a cry on her lips. The Commandante dashed everyone out of his way as he sprang to the side of the couch whereon lay the white figure. He snatched away the spider-web of lace



mantilla; beneath was a tiny cushion. The gorgeous wedding gown draped another cushion, and that was all that was left of the beautiful Senorita Josefa Carrello.

Indeed, that was all that had been there since her brother and cousins returned from the ship. While the cousins were giving diplomatic advice and consolation to the Commandante her brother and Senora Lopez were transforming the young lady that wanted to be stolen, into a very good imitation of the pleasing valet, who rode away with Pio Pico.

#### Waiting on the Beach

After the fastest three mile ride they ever made along the beach, Pacheco, Pico, Senorita Josefa and her brother, found Captain Fitch awaiting them in a small boat. Night kindly hid the welcome to the little valet, while the young men muffled the oars, and made record time in reaching La Learta.

It was the neatest, strangest and speediest knot that Captain Bill Hansen—an old sea dog who always sailed with Captain Fitch—tied that summer night under the dim lights of the cabin, in the presence of the three young diplomats. In their joy they caressed the bride, the groom, the old captain and one another, for their cleverness in outgeneraling the Commandante. And in the morning they were among his most earnest sympathizers.

Captain Fitch and his bride were married again by a priest, as soon as they reached Valparaiso. Although Captain Hansen was legally authorized to perform the services at sea, still the bride wanted the blessing of the church.

Fourteen months later La Learta again dropped anchor in San Diego bay. Captain and Senora Fitch quickly made their way to the old home, only to find out that her father had suffered so much from the persecution of Ruiz, and, as he called it, the disgrace of her elopement, that he could not forgive her. In her grief she ran back to a servant who had lagged behind, and, snatching a tiny bundle of lace and frills from her arms, the young wife threw herself on her bare knees on the stone pavement, and in that manner made her way back to her father's presence and, laying the little bundle in his arms, begged him in the name of the Virgin, to forgive her for her baby's sake. This softened his heart, and the family was again united.

#### Husband and Father in Jail

But it sent the old man to jail for three months, for the Commandante was furious that he should receive his daughter. Then Ruiz threw Captain Fitch in jail and had him secretly removed from



A Sad Family Scene

San Diego to Monterey. Again he ordered the object of his admiration to become his wife, and used all his eloquence in trying to convince her that the sea captain had no power to perform the marriage ceremony, as he, the Commandante, had not given his permission. And, for the same reason, of course, the priest at Valparaiso had no right either. In fact, there was no such thing as right without his consent.

With both husband and father in jail and a month old baby in her arms, the young wife of Captain Fitch was very much at the mercy of the Commandante. She suffered tortures, as she did not know even where her husband was concealed. Neither prayers nor tears could move the heart of Ruiz, and she fell into silent melancholia. This silence seemed to spell consent, and the Commandante again ordered preparations for his wedding. Again the bride-to-be dis-

#### Now Touch Her

appeared for the diplomatic cousins found Fitch in the Monterey prison—incomunicado, of course. The Commandante found also Senora Fitch and her baby at the door of the prison. They were under the protection of John Cooper—and a very large-sized American flag. John Cooper, it is claimed, had been—in his young days—a sea rover. However, in his more sensible days, he had been a naval officer and a sea captain. He was famous for a great big heart; for the most rapid and convincing operator of a gun—and for the most picturesque and varied assortment of cuss words of any man on the Pacific Coast. And when the Commandante came clattering along with swords and spurs and all the paraphernalia of his office thrown in, John Cooper gave the great flag a twirl around the shivering form of Senora



Fitch and her baby. And proceeded to give Ruiz a generous sample of his other accomplishments. The General quickly flew a flag of truce. Then Cooper convinced him that Uncle Sam would take the matter in hand; as the lady, being the lawful wife of an American, became an American also.

Finally the General became convinced that the combination of love, flags, pistols and John Cooper's vocabulary was too much for him, and he consented to release Captain Fitch. But Fitch must be married again according to the dictates of the General. And these dictates were, after the marriage ceremony was again performed in the old church at Monterey that Captain Fitch and his wife had to kneel in prayer, each holding a candle three feet in length, until it burned to the very end. There they knelt, surrounded by soldiers and friends all day and all night, until the candles' blaze scorched their fingers. Then, as an extra penance, Ruiz commanded Fitch to donate a bell of specified weight and proportions to the church. He did so, and, later the bell was sent to Los Angeles, where it still rings out its message to the faithful.

#### When Wealth Took Wings

For years Captain Fitch prospered and became a wealthy man. He established great goat ranches and shipped hides and furs to the East, bringing back merchandise to California and Central America. One of these goat ranches, which was owned by himself and Francisco Guerrero, covered three and a half square leagues. This ran from the bay of San Francisco along Larkin street to the old Mission; thence to a line beyond

the Spring Valley water works. This embraced the Cliff House, the Golden Gate Park and the Presidio.

Another ranch owned by Henry Fitch, and for which Madame Josefa Fitch de Bailhache—the oldest daughter of Captain Fitch—still holds the deeds, is the whole of Coronado Beach. Another was El Valle de Las Palmas. This was seven square leagues and lies forty miles south of San Diego. Another was named Sotoyome—my own home—and covered eleven leagues. This is on the Russian River, in Sonoma County, near Healdsburg, and is now the home of the family, or at least a small part of it is. All these grants and many more were confirmed by the United States Government after California became a State.

In 1848 Captain Fitch attended a banquet in San Francisco in company with Commodore Stockton. Tom O. Larkin, Frederick Teschemacher, who was one of the first Mayors of San Francisco, William Howard, Tom Geary Sr., and others. "At that banquet," said Mme. Bailhache, in relating the story, "my father signed away his title to all the land which was his between Powell and Taylor streets, O'Farrell and Post. He had already laid out and given Union Square to the city. An old friend, Manuel Torres, of Alameda, knew all about it. For he summoned Dr. Hope and Dr. McNulty to my father's assistance, and all three accompanied him to San Diego. When he regained consciousness and Torres told him what he had done my father fell back dead."

About this time, grief at the death of her husband caused Senora Fitch to move with her children to their ranch

in Sonoma County, under the care of her brother-in-law, General Vallejo. There General Halluck became very friendly with the family. He saw all their deeds and jewels. He studied law, resigned from the army and undertook the handling of Senora Fitch's affairs. She never learned English, but General Halluck knew enough Spanish to make love to her, and ask her to be his wife. This honor she also declined. "We never saw or heard from General Halluck again, but years after, when I grew up and learned to speak English, I found that my mother's property was being sold for taxes and that he was buying it in for a trifle, and selling it for what he could get. In fact, he gave George W. Grannis, who was his agent here, a deed of the Coronado Beach property to satisfy a claim of \$11,000. Grannis later sold it to a syndicate for \$60,000. All these deeds were of public record and I am determined to find out why we have been deprived of all our property," concluded Madame Josefa Fitch de Bailhache, who is still a beautiful woman, despite the fact that she was the tiny baby of La Learta, who won the forgiveness of the stern old Don Joaquin Carrello for the bewitching mother's love match.

But can she? The hand of fate turned the public records into a heap of white ashes on April 18th, 1906, and then scattered them to the four winds of the world.





# Behind the High Gate

## What About the Jail in Your Own Town?

By Elsie McCormick

**I**S there a jail in your town? If so, have you ever been in it? Do you know what is happening behind its dark walls, what conditions surround the people who look out its narrow windows? Perhaps you will respond indignantly that it is none of your concern and that well-bred people are not interested in such things. People of that type are too well-bred to be Christians, for as we grope back to remote Sunday-school lessons we seem to remember reading something about visiting those in prison. Nearly everyone ignores this suggestion; those who follow it literally often make the misake of reading hymns to the inmates instead of seeing the Board of Public Works about improving the ventilation.

If you've never visited the jail in your city we advise you to do so at once. A leader of prison reform went to lecture before a body of women who seemed wildly enthusiastic about the movement. They had countless bright ideas about how to better a distant penitentiary, yet when the worker went through the jail in their own town he found it the worst he had ever visited. These women were so interested in the broader scope of the work that they completely overlooked the duty that lay just around the corner.

You'll learn a great many things that will surprise you. The greatest surprises are always the inmates. One hears them spoken of as "forgers," "embezzlers" and "counterfeiters" until he expects to see every man branded with the name of his offense. It is always somewhat of a shock to discover that the prisoners are human beings with the usual number of features, instead of the animated crimes that your imagination had led you to picture. A visit to a prison puts a personal element into your social service work. You will no longer think in terms of statistics alone; your whole viewpoint will be enlightened and humanized.

I was led into this train of thought by a recent visit to county jail number one in San Francisco. I had long intended to visit the jail, but I looked upon it somewhat in the same light as going to the dentist. When Mr. O'Connor, the superintendent, escorted me upstairs in the jerky prison elevator I was a little apprehensive about calling on the desperate men behind the bars. When we left the elevator and crossed the

"Bridge of Sighs," I had almost decided that I wanted to go home.

But the office on the other side of the heavy door did not fit in with my preconceived idea of a prison any more than Mr. O'Connor and his assistants resembled the snarling, brutal men who are the orthodox jailers of popular fiction. The superintendent appointed a cheerful-looking young man to act as my escort, with instructions to "show me everything."

We began with the chapel. It was a tiny room, but its altar and pictures would do credit to many an outside church. "This whole chapel was the work of two convicts," explained Mr. William O'Connor, my escort. "By working every day, they finished it in five months. Then, although they each had much longer terms, they were given parole." I looked around at the paintings, the grill-work and the carved candlesticks and tried to believe that they were the work of two desperate criminals. Somehow, one didn't expect a forger to spend much time painting a Madonna and child, or a burglar to take any particular interest in carving a cross.

The next stopping place on our tour was one of the cell rooms. A row of cells looked out onto an open space, where a number of prisoners were whiling away the long hours. They looked up from their cards and books when we entered. "What do you think of our boys?" demanded the guard. "Not so bad-looking, are they?" The boys grinned sheepishly as I glanced around and assured the guard that they were not.

"Do you mind if I tell the young lady who you are?" he asked. "No, of course not," they answered, like a class in catechism. He then introduced me to an ardent, excited little I. W. W. who told me in a queer, foreign accent that he had been committed for breaking "some of their so-called laws." "That is not the Hall of Justice," he exclaimed, waving his hand toward the court building. "It is the Hall of Injustice! But some of these days things are going to be changed." This high-strung little foreigner had looked on the world and seen evil, and his impulsive nature grew tired of awaiting the slow process of reform. He was trying to change the social system by dropping sand into a ma-

chine, when the State caught him by the back of the collar and deposited him in a neat little cell. Just as I expected to see him mount a soap-box, someone dealt him a hand of euchre. The I. W. W. stopped reforming the universe and began to take an equally ardent interest in the fortunes of the righ bower.

At one end of the room about fifteen Chinese were gathered around a couple of little tables, playing a card game of their own and chanting a queer sing-song to go with it. The guard made a remark in Chinese, and fifteen pairs of Oriental lips revealed thirty rows of near-white teeth. "They're charged with crime, but they're really only witnesses," explained the deputy sheriff. "You know, the law provides that detained witnesses should receive better food than the prisoners, and that they should be paid two and a half a day. Well, the government isn't very anxious to give fifteen Chinese coolies hotel accommodations and more money than they ever saw in their lives, so it simply places a blanket charge of conspiracy against them. The charge will be dismissed just as soon as they testify. That's how our thrifty Uncle Sam saves money."

I had noticed a pleasant-looking man with a Jewish cast of feature, and I wondered what he had ever done to place him behind the bars. I was astounded when he was introduced to me as one of the bomb suspects. "I am supposed to be a very desperate character," he remarked pleasantly.

"That man has ten counts of murder against him, and yet he sleeps so soundly that I have to wake him up with a fire-hose," explained the guard. "I don't know much about the evidence, but judging from the man himself, I'm willing to bet my last dollar that he didn't have anything more to do with the crime than I did." I met another bomb suspect—a genial, well educated person, whose sole worry seemed to be the fact that a newspaper writer had described him as a cave man. "I leave it to you, do I look like one?" he demanded, and I assured him truthfully that he did not.

We then journeyed down to the kitchen. As a jail kitchen does not present a pleasant picture to the mental eye, I was surprised to find a place as clean as a surgeon's operating room. There were a number of Chinese cooks, all of them spick and span in white and



inordinately proud of their jobs. The head cook was a real French chef, one who had left his kettles and had gotten into legal hot water. Black eyebrows and a bristling mustache gave him an expression of intense ferocity. A deputy sheriff's star gleamed on his white apron. I was about to ask a question, but my escort checked me by pointing significantly to his head.

"Nobody home," he explained when we left the room. "He's all right as long as we let him wear the star, and he certainly can cook; but if anyone tries to take his decoration away, the air is apt to be full of cooking utensils." We reached the upper floor in a little automatic elevator which is used to bring the food from the kitchen to the men in the cells. We have the distribution so systematized that the 157 men get hot meals, not lukewarm ones," said Mr. O'Connor. He explained further that the ordinary prisoners receive two meals a day, while the trustees who work are given three. With a French chef to cook for them, the prisoners certainly have no complaints to offer in the culinary line. "And our cooks never demand a raise," added the deputy sheriff.

The next point of interest in our sight-

seeing tour was the great steel cage itself. The cage rises five stories high and one climbs from tier to tier on a narrow spiral staircase. The space between the cage and the wall is used as an exercise and recreation corridor. Men of all ages, sizes and conditions were strolling back and forth, nearly all of them wearing the expression of a man who is waiting for a train. "These prisoners have either not yet stood trial or else are appealing to a higher court," said the guard. This perhaps accounted for the appearance of anxious waiting. Only the men already sentenced seemed able to settle down to card games and books.

Again I was surprised at the faces I saw as I went down the corridor. Shades of Lombroso! Where were the criminal types? Where were the sloping foreheads, the high cheekbones, the bulldog jaws? Instead, I saw a young man with a pompadour and eyeglasses who might easily have been the captain of a varsity debating team. I met a diffident, good-looking young Italian who had been tried for a particularly atrocious murder committed eleven years ago. A number of witnesses swore that he was the guilty man; an equal number swore that he was not, and the jury had dis-

agreed. Now he had a delay of several months to face before he would again be placed on trial for his life.

"It is impossible to give the men any regular occupation," explained the deputy sheriff. "In the first place, the labor unions object. In the second place, this is just a stopping-off point on the way to liberty or San Quentin. Our population is too transient to organize a regular industry. Most of the sentenced prisoners have positions as trustees. We give books to the others in order to shorten their days for them."

The cells themselves were small, but they were well lighted and as clean as most private homes. Many of them were decorated with calendars and posters. "The men are surprisingly neat about their personal surroundings," my escort remarked. "If they find a prisoner who doesn't measure up to their standards of cleanliness, it isn't long before they give him the water cure."

I went back to the office well satisfied with the conditions I had found. As I crossed the "Bridge of Sighs" that leads to the land of the comparatively free I wondered, dear reader, what the jail is like in your town. Wouldn't it be worth while to find out?

## The Question of Home Work

THE San Francisco Board of Education has just awakened to the unfairness of requiring grammar-school students to do home-work. Parents realized all this some time ago, but some parents are reluctant to "speak up in meeting," and unorganized protests can do little good. For a long time mothers and fathers have watched little Susie looking for the greatest common divisor when she should be finding her night-gown, and locating the capital of Siam when she is really more interested in the Land of Nod.

It is ridiculous to demand that children of nine and ten do any more work than is required during the five hours in the class-room. "It is a way for the teacher to discover what the children are getting out of the work," says some of the old conservatives. But is it not true that home-work is much less likely to be a contest between Willie and Johnnie than between Willie's and Johnnie's respective fathers? Are not the marks in such cases usually an indication of the early educational opportunities of the

parents rather than of how much the children are getting out of their studies?

But even if parents do keep their hands off, home-work is still an unfair test. The marks are controlled largely by the children's living conditions. What chance has a youngster in a noisy home to compete with another who can learn the date of Lincoln's administration in peace? What chance has the child who is compelled to help with the housework and who turns to his studies worn out by the demands of both home and school? As a criterion of a child's understanding, all that is done out of class hours is utterly useless.

Besides, what of the children's eyes? What of the little bodies that have been cramped up for hours in the school-room? What of the tired brains, already fagged after trying to keep pace with all the modern educational fads presented in the class? You would not tie up a little kitten for over five weary hours a day. Haven't children some rights as well?

### LOVE BESIDE THE FIRE

By Denis A. McCarthy

*The pride of autumn fades away on wooded vale and hill,*

*The days are growing grayer and the nights are growing chill,*

*Then, hey for home, and happy eves, and joys that never tire!*

*We'll face the worst that winter brings, with love beside the fire!*

*O, sweet as youth the springtime was, and fair were summer's bowers,*

*And gaily flowed the pageantry of autumn's golden hours!*

*With sadness from the hills we saw their sunlit days retire,*

*But winter brings us back again to love beside the fire!*

*So bolt the door against the blast, and start the cheerful blaze,*

*And let us sit, sweetheart of mine, and talk of olden days,*

*Of days when first you woke in me the dream of young desire,*

*When yet I hardly dared to hope for love beside the fire!*

—"Heart Songs and Home Songs."



# Mouth, Nose, Teeth

## Their Affinity to Systemic Diseases

By Margaret H. Pladwell, M. D.

**T**HE mouth and nose, with their accessory sinuses are now recognized by the medical profession as a prolific cause of disease located elsewhere in the body.

These sinuses are small openings from the head into the oral and nasal cavities, and when a focus of infection lodges near the toxins or even the germs themselves may be carried to other parts of the body if it is not in a state of resistance, and cause a systemic disturbance of some sort.

The tonsils are becoming particularly well known in this relation even to the laity, while the teeth and their alveolar cells are more and more recognized as foci of infection.

Enlarged adenoids, as obstructions to respiration and interference with the well being of the individual, were for many years the obscure cause of suffering and mental backwardness in children, until the facts were discovered and the hypotrophied tissues removed.

The tonsils, teeth, adenoids and all the sinuses of mouth and nose are each possible foci of infection, and being drained by the lymphatics may readily cause the absorption of toxins by the

blood and engender disruption of the entire system.

The adenoid is a gland similar to the tonsils. Any material absorbed by these or their openings, whatever the source, continually finds its way to the blood stream through the lymphatics.

This is true of the sinuses, too, and of the teeth and cells surrounding each.

Ordinarily the mucous membranes are sufficiently germicidal in function to keep the glands and cavities in a healthy condition, and before trouble results from any of these sources infection must occur.

There are so many hundreds of species of the various bacteria which inhabit the air and all about us, that it behooves us to pay some slight attention to the proper care of mouth and nose.

One washes the ears religiously, and brushes the teeth energetically, but who thinks of cleansing the nose as well and as emphatically?

Yet from these sources originate bronchitis, asthma, tuberculosis, kidney diseases, rheumatism, anaemia, and other

diseases, each carrying a special complication.

Adenoids are comparatively easy of detection, because they cause mouth breathing and a general expression of stupidity on the part of the sufferer.

The tonsils, too, when enlarged or infected, are easily discoverable, but the sinuses as foci of disease are more obscure, and not always directly traceable.

Cleanliness and careful hygiene of mouth and nose, plus common sense, will have much to do with warding the enemy off.

When I was a growing girl the slogan in my home was: "A lady's hands and finger-nails are always perfectly kept." (That was when I had been playing too hard and my fingers showed a suspicious trace of color.)

But a fastidious person's entire body should be "perfectly kept," the openings of the face particularly so, lest they become an infliction to others.

Recently I read an editorial commenting on an assertion in a medical journal that the mouth is a frequent source of disease. After this statement the editor's comment was brief: "It behooves us to keep our mouths closed," said he.

### CHEERFULNESS

**D**OESN'T the very word make one feel good? It looks so cheerful.

You know thoughts are things, and we are what we think. If a man thinks hatred, envy and all uncharitableness, he is these, and he receives bitterness in return.

If a man thinks not at all he is not at all, merely a clod which cumbers the earth, and since he has nothing to give he receives nothing.

But the man who things cheer and good will, radiates the atmosphere about him with the sun of his thought. He gives out blessings, and they return to him a thousandfold, plus the love and good will of all who know him. They arise and call him blessed!

Verily, "as a man thinks, so is he!"



### THE SALACIOUS WOMAN

**L**ET us pray for clean hearts and minds.

During the period of my existence I have met few of the other kind—for which I am grateful.

A recent experience, together with

the prude above quoted, have caused me much disgust.

The one with the salacious mind is never without some extraordinary story of sex matters—mono, homo or bi—to relate which have either been her own experiences or those of others.

These tales lose nothing in the telling, nor in graphic phrasing or gesture, and are inflicted upon one with the force and determination of one who loves her subject.

The woman is a creature of overwhelming vanity, conceit, and self-gratification. Within herself she is unquestionably immoral, degenerate and defective. Yet side by side, retailing these tales of an enormity unspeakable, she prates of virtue and her own wonderful tolerance of the weakness of others.

The woman lives in a fictitious atmosphere of lovers and sycophants (and worse), which she creates from her own abnormal tendencies that are not desires, and after she has created them they exist, to her (and to us, unfortunately) like Frankenstein's monsters.

God has given her much, but she debases her talents and destroys her vision for the sake of unwholesome self-flattery.

"She has eyes to see and ears to hear," but the songs of the spheres pass over her head while discord below hold her infatuated.

To her own thoughts and desires she is so far above the general herd that she would resent hearing me say, "Poor, misguided woman."



### PRUDES

**N**O one loves a prude! She strains at a single gnat, and swallows a million camels. We all know there must be something inherently wrong with her insides, because she averts her face from the exquisite nude—in company—but loves to tell one *risque* and hyper-sexed stories in private—tales which leave a bitter taste in the mouth and tingling of the ears.

There are other infections besides those originating within the body, and they are even more virulent and afflicting sometimes.



# UNDERTONES

## Letters From New York

By Harriet Howe

THEY told me there was no romance in New York. That I should find a sordid pushing torrent of humanity intent on getting somewhere. There is. They are. But watch them. As they go, they wear a mask. Cold faces, expressionless to look into if you are a stranger, but watch them when they find what they want! They do not care if they trample you in getting there, but watch them when they arrive!

No romance in New York?

Quavering, out of tune, out of time, a barrel organ plays something that was meant to be "Aida," and in a flash the glory of New York—which is Romance—is revealed!

Romance, whose gauzy wings brush you at every corner, whose smiles hide behind the blown curtains of every window—whose lilt wakes the careless feet of little pig-tailed girls who dance around the handorgan—whose pathos draws a tear from the eyes of the grey-haired woman sewing in a skylight room, up seven flights.

Romance—and the street organ is its herald, its courier, to the swarming, sweating masses, even as DeBussy is its votary to those that glide in limousines.

For me the street organ—its universal democracy makes it mine. If the banjo is "the war-drum of the white man round the world"—the street organ is the lute of the oppressed.

The surface of Life is grey and uninteresting.

Unless its dull warp is undershot with gleams of rose and gold of hidden romance, Life is a poor thing. Who wants to live just to earn money to pay the rent, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor—just in order to earn more money to again pay the rent, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor, in the endless chain? It would be unendurable. But if underneath, ah! if underneath it all there is Something that glorifies—well, that is Life indeed.

And New York is more naive, more frank and open about her inner life than any city I have yet seen. Is it because they are so condensed, so literally piled atop of each other in such numbers that a man can raise two families almost in the same block, and never the contrempts to have them meet to discover it? Perhaps.

And so the hand-organ seems to be the open sesame to put one in touch with that mysterious illusive world in which New York swims, swiftly, silently, continually, beneath the surface. And to catch its fleeting glimpses, here and there, always where you least expect, is one of the compensations for being a Cliffdweller in the caves of Manhattan.

O, it is not all beautiful. It is often sordid, stained, dragged in the mire, vulgar. But it is still Romance—to those it teaches.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lean out my window late in the velvet summer night. The wind off the river is almost cool. The little waves dimple and run to the shore, winking in the reflected light from the Palisades.

The people passing in the street below grow less and less, there are very few now. Presently a man who was sauntering down the sidewalk suddenly walks into the middle of the street and stands there. It is so dark his features are not visible; from this height he is so foreshortened one cannot say if he be tall or short, thick or thin, he is just a man, only because he wears trousers and not a skirt, that is all.

He stands there with his straw hat in his hand, apparently to let the breeze from the river cool his forehead. All at once a window curtain in the fifth story opposite is raised, and the light from it makes a glowing square in the otherwise dull facade of the building. Then slowly—slowly, the curtain is lowered. Something depressing, even ominous, is in the slow fateful lowering of that curtain. The man turns himself, with a weary effort, slowly replaces his hat and saunters quietly away.

What of it? Nothing, perhaps. But wait.

Two nights later, at the same hour, a man saunters down the sidewalk, walks idly into the middle of the street and removes his hat to cool his forehead. Suddenly a window curtain in the fifth floor opposite is raised, the glowing square of light gleams steadily, and then—the light in that room is switched off, then on again, then off. Three times repeated.

The effect is magical on the man waiting in the street. He slams his hat on

his head and starts to walk away—not toward the place of the glowing window. But he goes only to the corner. There he stands a moment. Perhaps to reconnoitre, perhaps to throw a possible someone off the trail,—perhaps for another reason. Then he walks back confidently and at the street entrance to that signaling window, he goes in, very quietly, with his own key. But there was a marked difference in his walk tonight.

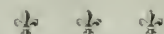
Three nights later he walks down again, to see the fateful curtain raised, and slowly, slowly, lowered. Is husband at home tonight?

Oh no, this is not an immoral story. This is life. Real life, with the tiny gold threads shot across the gray warp.

It is the undercurrent. The wings of Romance have brushed closely by. Let us hope this romance may never be soiled by anything so crude as a revolver and the police court. But there is risk.

Every rustle of the wings of Romance is interesting,—whether it be a middle-aged Romance of grey-haired people, suddenly restored to each other,—or one discovered in mid-career, long sustained,—or of the first mad, glad beginnings of one.

But perhaps the most fascinating of all is the dawn of one that might, could, would or should not be.



### THE CHARWOMAN

By Marguerite Wilkinson in "Poetry"

*She was grown old in misery and want;  
Her threads of life heckled by sordid need,  
Stretched taut by lack of love and woven plain  
And then by pain and fear worn very thin.  
One would not look for prettiness and grace  
In such a fabric!*

*Yet this charwoman,  
Dun and bedraggled though she surely seemed,  
By a brave miracle of God's good love,  
Is rich and sweet and lovely in my eyes.*

*Because I met the morning with a smile,  
Because I gave a pleasant kindly word,  
Which was small gift out of my happiness,  
For this, with utmost gracious courtesy,  
She touched her lips one morning to my hand.  
And my heart leaped in me to follow her!*



## Since Last Month

THREE copies of "La Libre Belgique," the proscribed but consistently printed and published organ of the Belgian people under German rule in Belgium have reached this country.

A fac simile page is displayed in the "New York Times" of October 8th, showing the publication so made under the patronage of King Albert and Cardinal Mercier, with a picture of Belgium's new coat of arms surmounted by a German helmet and bearing the motto, "L'Union Fait La Force," as the Germans, according to the editors, would like to have it.

The paper was smuggled out of Belgium.



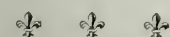
I KNOW a boy—just Boy—fancy free as the errant breezes at the "Springs," where he went last summer, primarily "to have a good time," secondarily to pound out ragtime on the piano for those who could stand the ear test or wanted to syncopate with their feet.

In due course of time I received a letter telling me of his myriad pleasures. At the end he naively stated that he had "sent mother some fish he caught by parcel post . . . ."

Why go fishing when one may catch them by parcel post?



YOU probably do not thing of Hawaii in connection with automobiles, yet there are now no less than 2,500 automobiles registered in Honolulu alone, and automobile traffic is so heavy there that traffic policemen are stationed at intersections of business thoroughfares quite a la Manhattan. A fine new road about 100 miles long, traversing some beautiful tropical scenery, has just been added to the road system of the islands and will prove most popular, it is expected, among tourists this winter addicted to motoring.—N. Y. Times.



Japanese merchants are making active efforts to secure a market in Russia for Japanese goods. They are adapting their merchandise to the demands of Russian traders, says a writer in a Petrograd paper, and studying the Russian household and its needs in the minutest detail.—"Literary Digest."

### A COMMUNISTIC COLONY

COMMUNISTS may be surprised to learn that an absolutely communistic settlement exists in France on the coast of the North Sea between Gravelines and Dunkirk. Jacques Bertillon has lately described this remarkable colony.

It is called Fort Mardyk and was founded by Louis XIV. It was then only a bare point of land and was frequently visited by pirates. Here the King established four families from Picardy to occupy the fort, giving them a vast uncultivated territory on condition that they would never sell it nor divide it up. The descendants of these families, almost all fishermen, have adopted the following regulation: Every one born there who marries is to receive 2400 square meters of land, but possession of this property is only temporary. On the holder's death the property returns to the community, which may dispose of it to some one else.

Each section has now become a garden with a little white house in the middle of it, and there are 2,000 of these. The people belonging to this community, freed from all fear for the future of their family, marry young and have many children. The births average forty-three a thousand, and infant mortality is very low.

Poverty is unknown here because it is impossible. Some of the men leave the security of their quiet homes for greater profits in Dunkirk, the nearest big city, or go even further away.

Is this the model of human society in the future?



### Mrs. Tingley's Encounter With the "World"

IN reading the literature sent out by the Theosophical Defense League, clearing the atmosphere of the dust clouds raised by the New York World's article entitled "The Purple Mother of Point Loma," one arrives at the trite but true decision that it is wise to look before you leap. The "World" certainly dealt very lightly with a matter that Theosophists in general, and Mrs. Katherine Tingley in particular, prefer to have treated very seriously, but it seems to have made a very thorough-going, handsome apology, and now we hope all is serene in the realms of the upper air—both in Southern California and Newspaper Row, New York City.

### A WORD WIZARD

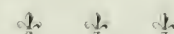
"TODY" HAMILTON, who died recently in Baltimore, Maryland, was the greatest press agent that ever lived. He wrote the equivalent of scores of "best sellers" and yet his name never appeared on one of his advertisements. He was the poster writer for Barnum & Bailey, a true wizard in words, who spent years in fabricating phrases to catch the crowd.

Mr. Hamilton's faith in publicity was so great that when P. T. Barnum lay dying he decided that a good press coup would brace up the old man, and he encouraged the Evening Sun to print his obituary in advance. Mr. Hamilton took the paper with four columns of reading-matter and a number of pictures to the bed of the aged showman. It revived him after oxygen had failed. Four days later he died, but his physicians agreed that the premature obituary had prolonged his life for that period.



AND the voice of the New York "Times" is heard crying in the wilderness of reports to the effect that:

The legend of Yuan Shi Kai has already begun. His enemies can not believe that that towering figure has vanished so suddenly. Of course, it has not; it is a trick; he is alive somewhere, ready to descend on us again; there is a man who can prove that another body was substituted; a man who knows him, saw him take passage on a ship, disguised. And with the growth of time the legend will increase in circumstantiality and wealth of detail, till, years hence, there will be elaborately illustrated magazine articles telling how Yuan died in Mississippi, or Stockholm, or Catalonia in 1925 or 1930.



The new eight-hour bill, says the New York "Tribune," giving the employees the same pay for the eight hours they have been getting for ten really provides that four hundred million workers, now the highest paid men in the transportation service, shall receive additional wages equivalent to a contribution of from 50 cents to \$1 annually from every individual in the United States. That money has got to come from the public.



# Music and Musicians

Franz Liszt

AS I ponder this morning on what to write for the next edition of the magazine, the calendar in front of me shows the date of October 22nd, the birthday of one of those rare beings that visit our earth to leave an imprint of their greatness not alone for the generation they live in, but for many, many generations to come. For as long as music will be cherished in the hearts of human beings the name of Franz Liszt will not be forgotten.



Joseph George Jacobson

In speaking to the average musician of Liszt the general knowledge they seem to possess is that Liszt thought only throughout his musical career of showing his marvelous technical skill to the public. After studying the many biographies and having come in contact with musicians who were pupils and friends of the great man and were competent to judge, I feel that this is far from true. From his early childhood Liszt's mind turned towards religion, and when a mere youth he decided to follow the church. It was through the marvelous playing of Paganini that he was induced to follow a professional career for which he had an inborn inclination. A letter written to George Sand when he was only twenty-five years old will show best what respect and reverence he held the old masters in: "In concert halls I often played works of Beethoven, Weber and Hummel, and, I am ashamed to state, for the sake of winning applause of a public which was slow in appreciating the sublime and beautiful, I did not scruple to change the pace and ideas of the composition; nay, I went so far in my frivolity as to interpolate runs and cadenzas which, to be sure, brought me

By Joseph George Jacobson

the applause of the musically uneducated, but led me into paths which I fortunately soon abandoned. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret having thus made concessions to bad taste. Since that time absolute reverence for the masterworks of our men of genius has completely replaced that craving for originality and personal success which I had in days too near my childhood." This from a boy.

At that time Liszt had not conceived the idea of his Rhapsodies.

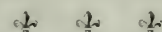
These were written after he had abandoned the career of a virtuoso, and very few he played in public. The thirteenth—which is said he liked the most—he played in London a few months before his death. Just as Chopin has immortalized the Polish folk-music, Liszt in his nineteen rhapsodies—the twentieth I believe is not published yet—has preserved for us the character of the music of the Magyars. If—as there has been stated—there is too much "show" in the music, it must be remembered that the same "show" is found in the Hungarian people. The national airs which were heard at the czardas on the Pusztas have been transformed into works of art by a master mind. To compare Liszt with Paganini, except in mere technical skill, is foolish. One has only to look at the programmes today executed by great virtuosos. How often does the name of Paganini appear to that of Liszt. How often does the great violinist Kreisler play Paganini? But how few great pianists omit Liszt on their programmes!

Liszt's generosity was unlimited. Always ready to lend a helping hand to the needy, he assisted many poor musicians who were not so fortunate as to meet with the same success he achieved. After he had forsaken his career as a wandering musician, he accepted the position of a conductor at the Court Theatre at Weimar. And Weimar became the Mecca for the rising musical generation. As a boy I visited this interesting place, and naturally first wended my way to Liszt's house. The following little anecdote was told me by his housekeeper, which perhaps since then has appeared in print:

A certain gentleman—I have forgotten who—called on Liszt on a mission of charity, Liszt was willing at once

to help. When told by his guest that it was not money he wanted, but his co-operation at a concert, he at first informed the caller that he did not appear any more in public, but when he found out that it was to be for the benefit of a very laudable enterprise, he not alone consented at once to play, but gave the man one-third of the money he had in his purse, which was his custom to do for charity. "Do you think that an old man like me will draw?" he inquired. "Like a magnet, monseigneur," replied the caller, "and good wine gains in value as it grows older." When asked who else would play on the programme, the abbe was told that when Liszt played no one else dared play. Laughingly Liszt replied that this was not always the case. When he visited Notre Dame in Paris he played on the fine organ. The organist, to whom he was unknown, stepped up to him and told him that it was against the rule to allow amateurs to play on the organ. Liszt stopped at once, and apologized for his daring.

After the funeral in the Bayreuth cemetery, on August 3rd, Richter made a laudable speech urging that the best way to preserve the master's memory would be by perfect rendering of his works. Let us try to do so. It is only just to mention that in our city, Hugo Mansfeldt, a pupil of Liszt, and his talented wife are celebrating the day with a Liszt programme at the Palace Hotel.



Blanche Hamilton Fox

ONE more of the capable artists has succumbed to the charms of San Francisco and decided to make



Blanche Hamilton Fox



## Music and Musicians

her home in our city. Miss Fox, better known in Europe as Bianca Volpine, has already been engaged to instruct at the Notre Dame college at San Jose. Miss Fox has made appearances in Rome, Milan, Venice, London and in many cities of the United States, and scored success wherever she has appeared. The talented singer is not new to California, having sung here in many cities. She was the prima donna for the California Grand Opera Company. She took the part of Amneris in "Aida" with the Lombardi Opera Co. She sang with the Boston Opera Company, and her Laura in "La Giaconda," Azucana in "Trovatore," and many other roles have been highly praised abroad and in America.



**M**RS. Robert Hughes and Mr. Hother Wismer have announced three sonata recitals, at which different soloists will take part. At the first one Mr. Laurence Strauss will be the vocalist.



### Clarence Eddy's Recitals

**T**HESE recitals are attracting wide attention. Mr. Eddy is giving them every fortnight at the First Presbyterian Church, assisted by capable soloists. The organist's fame and reputation are sufficient to attract large audiences wherever he appears, and his knack of making programmes appealing to all is well known. In his playing

Mr. Eddy combines the two rare qualities so essential to the artist: Expression, "the soul of music," and technique, "the body of music," and possesses an individuality of expressing himself. Music lovers will find much pleasure in attending these recitals.



**O**UR city is certainly one of the world's musical centres, judging from the amount of entertainments to be given between October 22nd and November 22nd, all too late to be dealt with in this issue. There will take place the three concerts of the very talented three brothers the Cherniavskys, reputed to be one of the finest ensemble organizations on the concert platform today. In 1904 they started out to conquer the musical world, and their good reputation has grown by leaps and bounds. Then **Leopold Godowsky** will again play for us and give three concerts of three most remarkable programmes, I believe, ever rendered in San Francisco. He is really a master pianist. Technical difficulties have ceased to exist for him. I met him in Berlin before he was known. He gave one concert, and, like Runstein, next morning was famous. Apart from his music, he is a man of broad education. *Veni, vidi, vici.*

**John McCormack** will treat us in the early part of November. His abundant feeling and natural spontaneity in expression never fails to charm wherever he appears.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its first concert of the season Friday afternoon, October 27th, under different condition heretofore. Mr. Hertz expresses himself very satisfied, and is enthusiastic over the outlook of the future, and the quality of the players of the orchestra.

**Redfern Mason**, the "Examiner's" capable critic, will deliver a course of twelve lectures explanatory of the works the Symphony will play every Monday preceding each of the Friday concerts. Mr. Mason's talks are instructive and worthy of attention. Mr. McManus will give illustrations at the piano.



Redfern Mason

## THEATRES

### Alcazar

Belasco & Mayer, Proprietors and Managers

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**EVA LANG & JOHN HALLIDAY**

In Splendid Repertoire

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**EVA TANGUAY**

In Travesty on

**SALOME**

With Great Company of Vaudeville Stars

### Columbia

D. W. Griffiths' Colossal Spectacle

**INTOLERANCE**

Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages



## Clubs and Clublights

THE California Federation of Women's Clubs is going through a period of reorganization and readjustment. It was organized sixteen years ago for the purpose of uniting the influence and enterprise of California Women and to promote educational, moral, social and civic matters. Its growth has been phenomenal, and its demands have become so exacting that, at the beginning of the present year it was deemed advisable to reduce the number of departments, which had grown greater than its years. Consequently, we have now fifteen instead of twenty-four. These departments are many sided, and often they embrace three or four vital branches of our educational and altruistic work. For instance, under the head of Education we have sub-committees on Peace and Political Science; under Social and Industrial Conditions we have Employment, Industry and Social Service; while under the general head of Conservation we embrace Forests, Waters, and Birds and Wild Life. We have our Art, Music and Literature Departments, our Public Health, Home Economics, Civics, Country Life, Legislation, and Child Welfare Departments, and we have our very essential Library Extension, Federation Extension, and Press Departments.

Through our department of Social and Industrial Conditions, we have advocated taking a survey of our districts, with a view to ascertaining the number of immigrants in our midst and devising plans for their education along citizenship lines. Co-operation with school officials, with our State Immigration and Housing Commission, and our Federal Immigration Bureau, has made it possible for us to establish schools and lay the foundations of a great work for our nation. The Employment Committee is urging club women throughout the State to consider the question of a co-operation with the United States Employment Service, bringing to their attention the possibilities afforded for promoting the welfare of women and girls and establishing friendly interest between employer and employee. It is hoped that many clubs will adopt the suggestion of Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, that the department of Labor be asked to notify them of the arrival of immigrant women and children in their localities, so that their members

California Federation of Women's Clubs.  
A Letter from Mrs. E. D. Knight,  
President.



Mrs. E. D. Knight

may extend the hand of fellowship, thereby winning the confidence and increasing the faith of the stranger within our gates.

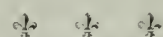
Legislation is a vital theme with the club women at present. Changes in the Community Property Bill, the Moron Colony Bill, a bill providing for the care of orphan girls up to sixteen years of age, and a few others, will be presented by the legislative department. Club women have learned that it is wise to concentrate upon a few measures of grave importance to the welfare of women and children. The chairman of the Legislative Department, after receiving suggestions from the other departments and individual club women of the State, will present to the various district chairmen the measures which seem most vital, these district chairmen will then notify the individual clubs, and the members thereof will be asked to thoroughly inform themselves as to the merits of proposed bills. The next step will be to interest the voting body of each community by a campaign of education on the necessity for the particular legislation advocated, and it is our hope that an intelligent army, thirty-four thousand strong, will support the measures which we endorse.

Child Welfare is the slogan of the hour. The California Federation is majoring on this most important topic,

sending out practical suggestions to every club, and working in harmony with State and County Boards, and with various other women's organizations.

The study of Political Science is receiving much attention. This means Science of Government, and under this branch of our Education Department we are learning the functions of our Government and State officials, the purport of our city ordinances, the statistics regarding the use of the ballot by the women of our State, and many other things of interest to the voter.

The California Federation is strictly non-partisan. Its function is primarily educational. It endorses principle rather than method. It takes no radical stand on political questions, but it is a powerful altruistic organization and a determining influence for good, seeking always to arouse public sentiment upon questions which make for worthy citizenship. Its members are home-makers, looking ever toward the ideal, and their time and strength are given to the fine art of making their little world a better place for the generations of the future.



### California Club

THE past month has been a memorable one for the California Club. In all of its sections interesting and stirring events are recorded, and to look over the list of good things in store for members and their friends, was to long for the time to take them all in. Fortunate, indeed, were those who attended the lecture of Mr. Arthur Street, who came from the American Institute of Current History to address the club. His illuminating ideas along lines with which the club is accustomed to interest itself, aroused genuine appreciation and applause. A practical idealist, Mr. Street might be called. The occasion of the luncheon given to Mr. J. S. Dunnigan of the Board of Supervisors by the Civic Section, was another characteristic gathering. Mr. Dunnigan spoke on "Everybody's Business," and the music was in charge of the Treble Clef Section.



# Clubs and Clublights

## New Era League

**T**HIS league, whose object is civic betterment, and whose members, by their earnest effort and unflagging devotion to this object, whose president, Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, is herself inspiration, entertained Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt, the President of Mills College, at a recent meeting, and heard a powerful appeal to women to realize their responsibilities in public life today, and to fit themselves for it, then take their places in the world's work, where they are urgently needed. The morning meetings of the New Era are events to look forward to. One always hears something good and interesting and in-



Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin

structive, and the cosy studio atmosphere adds to the charm of the hour spent there. The informality and daintiness of the little luncheon that follows the meeting, give just the finishing touch, the **bouquet**, to a New Era morning. Never were club and president more ideally in accord than Mrs. Coffin and her league. And there are signs of excellent team work everywhere.



**A**SCHOLARSHIP enabling a student to obtain both residence and tuition (value \$600) for a one-year course in one of the best home-making schools in the country is available for a young woman of the required qualifications, says the New York "Evening Sun." These requirements are good health, adaptability, attractive personality, responsibility, and at least high-school education, preferably college training. The age limit for

candidates is from 18 to 30. The year's course includes, all phases of home-making economics, very practically taught, and also child hygiene, home nursing, child study and nursery education of little children. A letter addressed to "Scholarship," care the Editor, "Evening Sun," 150 Nassau Street, New York City, will be promptly forwarded to the school authorities.



## San Francisco District Executive Board

**T**HE two weeks' trip through Humboldt and Del Norte Counties, just completed by Mrs. Frank Fredericks, president of the San Francisco District Executive Board of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, during which time she visited many clubs, was most gratifying to the clubs and to Mrs. Fredericks, who writes **Everywoman** saying that she will give us a full account of her fortnight. This article, which will be of great interest to our readers, will appear in the December issue. Being in close touch with every federated club increases Mrs. Fredericks' power and usefulness in her high office.



## Monday Lectures at "Wildwood"

**T**HE beautiful Piedmont home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens has been open to the public every Monday afternoon during October, and large audiences of cultivated people have listened to the lectures of Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a Hindoo Brahman from Calcutta, graduate of Leland Stanford Jr. University, and a gifted young speaker, whose excellent English and thorough knowledge of his own and many other countries, rendered these afternoon lectures an intellectual treat. His subjects, "The India of Tagore and Kipling," "Message of the Persian Poets," "Greek and Hindu Ideals of Life," "Maeterlinck and Hindu Mysticism," and Hindu Conception of Immortality," were treated by him in a masterly manner. He is brilliant, humorous, and philosophical. On each Monday afternoon in November Madame Eugenie Gerlac, of Paris, will give literary matinees at "Wildwood" in English. This course of lectures will include the study of Balzac, Lambert, Moliere, Roland and Sonia Kovalesky, and the price will be the same as last month, \$3.00 for the full course, and 75 cents for each lecture.

## California Civic League

**T**HE California Civic League, whose headquarters are in the Phelan Building, is commencing its pre-legislative season. Its legislative committees are at work preparing, in co-operation with the Woman's Legislative Council, the form of the bills which have been adopted by that organization as their programme to be presented to the 1917 Legislature. These bills propose a change in the Mother's Pension Bill; much needed changes in the Community Property Laws, and more adequate care of the feeble-minded in California. In addition to these bills the California Civic League is advocating an amendment to the State Constitution whereby women will be made eligible to jury service. A leaflet on the California jury system has been prepared by Miss Martha Ijams. Such leaflet may be procured by sending to the league headquarters. Leaflets have also been issued on the present inequalities of the property rights of husband and wife, that lead to so much injustice.

The Alameda County Centers of the League are carrying on two lively campaigns for the registration of their women as voters and enrollment as members of the League. The purpose of the League is well explained in these campaigns: The education of women to their civic responsibilities and the organization of such women in one body to carry out civic programmes. Mrs. A. F. Coffin, Mrs. A. E. Carter, Mrs. Frank C. Havens and Mrs. A. C. Posey have charge of these campaigns. The San Francisco Center is also interested in such work, and had a deputy registration clerk in its office at 220 Post Street, until October 7th.

The fall programme of the league for public meetings is the discussion of the amendments, pro and con, and the presentation of candidates for office, to be voted on at the November election. This is in accordance with the policy of an open forum, where both sides shall have the opportunity of fully presenting to the public each point of view.

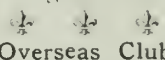
The members who are particularly interested in questions of public health are investigating the sanitary conditions of the public comfort stations in the bay region.



# Clubs and Clublights

## Le Salon Francais

**T**HIS club was organized a year ago, and gave a series of ten lectures in French, delivered by distinguished French scholars, some of whom are residents of San Francisco, and others sent to this country by the French Government. The benefit to the members is great, and as a high standard of culture is maintained. The Marquis de Vitry delivered the address at the first meeting of this season. He is a member of the French-American Committee, and has been in San Francisco only a short time. Le Salon is a tremendous acquisition to clubdom here, and its officers are as follows: Mrs. James A. Folger, president; Mesdames Francis Carolain, J. K. R. Nuttall and James Otis, vice-presidents. Charles Templeton Crocker is the treasurer and the directors are Miss Laura McKinstry, Mesdames William Bourn, William H. Crocker, Joseph A. Donohoe, Edward Eyre, Osgood Hooker, Beverly MacMonagle, Hall McAllister, William Mayo Newhall, William Sproule, Frank A. West, E. C. Wright and E. D. Beylard.

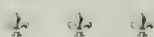


## Overseas Club

A large audience, invited by the Overseas Club, at the Hotel St. Francis, listened to an address by Mr. F. R. Jones of London, who made a strong appeal for funds to supply the British and Belgian wounded soldiers with tobacco. He spoke of the great desire of the sufferers for smoking, the comfort it seemed to afford them, and the fact that the doctors in every case were glad to let their patients smoke, and consignments of tobacco are welcomed by every hospital. The American organization of the "Soldiers' Tobacco Fund" has for its president the Hon. Joseph Choate. All expenses are borne by the Overseas Club, and every cent contributed is expended in the actual purchase of tobacco and cigarettes to be sent to the soldiers. No customs duties are charged, and no freight charges. Each contribution of 25 cents will supply a package of fifty good cigarettes, a large packet of good quality tobacco, a box of matches and a reply post card! The tobacco and cigarettes are of American manufacture, and the reply post card is to enable the recipient to acknowledge the gift, the sender's name being written on the post card. These cards will make interesting war souvenirs. We have, at the **Everywoman** office, an official collecting book for this fund, and contributions to any amount will be gladly accepted.

## Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

The "Hawaiian Afternoon" given by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, on October 8th, was enjoyed by more than three hundred of the club's members and guests. The programme was devoted to Hawaii and its fascinating people. Mr. J. Walter Scott, superintendent of the Hawaiian Promotion Committee, was the guest of honor, and the generous donor of the afternoon's entertainment. The club house auditorium was gay in the island colors, and the bright leis worn by the guests, together with the native musicians, lent the desired atmosphere for the delightful stereopticon and moving pictures shown. The volcano Kilauea in eruption was thrilling, even in this day of motion picture sensations, and the lecture by Mr. Fred Halton, both interesting and amusing. The President, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan, called for a rising expression of gratitude to Mr. J. Walter Scott, Mr. Fred Halton and to Mrs. M. S. Biven, who had made the pleasant afternoon possible. This was given with enthusiasm. A social hour followed the lecture. Refreshments were served, while the native musicians in the balcony rendered plaintive, heart-stirring melody, which brought back pleasant memories of our vanished "City of Dreams." Afternoon tea was neglected, while the guests indulged in the delicious Hawaiian pineapple juice, furnished with the good wishes of Mr. Scott.



## "Better Babies"

**T**HE echoes of the great Baby Week at the Auditorium last March are still ringing. At the Berkeley Dispensary a bureau has been established to keep records of the infants within a large radius, and to maintain a source of information and advice for the mothers. This must be very gratifying to those men and women of the medical profession who worked so hard and so wisely during the week which was devoted to the welfare of infants. That their efforts were availing is the reward that these conscientious workers desire. They will feel repaid for the days of driving care they spent, when they learn that hundreds of young mothers treasure the teaching they received that week, and eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the Berkeley Dispensary for obtaining further advice and help.

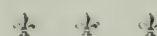
## The San Francisco S. P. C. A.

**T**HE Board of Trustees of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was re-elected for another year at the annual meeting, and to those who know of the fine work accomplished by the board, no better arrangement could be made for the welfare of the society. The members of the board are: John Partridge, Geo. M. Michell, Geo. A. Smith, J. S. Hutchinson, Ira B. Dalziel, John McGraw, Theodore Kytka, W. K. Gutzkow, John I. Walter, Frank H. Harris, John M. Ratto, Geo. U. Hind, C. Heller, B. F. Brisac, Edgar T. Cutter.

Reports of the officers for the year were read at the meeting, showing that a total of 10,863 cases were investigated in San Francisco; 83 cases were prosecuted, and 2,694 reprimands were administered. The animals involved were 31,701, and relieved 13,591. Officers examined 18,895 horses, and 75 horses, 3344 dogs, and 7388 cats were humanely destroyed; 261 disabled horses were moved in the ambulance.

An interesting incident was the awarding of the society's medal to Sam Harris, a private in Troop C, Tenth California Cavalry, with General Pershing's column in Mexico, for his kindness and devotion to his horse.

Harris' troop was in the fighting at Carrizal, and was entirely surrounded when Harris escaped by riding his charger through the lines of the enemy. Both he and the horse were wounded, and later he was compelled to abandon the animal. Harris' story, in which he attributed his escape to the courage and faithfulness of his horse, was widely published, and came to the attention of the society.



## League of American Pen Women

**A**MATTER of great interest to the women authors, journalists and illustrators of San Francisco, is the announcement that an auxiliary of this National league has been started here. Mrs. Lincoln Heustis, a former national president, established this branch, whose object is to promote fellowship among writing women throughout the country. Mrs. Josephine Martin is the California representative, and all professional writers and illustrators are eligible for membership, which can be arranged by applying to Mrs. Martin, who will send the names to the National President at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Jessie Griswold.



# The Bravest Person I Ever Knew

**T**HE bravest person I ever knew is a mother. Not any mother, but a certain one I know. It is wonderful how bravely she struggles to support her four children. She has no husband, but she is both father and mother to her little ones; and when they are sick she is their nurse, too, and watches them patiently through all the hard hours. Although her eyes are weary and she is tired, she minds it not, so long as she can work for her "four-leafed clover," as she calls her children. When they were very small she sang them softly to sleep with her own songs.

By a Little Girl

She writes poems, too, and has published many of them.

She has lovely brown eyes, and her whole soul shines through them. She loves her children with an indescribable love, and gives up everything for them; and tries to make them many pleasures. She had high ambitions, but the early death of her father ended everything, and she became a teacher. Now she tries her best to give her children a good education, so that some day they may achieve her ambitions.

The little mother works hard to make both ends meet. She has to provide the food, warmth, clothes, school books and everything for her family.

Life is a hard thing, yet she is not afraid to go along her path, and work for her children. She is the kind of a woman that works and works, yet does not expect so much as a "Thank you."

Tell me, is there a braver person than this woman? Surely not. I am proud to say that she is my mother.

Renata von Hungen, aged 14.

EVERYWOMAN'S best thanks to the friend who sent us this unique bit of literature!

It comes to us from Perham Nahl of the University of California Department of Art and Drawing, with a letter in which he says:

"I am sending you a little composition by a child of foreign parentage, which I think is very good for one of her age. The reason I am sending it to EVERYWOMAN is that it is so strong in the appreciation of mother love and heart interest that should appeal to many women."

The article is indeed unusual, showing as it does depth of thought as well as affection, and a wonderful understanding and sympathy, rare in a girl of fourteen. This devoted little daughter has gifts that will fulfill the ambition of the mother, who lost her own opportunities only to live to see them successfully carried out by her child.

## STRANGERS WITHIN OUR CULINARY GATES

**Y**OU have eaten apples, pears, peaches and our other familiar friends of the orchard. You have even dug a bit gingerly into the juicy depths of the grape-fruit. Therefore you feel that you know all there is to learn on the subject of American fruits. Prepare then to be disillusioned, just as we were disillusioned when we visited the Fruit Exhibit at the University of California.

For how many of our readers ever ate an avocado, or a jujube or a sapote?

How many knew that all tunas do not have fins, as some have acquired the habit of growing on trees? How many jars of feijoa jelly have you on your shelves? The echo answers, "None at all!" Yet these are bona fide fruits, palatable and well worth becoming acquainted with. All of them have passed the stage of being grown merely as freaks, and are now being raised for the market. Having proved their worth to the farmers, they are standing, suit-case in hand, knocking at our kitchen doors. It is time that we invited them in.

## FRANCE

By Siegfried Sassoon

*She triumphs; in the vivid green  
Where sun and quivering foliage meet;  
And in each soldier's heart serene:  
When death stood near them they have seen  
The radiant forests where her feet  
Move on a breeze of silver sheen.*

*And they are fortunate, who fight  
For gleaming landscapes swept and shafted  
And crowned by cloud-pavilions white;  
Hearing such harmonies as might  
Only from heaven be downward wafted—  
Voices of victory and delight.*

—London Saturday Review.

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### OFFICERS

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## Policy of National Woman's Party

(Continued from page two)

ignorance or hypocrisy, and that the shortest cut is through responsible legislative action. Especially, they will not listen to the opponents of direct government who tell them democracy requires a referendum."

"With more intelligence than is shown by most male citizens it recognizes that party responsibility is the hope of democracy, and that great results are not to be attained by wheedling individuals or electing 'good' men but by holding parties—their organization, leadership, rank and file—responsible for promises and performances."

With shrill Democratic clamor politicians are endeavoring to create a mythical process by which votes will be taken away from women in States which have already granted suffrage. This menace is absurd and false. There is no power which can take away from women their suffrage, either before or during the ratification of the Federal amendment.

The Woman's Party is not supporting any one candidate. It is a non-partisan organization, made up of women of every kind of political belief. It cannot distinguish between the parties which have

endorsed woman suffrage; it cannot support Mr. Hughes in preference to Mr. Hanley or Mr. Benson. But it can, and does whole-heartedly oppose the re-election of Mr. Wilson in the States where women vote, because Mr. Wilson is opposed to the measure it is the only object of the Woman's Party to secure.

It does not directly support any one Presidential candidate, because it does not wish to base its policy on the promise of any party or any person. Party promises are proverbially of straw. Personal promises may legitimately be abandoned—as Mr. Wilson abandoned his promise to exempt American ships from Panama Canal tolls—by a simple change of mind.

The Woman's Party has been accused of being "out to punish Wilson." The election or defeat of Mr. Wilson is of purely secondary importance to the Woman's Party. In thirty-six States they are doing nothing to injure Mr. Wilson's political future. They would view with composure the re-election of Mr. Wilson, but not in the equal suffrage States, and not by the help of women's votes. Our task is to teach Mr. Wilson and his party—and through them all parties contending for supremacy—that the group which opposes national suffrage for wo-

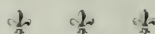
men, when it has the power to free them, will lose women's support in twelve great commonwealths, controlling nearly one hundred electoral votes: too large a fraction to risk; or to risk twice even if once risked successfully. If that is made clear, it is a matter of total indifference to the Woman's Party—so far as suffrage is concerned—who is the next President of the United States. The present campaign of the Woman's Party is a magnificent protest by women voters against continued delay of self-government for the women of the nation.

It is to be expected that Democratic politicians will view with alarm and disapproval a cessation of argument, and a substitution of political pressure by women. They approved of it when the organized pressure came from the railroad men, who were unwilling to risk their case to deliberations by an unwilling Congress, but that was from men. It was even more militant than the Woman's Party's legitimate appeal through political action, but only a few men can sanction impatience among women. Women *do* understand. They are responding magnificently to the appeal of women still denied justice at the hands of a hostile majority party.

## California Woman's Party

**A**BOUT the busiest spot in all this busy city, during the busiest weeks of the big campaign, is the suite on the tenth floor of the Hotel St. Francis, whose door bears the slogan, "Suffrage First." A room filled with enthusiastic voluntary helpers is passed through before one reaches Doris Stevens' office. Once there, the visitor realizes that she is in a place where things are done. Miss Stevens looks up from her desk, piled high with papers, gives a cordial hand-clasp and a friendly smile, and says, "Oh, yes, we are heartily encouraged. The response has been so warm and generous. Not a meeting but what women have come up to me and told me that they came to it a Wilson voter, but changed their minds that day. Some do not do it so quickly. One serious-faced little woman came to me the other day and gave me a ten-dollar bill, saying that she had been three weeks making up her mind to join the Woman's Party, and the ten dollars represented her saving in that time, so she had come to give the money and her promise to join us. On the

afternoon of Helen Todd's speech the big ball room of the St. Francis was packed, the balconies and the small corridors, to overflowing." A long-distance telephone call, a conference with secretaries, and then Miss Stevens returned to our talk. "And Mrs. Boissevain's western tour, during which she will have spoken, by the end of the campaign, in every one of the twelve suffrage states, has been a great help. Her appeal to the women voters brought a most gratifying response, and the women of California were brought in closer touch and sympathy with the unenfranchised women of the East."



LIFE

By Charles K. Shetterly

*And this is life,  
A desolate song of strife,  
A chord amiss,  
And yet what cheer;  
Sweeter the music after—  
E'en as a lovers' quarrel ended with a kiss  
Or tears  
With golden laughter.*

—Boston Transcript.

### A New School of Domestic Science

**A**T Fourth and Sansome Streets, where stands the fine new garage of the Sperry Flour Company, a School of Domestic Science is about to be opened to the public. Lectures and practical demonstrations in the culinary art will be given in this fully equipped hall, and Mr. R. D. Brigham, of the Sperry Flour Company, will gladly give all the information desired regarding the interesting new enterprise. This will appeal to the experienced housekeeper, as well as to the amateur, and it will be a boon and blessing to the anxious little bride, whose earnest wish is to have the "eats" end of her establishment as near perfect as she can make it. It is to clubs and welfare organizations that this modern free course of instruction on domestic lines will be of great assistance, as they can attend the lectures in a body, and receive practical training which will furnish valuable material for discussions and talks in the domestic departments of the organizations.



## Why I Am for President Wilson

(Continued from page three)

that of all women, if it were not that this group of women, though noisy, is but a small group, and represents only the exception, which proves the rule, that suffragists are for Woodrow Wilson.

It is because I am a suffragist that I am for Wilson. Here is a man, the first President of the United States to cast his vote for the civic equality of woman; a man, who has given his word to stand with women for suffragist till it is attained by all the women in America. The Petulant Party, with the confusion of ideas that accompanies temper, political as well as personal, cries out against the President because he will not further a national amendment for suffrage. It does not know—or it **will** not know—that the President has nothing whatever to do with a national amendment; that he may neither recommend nor approve it, and, of course, cannot veto it; that Congress has exclusive rights in the matter of proposing amendments to the Constitution; rights of which it is watchful and jealous; that upon the only occasion when a President did approve a constitutional amendment—in 1865, the thirteenth amendment—the Senate of the United States decided not to communicate the President's message to the House, and solemnly and formally resolved that the executive's action did not constitute a precedent. Yet here are the petulants crying out: "He won't recommend our amendment to Congress. He won't do that for us. But he did further a Child Labor Bill." They do not know—or they will not know—that a **bill** is what the Constitution calls an "ordinary piece of legislation," to further which, if he deem it expedient, the Constitution says the President **shall** recommend it to Congress.

Apart from this rather muddled mixture of bills and amendments, there is something rather shocking in women attacking a President of the United States, because he did recommend a Child Labor Bill to Congress. That Child Labor Bill—I am familiar, of course, with the attack which the Republican Party makes upon it—is an achievement, which, after seventeen years of effort, has been put through by a National Child Labor Committee, of which Hane Adams, Felix Adler, Florence Kelley of New York are members. Since the attack has been made upon it, this committee of experts has declared itself well satisfied with the bill, in a formal statement signed for

them by Owen Lovejoy, their secretary.

The eight-hour law, which the Republicans attack for two reasons—because it isn't an eight-hour law and because it is—is one of the measures which has swung great masses of humanitarians of no party into line for Wilson. Personally, I would have given up the privilege of voting for the rest of my life, if it had been necessary, to further such legislation, knowing that never in my life as a citizen could I hope to accomplish a greater achievement. After all, what is the eight-hour law? It is the national expression of modern sentiment; more than thirty states have a partial eight-hour law. All state laws must inevitably crystalize into national ones.

The Petulants believe that the end justifies the means—one of the most mischievous and dangerous dogmas ever invented—by **man**, incidentally. At a time when the whole trend of modern thought is away from bigotry, from party tradition, this atavistic organization is turning back to the old unreasoning sort of fanaticism that precludes logical thought. In consequence, they are risking something that is very precious to sincere suffragists—the opportunity of American women's proving that women are enlightened, not hide-bound; that they are fit for political responsibility; that they have a sense of honor, of justice; that they can work with men; that the narrowness of the average woman's life and experience has not narrowed her sympathies to her sex, but that she can take broad views for the whole of humanity—not for half of it.

The Party of Petulance is only, at the a-b-c of politics if it does not know that the vote is only a means—not an end. What you do with the vote—not whether you have it—is the vital thing. If your one use of it is to knife the President who has vision enough to appoint to office such men as Franklin K. Lane, Louis Brandeis, Thomas Walsh, Frederick Howe, Louis F. Post, Secretary of Labor, Wilson—the President in whose administration a Labor Bureau was created, after one hundred and fifty years in which the majority of Americans as a class were unrepresented—the President in whose administration the Seamen's Act was passed, after Andrew Furuseth had spent a lifetime in vainly trying to lift sailors out of slavery—if this is what you want to do with the vote when you get it, do you think you help suffrage by proclaiming it? Not that I believe that the Woman's Party

will be the boomerang to suffrage, which both we and the misguided Petulants would deplore. President Wilson is too magnanimous and too enlightened to declare war upon women because the Party of Petulance has, as it bombastically phrases it, "declared war upon the Democratic Party." All the trend of the times is toward suffrage; all the progress this administration stands for is in line with the inherent justice of equal suffrage.

I have friends who are working in the Woman's Party—women with brains, conscience, sincerity; but frankly, it astonishes me to find them in the company they keep. They look as queer to me, with their minds dressed up in Woman's Party mediaeval arguments, as though they wore the hennin of the thirteenth century or the iron corset of the seventeenth. Once upon a time there was a curious caricature in vogue of femininity rampant. It is to that model that the Party of Petulance has reverted. "We will play the game," they declare, "according to the rules men have made. We will make men fear us." I am not prepared to take that lofty slogan for mine. If the rules of the game are crafty and crooked—which is the implication—then I prefer not to play politics that way. If women have nothing better to do with the vote than to imitate the devious and unscrupulous ways of unscrupulous men, a doubling of unscrupulousness will not advantage America. Not that I would take away the ballot from the most unscrupulous of politicians, man or woman; the educating influence of responsibility is too precious a thing and makes too strongly for liberty.

Because of his Mexican policy—of which President Wilson himself says, "Mistakes, I have no doubt made in this perplexing business, but not in **purpose** or **object**." Because of his party's attitude to Free Trade being more nearly modern and away from the Chinese wall of tariffs; because of his capacity for making men and women think—even though they do not think his way, I am for President Wilson. Never since this experiment of America was founded have minds been stirred so profitably as they have during the past three and a half years. The only thing to despair of the Republic is when its people are indifferent. The people are not indifferent in the present campaign.



## Don't Misunderstand Proposition No. 2 to be Voted on at the November Election

Read the Text of the  
SECOND

PROHIBITION AMENDMENT  
AND YOU WILL FIND THAT

PROPOSITION No. 2 is NOT purely  
an anti-saloon measure.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would wipe out  
practically every legitimate avenue of  
distribution of California wines.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent a  
Californian from securing a glass of  
get a glass of wine anywhere in Cali-  
fornia because they would have no  
place of PERMANENT RESIDENCE  
here.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent  
California from securing a glass of  
wine with his meals the moment he  
left his permanent residence, or went  
to another city or town.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit  
the serving of wine with meals in  
hotels or restaurants.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would banish all  
wines from clubs or fraternal organ-  
izations.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make fel-  
ons of those who served wine at a  
banquet in any hotel or place of pub-  
lic resort.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it  
impossible for any one enjoying a va-  
cation at a summer resort to secure  
a glass of wine with meals.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would stop any  
hotel or restaurant chef from using  
wine in preparing gravies, sauces or  
special dishes.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent  
any bakery from using brandy in  
mince pies or plum puddings.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it  
a crime to offer a wine punch at a  
public reception.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent  
the sale of wine by the gallon or  
bottle in grocery or other stores.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would eliminate  
every branch or agency of a winery  
in California.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit  
the soliciting of orders away from the  
place of manufacture, and eliminate  
traveling salesmen.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent  
the sampling or tasting of wine at the  
winery.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would forbid the  
contemplating purchaser from going  
to a winery and taking away with  
him any quantity he might wish to  
buy.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would discour-  
age the manufacture of the finest  
grades of wine, because they are aged  
in bottle and sold principally in the  
hotels, restaurants and clubs of Cali-  
fornia.

**Vote "NO" on Both  
Prohibition Amendments  
Propositions No. 1 and No. 2**

CALIFORNIA  
GRAPE PROTECTIVE  
ASSOCIATION

—Advt.

### THE GOLDEN KEY OF LEARNING

**T**HE Phi Beta Kappa key is be-  
coming domesticated, and there  
is wailing and gnashing of teeth  
among those of the high foreheads.  
Within the last few years the number of  
women elected to membership has been  
far larger than the number of men. This  
greatest of scholastic honor societies has  
become so alarmed over the tide of fem-  
inine members that one of its Eastern  
leaders is seriously advising the placing  
of an arbitrary limit on the number of  
women who can belong.

Somehow, it did not occur to the  
gentleman to suggest that the college  
man avoid the preponderance of women  
by raising their own standard of schol-  
arship. The idea seems to be that the  
brilliant women should be brought down  
to the level of the men, instead of ad-  
vising the men to reach the shining  
mark set by their feminine classmates.  
If the women are too bright, limit them!  
That is easier than encouraging the col-  
lege boy to study.

We are wondering what the ladies  
who wear the Phi Beta Kappa key will  
have to say about this proposed ruling.

RE-ELECT

**James M. Seawell**

JUDGE OF THE  
SUPERIOR COURT

Many Years of Efficient Service  
Justifies His Re-Election

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGE-  
MENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY  
THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.  
Of Everywoman (magazine) published once a month at  
San Francisco, California, for October, 1916.  
State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and  
county aforesaid, personally appeared Jeanne E. Fran-  
coeur, who, having been duly sworn according to law,  
deposes and says that she is the editor and treasurer  
of the Everywoman (magazine), and that the follow-  
ing is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true  
statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily  
paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication  
for the date shown in the above caption, required by  
the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443,  
Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher,  
editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher, Everywoman Company, San Francisco, Cal.;  
Editor, Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, Cal.;  
Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses  
of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name  
and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or  
holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of  
stock.) Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs.  
John F. Merrill, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Chas. M.  
Cooper, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. A. W. Scott, San  
Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Julia Churchill, Yreka, Cal.; Mrs.  
Abbie Krebs, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John Roth-  
schild, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Wm. Kent, Kentfield,  
Cal.; Timothy Healey, San Francisco, Cal.; S. M.  
Richardson, San Francisco, Cal.; F. L. Francoeur, San  
Francisco, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and  
other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or  
more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other  
securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

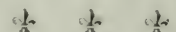
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the  
names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders,  
if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and  
security holders as they appear upon the books of the  
company but also, in cases where the stockholder or  
security holder appears upon the books of the company  
as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name  
of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is  
acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs con-  
tain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and  
belief as to the circumstances and conditions under  
which stockholders and security holders who do not ap-  
pear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold  
stock and securities in a capacity other than that of  
a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to  
believe that any other person, association, or corpora-  
tion has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock,  
bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue  
of this publication sold or distributed, through the  
mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six  
months preceding the date shown above is: (This in-  
formation is required from daily publications only.)

JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of  
October, 1916.

(SEAL) EUGENE A. FRY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San  
Francisco, State of California.  
(My commission expires December 2, 1918.)



IN THE VERNACULAR

"Horace, did you finish your grammar  
lesson for tomorrow?"

"Sure! I just done it."—Judge.

RE-ELECT

FRANK J.

**MURASKY**

FOR JUDGE OF THE

**SUPERIOR COURT**

(Incumbent)

RE-ELECT

GEORGE H.

**CABANISS**

Superior Judge

(Incumbent)

ELECT

**JUDGE B. V. SARGENT**

CANDIDATE FOR  
JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT



## OLD DAYS—FAREWELL!

THE comic weeklies are faced with a dearth of jokes. The playwright—who chose the old homestead for his setting, is now chewing his pencil as he wanders up Broadway. The magazine writers who wove tales about the country sewing-circle may soon be forced back to the cabarets—and all because a member of the Department of Agriculture has announced that the old-fashioned farmer is threatened with extinction.

His place is being taken by the non-resident agriculturist—a sophisticated city-dweller, who commutes to and from his farm and who leaves the ranch on the 5:15 in order to see the latest dramatic hit in the evening. His farm becomes merely his place of business. He would be no more likely to live on his ranch than a broker would be to move his trunk into the office.

Southern California is the happy hunting ground of the 1916 model farmer. Every city below the Tehachapi is encircled by an aura of ranches whose owners live within walking distance of the city jail, the tax-collector and other conveniences of metropolitan life. They are cultivated, polished, refined—far from being the type that inspire questions about how things are “back home.”

The time may be coming when the tired business man will leave his suburban home in order to spend the day with a farmer friend in the city. But what earthly excuse will the commuting farmer have on those occasions when he reaches home after all have departed save the policeman. Will he tell friend wife that he was detained by the cows and chickens?

## A WIDER WOMAN'S SPHERE AT COUNTY FAIR

IT used to be that the “ladies' building” at the county fair held all the things that represented the achievement of the local women—needlework, pies, jams, cakes, bread. And mighty fine examples there were, too, and great the pride and joy in the breast of her who beheld the coveted blue card attached to her exhibit. The ladies' building today is just as full of these good things, the heart of the needlewoman and the housekeeper beats just as high at sight of the blue ticket. But now the women are “all over the place” at the county fair. They exhibit race horses, cattle, pigs of their own raising. They show the chickens, pigeons, rabbits and bees that their care and skill have brought to perfect condition. They have a big tent that flies a silken purple and gold flag and is filled with earnest, good-looking young women, who tell the tale of suffrage to all comers. They go up in the aeroplanes and **at the wheel**, sirrah! They ride the race horses and make excellent jockeys with their light, sure hands. They invade even the machinery buildings, as exhibitors, as well as spectators. They excel in the landscape gardening contest.

## OFFICE PERSIFLAGE

“I feel sure,” remarked a member of the staff, thoughtfully, the other day, “that there will be more printers in hell than any other class of people.” “Oh, do you think so?” said the ad man, politely. Then the editor spoke, in a far-away tone of voice. “Yes, indeed,” she said, “I shall not be a bit surprised to see them all there.”

## THE SUBALTERN

By O. C. A. Child

*Among ourselves we used to call him Pet!  
Not nasty like, but only just in fun;  
We'd snicker when his yellow curls got wet  
And make believe we saw the color run.*

*He was so pink and white, so trig and trim,  
So awful young, he was, to hold command  
O'er us Welsh miners—Why, the likes of him  
Each man of us could throttle with a hand!*

*Fresh from the schools, he was, and full of  
pride*

*In “England's warriors” as he called our  
show!*

*Say! “Rule Britannia” lengthened out his  
stride—*

*The blest old anthem set him all a-glow!*

*Well, one day Morgan got his bit and fell,  
With German shell-bursts jetting all about,  
And, though their fire made all the place a  
hell,*

*Our cub subaltern ran to pull him out.*

*We let him go—I say it to our shame!—  
Alone he went through all that roaring din,  
And tugged and pulled—Oh, he was game  
as game!—*

*Till, by the Lord, he brought old Morgan  
in!*

*Then he went down, a little crumpled heap,  
But in his eyes there burned a sombre bliss,  
He spoke but once—like he was off to sleep—  
“Perhaps the mater'll get the cross for this.”*

Clayton Herrington

Ernest A. Clausen

## Herrington &amp; Clausen

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

817 Merchants National Bank Bldg.  
San Francisco, Cal.

## “ART OBJECTS”

The cynical person was standing in front of an exhibition of local art talent labeled “Art Objects.”

“Well, I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it,” he finally said.—Chicago Herald.

Residence, Fillmore 2175 Office, Sutter 2130  
Residence: 1841 DEVISADERO ST.

## Dr. Harriet M. Gillespie

OSTEOPATHIST

MASKEY'S BLDG. Office Hours  
46 Kearny Street 11 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
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Fish and Game a Specialty

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OPEN EVERY DAY

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San Francisco, Cal.



## TIPO RED

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Another famous  
ITALIAN SWISS  
COLONY  
PRODUCT



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Quality - the finest  
produced in California

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# See Hawaii NOW

Visit this delightful island paradise when in the height of its attractiveness—See Honolulu, the pleasure loving metropolis, in the very midst of its gayest season—Stop-over at Hilo and view by day and by night the volcano Kilauea—"House of Everlasting Fire."

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THE FLOATING PALACE OF THE PACIFIC  
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Government License 800 Passengers

FIRST SAILING—4 P. M., PIER 7  
**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th**  
And Every 20 Days Thereafter

**ONLY 4 NIGHTS AT SEA**

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\$65 and up \$45 and up \$35 Round Trip \$ 30.00 and up

Ask for Descriptive Literature  
—TICKET OFFICES—  
665 Market St. (Palace Hotel) Sutter 1416  
1130 Broadway, Oakland



## Hawaii National Park

"There goes Smith, just back from London, where he lost an eye."

"Poor chap. Zep raid, or something?"

"Heavens, no. While there he changed his name to Smythe."—Judge.

Under my window roses of fragrance beckon with heads of wisdom. Perhaps I may win the favor of the Gods! The garden is full of the whisperings of Chance! Youth is headlong. I will descend.—Seven Maids of Far Cathay.

Samantha (exasperated)—Silas, there you go again getting your sleeves in the gravy.

Silas (ditto)—Gosh ding it! That's what I get for eating with my coat on.—Judge.

THE BEST MAGAZINE TO ADVERTISE IN IS

# EVERYWOMAN

The Official Organ of 7,000,000 Women

SAN FRANCISCO:  
Mechanics Institute

NEW YORK:  
185 Madison Avenue

## YOSEMITE

IN

## AUTUMN!

Mild "Indian Summer" days--  
Cool, delightful nights--

Foilage taking on a thousand shades of color--

Most beautiful season in the year--

Just the time and place to spend your belated vacation--

## AN EASY TRIP

Round trip excursions on sale daily

By Rail to El Portal, via Merced

Auto Stage into the Valley

Ask Any Agent

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC



Calif -



# Christmas Greetings

December, 1916

20c

# EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of  
The National Council of Women. Membership, 7,000,000



Governor Hiram Johnson  
United States Senator Elect



## Articles by

Ina Coolbrith  
Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw  
Mrs. Philip North Moore  
Mrs. R. H. Bacon  
Isabella P. Brittingham  
Mrs W. G. Shailer  
John S. Chambers  
Elsie McCormick  
Maryot Holt Dey  
Cynthia W. Alden  
J. G. Jacobson  
Florence Heath  
Margaret H. Pladwell  
Jessica Lee Briggs





# ARE CLUB WOMEN CONSISTENT

IN CHOOSING THE SOURCE OF FOOD SUPPLY FOR THEIR HOUSEHOLDS? INFORMED, THEY SURELY ARE. CLUB LECTURES, PURE-FOOD DEMONSTRATIONS, SCIENTIFIC READING HAVE EDUCATED THEM.

## WOMEN HAVE THE POWER

TO ENFORCE ON DEALERS THE STANDARDS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMICS TAUGHT IN THE CLUB CIRCLE. IS IT NOT THEIR DUTY TO ENCOURAGE THE DEALER WHO CONFORMS TO THOSE STANDARDS?

## YOUR PHONE AND PROMPT DELIVERY

BRINGS OUR PURE-FOOD SERVICE WITHIN EASY REACH ANYWHERE



Domestic Science Teaches that the Quality Grocer is cheapest to deal with in the long run. In many instances our big-scale merchandizing produces actually lower prices.



# L. D. McLEAN CO.

—Two Stores—

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1158 SUTTER STREET  
60 GEARY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO



Everywoman Works  
For You All  
Will You Work For  
Us?

We Ask  
Each Subscriber  
To Send in  
Two New Subscribers  
And do it Now!



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JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR, Editor

The Splendid Work  
of the  
Red Cross Society  
Goes Steadily On  
Give It the Spur  
of Your  
Individual Help

VOL. XI. No. 8

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1916

20c Per Copy. \$2.00 Per Year

EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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# The Clearer Vision

## Suffrage Political Non-Partisanship

By Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw

SUFFRAGISTS have made such wonderful and notable sacrifices for the cause, they have so often passed by the individual instance to work for suffrage so that they might ultimately deal with the cause back of the individual instance, they have so consistently realized that suffrage was the next thing in the day's work, even though other causes called them loudly; that it would seem a comparatively small sacrifice for them to keep the middle of the road and sternly shut their ears to the lure and interest of the political campaign.

But these are vital days in our national life and the women are inevitably becoming more and more deeply concerned in political matters. Therefore, it has been with keen apprehension that the absolutely sound simon-pure suffrage worker has watched her politically minded sister suffragist in this fall of 1916.

The temptation to work for candidates has been greater than ever before. Suffrage leaders have watched with admiration the decisions of the great democratic masses of suffragists in our organized bodies, state and nation. At the national convention questions of political partisanship were rife, but, after much sound and pregnant discussion, every measure which even savored of partisanship met almost unanimous defeat on the floor of the great national convention at Atlantic City. We hadn't quite trusted each other as thoroughly as that and the great body of organized suffragists heaved a long sigh of relief.

We found our minds running back to our American suffrage history. Especially was it interesting to dwell upon the old record of party service given by the women during the Civil War, given with absolute confidence that party leaders would repay this faithful service by enfranchising the women of the United States when the negro was enfranchised. Now we see that our national reconstruction period of the eighteen-sixties was incidentally a construction period for this present and recently evinced fiber and metal of the American suffragist.

All Abolitionists and leading Republicans had upheld the principle of equal rights and woman suffrage but, with scarcely an apology, in 1866 the women were told that they must not press their claims. Indignant at the insult and the faithlessness of men like Greeley, Gar-

rison, Tilton, Higgenson, Phillips and Curtis, the women began rolling up petitions not only to Congress but to the New York State Constitutional Convention. These petitions were either neglected or received contemptuously. Chas. Sumner, who had always been a staunch friend of suffrage, declared that he pre-



Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw  
Vice-Chairman New York Woman Suffrage Party.

sented the Massachusetts petition under protest and that it was "most inopportune."

All through the fall of 1866 Susan B. Anthony and the true women who rallied about her waged a determined campaign. In November they attended a great anti-slavery meeting in Philadelphia. Miss Anthony made an appeal again to Wendell Phillips to remember the great struggle of the preceding fifty years during which the women had stood by him and the other anti-slavery leaders but he insisted that the woman's time had not come. Miss Anthony sent impassioned appeals to the committee in charge of the woman suffrage petitions but the chairman, Thaddeus Stevens, who had always been friendly before, refused to recognize them now. This has always been the way of political expediency. It has been true in this country, it has been true in England that the women are always told to wait until more important matters than their enfranchisement were disposed of.

From 1868 when our suffrage leaders tried to get hearings before the political parties and were utterly refused by both the Republicans and Democrats and re-

fused with scorn and derision, down to 1892, while there was great growth in the movement, there seemed to be a deadlock as far as political recognition was concerned. In June 1892 Miss Anthony appeared before the Republican resolution committee and plead for recognition in the Republican platform. The prominent leaders of the party, moved by her eloquence, crowded about her assuring her that there was no question of the justice of the suffrage cause. "But," they said, "we cannot give you a plank. The party cannot carry the burden." It is seldom notable in matters of great reforms that parties have been willing to bear burdens. They want their planks to be assets.

The long, adventurous, noble story of how the women of this great republic have, in half a century, ceased to be a political impossibility, ceased to be a political burden, and have become a political asset, is a thrilling one; and he who reads American history from this angle is swept into the deep, powerful life currents of the development of our people, socially and economically. One great strand of this history is the gradual acquisition of the suffrage right by women of the various states, and the solidarity of all the suffragists of the United States in assisting those victories—until now there are twelve states where women have such power, and thirty-six where they have not. But these suffrage states hold a power to be reckoned with, representing as they do, more than one-sixth of the electoral college, one-fifth of the senate, and one-sixth of the house of representatives. Women's votes are an asset! The Prohibition, the Socialist, and the Progressive Parties, which have declared for suffrage in the past, strongly reaffirm their championship in 1916, while the Republican and the Democratic parties, for the first time, "favor" and "recommend" the extension of suffrage to women. Never before in the history of popular governments has a concrete reform been endorsed by every party. And no party in this country will ever again fail to endorse woman suffrage. Never again will there be a presidential candidate in the United States who will not speak for suffrage in glowing and noble terms.

Since our political status has so improved, since we have such a remarkable background for our undeviating and implacable demand for votes for women



there seems less excuse than ever for unenfranchised women to be willing to mix issues, to creep and crawl around after political parties, to be their errand girls or their ladies' auxiliaries.

It seems to some of us, that for a woman to whom suffrage is first, for a woman who has a drop of red blood in her veins to be willing to sacrifice, even temporarily, her suffrage work, at this time so crucial for our cause, and work for a political party, shows a lack of that kind of stamina which has made our suffrage struggle so stalwart an element in American social and political development.

Of course, as has been pointed out, the great body of organized suffragists have been seen "life steady and seen it whole" in our suffrage world and it is only a mere handful of suffragists who have gone off at a tangent in this matter. In the meantime these few women, able and brilliant as many of them are, are so salient that they have colored our work one way and another and have simply given suffrage workers another burden to carry.

In October, I had a letter from one of our suffrage leaders and speakers, one of the most prominent women in the world. She wrote of the great meetings they had been having in West Virginia, during the campaign, but she added, somewhat sadly, "But what is the use of our working and making friends on one hand when some suffragists can undo our work on the other. Never before have I been so impressed with the necessity of the suffrage non-partisanship. West Virginia Democrats have all been circularized by the anti with the statement by ——— that suffragists are going to fight President Wilson. Some very telling work was done by ——— (mentioning a certain eloquent suffrage speaker) among the Republicans of West Virginia. She came to them as a Republican and played up her Republicanism. Now they have been circularized with a statement that this lady is following the course pursued by so many voters this year of eleventh hour changes of conviction and is now campaigning for President Wilson, so the Republicans also are 'clean, through mad' at suffragists."

Of course, there is no loss without some gain, but I challenge any astute person to check up the debits and the credits of suffrage partisanship and not find that our cause has lost more than it has gained from it.

But it takes all kinds of people to make a world and any woman who is a suffragist is, all other things being equal, so much better in her point of view and her outlook than one who is

not, that we suffragists learn to be very catholic in our attitude toward various women of various minds and methods.

As for our unenfranchised political sisters, we can only watch them ever patiently and somewhat mournfully and wait until they come back into the suffrage fold as they do, when the political madness of the intense campaign period is past. One could even stir with a little sense of longing oneself if she were a strong Wilson woman or a strong Hughes woman to see how good it is to be doing something besides suffrage work, but then the old questions would come back, "Is Suffrage first? Do we really believe that is the most important issue? Is it worth this sacrifice? Is it better for the cause that unenfranchised women remained non-partisan?"

The answer comes, sternly and uncompromisingly to the heart of the true suffragist who wants to get this old, over-due justice that belongs to the last generation achieved now and for all time



Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse  
Chairman N. Y. State Woman Suffrage Party

so that our daughters shall not have to do what we have been doing. The answer is that we must stick, must work on, that we must endure even the scorn of our more volatile and temperamental sisters who say with an impatient shrug, "I cannot work only for suffrage!" The stand-pat suffragist will find that the verdict of history is that she has chosen the better way, that she has had the clearer vision, that she had the more finely tempered metal.

It is all very well to have suffrage planks in party platforms. But how can it be well for suffragists, who whether they gain their enfranchisement through the Federal route or the state route, must appeal to the legislators and voters of all parties; to set their seal of approval upon any party, however good its suffrage performances are, or to undertake

to condemn, root and branch, any one party, however bad its suffrage record may have been. Prohibitionists have always had strong suffrage planks in their party platforms but not all Prohibitionists will vote for a suffrage amendment. Socialists have suffrage planks in their platforms but not all Socialists will vote for woman suffrage. Republicans have a party plank in their platform but not all Republicans will vote for woman suffrage. Democrats have a suffrage plank but all Democrats cannot be converted to vote for woman suffrage. Ours is a reform question, a question which in the minds of men, Heaven bless them, is mixed up with a great complex of sentiments and traditions!

"Well," some suffragist who is looking for the easiest way, will say, "Why have these popular state campaigns? Why have to kowtow to the foibles and the idiosyncrasies of the rank and file of the voters? Let us get suffrage entirely through the Federal amendment. That is the only dignified way."

To her I say, "In the first place, Dear Lady, never since 1868 has there been a two-thirds vote of any one party in Congress and it takes a two-thirds vote even to pass a suffrage amendment on to the legislatures of the various states. And then let us submit that when a Federal amendment gets before the legislatures of the states there again you must rely upon the votes of men of all parties in the legislatures and the influence of a thoroughly aroused constituency in every assembly district. Again you will need the suffrage friendship of men of all parties. Let no one suppose that the Federal amendment could be carried in a great state without even a more intensive campaign in every assembly and senatorial district back of the state legislature than would be necessary in carrying the question to a popular vote at the polls. Every individual legislator must be held straightly responsible for his vote at the national or state capitol on the suffrage legislation but to hold a party responsible is not good American politics, is an idea imported from a government like England's where a ministry is held accountable.

At all events, the greatest and most challenging piece of work that faces the suffragists of this state or indeed of this nation during the next year is victory in New York State in 1917 and we suffragists know that his great campaign, which will be waged by the New York State Woman Suffrage Party under the leadership of Mrs. Whitehouse, in-

(Continued on page twelve)



# National Council of Women

## Its Meaning to the World of Workers

**T**HE cordial letter from our national presidents refer often to the great work the Council as a body is undertaking. I wish, therefore, to give the latest development for the many readers who may be interested not only in the organizations but elsewhere. After the endorsement of twenty-three organizations concerning the plan of the Department of Labor to arrange definite and suitable employment for women, and girls over 16, we realized the time was ripe to send specific plans to all members, and to enlist the co-operation also of those not in membership. The latter include, for example the W. C. T. U. and Y. W. C. A., ready to give time and effort without stint, and consideration of every suggestion.

When Mr. Caminetti was last in St. Louis, we had the pleasure of presenting him to the Woman's Council, a representative body of sixty-nine organizations of St. Louis, with a membership of about 10,000. The enthusiastic response to Mr. Caminetti's inspiring message resulted in a committee of one from each organization, to care specifically for the opportunities that might be placed before women and girls; also the vocational guidance which the branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae now offers.

To the National Organizations we suggested a practical method of work; to appoint two committees, first on immigration for beneficial interest in those who come as strangers to the community; second on employment for women and girls over sixteen, of our as well as other nationalities. We asked that every unit of these organizations should appoint similar committees, reporting their findings annually to the National Committee, and to their own members whenever possible. We ask to be in immediate and constant touch with these local committees, in order that the Department of Labor may establish in large cities the employment bureaux, ready to co-operate in state and federal service.

All of these committees will report upon call to the chairman of the National Council Committee upon Immigration and Employment, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett.

By Mrs. Philip North Moore, President

### Committee on Immigration and Employment

This reminds me, as I am reminded daily, of the splendid constructive work of our Council Committees. Mrs. Barrett's committee has as its members: Mrs. Frederick H. Cole, of Nebraska, the fine Chairman of Civil Service of the General Federation; Miss Helen Winkler of New York, Chairman of the Immigration Work of the National Council of



Mrs. Philip North Moore

Jewish Women; Mrs. W. J. Wessel, Secretary of the Immigrant Aid Association of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Jean Sinclair, San Francisco, and Mrs. Maude Beekins, of Los Angeles, where immigration problems are pressing.

Mrs. Barrett will consider the chairman of each Organization Committee on Employment as a member ex-officio of the new division.

You may expect from this committee in the January issue of *Everywoman*, a constructive scheme for naturalization.

### Committee on Peace and Arbitration

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer announces her committee on Peace and Arbitration, those only who are giving assistance in the initial steps, to whom will be added later such constituent members as are

specially interested and report work along the lines outlined in her letter to them.

The initial members are: President Mary K. Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Secretary Woman's Peace Party, now a member of the National Council; Mrs. Louis F. Post, presenting Pan-American interests, Washington, D. C.; Miss Marion T. Burritt, Peace Committee of Women's Clubs, N. Y.

These members in the letter to the National Organizations call attention to the following points:

"The united aim of all lovers of peace, and of all capable of international feeling and effort, is to secure steps by which this war shall end war. In order to focus the conscience and intelligence of the world upon this aim, all those who hold it sacred must study the programs of the various organizations pledged to the attempt to secure a durable peace and join together in some manifesto which will help shape the public opinion of the civilized world.

"Several programs are in form for study by our constituent bodies, such as the 'Minimum Program for a Durable Peace of the Neutral Conference' sitting at the Hague, the program of the 'League to Enforce Peace,' the program for a 'Constructive Peace of the Woman's Peace Party,' the proposals of the 'World Court League,' and perhaps most important of all, the proposition drawn up by the Hon. James Brown Scott and agreed to by experts of the legal profession and members of diplomatic bodies. A movement is on foot to consolidate into one united expression the essential points of these various programs in order to issue a platform upon which all who believe in the substitution of law for war may conscientiously stand. Meanwhile, it is greatly to be desired that the organized women of the United States shall study carefully these various programs so as to be ready, at least, when the war is over, to strengthen all the fraternal and constructive elements required to rebuild our civilization."

At the beginning of my letter I mentioned the cordial letters from our membership. The personal touch is of greatest assistance, and the loyal desire to aid

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# The Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation

**T**HE Woman's Department was organized in Washington, in May, 1908. The need for an organization to deal with public questions from various standpoints was emphasized at two national conferences—one in August, 1898, and the other in September, 1899—when the enthusiastic co-operation extended by social, manufacturing, labor, mercantile and economic organizations emphasized the advisability of such a national forum, and to meet this need the National Civic Federation was organized in June, 1900. The object of the Federation is to organize the leading people of the nation in an educational movement for the advancement of industrial and social progress, to aid in the crystallization of the most enlightened public opinion and, when desirable, to promote legislation in accordance therewith. The policy of the National Civic Federation is to discuss each question from the point of view of the employer, the employee and the public, thereby maintaining a just and equitable balance between these three most important elements of society. The various

By Mrs. R. H. Bacon, Secretary

State Legislation, Industrial Welfare, etc., etc. The formation of the Woman's Department was part of the original plan of the Federation, but it was the special expressed interest of women in the work of the Welfare Department which finally brought about the organization of the new force. Owing to the formation of its membership, which so peculiarly adapts itself to co-operation in all lines, Welfare Committees were formed in various States under the names of sections, and were enabled at once to obtain access to all types of industrial plants, the employers invariably evincing a sincere interest in the surveys and ultimate recommendations for improvements. During the years 1908-1909-1910 and 1911, the Woman's Welfare Department concerned itself with questions dealing solely with welfare conditions. As the work developed, however, it was found to be impossible to confine the activities of the department to this comparatively small area, and in March, 1912, with the sanction of the Joint Executive Council of the National Civic Federation, the department was reorganized and became a Standing Committee co-equal with the other departments of the National Civic Federation. Today the department concerns itself with the industrial, social and economic life in our time, aiming always toward constructive legislation, that the fundamentals may be made safe, on which to build industrial security.

The success of all national organizations depends upon the elasticity of formation; that the solution of the same problem in widely separated localities must of necessity depend upon the local conditions is obvious, and the Woman's Department was built upon this principle. It is organized in sections, of which there are nine, representing seventeen states, which are completely autonomous undertaking such activities, that given the time and place are of the most importance;—these sections are in no way under the guidance of the National, except in questions of National policy and the obligation always to conform to the principles of the National Civic Federation.

The department, as a whole, interests itself in certain National issues, throwing the full force of its influence and varied

angles to forward the movements in question. At the present time, National Preparedness, Prison Reform, and Home and Foreign Relief are the most active National Committees.

1. The Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation stands for universal training for universal service to the state, as being the true and only expression of a perfect democracy, and shall encourage this principle with all its power.



Miss Anne Morgan  
Treasurer, National Civic Federation

2. The program for prison reform must, of necessity, be greatly influenced by local conditions, but certain principles are national. The department stands for the interterminate sentence, the parole system, the honor system and the State use of prison industries with adequate wage to the producer.

3. The outbreak of the European War found the Civic Federation ready to throw its resources wherever they might be of greatest use. Both in New York and Boston, the department served on the Mayors' Committees to meet returning destitute American refugees; in four of the larger sections work-rooms were immediately opened to meet the emergency needs of the large number of self-supporting women thrown out of employment. The output of these workrooms was sent to Europe. In three cities temporary employment bureaus were started, which led to a greater and great-

(Continued on page thirteen)



Mrs. Roger H. Bacon  
Secretary of Woman's Dept. Nat. Civic Federation

committees are therefore composed of leading capitalists, labor representatives and publicists working together upon subjects such as Workmen's Compensation, Railroads and Municipal Utilities, Reform in Legal Procedure, Trusts and Combinations, Minimum Wage, Uniform



# EVERYWOMAN

## Christmas Eve

By Ina Coolbrith, California's Poet-Laureate

*Peace in thy snowy breast,  
Oh cloud, from storms at rest!  
Peace in the winds that sleep  
Upon the deep.*

*Peace in the starry height;  
Peace Infinite  
Through all the worlds that move  
Within His love.*

*Oh all sad hearts, that be  
On land or on the sea,  
God's peace with you rest light  
This Christmas night!*

*And with the souls that stand  
In that dear land  
Where pain and all tears cease,  
Most perfect peace!*

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### *Peace and Plenty and Good Will to All!*

**S**TANDING as we do between the two holidays—Thanksgiving and Christmas—which Americans are most zealous in celebrating, Everywoman has many, very many genuine blessings to be thankful for. First, our gratitude goes out to the powers above for the reign of peace and plenty which our country has fallen heir to, and for the vision that it is to continue so into the future. We are more than thankful for the power to repel and to overcome evil and entangling influences; also, for the great benefits of good health and the blessings of widespread friendship.

All these are ours at present; but, as it is with individuals so it is with nations, we must take precious good care that none of them be wrested from us in the future. For, although this is the twentieth century the world is not civilized enough to trust to its conscience for fairplay. So we must always be in a position to insist that those who claim that the world is theirs without recompense, must keep hands off or pay the price.

For all such, we are not sufficiently religious to offer up any special prayers; so, the best we can do along that line is to thank God for our friends, and let the enemies of mankind take care of themselves—something they can always be trusted to accomplish; for, without conscience that is no great task.

Even to those, we wish Peace and Plenty and Good Will to All, in the hope that they may become so satiated that greed will cease to stimulate further appetite, and that the remainder us of poor sinners will have a chance for our lives.

### *A Thanksgiving Prayer and a Christmas Present*

**W**HILE we are on the subject of Thanksgiving and Christmas, there are a few other things which have taken place in the last month that will cause rejoicing; for they will bring the rest cure to frazzled nerves and furnish a good excuse for betting and bad tempers in the past, and one is that the election is over and that the majority of the voters are happy even if it is a small majority. The fact that those who lost are willing to accept defeat gracefully and acknowledge—even in so close a count—that the election was fair, is a cause for thanksgiving, as the extremely temperamental people can now settle down to work—until some other excuse comes along over which they can get excited.

Then, there is another good reason for happiness, and that is, the majority feels that it has received an excellent Christmas gift in the re-election of President Wilson. They feel that there are, at least, four years ahead when the country will be fairly safe from war. And, with the sickening realizations of the suffering millions in the slaughter trenches of the Old World, that is no small cause for gratitude. For, away down deep in the soul of every American—deeper even than his own security—must arise the prayer, that our Heavenly Father will bring Peace to all whose countries were invaded, and whose children were slaughtered through the lust of greed, and bring it long before another Christmas dawns.



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### The Favorite Son

#### California's Gift to the Nation

OF all the people throughout this broad country who are apt to mix up Thanksgiving with pride it is the Californians; for nothing in the world will ever convince them that they were not responsible for the re-election of President Wilson and for the election of America's greatest Senator-Governor, Hiram Johnson. For this gift to the Nation California fully expects the Nation's thanks. He has been elected by the enormous majority of 300,000. And that majority has already elected him to the Presidency of the United States in 1920. And, to that end Everywoman on its front cover offers you California's favorite son for your Christmas gift.

Now, a great many good and true Republicans are saying real nasty things of one another, and incidentally of Governor Johnson, because he was elected by a great majority and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes was defeated for the Presidency. Governor Johnson becomes absolutely fierce, striking back without hesitation, saying: "You are another!" And this to substantial editors and bankers. Dear me, Gentlemen! the Colonel could hardly become more un-lady-like! Why, you are setting an awful example to the brilliant young suffragists. Think of your various and variagated conscience, gentlemen, when your soul's eye holds a picture of the brilliant Sara Bard-Field, and your mind's eye brings you a wireless of the spellbinding Doris Stevens, saying: "Dolgosh It!"



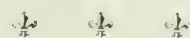
### Beware of Favorite Sons

#### and the Three Deadly Sins!

AMONG the many reasons for the failure of Mr. Hughes to receive a satisfactory vote in California was the belief that, through some political influence he was induced to slight Governor Johnson. If that were true—and we must give Mr. Hughes credit for better sense—it certainly would have had a most disastrous influence. For California does really treat three offences as the three most deadly of the seven deadly sins. And they line up as follows: You are taboo for life if you think or speak of "The Favorite Son" in any form other than that of devotion. If you speak of an earthquake in any other terms than that of "The Great Fire"; also, if you are so flippant as to say "Frisco," your doom is sealed.

Just at present there are three favorite sons in California, Hon. Hiram Johnson, Hon. James D. Phelan, and the Hon. James Rolph Jr. Governor Johnson, Progressive, is now United States Senator-elect; Mr. Phelan, Democrat, is also United States Senator, while Mr. James Rolph Jr., Republican, is Mayor of San Francisco for the second time. Each one has made records which the country is proud of, and it is clear that they have not been elected, over and over again, because of any particular party. We know that the party does not count where the favorite sons are concerned, so, our most earnest wish—politically—is that they will not all aspire

to the same office four years from now. Imagine the strain on the nerves of California if they all have presidential ambitions at the same time.



### Political Lessons

#### Their Cause and Effect

THERE were quite a few political lessons taught throughout America prior to and during the late election which it would be well for the country not to forget. Thousands of men are mystified, with all the power of the Republican party and all its great resources backing him that Mr. Hughes failed of election. Very few women will be so surprised, when all the guessing and fault-finding is over. There was one big stroke of human justice which outweighed all or any mistakes, and that is President Wilson's clear-cut, courageous stand for Americanism against all the political chicanery, trickery and catering.

In July last, following the nominations of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes, the Cologne "Gazette" arrogantly and insultingly made the announcement: "German-Americans on whose votes perhaps the decision of the election rests are for the most part on the side of Hughes. They now have an opportunity for paying President Wilson back for his false, hypocritical neutrality and for his unheard of attacks on their American nationality." That was one of the "fear-some" threats used at that time against the President of the United States. We all remember how he answered that and hundreds of like threats, when our people, ships and ammunition factories were being blown to pieces. We also remember how Everywoman answered it in the following words on which we would, at that time have staked our life, so sure were we of the issue:

"It is a strange, pitiful and almost sickening thing to think that in America it is necessary to say: 'The Keynote of today is Americanism'; but, such is the truth. That Keynote, President Wilson struck with such force, courage and accuracy that it vibrates around the world—and, should he prove great enough to strike the Heartnote of America, he will be its President for the next four years and its idol forever. So far so good; Americanism is the one tremendous issue now. The one over which party lines must vanish as leaves before the storm. Over this momentous principle there can be no question. No man who attempts to evade it even by the drooping of an eyelash or the shading in his tone of voice, can hope to be elected President of the United States, nor to any other office worth while, and that is as it should be."

Mr. Hughes did fail to forcibly refuse that bait while the psychological eye of America was upon him—and that much advertised vote failed to land the prize.

On the other hand the President failed to pile up the immense majority he would have had had he given his influence to the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

So endeth one of the lessons of the recent election.



# Light From the East

## Abdul Baha in the Occident

By Isabella D. Brittingham

**I**N the holiday edition of *Everywoman* a year ago there appeared a beautiful story of the visit on a Christmas night to the Salvation Army Shelter, Westminster, London, by the most renowned advocate of world peace.

It was not the only time Abdul Baha visited a collective group of the needy and homeless during his sojourn in the Occident.

In lower New York City there exists a center known as the Bowery Mission, at which nightly are gathered men who, owing to adverse conditions of life, are walking the path of suffering, many of them "derelicts," according to human standards, and who feel themselves "forgotten of earth and forsaken of heaven." In that mission these men receive the uplift of a word of encouragement, and after the meetings find a midnight lunch and a shelter from the cold winter winds.

Through these continuous services men are helped "out of the depths" into hope, into a changed attitude toward life and positions of self-support.

Thither Abdul Baha went and to these unfortunates spoke words so full of comfort as to touch deeply many hearts. At the close of the meeting he stood at the exit door to bid them good-night, and as he clasped each hand he left within it a silver coin, and by some of those men, notwithstanding that they have often been in dire need, that simple coin, given with such love and tenderness, has been treasured as a cherished token of a hallowed hour.

Following are the words Abdul Baha uttered upon that occasion:

"To-night I am very happy for I have come here to meet my friends. I consider you my relatives, my companions; and I am your comrade.

"You must be thankful to God that you are poor, for his holiness Jesus Christ has said, 'Blessed are the poor.' He never said, 'Blessed are the rich.' He said, too, that the kingdom is for the poor, and that it is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye than for the rich man to enter God's kingdom. Therefore you must be thankful to God that although in this world you are indigent, yet the treasures of God are within your reach; and although in the material realm you are poor, yet in the kingdom of God you are precious.

"His holiness Jesus himself was poor. He did not belong to the rich. He passed his time in the desert traveling among the poor, and lived upon the herbs of the fields. He had no place to lay his head, no home. He was exposed in the open to heat, cold and frost, to inclement



Abdul Baha

weather of all kinds; yet he chose this rather than riches.

"If riches were considered a glory the prophet Moses would have chosen them; Jesus would have been a rich man. When Jesus Christ appeared it was the poor who accepted him first—not the rich. Therefore you are the disciples of Jesus Christ; you are his comrades, for he outwardly was poor, not rich.

"Even earthly happiness does not depend upon wealth. You will find many of the wealthy exposed to dangers and troubled by difficulties, and in their last moments there remains the regret that in death they must be separated from that to which their hearts are so attached. They come into this world naked, and they must go from it naked. All they possess they must leave behind and pass away solitary, alone. Often at the time of death their souls are filled with remorse, and worst of all their hope in the mercy of God is less than ours.

"Praise be to God our hope is in the mercy of God, and there is no doubt that the divine compassion is bestowed upon the poor. His holiness Jesus Christ said so; his holiness Baha'u'llah said so.

"While Baha'u'llah was in Baghdad, still in possession of great wealth, he left all he had and went alone from the city and lived two years among the poor. They were his comrades; he ate with them, he slept with them, and gloried in being one of them. He chose for one of his names the title of 'The Poor One,' and often in his writings refers to himself as 'Darvish,' which in Persian means 'poor,' and of this title he was very proud. He admonished us that we must be the servants of the poor, helpers of the poor, remember the sorrows of the poor, and associate with them, for thereby we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"God has not said that there are mansions prepared for us if we pass our time associating with the rich, but he has said there are many mansions prepared for the servants of the poor, for the poor are very dear to God. The mercies and bounties of God are with them. The rich are mostly negligent, inattentive, steeped in worldliness, depending upon their means; whereas the poor are dependent upon God, and their reliance is upon him, not upon themselves. Therefore the poor are nearer the threshold of God and his throne.

"Jesus was a poor man. One night when he was out in the fields the rain began to fall. He had no place to go for shelter, so he lifted his eyes toward heaven, saying: 'O Father! For the birds of the air thou hast created nests, for the sheep a fold, for the animals

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# Part-Time Occupations

## Many Opportunities for Young Women

By Mrs. W. G. Shailer

**A** MOVEMENT for self-supporting young women was recently organized in response to an ever-increasing demand for part-time help in the home upon a visiting basis. From the standpoint of social welfare, the movement deserves the full support of every member of society, for it concerns the problems of the young wage-earning girl, she to whom we owe an education which shall fit her for her future destiny, whether as home-maker or wage-earner.

Not all of us realize that the problems of the young girl who goes to work at the childhood age of fourteen years or so, includes not only the conservation of her health and standards for her usefulness in the present but in the future because she is the potential mother. Every year thousands of young girls leave school at fourteen or sixteen years of age, and with work certificate in hand, are fairly swept into the maelstrom of business life—the shop, the factory, the mill—too many times going from one thing to another, following blind alleys because they are unfitted for any one thing. Usually they have no incentive to better their own homes, but rather, turning away from all the work and circumscribed conditions there to be found which are generally overwhelmingly depressing to the youthful spirit, they are bent upon stretching their wings to the outside world which looks, in perspective, as alluring. So few are prepared for work, and fewer still for housewifery.

Can the wage-earning girl be diverted from the factory or shop enticements into a wholesome life, where standards will be formed and ideals created? Has the home anything to offer these girls which will provide suitable occupations for the young and eager hands and at the same time satisfy some of its own needs? I believe so. Housekeepers are constantly being made to realize that regular and efficient help in the work of the household is an impossibility. In many instances the requirements of apartment life do not call for the services of a maid for the entire day or week, yet there are occasions when assistance from the outside for a limited time is absolutely necessary. But where to turn for this help is the question facing the housekeeper. Often housewives at a reasonable distance from a college or high school are able to secure students for a

definite period through application at the bureau of employment conducted by the school. This has been particularly satisfactory when mothers wished refined and dependable young women to take care of their children for an hour or two in the park, or to stay with the babies while they were away in the evenings. Some students have greatly lightened the burden of their college expenses by arranging to prepare a light meal each evening or give some other service for a small family, and the time required was not sufficient to interfere with their school duties.

Students do not lose caste by doing these things which were formerly considered menial, because they are treated with dignity and consideration by their employers. It is a change in the attitude of the home which will have to take place before those of superior qualities, and who may be fitted by both temperament and training for giving aid in the home, will be attracted there. Many girls would be willing to enter a home for refinement as their best skill if the work could be put on a dignified basis, of there were regular hours and definite duties. Since there usually are not, girls prefer work in the factory, even in the midst of rough surroundings.

To remove the disagreeable feature connected with domestic work is the part of this new movement. The practical idea is to arrange a means of bringing together the employer who needs someone to perform special services in the household on the basis of hourly work and the young woman who has had some study and experience in the different branches of homecraft and wishes to turn her ability to profit. Domestic tasks will thus gradually become standardized, and all kinds of work in the hour will become a vocation. The trials that have been given to this scheme have been most successful, and have led those interested to feel confident that a central bureau for the purpose of bringing the two—housekeeper and wage-earner—in touch with one another, would be of vast benefit.

Available candidates for this part-time system could be drawn from a number of fields.

1. Graduates and undergraduates of

departments of household sciences and arts of high schools or other institutions.

2. The more intelligent foreign-born girls who may be ambitious to perfect themselves in domestic science and broaden their scope of life by practical experience.

3. The shop or factory worker who may be weary of the humdrum monotony of machinery and would like to take up more free and wholesome work, and who is anxious to be trained in a line of work for which she may have a predilection, but no knowledge or experience except the most meagre.

4. The ambitious girl from the country who may not feel herself above doing light kinds of housework in the homes of other people and yet who by her own home experience would be acceptable to many housekeepers.

5. The gentlewoman of refinement having no special equipment for any one department of home activities and yet who is willing to do the things in which she may be efficient.

6. Such other young woman, who living in their own homes have binding cares, and can give only part of their time to outside employment and yet must help out the family income.

If housekeepers would respond to such an arrangement, girls would fit themselves for this sort of occupation, so there would soon cease to be the cry of constant incompetency among the women who employ. The advantages which would accrue to the young girl, or even the older woman, who must live partly or wholly by their earnings, are innumerable. Several are:

1. Hours are fixed, work systematized and the labor classified with other labor outside the home. The employee lives in her own home, and has her own life apart from her employer, and is not on call for the full twenty-four hours.

2. Gives incentive for doing good work, for one housekeeper will recommend her employee to another. There will be good pay for efficiency.

3. Freedom in going from house to house, affording change of scene and fresh air. Coming in contact with good families and refined surroundings.

4. The preparation necessary for efficiency in home activities gives a girl the fundamentals of right living, and a

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# Public Expenditures

## The Ever Increasing Tax Burdens

By John S. Chambers, State Controller

**M**UCH has been said during recent years about the ever-growing governmental expenditures and the ever-increasing tax burdens, not only upon the part of the nation, but also upon the part of the states, the counties and the cities as well. During the past two decades, especially the last, this drain has been particularly noticeable. Each year it has become heavier. There has been a marked expansion in the functions and cost of government. Expenditures have increased, faster than population and in all probability faster than wealth or income. In this respect, at least, we appear to have solved the problem of perpetual motion.

How long will this condition of affairs continue? How long can the people carry the burden? What is wrong? What are the remedies? These and similar questions await answers. The first thing necessary, of course, is an intelligent study of the situation. Until we understand it, we cannot hope to know the causes and unless we know the causes we cannot apply the remedies. Here and there, fiscal officials have been and are devoting earnest thought to this great problem and aiding in the solution of it by giving publicity to their views. Likewise, national, state and local tax associations are studying conditions and to the best of their ability, generally speaking, throwing light upon the subject.

### Educate the People

Under the various forms of government as they exist in this country—federal, state, county and city—the people, in the final analysis, are held responsible for governmental results, including increases in expenditures and corresponding increases in the tax burden. That is to say, the people rule; they compose the court of last resort. As they decide, so must it be.

But while this is true, experience has demonstrated—and in the very nature of things it could not be otherwise—that it is far more true in theory than in fact.

While we are a government of the people, for the people, by the people, yet it is not possible for all the people, or any considerable portion of them, to keep in close touch with governmental affairs, to have a clear understanding of the complex developments constantly springing up, to exercise an intelligent supervision along all lines and thus act sufficiently in unison to control detail.

Even if the inclination to so act existed upon the part of the people, it could not be gratified except in a limited way. They are too much engrossed, and largely necessarily so, in their private affairs. The necessity of "earning a living," of supporting the family, is the controlling force. Not that this entirely excuses them because of indifference to or ignorance of public affairs, though it does to a large extent, more especially when we look back over the years and appreciate that their attitude is also influenced by tradition and custom, by the habit of considering public business as everybody's business or nobody's particular business, of drifting along.

And so the initial responsibility, after all, is not upon the people but only upon



Hon. John S. Chambers

that portion of them possessing the inclination and especially the ability and the opportunity to study governmental matters, particularly the financial questions, and those who by reason of being officials owe a peculiar duty to the public. The first burden is upon them. If, when the facts are laid before the people, they fail to respond, then the responsibility is theirs. The need of the hour is the education of the people along governmental lines, especially financial lines, and we cannot hope for much relief from oppressive tax burdens until this has been accomplished, or at least is well under way.

### Facts and Figures

Before attempting to discuss the causes of the heavy increase in expenditures or to suggest remedies, perhaps it would be well to lay the foundation by giving facts and figures not only as to California and her counties and cities, but also, by way of comparison, percentages as to the average of the other states and their subdivisions, and the nation.

### Totals

The total receipts of the states and its cities and counties for 1915, from all sources, was \$167,012,148 and the expenditures for all purposes \$176,422,681.

As the Controller's office did not begin to keep a record of the financial transactions of the state's subdivisions until five years ago, I can only give the percentages of increase as to receipts and expenditures for the cities and counties for that period. One or two of my predecessors tried to gather data of this kind, but having no law, as we now have, to back them, failed.

### State

The state's receipts from all sources in 1915 were \$29,830,182, an increase of 66.7 per cent in five years. The average of all the states for the ten-year period running from 1903 to 1913, was 94.3 per cent, California's increase in that decade having been 91 per cent, and the federal government's, 45 per cent.

The state's 1915 expenditures for all purposes totaled \$36,529,593, an increase of 103 per cent for the five years in question, as against an average of 105.9 per cent for all the states from 1903 to 1913, with an increase in that decade of 115 per cent for California and 54.5 per cent for the Washington government.

California's percentages of increase for receipts and expenditures on the five-year basis is under that of the average of all the states on the ten-years' showing, but for the decade quoted her expenditures are slightly over the average of the other states.

### City

The city receipts for 1915, including San Francisco, were \$68,724,578, an increase of 46.9 per cent in five years, as against a 99 per cent increase for all the cities in the country, from 1903 to 1913.

Expenditures by California cities, including San Francisco, for 1915 totaled \$69,922,592, an increase in five years of 59.5 per cent, compared with 101 per cent average, for all this nation's cities for the decade in question.



# The Navy Man at Home

## A Visit to a Government Training School

By Elsie McCormick

**D**ID you ever see a navy man at home? Did you ever trace a sailor to his lair in order to study just how Uncle Sam changes a miscellaneous lot of awkward youngsters into his chief defenders? Some people seem to believe that there is magic in a uniform, that the mere donning of the sailor's blue is sufficient to change a farmer lad into a seasoned salt-water dog. There are other people who never fail to tip their hats when the flag passes and who yet take a supercilious attitude toward the boys who make the flag possible. A trip to a naval training station holds many surprises for both these classes.

San Franciscans are fortunate in having one of Uncle Sam's schools within gulls' flight of the city. Everyone who has crossed San Francisco Bay remembers Goat Island. Government officials tried in vain to have the name changed to Yerba Buena; but the unaesthetic public insisted on calling it Goat Island and Goat Island it has remained.

The navy boys' "at homes" take place on Wednesday afternoons between two and five. You find a puffing little tug waiting for you at the end of the designated pier. A young sailor politely asks for your pass; then helps you up the shaky gang-plank. The tug is riding in the swells, riding so hard in fact that you begin to wonder just how long you can stand it. In order to divert your mind from unpleasant possibilities, you take a sudden interest in the other passengers.

There is a dignitary from the city who is probably to be the guest of honor at the review. He holds his silk hat and looks a bit uncomfortable as the boat dips and rolls. There are others whose dress and manner indicates that they are friends of the officers. Then there are "the girls"—the girls who are going over to see Jack or Charlie or Tom drill and to have a dance with them afterwards. One of them is proudly telling her friends that she is wearing her best suit because George is going to carry the colors this week. The girls are neat and quiet-looking; there is nothing suggestive of flashiness or of night life in the city.

Last of all, there are the mothers. You can pick them out by the way they fasten their gaze on the station and by the healthy-sized bundles they are bringing. The navy admits boys as young

as seventeen; and in some respects the station is but a glorified boarding-school.

The tug slips across the water, the wind whips out your carefully curled hair, and the scenery rushes by you at an astonishing rate of speed. Then suddenly, the boat rounds the bend of the island and stops, panting, at the little pier. It seems as if every man at the station has appointed himself a reception committee of one to see to it that the guests miss none of the attractions. A dozen boys politely offer themselves as guides, making you feel somehow that each one of them is the personal owner of the island. It is "our building," "our navy," "our training-ship." Uncle Sam has certainly developed the habit of making his students feel at home.

You go up to the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where you watch the exhibition drill. The man who first mentioned "the rolling gait" of a sailor certainly never watched the boys of the naval training school. Every step is precision itself, especially when they pass the visitors' bench. As the company that bore the colors swept by, I asked a young officer how long they had been drilling. "Just nineteen days," he answered. Truly, the United States Government is an efficient school-master.

After the drill, we inspected the barracks. The main building consists of but three rooms—a galley, a mess-hall, and one great room which serves for gymnasium, work, indoor-drill room, and does duty as a social hall. "And where is the dormitory?" I inquired, expecting, with the ignorance of a true landlubber, to see several rows of white beds. Our escort merely pointed to the hooks that ranged along the upper gallery. "The hammocks swing from there," he explained. So this all-useful room was a boudoir as well!

There were dozens of athletic trophies around the wall, and if you would let them, the men of the station would take a whole afternoon explaining them to you. No University rooster could be more interested in the record of his team than these sailor boys of Goat Island. Every victory over a group of landlubbers is appropriated by each boy as his own personal triumph. When we saw a number of young men swinging down to the athletic field in their football suits, it

was hard to believe that we were not on a college campus.

The station band took its place at one end of the barracks, and an hour's dancing followed. These frolics, which are weekly events, do much toward counteracting the attraction of cheap dance-halls in the city. New acts on the Orpheum circuit are always "tried out" on the sailor boys before they are presented in San Francisco. If an act is not warmly received on the island, it is denied a place on the Orpheum program. The navy men thus become unofficial dramatic critics for all the theatre-goers across the bay. In addition to the professional vaudeville, a performance arranged by home talent is given every Friday evening.

"We have forty-eight hours of liberty a week," a young sailor explained, "but there's so much going on here that lots of the fellows hardly bother to go to the city at all."

One of my most vivid memories of the island is a number of unhappy, awkward-looking men who were wandering aimlessly behind the main barracks. They were recruits who had enlisted but a day or two before and who had not yet reached the dignity of uniforms. The other men made them feel almost, but not quite, as important as the grasses blowing on the hillside. Confused by their new surroundings, impressed by their own ignorance, and touched by the first twinges of homesickness, they formed a sorry-looking group. When I contrasted them with the color squad, and then recalled the fact that the squad had been in training less than a month, I began to see what an efficient manufactory the station is.

Another memory of the island consists of a number of faces I saw peering out behind iron bars in the rear of the barracks. It was then that our escort told us a few facts about navy discipline. The popular idea that sailors are all young rowdies is a serious error. There is no more uncomfortable place on earth for a dissolute man than a navy training-station. Intoxication means not merely a headache, but several days on bread and water. If the offence is repeated two or three times, the result is usually dishonorable dismissal. The navy advertises for men of good character, and it means what it says. A lazy, unprincipled man

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# Welcome to Our New Neighbor!

## Everybody Welcomes Everywoman to New York

**N**EW York has a fine spirit of hospitality. She welcomes **Everywoman** to her new home. The woman who comes from the West is noted for the fresh breeze she brings with her, for her adaptability in her new surroundings, and with fine courtesy to retire the traditions she brought with her to a place behind the screen of her loyalty to the home she came from, only to appear when the occasion is agreeable. The greatest characteristic of Americans is the local patriotism, the States' rights sentiment that breathes in the heart of every citizen for the state that gave him birth. This is how it comes that in club life among women in New York every state is represented by her loyal daughters, banded together with the bonds of love for her home state. We have the Daughters of California in New York, of Ohio in New York, of Iowa in New York, of Michigan in New York, and so on.

This is great and wonderful organization of women coming together for the good of everybody, to better understand each other, to sound the human note in every day's affairs, to love each other more. The twentieth century is indeed the woman's century. New York club

By Haryot Holt Dey



Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey  
President Woman's Press Club of New York

women feel that **Everywoman** bears the message from California, the fragrance from the orange groves, the breath of the high estate of freedom which California has breathed upon her daughters. Women of America's far western boundary. We bid our new neighbor welcome!

To many of us coming to New York

for the first time is the consciousness that there is somehow a halo about this greatest of cities in our midst. It is a disappointment to know that there are dark places, and little children in need, and that there are the helpless that must forever remain helpless. That there are poor and hopeless and downtrodden. That the halo is but a trick of the imagination.

We are glad that you have come, **Everywoman**. You are fine and splendid with red blood in your veins, and we feel that you have come to help. We know that you have brought with you the vitality and the courage of the West, the land that gives up gold in metal and in character. We look for you to take some of us by the hand and lift, assuring us of some of the good things you learned on your hearthstone, your native California.

**Everywoman** sends hearty thanks across the continent to her friends in New York, friends old and new. She hopes to bind the former to her with stronger ties than ever, and do add each month to the numbers of the latter.

To Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey, the President of the Woman's Press Club of New York, and editor of the General Federation of Women's Clubs Magazine, and the organizations which she represents, our gratitude, and our earnest assurance that we will try to be all the fine things that are expected of us. Certainly the encouragement of this warm welcome will make us do our best. Hoping to see you all soon,

Sincerely yours,  
JEANNE FRANCOEUR.

## The Clearer Vision

(Continued from page three)

volves a struggle worthy of our loftiest self sacrifice, of our finest metal. There is a noblesse oblige just because we are in New York State that makes it necessary for the sake of suffrage throughout the nation and throughout the world that we should make the assurance of victory we now have doubly sure.

It is the realization of the high calling that we have in carrying out this task that has kept the rank and file of patriotic, politically eager New York State women sound and single in their suffrage faith.

Our certainty of victory in 1917 is founded upon our knowledge of this great many colored electorate of New York State, an electorate in which in our first attempt against the odds of our own

inexperience, of political hostility and of vicious opposition, we still polled 553,348 votes for woman suffrage. The comparatively small balance of votes which we need we are sure we can get by an earnest, straight-forward non-partisan appeal to the voters of all classes, of all interests and all political faiths.



### WATERMELON

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced: "This boy has eaten too much watermelon."

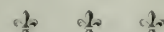
"O, doctah," expostulated the parent of the ailing one, "dey ain't no sich t'ing as too much matalmillion. Dat niggah jus' ain' got 'nough stomach.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

(Continued from page four)

the president helps over many difficult situations. To each one may I send a warm greeting for the Christmas festivities, and the hope that the New Year will see the accomplishment of many plans, the realization of many dreams.

To the Editor-in-Chief of **Everywoman**, I wish to express appreciation of constant courtesy and assistance, an understanding that has been at times a new sense, the reading of thoughts not expressed.



### SOME LANGUAGES NOT BUILT FOR SPEED

Colonel Krantwein—I want to speak to the boss confidentially, and there is a lady with him.

Private Secretary—Why don't you speak to him in German?

Colonel K.—But I have only a few minutes.—Judge.



# The First Congresswoman

## Jeannette Rankin Goes to Washington

By Our Staff Correspondent

MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN of Montana goes to Congress as a representative of the highest American traditions. She is college educated, a student of social matters, a practical investigator of conditions in this country, Europe and New Zealand, and every fair-minded man and woman will be glad that she has won the hard-fought battle and will sit in the House of Representatives in Washington for her State.

She ran a keen race for the nomination, and beat the men candidates for Congressman at large, going ahead of seven men by seven thousand votes. Two out of eight were to be selected, and Miss Rankin polled 22,000 votes, the nearest man getting 15,000. She ran on a unique little platform of her own, which includes National woman suffrage, National prohibition, child welfare, and tariff revision for the protection of the worker.

"Perhaps what appeals to Eastern suffragists as the most notable thing about Miss Rankin's campaign is that she has immediately come out with frank and uncompromising statements in her campaign documents, says a prominent New York suffragist. We women of the East are so accustomed to hearing men who believe in suffrage say that they cannot make it a prominent issue as their political interests must come first. Miss Rankin, however, begins every piece

of campaign literature stating her platform and the issues for which she stands, 'No. 1, Nationwide woman suffrage.'

"It is that 'suffrage first,' it seems to me, which makes her a fine example of the uncompromising woman in politics, and it warms the hearts of Eastern suffragists."

Miss Rankin's election is a matter of special interest to New York State women with whom she has worked. She helped get the suffrage amendment through the New York State Legislature for the first time in 1912 and 1913, and, in return, Miss Katherine Devereux Blake and Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party went out to Montana and did some personal campaigning in 1914.

Mrs. Laidlaw says of Miss Rankin, that she is a particularly interesting figure to suffragists in New York City. "As an organizer for Manhattan Borough she laid many stones in the foundation of what is now a splendid organization; and she was particularly successful with the voters, bringing in many enrollments for the cause."

Miss Katherine Blake has recently said that she believes nothing could help more in bringing about the enfranchisement of all women of the nation than to have a woman like Jeannette Rankin on the

floor of Congress, able to speak on terms of equality to the representatives in the behalf of the Constitutional Amendment.

Miss Rankin is an all around girl of about 32—one of those who dances well and is jolly good company—and who can make her own pretty clothes when she needs as well as campaign speeches.

What the New York editorial press is most concerned to know about Miss Rankin is just how red is her much-talked-of red hair. Those who know her best say it is scarcely red at all, but that warm brown which takes away the reproach flung upon the American women's hair, and would have the world believe that a sad neutrality in head covering is all that is left this interracial country.

The newspapers are busily arranging for Miss Rankin's comfort at the Capitol. They have it that she will be given a room in the main building of the Capitol where she will be near the chamber of the House and able to reach her constituents promptly, and carry on her public business under the most favorable circumstances. Be that as it may, her career in Congress will be watched with interest, and, we believe, with pride, and her first speech will mark an epoch in woman's progress in America.

Miss Rankin has given her official friends to understand that her first act will be to introduce a new universal suffrage bill.

### THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION.

(Continued from page five)

er interest in the whole employment problem. These Bureaus are now run on modern scientific basis with highly trained directors and in complete co-operation with the State and Municipal Employment Bureaus. The output of the Surgical Dressings Committee has been enormous, as has been the amount of supplies sent to suffering Europe.

4. The question of the immigration of women, especially after the war, is of great interest, and some form of Federal Protective Bureau is being strongly urged. This time of comparative quiet in immigration seems particularly opportune for such an experiment.

The strength of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation,

and its appeal, lies always in its essential broadness of purpose, the employer, employee and the public equally considered and equally consulted, with their divergent points of view, must of necessity insure as fair a consideration of any given problem as is possible in modern society.

The fullest support and co-operation of the organization are pledged to the National Council of Women, and whatever it has done or is doing that may be of value to women is sincerely undertaken as a part of a great whole, an American womanhood united for a greater good.

Officers of the National Civic Federation: Chairman, Miss Maude Wetmore; Treasurer, Miss Anne Morgan; Secretary, Mrs. Rogers H. Bacon; Executive Secretary, Mrs. Lyndsay Van Rensselaer.

### OPPORTUNITY

By Chart Pitt

*I am only a shapeless shadow*

*That flits o'er the shifting sands,*

*But I leave a dim-drawn pathway*

*That leads to distant lands.*

*I move in a breathless silence,*

*And beckon the hosts to come—*

*With never a word to mark my trail,*

*For my ashen lips are dumb.*

*My trail leads over the flinty height,*

*And across the tangled plain.*

*I burn my brand on the rock-ribbed mine,*

*And the fields of whispering grain.*

*I play no favored numbers*

*From the raffle box of men.*

*I pause just once at every gate,*

*Then off through the night again.*



# Jack London is Dead?

## There is No Death---For Such as He!

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

"JACK LONDON is dead! Jack London is dead! Jack London has been poisoned and he's dead!" Such was the sickening announcement made by a flock of news-boys who ran through a street car of San Francisco on the night of November the twenty-second. Faces, smiling a moment before, stiffened. Voices that had been musical with laughter became hushed as if misfortune had threatened them. Men pored over the papers and whispered that death alone was the poisoner. Those who knew London through his books, murmured sadly of his greatness. Those who knew him personally looked at one another with grief-stricken eyes and blanched faces, as if their nearest relatives were dead. For a half-hour that car glided up hills and down hills into the bright lights of the city, where passengers alighted in twos and threes, before a word was spoken above a whisper. Such was the scene I witnessed, and such was the tribute that strangers, acquaintances and friends paid to the memory of the California genius, Jack London, for friends he had everywhere.

It was the saddest, the most spontaneous, and the most genuine tribute I've ever seen paid to anyone—and, it was deserved. For Jack London, the poor San Francisco boy who made of himself a scholar, a thinker, a traveler, an author, a man of fame and fortune, was still the friend of humanity. His greatness never brought him pride nor arrogance. He was still the unspoiled, ingenious sailor-boy who climbed flagpoles at Berkeley University while working his way through college.

Mixed with the grief of the news that shocked, came the thought of the world's loss. For never again can its readers follow his wonderful imaginings through the realism of his romances. Nor through the marvelously brilliant pen pictures of characters which were only to be found in the strange places where the young author sought them—in the



*Yours for a clean and  
fearless paper  
Charmian  
and Jack London*

Among our most cherished possessions are the above autographed photos, which were sent to us by Jack and Charmian London, contained in a letter of strong encouragement—when we first brought out *Everywoman* before a critical world.—Jeanne Francoeur.

wild blizzards of Alaska or the Edenic islands of the hot South Seas.

Then, as these thoughts swept on, a more sorrowful picture filled their place: It was that of a girlish figure, the chum, companion, and friend of the great author, Charmian London, his wife.

It is a picture of South Sea Islands, where Jack and Charmian London worked and played, very much in the nature of happy children. No matter how hot the day, there was no twaddling until the full day's work was accomplished. Whether on their yacht, the *Snark*, or in their house, the two typewriters went along, click, click, until the appointed task was finished. Then, the play began, and together they enjoyed that, too, to the very fullest extent.

The world knows that Jack London

was brave as he was generous and ingenious, but, so, too, was Charmian, his wife. She knew not fear. She followed her husband in feats of daring, which even the South Sea Islanders would not undertake. Part of their play hours were enjoyed by diving off the deck of the *Snark* within the coral rim of the bays surrounding the islands at Morea and Tahiti, where the waters were infested with sharks. A few of the crew might follow them, but not many, and it was their belief and delight to laugh and exercise to such an extent that the sharks took fright and did not try to investigate too closely. In any case, they never made a square meal of the author, his family, or his friends.

In all that went to make up life, Mr. and Mrs. London were as near one person as it is possible to think of. And, though little is said of the wife in connection with the marvelous success of the husband, Charmian London was as his left hand, and the accomplished help-mate of her husband, Jack London, the genius.

May the Divine Providence give to her and all his family some healing recompense for their irreparable loss, is the sincere wish of *Everywoman*.

*The Snark had found her heaven;  
The waves were sobbing low,  
For the South Seas were calling;  
And he must go.*

### GEORGE STERLING'S TRIBUTE TO JACK LONDON

*Oh w!as there ever face, of all the dead,  
In which, too late, the living could not read  
A mute appeal for all the love unsaid—  
A mute reproach for careless word and deed?*

*And now, dear friend of friends, we look on  
thine,  
To whom we could not give a last farewell—  
On whom, without a whisper or a sign,  
The edep, unfathomable Darkness fell.*

*Oh! gone beyond us, who shall say how far?—  
Gone swiftly to the dim eternity,  
Leaving us silence, or the words that are  
To sorrow as the foam is to the sea.*

*Unfearing, heart, whose patience was so long!  
Unresting mind, so hungry for the truth!  
Now hast thou rest, O gentle one and strong,  
Dead like a lordly lion in its youth!*

*Farewell! although thou know not, there alone!  
Farewell! although thou hear not in our cry  
The love we would have given had we known.  
Ah! and a soul like thine—how shall it die?  
—By permission of the S. F. Examiner.*



# Inez Boissevain Is Dead?

## There is No Death---For Such as She!

**A**S we go to press, another black cloud of sorrow sweeps over California as we hear of the passing, at Los Angeles, of Inez Milholland Boissevain, the Jean d'Arc of Suffrage.

That life, so beautiful, so needed in the Woman's Movement, has been hanging by a thread for more than a month. Now, God has seen fit to end her sufferings, and to call her back to the Heavenly home from which He loaned her to this tempest tossed world, for so short a space. But, short as it was, no woman did more for the great cause for which she fought so bravely; and, for which she unquestionably gave up her precious life.

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friends."

Inez Milholland Boissevain died that the sisters of poverty, whose voice the politically great would never hear above the roar of factory machinery, might meet with some measure of justice.

Anyone who listened to her addresses in favor of freedom for all women as she toured this country in the late campaign, could see that—through her fragile, beautiful body—she was pouring her very life and soul into the principles of common justice for all. She was not pleading her own cause, nor was she pleading any party cause; she asked nothing from politics but justice to all women alike, and, now she has paid with her life for the rights that should be as much theirs, as is the right of life itself.

Not often in a lifetime does one see such

a combination of youth, beauty, brilliant intellect, and noble devotion to human justice, wrapped up in the form of one lovely girl. No wonder the prayers of a nation went up to God for her life, so badly needed in this lopsided world of ours.

But, we were not worthy, and she has been taken home.

To the husband, parents, sister and friends who loved her with more than

human devotion, our heartfelt sorrow is tendered.



### IN THE LIFE BEYOND

*Inez Boissevain is dead?—They say:  
But there's no death—for such as she.  
Jack London is dead?—They say:  
But there's no death—for such as he.  
The black clouds hide them from our eyes,  
They shield them from our sorrow;  
But sun-lit skies shall open wide,  
And they'll greet us—on the morrow.*

—Jeanne Francoeur.



THE LATE INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN  
The Jean d'Arc of Woman Suffrage



# The Baby Blind

## Legislation for their Maintenance

**A**LTHOUGH so few years have elapsed since the work of caring for, developing and educating blind babies like normal children was begun by the International Sunshine Society, its success has been heralded and welcomed throughout the

By Cynthia Westover Alden

Most of the reports stated that the institutions were "not hospitals or nurseries, but schools."

Some of them required the children to go home Friday nights and stay until

The International Sunshine Society organized in the old "New York Recorder" newspaper office, "To do the thing that is needed, when it is needed, whether it is a little or a big one, as best you can," began the work of saving blind babies, by taking a few little waifs and giving them the best possible care, to see how they responded to such treatment.

The result has proved that one has no right to assume that because a baby is blind it has no brains. It was an exception when a blind baby did not progress just as fast as a seeing baby, when given proper care. The blind child was not permitted to fall into the blind habits of the blind when left too much alone, and without special training.

This society has now established two large institutions for the care, maintenance and education of the baby blind, and children too young or too backward to take advantage of the different state schools prepared for the older blind.

One of these institutions is situated at 84th street and 13th avenue, Brooklyn, where all the New York City blind babies are committed by the city at the rate of one dollar a day for support.

The other home is at Summit, New Jersey, up in the pines where any blind baby from any state is taken if the tuition of the child is paid.

The cost of each child has never been less than \$450 a year. When a state pays less than that the society through entertainments and contributions makes up the deficit.

The workers of this association have interested themselves in securing legislation in different states, and aided by the different state legislators and friends who pushed the subject, the following states have made provision of some kind for the baby blind.

In 1908 a city law to provide at the rate of a dollar a day was passed for all city blind children.

New York passed a law in 1912 giving a dollar a day. The bill was signed by Governor Dix.

In 1912 Governor Hunt of Arizona signed a bill providing a dollar a day.

The Maine law was chapter No. 46 of Laws of 1913.

Governor Pothier of Rhode Island signed a bill providing for the education of blind babies at the rate of one dollar a day, in April, 1913.



CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN  
President General International Sunshine Society

entire country as a great service never before rendered.

It was twelve years ago when this society, which has now perhaps the largest philanthropic newspaper club in the world, discovered that the State institutions for the education of the blind did not look after the **blind babies**, admitting no child under school or kindergarten age. Some of the institutions took no child under 12, and no institution would take a child that needed constant medical care or was so backward that it could not dress and undress itself.

Monday, and at holidays times such as Christmas, New Year's and Easter, and summer vacations of two or three months.

There was no special provision for the blind from **the day of blindness**. As a consequence, it would seem that many of the blind children, blinded in infancy, grew up crippled in body and feeble in mind, not because they were crippled or feeble-minded in infancy, but because they had become so as a result of not receiving proper training from the day of blindness.



The Pennsylvania law went in effect in 1913, providing a dollar a day.

North Dakota in 1913 passed bill No. 67 providing for the care of blind babies with transportation to and from the school.

In 1913 Minnesota provided that the State Board of Control send the blind babies to the Phale Park institution in St. Paul. They authorized the Board also to erect a building for the instruction of blind babies.

Governor Ferris of Michigan in 1913 signed a bill providing for the blind babies of the state, and an institution has been established at Monroe, Michigan, where there are now 12 blind children.

In 1911 the Attorney General of the State of New Jersey ruled that blind babies were wards of the state, and six babies were sent to the Arthur Home.

Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in 1912 signed the bill approving the bringing into the state blind children from other states under the age of 12, for education and care.

In 1916, Governor Fielder of New Jersey signed a bill giving \$450.00 a year for the care of blind babies with hospital treatment. New Jersey, therefore, just now is doing more for blind babies than any other state in the Union.

South Dakota in 1913 amended the act providing for the blind, so as to take children under the age of six, the Attorney General ruling that the State School could transfer them to any institution equipped for their care, until the State School is prepared to take them in.

Tennessee fell into line in 1915, providing for blind children of "school age," in any institution equipped for its care.

In 1916 the Attorney General of Ten-

nessee ruled that the "school age" of the blind was from the day of blindness.

Every year adds one or more states to this list of those that are looking after the baby blind.

These homes already established are therefore sample homes and schools, from which the other states may copy and improve upon.

The Michigan home has a superintendent, head teacher, and trained nurses, women who have graduated from the training at the Arthur Home for Blind Babies, Summit, N. J.

The Brooklyn home has a public school kindergarten, the teachers being furnished by the City Board of Education. As the children pass from the kindergarten they are taken to a nearby public school where a class for the blind has been opened.

The blind children, as a general thing, hold their own with the seeing children. The Brooklyn institution accommodates thirty-five children, and as fast as they are able to graduate to the higher schools they are passed on, and their cribs are given to new blind babies.

The superintendent is a graduate nurse, and the care of the children is most complete in every way, with attending physicians and surgeons, graduate teachers and nurses and the best trained help.

The Arthur Home at Summit, N. J., can care for fifty children. There are four departments—home, nursery, hospital and kindergarten. The best trained workers are employed, and the medical staff is superior in every way.

Since the opening of these schools, seventeen children have been returned to their homes with eye-sight restored.

Many little cripples have been made strong and well. It is with the keenest delight I can report that most of the children respond to the care given to them, proving that they only needed it to become normal and healthy children, with exception of eyesight.

The different states that have been represented by some blind child coming to the home for special care, outside of those sent through state laws, are: Texas, District of Columbia, Maryland and Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia and Cuba, Washington, Illinois, Ohio, Alabama.

Gradually the world is understanding that a blind baby cannot live eight years, even in a home of luxury, without reaching that age more or less feeble-minded, and so backward physically and mentally that no care thereafter can make up for the lost years of infancy—the most important years of a child's life.



#### AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

**D**R. BROWN was a phlegmatic man who usually took his own time at answering even urgent calls, but one day he hustled around in a great hurry.

"Mrs. Weaver has sent for me to come and see her boy, and I must go at once," he said.

"What is the matter with the boy?" asked the doctor's wife.

"I don't know," he said, "but Mrs. Weaver has a book on 'What To Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."



ORCHESTRA AT THE ARTHUR HOME FOR BLIND BABIES, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY



# Science and Psychology

## As Presented in Mrs. Schroeder's Lecture

A LECTURE on "Thought, Thought-Forms, and Cosmic Currents Used in Healing," was given by Mrs. J. B. Schroeder at Native Sons Hall on the evening of November 17th. The lecturer held her large audience's interest and admiration during her discourse, the theme of which was the bringing of things super-physical within the field of physical demonstration.

Mrs. Schroeder said, "I wish to take you this evening from the world of ideals to the world of manifestation, under the theory that all is vibration, in different degrees, either pervaded by the life wave in all and through all. By concentration and will, health, wealth and love can be materialized."

The lecture was illustrated with pictures of thought-forms, or man and his aura, cosmic currents and currents used in healing, astro-mental photographs which were made by Dr. Baraduc, the noted nerve specialist of Paris; also pictures of the mechanical instruments of Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, registering vibrations of thought waves and instruments used in his discovery of the reflexes, of radio activity on which last instrument Dr. Abrams is able to diagnose a disease at 500 miles.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," quoted the speaker, "and," she continued, "a man is literally what he thinks, his character being a complete sum of all his thoughts."

One of the points made in this discourse which instantly impressed the lis-

teners was the following statement: "All is spirit, only in different degrees of vibration, and as words are only used as symbols of ideas, so we say **matter**, which is but solidified or crystalized spirit substance."

The great achievement of Dr. Hooker of London was mentioned. This scientist has been successful in recording the colors of the aura of various types and temperaments, and this opens up a wide field of research and observation.

Mrs. Schroeder closed her talk with the following poem from her own pen:



Eugenie H. Schroeder

### THE GARDEN OF THOUGHT

*The Universe is a wondrous thing,  
All color, all light, all sound;  
A paradise above and below,  
Filled with toys for God's playground.  
The stars are jewels set on high;*

*The sun a living fire;  
The planets moving 'round in space,  
By the power of God's desire.*

*Atoms tossed on the human wave,  
By the ebb and flow, evolve,  
'Till a mind awakes like unto His  
Trying Life's riddle to solve.  
God smiles as His children struggle on,  
For they think they are things apart.  
How He watches them grow as the ages pass,  
Like a mother with loving heart.*

*At last in this garden of Thought Divine  
God culls every flower and weed  
With infinite care in the store-house of Life  
Is stored every little seed.  
The Spirit hovers with brooding wings,  
As ages on ages roll by,  
'Till an answering thrill awakens at last,  
In response to the urge most high.*

*Realization to all the world  
Has come with dawning sight;  
The struggling atoms have burst their bonds  
In the rays of the Great White Light.  
Spirit released, returns to its Source,  
Filled with love and glory sublime.  
Involution and evolution go on  
Through aeons and aeons of time.*

*For Spirit had no beginning,  
And never will cease to be.  
God's thoughts are but made manifest  
In life, on earth and sea.  
Today we KNOW we are one with God,  
Fulfilling His heart's desire.  
From Life's crucible we come forth  
Pure gold from the Living Fire.  
By Eugenie H. Schroeder*

## The U. S. Employment Service

(The San Francisco Advisory Board)  
AT the meeting of the San Francisco Advisory Board of the U. S. Employment Service, held at the St. Francis Hotel in November, this year's work was very comprehensively outlined by Commissioner General Anthony Caminetti and Prof. Ira Cross, of the University of California, with remarks by Mr. Edward Rainey, representing the Mayor's Office. Honorable J. P. McLaughlin, State Commissioner of Labor, was unavoidably absent from this meeting.

On November 1, Mrs. Jean Sinclair held the regular Board meeting, where much progress was made in the work. Hon. Ed. White, Commissioner of Im-

migration, spoke very interestingly on immigration matters, clearly defining the laws on both Chinese and Japanese entries.

Mrs. May Cheney, of the University of California, then told of vocational training, its need and the relief that will be given by the passing of the Vocational Bill, which passed the House at the last session, and is now pending in the Senate. This provides that national appropriation must be met by an equal amount from the states. To take advantage of Federal money, therefore, it becomes necessary to take a survey of the dominant occupations of the state, then formulate a plan whereby the State Board of Education, or special board, can outline

the work on vocational education. We plan beautiful buildings that cost half a million dollars, and when that building is finished, there is no one who knows what you want to teach in that building. You do not want to teach the same thing in California that you teach in a manufacturing state, because we have no manufacturing in California. Mrs. Cheney says: "You do not want to pick out one good employment and flood that employment, but you have to study the whole field, so there is plenty for you to do if you take up the subject of vocational training, and to find out what the demand is in our own state."



# The World's Women

## And What They Are Doing Everywhere

### CALIFORNIA WOMAN, PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR

**M**RS. CHARLES H. SPINKS, the prominent Berkeley Democrat, has won a telling political victory. Her appointment as Presidential Elector for the next four years meets with the enthusiastic approval of all who know her. The splendid work that Mrs. Spinks has done for the Democratic party in California makes a fine record, and as a leader in the Woman's State Democratic Club she has made a place for herself in the esteem of the public that will become only more firmly established when she begins the larger and more difficult task ahead of her, in which she has the support and good wishes of her party. As State Vice-President for California, Mrs. Spinks attended the National Convention of the Woman's National Democratic Committee in January. She is active in club life and public affairs generally. President of the Florence Crittenden Mission in San Francisco, actively engaged in welfare work and reform measures, prominent in the development of the Labor Employment Bureau, a perfect hostess, and an always welcome guest, Mrs. Spinks is a beautiful example of the present-day American woman, whose life, public, private and social, is filled with good works.



### DAKOTA OFFICE HOLDER

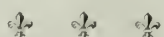
**T**HE women Lawyers' Association is very glad to welcome to its ranks Mrs. Frances F. Bergendahl (nee Arnold) of Ellendale, N. Dakota. Mrs. Bergendahl was born in Oshkosh, Wis., and was instrumental in obtaining the bill allowing women to practice law in the State of Wisconsin. She was one of the first women to take advantage of the privilege. Mrs. Bergendahl is well known in the west as a woman of fine qualities and unusual executive ability. She has held important offices, being at one time County Superintendent of Schools for Dickey County, North Dakota. She is very prominent in lodge work, having served as Grand Chief of Honor for the Degree of Honor (A. O. U. W.) for the two Dakotas, four consecutive terms. Mrs. Bergendahl has been chairman of the Committee of Law of that body, and was for some years a member of the Executive Board. She is now

Grand Legal Advisor of the Grand Lodge. She is also a member of the Eastern Star and Royal Neighbors of America and has held various offices of trust in these bodies. Mrs. Bergendahl has been president of the Civic Improvement League of Ellendale for three years and has also done considerable writing for the press and magazines.



### THE CHINESE AMAH

**I**N all the tales brought to us by our friends who have lived in the Orient, the amah or child's nurse figures conspicuously, and is always spoken of in terms of admiration, respect and affection. We have seen the bright blue eyes of the little ones grow dim and tender as they listen to their mother dwell upon the virtues and fine qualities of the amah left behind in China when father's business was ended there, and the family returned to their native land. These quiet, capable little women have a wonderful way of winning the love of the children and the trust of the parents. A little daughter of a friend of mine felt the separation from her gentle, unselfish Chinese nurse so keenly that she cried for her every night for months after the return of the family to America. Often the families of these women belong to the scholar class, or gentry, in reduced circumstances. Their adaptability is remarkable. Taken from a small village in the interior to live in Shanghai, the surprises must be many, but always the amah keeps her quiet way, unabashed and apparently unimpressed. Almost without being told she learns to turn on the electricity; she sees bells ring at the push of a finger and servants appear as if by magic; she beholds carriages run along the smooth roads without horses or men to pull them; she looks upon the strange dress and manners of the foreigner—and yet her Oriental calm is undisturbed. She is not stupid, however; she goes about her duties in a quiet, competent way, and it is amazing how softly and swiftly she does her work on those little cramped feet of hers, not over three inches long.

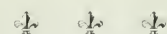


Byron said:

"What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger Is woman!"

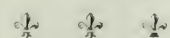
### WOMAN APPOINTED ASSISTANT PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

**T**HE appointment of Mrs. Jean de Greayer to the position of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney is one that meets with the appreciation and gratitude of the public, particularly the women. In this department of the District Attorney's office cases against women are dealt with, and it is the work of the newly-appointed head to protect the women who heretofore have been jeered at and sneered at by the court loafers. Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock every morning, four judges will give their time to these women and the loafers will be barred from the sessions. Scandal-mongers also will be excluded. Mrs. de Greayer, the only woman ever given such a position, is eminently qualified to do the difficult work, and to Mr. Fickert, whose knowledge of her ability caused him to place her there, is due the gratitude of all citizens. She has been for five years in the District Attorney's office, in charge of the Domestic Relations Department, during which time she has studied law and made herself invaluable.



### HOLLAND WOMEN

**T**HE session of Parliament recently opened by the Queen of Holland at the Hague, is going to be largely interested in the woman question and the franchise. The Dutch Suffragists propose to use every effort in urging upon their government the necessity of immediate enfranchisement. A daily picket of women, clad in the suffrage colors, and wearing ribbons and mottoes, stands outside the entrance to the Second Chamber, and inside the Parliament is being approached through every channel to have suffrage definitely embodied in the proposed revised constitution. Queen Wilhelmina graciously accepted a magnificent bouquet of lillies, dahlias, and orchids, decorated with the suffrage colors.



**M**ISS LUCY CLEVELAND, a cousin of Grover Cleveland, is the author of a stirring patriotic song, "The Soul of Old Glory," which was sung at the opening of the recent 69th Regiment Bazaar, National Guard

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



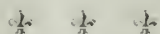
# Music and Musicians

"RING OUT," said the poet of old, with more hope than prophetic inspiration, "ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace." Not yet, it would seem. This year again which is now rapidly waning into history, will be distinguished for vast and widespread calamity and disaster. A year ago we traced in a reverie sad and pleasant pictures before a Christmas fire. The shadows which then fell upon the blaze were of war. Greater war has



Joseph George Jacobson

sprung up since then, and the lands of artistic and ancient Europe have been drenched with blood, and noble and highly educated men have laid down their lives, for what? What gaps are there in the Christmas circles! The pictures show us millions of Christians hurled upon each other for purposes of destruction to life and property. It seems a mockery to honor the anniversary consecrated to Him, whose message to us was peace, in such a manner. The suffering that humanity has inflicted upon itself has elements of such profound tragedy that it sickens the heart in contemplation of it. Thankful we should be that in our country the calamities we mourn have not been darkened with human guilt or passion. We may watch the pictures in the fire with a deep touch of sadness, but we have peace, and music, art and literature can flourish and advance. Let us hold the serene hope of a happy year to come, and all do our best doings by a little better doing.



## The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

THE packed houses at the Symphony Concerts prove the good work the orchestra, under the able leadership of its conductor, is doing.

By Joseph George Jacobson

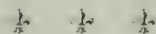
Produce something really good and finished in art, and the public will respond. Music is too stern and exacting a mistress to be merely coquetted with as a toy. There must be devotion and passionate heart-service, and especially an entire dedication of time and unlimited labor, or else the muse refuses to give from her store of power and loveliness. The unifying influence under which the Symphony musicians now labor, the many rehearsals they are compelled to attend, are bearing fruit, and we can look with pride upon as fine an assemblage of players that will soon rival with those of the large cities of the States. While one is not disposed to cast stones at the traders in music for obeying sound mercantile canons, a thrill of gratitude cannot be repressed for the men who so high-mindedly have come forward to care for the financial part of this great undertaking without much thought of money-making.

There is another difficulty not to be underestimated, and the outcome of which will stamp Mr. Hertz' work as remarkable, that is the difficulty of educating the public's taste up to an enjoyment of those forms of art which for their full understanding demand study and concentration. Mr. Hertz' knowledge and capacity for hard work have already had a powerful effect in so short a time, and the class of musical work he presents embodies the most manly elements of thought and emotion.

Before this issue appears, three pairs of symphony concerts will have been given. We will have heard Tschaiowsky's great B minor Symphony, called the "Pathetic," which work Dr. Muck calls the "Great American Symphony," because the American public constantly demand its production. For the first time in San Francisco, Debussy's "Iberia" has been performed. He calls them Images for Orchestra. Number one, "Par les rues et par les chemins," could just as well have been named "A Day At Coney Island." Some parts struck me quite cannibalistic, and I had to think of scenes when traveling in Africa. The second movement, "Les parfumes de la nuit," leads without intermission into the third brilliant number. If Mr. Hertz had hurt a little "olibanum" during the second movement the effect might have been heightened.

Taking it as a whole, the work was interesting. It showed on the part of the composer more imagination than inspiration. His handling of unexpected harmonic ideas, his search for weird combinations of tone, cannot help to excite wonder.

It is surprising to watch that many times art-controversy becomes edged with fearful bitterness. What hatred sharpened the dispute between the rival theorists, Gluck and Piccini, and the fight between Wagner and the "Italianissimi." Today many think of Debussy as one of the greatest musical thinkers, while others look upon him as a misdirected genius, "a mere carpet-knight on the sublime battlefield of art." Some even claim him to be greater than Beethoven. Such an opinion is impossible, at present. Let us remember that Hummel was conceded by many to be greater than Beethoven, and Hummel himself wrote that when Beethoven's works are long forgotten, his works will still be played. Look at the programs of today. How often do we find the name of Hummel. Now and then a pianist will play his A minor concerto, and of that only the first movement; but how seldom is Beethoven's name omitted? It is probably wise to wait and see. Qui vivra, verra. Qui non profeit, deficit.



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

CARLOS TROYER, our veteran composer, has been elected honorary member of the Los Angeles Schubert Club. Recently the society produced Mr. Troyer's great Indian work, "The Peace Jubilee Chorus," from the "Zuniana" opera. It met with great success, and was well received by the audience. The compositions of Mr. Troyer have become known widely, especially his Indian Zuni songs, which are now being sung all over the world.

The Wismer-Hughes recitals have been attracting much attention. Interesting works are being presented to the public. Both parties are earnest musicians, and striving for the best.

Redfern Mason is giving his fortnightly lectures on the music the Symphony Orchestra will play the following Friday. They are of great benefit, and deserve to be well patronized. Mr. Mason has command of the meaning of the composers, and capacity for expression and power of characterization.



# An Optimistic Pianist

## Godowsky and His Family Seek Peace in America

By Florence Heath.

**T**HAT it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good is being demonstrated once again by the increasing influx to our shores of musical talent of the highest order, from the various art centers of the old world. Artists of all classes have turned, horrified and sorrowful, from the hysteria of Europe toward lands of peace, with the result that America, both North and South, is rejoicing in the famous of the earth, many of whom are on tour, while not a few have established themselves in our midst, if not permanently, at least for the period of the war. Among the latter is Leopold Godowsky, the Polish pianist—no idol of the people, but revered by the profession as the greatest exponent of pianistic art extant.

Mr. Godowsky, who has been for some time located in New York, is taking his wife with him on his present tour, and slipped into San Francisco as quietly as one could who, in addition to the usual heralding of press agents, had had his name and likeness seized upon and emblazoned in all the daily papers, by every ad man with a phonograph or a player piano to exploit.

The pair ensconced themselves in a suite at the St. Francis, with a baby grand, and sojourned there unbarricaded for more than a week, a prey to bombarding hosts of musician friends, concert-going admirers, and ex and would-be students. And oh, such a business! All the world and his wife seemed calling, about to call, or calling up. "So what could the poor man do?" But let the mix-ups that there ensued be told by the clerks and bellboys, the pages and 'phone lasses of the St. Francis; this has to do with but one.

Like many another of his profession, Mr. Godowsky is no respecter of time, much less can he ladle it out like peanut butter in a delicatessen shop; but, desiring to treat with courtesy the hero worshippers, as well as friends, it is not strange that in response to accumulating requests he should have made confusion worse confounded by piling up dates one top of the other—and thereafter promptly forgetting them.

Thus, Mrs. W., who wanted a little coaching, and Mr. X., an old-time friend, and Mr. Y., who had shaken hands with the pianist once upon a time in approval of a recital he had attended, and Miss Z.,

who had been a pupil more years back than she dared count—all strangers one to the other—found themselves on a certain day assembled as one man, requesting admittance simultaneously. Result: Dismay on the part of the easy-going Mr. Godowsky; but not for long. A happy thought struck him. Would the visitors come up en masse? They would. And a moment later met a mild-mannered but bewildered artist who had forgotten to remember that he sometimes forgets dates. At this juncture, as if to complete the circle, Mrs. Godowsky, looking youthful and radiant, though the mother of four, of whom the eldest is twenty-three, arrived with some friends, and her artist husband, refusing to notice at all the frequent telephone calls, with possible announcements of further visitors by appointment, gave himself up to the promiscuous company for an hour, before receiving a pupil, come to take advantage of his brief stay in the city.

There was talk first of the family, two daughters grown to womanhood, and the two boys, all musically inclined, but especially the third, named for his father, a lad of sixteen, who gives promise of great things on the violin, though his father would prefer for him another profession. He is studying with Mischa Elman, among others.

"Teaching," remarked Mr. Godowsky, "is not altogether grateful work. It is surprising to note the number of promising pupils who are like balloons. You inflate them, and they sail beautifully, but not for long. You leave them, and the next you hear they are deflated." Mr. Godowsky admitted, however, that his work in Vienna had been fascinating, and was given up with regret, purely on account of the war. He relinquished his position as head of the Piano-Master School of the Imperial Royal Academy of Music in Vienna only to escape from the bloody battlefields of amalgamated madmen (phraseology the writers). In fact, this artist found himself in a most peculiar position at the outbreak of the war.

By birth a Russian Pole, Mr. Godowsky came as a youth to the United States, and as soon as he became of age took out citizen's papers here. Then for five years he lived in Paris, devoting

himself to study. Thereafter America claimed him for a number of years, and finally the Emperor of Austria, in recognition of his superior musicianship, offered him the coveted post in the academy at Vienna, a position which made him automatically an Austrian subject, the famed academy being a government institution. A man of nationalities this!

When the first war news flashed on a more or less unsuspecting world, Mr. Godowsky was in Vienna, in his sixth year of work at the academy. Following a custom of sending his family each year to a different vacation spot, he had chosen the Belgian village of Middlekirk, quite near Ostend, destined soon to know a fame other than that attaching to a peaceful watering place for folk of leisure.

The family had been in Middlekirk only a couple of weeks when the war broke out, and about the time the Germans marched on Brussels, Mr. Godowsky, resigning his position in Vienna, hurried to his wife and children and urged by the former—who, by the way, is a Gothamite—took passage for America,



Leopold Godowsky

where he is likely to remain till the war is over.

While he would never permit his work as instructor to interfere with his pianistic achievements, still he regrets his inability to continue in the Imperial Meisterschule, where the greatest talent of the world flocks for the last word in musical instruction.

(Continued on page thirty)



# The Feet

## Their Care and Abuse

By Margaret H. Pladwell, M. D.

**T**HE feet are the firm basis of support for the remainder of the body in erect position.

They are more rigid than the hands and their component parts are less moveable upon each other, especially is this true of the great toes, whose mobility is more limited than that of the thumb.

The foot is constructed as an arch resting upon two pillars formed by the heel and "ball." This is the antero-posterior or longitudinal arch, and its weakest point is at the juncture of the astragalus or ankle-bone with the scaphoid. The longitudinal arch is braced by the calcaneo-scaphoid ligament, which is very elastic and allows the arch to yield to jars and shocks. Overweight of the body or undue relaxation of the ligaments causes the arch to break down.

The transverse arch is a dome-like elevation on the inner border of the longitudinal arch—on the under side of the foot.

The line of the foot is not straight from heel to toe, but is directed outward, which makes the inner border convex and the outer border concave.

It will be seen from this brief **resume** of the osteology of the foot, that the shoe naturally plays the most important part in the matter of foot hygiene.

Splay feet, corns, bunions and broken arches are due to the practice primarily of using the feet abnormally from childhood. Beginning with the first lessons in walking, a child is admonished to turn out the toes, thus making the leverage of the foot unequal, which, together with the later wearing of wrongly adapted shoes, develops into foot trouble.

Our shoes are rarely built to suit the feet of the wearer, mostly because the edict of fashion does not permit, and because the fashion in feet changes as styles of everything else change. The feet of yesterday are not the feet of today, and we must conform, or be out of it. If shoes were architecturally correct they would be broad of toe to give room to the five toes, they would be broad-heeled and low-heeled to distribute the weight of the body convex on the inner border, and concave on the outer border of the foot, to conform with its alignment. But who wants to wear boots

shaped like this? Dame Fashion is a hard taskmaster!

A bunion is fundamentally a dislocation technically called "**hallux valgus**," caused by an affectionate leaning of the great toe towards its neighbor. This afterward becomes calloused by pressure, and is both unsightly and painful.

Impairment of any portion of the foot impairs its usefulness as a whole, and destroys its symmetry, and with it the poise of the body. The fashionable **ensemble** and silhouette includes the feet which at the present time are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, the feet include one of the most important factors in style, just now one might almost say the most important, and are dressed accordingly, and who will say the result is not beautiful? But comfort—health. What of these?

Children and adults, too, should be encouraged to run about barefoot much as possible. The feet should "toe in." The position and elasticity of these members, the toes, adapt themselves to the weight and pressure placed upon them, and maintain the equilibrium of the body more directly by naturally toeing in, which is the normal position of the foot, and gives balance.

In toeing out one walks on the inner side of the foot, and causes a strain, because the body weight is unequally distributed. A continuation of this strain on the tissues and ligaments of the great toe, together with short shoes, causes bunions.

Toeing out also causes flat foot by destroying the equalization of the body weight and relaxing the ligaments.

Barefooted people never toe out, so without doubt shoes are the cause first and last of all foot troubles. Shoes are built too short fundamentally, for if they are long enough to fit the foot antero-posteriorly, they are too large to fit the ankle and leg. According to the generally accepted plans, of the shoe man, a long foot must accommodate a thick ankle and leg of the piano variety, and a short foot must adapt itself to Venus lines elsewhere.

The great toe is strong and immobile, and of powerful leverage. It carries much of the body weight, and if that weight is wrongly distributed or the shoe

short, it easily thrusts the lesser toes backward and monopolizes the shoe space for itself. The phalanges of the lesser toes are such small bones, compared with the bones of the great toe, and so much more flexible, that the pushing of the larger bones for more play destroys the symmetry of the smaller, thrusting them down into the tissues supporting them, and causing corns, ingrowing nails, burning feet and all the other foot ills which human flesh is heir to.

The human foot is planned as nearly perfect in its mechanism from the standpoint of utility as any created thing can be. The hollow arches are not constructed to bear weight, but to act as a spring-board, with yielding ligaments and musculature to adjust the poise and give lightness and spring to the body. The tendons, muscles, etcetera, and the bony structure of the foot are so perfectly combined as to form a miraculous whole when one considers the weight these comparatively insignificant fragments of anatomy are sometimes compelled to carry.

Combined with short toes, high heels aid in the deformity of feet by pushing the whole weight of the foot on the toes and arch, where there should be no weight, thereby causing weak feet, broken arches, and systemic nervous disorders.

For besides abnormal conditions of the feet, ill-fitting shoes, whether seemingly outwardly correct or otherwise, cause systemic disturbances of blood and nerves; and where these exist it is easy for systemic diseases of any sort to follow.

Shoes rob the feet of normal action, but we are compelled to wear them nevertheless. Man was intended to walk upon the entire sole of the foot, but from the inception of the sandals of the patriarchs and ancients to the leather shoe of the present day, we have learned to walk upon our toes, thus stupidly perverting the bones and muscles from their proper functions. Especially do women accomplish this, with the high heel.

Shoes have become an obvious necessity, however, though it is essential that they should be modified to fit the foot in all cases. It were foolish and futile to start a propaganda of utility on the sub-

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# California Federation

## Work of the Affiliated Clubs

By Jessica Lee Briggs  
Northern State Chairman of Press  
and Editor

### State Endowment Fund—State University Club House Loan Fund.

The plan of the work for the coming year as set forth by the different chairmen in "suggestions for clubs," although given in brief, shows a fine range of study and an excellence of method which these women, many of whom are experts in their line, have worked out in order to present possible and practicable procedure by the clubs and through their members.

The chairman of Art, Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry of Berkeley, has had almost unlimited material at her command during the exposition year in the study of the development of the modern school of painting of Europe and America, and is placing all stress upon a year of study of California Art and Artists. California is fast becoming a Mecca for artists, nature has long ago made it a vast gallery hung with subject material.

In order to better emphasize the importance of Child Welfare this subject was taken out of the Department of Health and made as a separate department.

Child Welfare, under Dr. Louise B. Deal, San Francisco, is to focus principally upon any needed requirements in equipment or adjustment in the public schools for further benefiting the child mentally and physically. This department asks for closer co-operation between mothers, settlement houses, and domestic science teachers; asks for a certificate of physical fitness for the child in obtaining a work certificate, a requirement of registration for mid-wives and for assistance for the state veterinarian to enforce the law governing pure milk. It seeks assistance in the movement instituted by medical schools and hospitals in providing prenatal care for mothers in the congested districts of cities, and requests that any and all cases of child labor be made to conform with the state laws governing child labor. It makes a strong plea for the establishment of vacation schools where groups of children may be sent for an outing during the summer, and another that the state make some provision for orphans over fourteen years old. This department also advocated a pre-

scribed state course of study, makes a strong protest against the destruction of good food in order to keep up the price of same, and sets forth the duty of each individual to report any infraction of the state laws governing children.

Beside the regular year after year campaign against dirt and the fly, the Civics Chairman, Mrs. Robert F. Garner, of San Bernardino, suggests the enlistment of the children in the interest of planting flowers, seeds and bulbs, shrubs and trees, in the work of making the city or town beautiful. This chairman also advocated community Christmas trees, a stricter censorship of moving pictures, and a "Clean up, Paint up Campaign."

California has much to preserve in her history and landmarks, and the chairman of this department, Mrs. J. H. Andresen, of Salinas, urges the need of creating a greater interest in this work by the clubs devoting at least one program during the year to the subject.

The Conservation Department, under the direction of Mrs. Foster Elliott, of Alhambra, contains the following sub-departments: Forests, Waters, Birds and Wild Life. Mrs. Elliott sums up the real issue of conservation in the words, "Let us realize our responsibility in this matter, let us realize that upon the preservation and wise use of our natural resources depends the health, happiness and prosperity of the human race."

The co-operation of the committee under Education and Social and Industrial Conditions, Mrs. R. J. Sturett and Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, both of Los Angeles, chairmen in order named, are working together and with one accord, and this combination should be, to quote from Mrs. Gibson's outline, "inestimably wonderful."

These departments have already accomplished fine results in the past few years, and are, this year, to specialize on helping to secure the passage of adequate laws on immigration and housing. They are to assist the Federal Employment Bureau in the women's and girls' department, will aid the State Industrial Commission in the demand for vocational guidance, get a new vision of politics through the study of political science, and gain a better knowledge of the scientific principle underlying the sub-department of peace.

TWO months of the club year have gone by and those who are in intimate touch with the club world appreciate a keenness of interest and a renewed activity in department work and in the selection of programs. This is manifestly so in San Francisco and vicinity, and it is without doubt, greatly due to the fact that the absorbing interest of the past two years, namely, the International Panama Pacific Exposition, has passed into history and into memory, so that the wanderer has returned to the hospitality of the club, the hospitality which, more than any other one thing, has been the touchstone of clubdom.

Last year the spirit of nationalism and of internationalism abroad in the land inaugurated a splendid movement in the direction of community singing and of community acting. The California Federation marked its annual convention by distinctly featuring both of these phases of community life. The Federation lead in its great Shakesperean pageant, while individual clubs and committees all over the state established a high order in ensemble choral groups and in the various forms of pageantry.

This year it is to be hoped that the impetus given out through the federation by precept and example will continue to grow in interest by the momentum of its own importance. The State President, Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, is desirous that the main strength of the state organization will be devoted to furthering the work of the Child Welfare Department.

A reorganization of the plan of the departments of work of the federation to better conform to that of the General Federation was adopted by the state board by the authority vested in it at the Del Monte convention in April. This plan is as follows:

**Art—Child Welfare—Civics, California History, Landmark Preservation—Conservation, Forests, Birds and Wild Life, Waters—Country Life, Farm Bureau, Rural Schools—Education, Peace, Political Science—Federation Extension—Home Economics, Food and Clothing—Industrial and Social Conditions, Employment, Industry, Social Service—Legislation, Civil Service Reform—Library Extension—Literature—Music—Press—Public Health—Federation Emblem—**



This being a legislative year, the Department of Legislation, Dr. Lela Beebe, of Woodland, chairman, is most important, although the State Federation, being a member of the Legislative Council of California, will work greatly through this council. The three proposed bills which have received a majority vote from the federation are: Community Property, Moron Colony, and Mothers' Pension.

The Library Extension, Miss Susan T. Smith, Sacramento, chairman, places emphasis upon the entire field of library work, first, by promoting the County Free Library, established through the State; second, by furnishing data in reference material for club work.

The California Federation has the distinction of having for its chairman of literature Mrs. George F. Reinhardt, President of Mills College, Oakland. Mrs. Reinhardt gives as an outline for the year's work a list of eighteen subjects.

She refers clubs to the General Federation chairman of this department, Mrs. T. W. White, of Arlington Heights, Mass., for further acquaintance with the work of this department of the federation, gives instructions to those interested in pageantry and the drama, and particularly emphasizes her desire to be of assistance in arranging programs, bibliographies, etc.

Mrs. Walter Longbotham, Sacramento, Northern Chairman of Music, and Mrs. Carrie Stone Freeman, Los Angeles, Southern chairman, are of one mind in their desire for the continued development of community singing, and are especially desirous of creating an interest in the establishment of music school settlements, and suggest a number of club programs which would do much toward developing a desire to know more of music and gain a deeper appreciation of the life music which is everywhere about us. Some of the pro-

grams as being interpretive of music are: Birds, Flowers, Butterflies, Fields and Hills, Clouds and Skies, Forests and Their Legends, Water Music, the Four Seasons, Special Holidays, May Day, etc., etc. This department advocates folk dancing and a study of American composers, "American" to include South as well as North.

#### Let the Heart Sing!

Public Health, under the direction of Mrs. Wm. E. Ritter, urges a betterment of conditions which menace public health, and seeks to impress the great need that to "do a few things well" will accomplish definite results. Some of the topics which she makes important as necessary to be better understood for the right sort of results in the future are: "Sane, sound non-spectacular, non-melodramatic knowledge on the subject of sex hygiene, vivisection, 'twilight sleep,' and social health insurance."

## The Navy Man at Home

(Continued from page eleven)

is not apt to be attracted by the regular hours and Spartan life in the first place. If one does slip by the recruiting sergeant, he soon learns that Uncle Sam is not a gentleman to be trifled with.

Farther up on the hill, commanding a view of the whole bay, are the hospital and the adjacent school of pharmacy. The men who enroll for this work must be high school graduates. Much of their training corresponds to courses offered in the State University. Dr. Dickens, one of the chief instructors, showed us a study schedule that would make the average college sophomore turn pale. The boys in the school wore the regulation uniform and apparently differed in no way from the ordinary naval men. The university youth who scorns a sailor might be surprised to learn that many a man in a middy can beat him hands down in an intellectual test. Dr. Dickens explained that all the medicines used in the hospital are made by the men in the laboratory. A pharmacy course in a university is expensive; a pharmacy course at the station not only costs nothing, but the student receives his board, lodging, clothing, and twenty-two dollars a month for letting the government teach him. These students have a barracks of their own high up on the hill—a room with a pool table, a piano, a number of lockers and hooks from which hammocks swing. Incidentally, the government is liberal with its pianos.

It seems as if Uncle Sam has crowded one into every available alcove.

All the men attend school for a certain number of hours a day, whether they are taking special courses or not. The work for the younger boys is of grammar-school grade, while the others take academic and college courses. There is a study-period of two hours every week night, before the hammocks are strung up at nine o'clock.

Time at the station, however, is measured by bells, and the city-dweller finds difficulty in translating them into terms of an ordinary clock. Tradition is the only reason for calculating navy time so differently. There is no navy in the world, however modern, that is free from the influence of tradition. There is a custom that coffee should be ready at five o'clock in the morning; and the coffee is always ready, despite the fact that, as breakfast is not served until two hours later, there may be no one on hand to drink it.

We were taken on board the training-ship by a delightfully freckled youngster who spoke of himself as a navy man, and who looked as if he were wearing his first long trousers. The ship, which is anchored in the island's tiny little harbor, was captured some years ago in the course of a little argument with the Spanish Government. It never goes to sea for the simple reason that it would tip over if it did. But that does not

prevent it from being an efficient training-ship. Fitted up like a miniature battle-cruiser, it teaches the men the use of navy equipment and accustoms them to life in crowded quarters.

Economy of space is raised to the nth power. The arrangement of the ship could even give lessons to an apartment house owner. When out of use, the tables are fastened against the ceiling. At night the hammocks are hung in the same space, thus making one room serve as dining-hall and dormitory. Despite the fact that, compared to them, sardines have roomy quarters, the navy men keep everything in perfect order. A Massachusetts old maid could hardly be more particular. The term "ship-shape" took on a more emphatic meaning.

It was just about sunset when we left the ship. The men were leaning contentedly out of the port-holes, smoking their pipes and looking across the green water. The haze and the warmth of the evening suggested a tropic coast. The air seemed to carry a hint of wanderlust, a beckoning from unexplored shores. Our hearts were full of envy for the men who only a few months hence might watch "the dawn come up like thunder, out of China 'cross the bay."



# Clubs and Clublights

## The Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association

**M**ONDAY, November 13th, was "Guest Day" at the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. The President, Mrs. E. D. Donovan, in a happy little speech, welcomed the members and guests. The club rooms were crowded with an unusually fine audience of representative men and women, in honor of the lecturer, Dr. H. W. Yemans, Surgeon, United States Army, who gave an entertaining address on the world's wide-spread acceptance of the Esperanto language. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views taken by the doctor in various foreign countries, where he has traveled in the interest of this universal language. The club rooms were decorated with the green and white flags of the Esperanto Society, and members of the local club were present in the audience. The musical program was furnished by two of San Francisco's favorites. Miss Rosalie Harrison, in excellent voice, sang a group of exceptionally artistic numbers. Mrs. Josephine Swan White accompanied Miss Harrison and followed with "Cantillations." In presenting her selections, Mrs. White has a characteristic method, indescribably fascinating. The majority of the guests stayed during the social hour following to meet the guests of honor.



## San Francisco Colony of New England Women

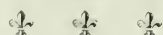
**T**HIS colony was organized in May, 1905, and the first regular meeting held on November 27th of that year, in the California Club House. The object of the colony is to promote social and intellectual intercourse amongst its members and to assist women who were born and brought up in New England, or descended from New Englanders. Any woman of American parentage, of good moral standing and over eighteen years of age, born in New England or whose parents were, or who represents through one parent three or four generations of New England ancestry, or who represents through each parent one line of three or four generations of New England ancestry, is eligible for membership. The regular meetings of the colony are held on the second Friday of each month, excepting June, July and August. Great attention is given to the programmes at each meeting, and stories of the early New England period are read and told.

The colony has the power to wield great influence and to create an interest in the history of its forefathers and the country which they settled. The officers for 1916-1917 are: President, Mrs. Henry C. Bunker; First Vice President, Mrs. Sarah C. Gorman; Second Vice President, Mrs. E. S. Dixon; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Wesley Gorham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Lidstone; Treasurer, Mrs. E. R. D. Jewell; Registrar, Mrs. F. A. Gilley. The directors are: Mrs. Irene Buchan, Mrs. Lionel Shaw, Mrs. Clara Brown, Mrs. A. M. Lowrie, Mrs. Lucy Vining.



## California Writers' Club

**T**HIS club, whose membership roll holds so many famous and beloved names, held a very interesting November meeting at the Hotel Oakland, when Miss Ruth Farley read "The Weavers," Mrs. Carroll Southard sang some wonderful Persian songs, and Madame Inez Carusi, the celebrated harpist, delighted the audience with her music. Mrs. Woodson Allen had charge of the programmes on this occasion. Mr. Mardig Parnay gave an excellent talk on the subject of "Oriental Rugs," and showed some rare examples of antique pieces. The history and traditions woven into these works of art made a rich subject for so well-informed a speaker.



## San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section, Navy League

**T**HIS Chapter meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at the Fairmont Hotel, and the meetings are marked by interesting speakers, excellent music and good attendance. Very practical work is being done, as shown in the gift of one hundred complete comfort bags, which at the request of Dr. George Richardson of the Red Cross Society, the Chapter has sent to the soldiers on the Mexican border. These bags were made by the ladies of the Chapter in their sewing center at the little cottage in the Presidio which was used in the summer during the session of the Service School as a headquarters and offices. Mrs. F. H. Colburn is Regent of the Chapter; Mrs. A. W. Scott, Chairman of the Board of Governors; Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Chairman of Membership Committee, and Mrs. Frank Helm, Chairman of Organizing a "Junior League."

## The Woman's Party

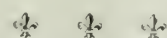
**M**RS. WILLIAM KENT, of California, wife of Representative Kent, campaigned for the National Woman's Party against President Wilson while her husband was a prominent supporter of the President and chairman of the Wilson Independent League. Mrs. Kent is going to Washington to assist in the bombardment which the Congressional Union will make on Congress as soon as it assembles next month, in an effort to bring about consideration of a national woman suffrage amendment.

"For once a political party approached an election," said Mrs. Kent in her report, "without the possibility of defeat. Whatever the outcome, it could be for the Woman's Party merely a lesser or a greater victory.

"The object of our campaign, which was to secure from the enfranchised women of the West a vote of protest against the Democratic party, has been accomplished. Thousands of western women joined the National Woman's Party. They have gained a national political consciousness and realize that they themselves are not free until they are free nationally. Hereafter the voting women of the West, with representatives in Congress, will watch the suffrage activities of Congress with a new attention. It is safe to say that the Federal amendment will never again be opposed by that body.

"The Woman's Party was accused of being out 'to punish Mr. Wilson.' The election or defeat of Mr. Wilson was of no importance to the Woman's Party. The only thing that was of importance was to secure a large protest vote by women voters against Mr. Wilson's attitude toward national woman suffrage. This was done.

"Everywhere I found examples of friendly differences of opinion, such as exists in our own family. Many women put the suffrage issue first, and will continue to do so in greater and greater numbers, because they realize that until national suffrage is won no party can genuinely reflect the woman's opinion and influence."



A XMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR  
BEST FRIEND.

A YEAR OF  
EVERY WOMAN



## Clubs and Clublights

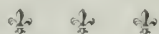
### New York Browning Society

ON the occasion of Mrs. Archibald C. Fisk entertaining the New York Browning Society at the Poe Cottage in Fordham, New York City, a large number made the journey to honor the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, the pioneer of romantic literature in American. After a short time, spent in examining the literature relics, pictures and cottage, the following informal program was given in the living-room: Edgar Allan Poe, "An Appreciation," Mrs. Fiske; reading, "The Raven," Henry Gaines Hawn; reading, "Legeia," Mary Sandell; poem, "Edgar Allan Poe," Edwin Markham.

The thrill that came from being in the home where Poe had lived and produced some of his greatest writings and the emotions of sympathy in realizing that here he had suffered and agonized through the illness and death of his wife, were with the company, as Mrs. Fiske spoke. Mr. Hawn's interpretation of "The Raven" was the spiritual message Poe had meant to give through this quaint symbolic figure. In Miss Sandall's splendid dramatic interpretation of "Legeia" the Poe psychology—and his perfect fidelity were completely presented. Mr. Markham is a sincere admirer of Poe and his poem does justice to this great melancholy poet, who was a master of the music of language.

An exquisitely bound volume "From Pot to Premier" was presented to the Poe Cottage Association in the name of the New York Browning Society, in memory of the late Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D. D., the author and an honorary member of the society. The monograph of this book is a lecture on "Edgar Allan Poe" delivered before the Comparative Literature Society in 1809—the Centennial year of Poe's birth.

After the program tea was served in the basement dining-room. The remembrance of the day will remain as one of great happiness in the annals of the New York Browning Society.



### Congress of States Societies

THE Congress of States Societies opened the season of 1916-17 with a Home-Coming Day, when the members had the pleasure of a reunion and enjoying the details of the different vacations spent in as many different states. This is only one of the several advantages offered by this organization for the year's program gives pro-

mise of many original ideas which will be put into practical use through the different states affiliated.

The committees are: Conservation, Mrs. Robins A. Lau, chairman; Government, Mrs. Beatrice L. Whitney; Americanization, Mrs. Robert D. Blackman; Peace, Mrs. Mildred Manly Easton; Patriotism, Mrs. Olive Scott Gabriel; Ways and Means, Mrs. Edward Burton Williams; Open Air Schools, Mrs. Robert W. Lyle; Education, Mrs. Seeley Wilcox; the Membership Committee being made up of the presidents from the affiliated clubs. Each monthly meeting will be in charge of a committee.

The last one was exceedingly interesting, the subject of the program having been "Current Events," and the speaker for each state having been appointed by her club. Facts, vital and instructive, were given by Mrs. Jeremiah S. Ferguson for Maine; Mrs. F. W. Swacker for Missouri; Mrs. John Birmingham for California; Mrs. Robins A. Lau for New York; Mrs. Elan H. Davis for Indiana; Mrs. Thomas Slack for Illinois; Mrs. Frank Bradner for New Jersey, and Mrs. John Corbin for Texas. Besides these, bits of state history added to the pleasant associations.



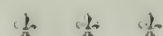
### Belgian Relief

ON November 23rd in the grand ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton, there were "Two Hours of Exquisite Art" for the benefit of the Belgian and French adolescents (the men and women of tomorrow). The artists who appeared were Mme. Christiane Eymael of the Paris and Brussels Opera House; Monsieur De Valli, sent here by the French Government to start the French Opera here in America; Mme. Blanche Arral; Mlle. De Bassini; Mme. Fleming Noyes in aesthetic dances; Mrs. Ruth Allen Davis, author; Miss Astrid Yden, harpist; Mme. Quintero, pianist, and the Rev. Doctor J. J. Billingley made appropriate remarks. The affair was under the patronage of the Governor and Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, the Mayor and Mrs. J. Purroy Mitchel, Mrs. Eugene J. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Elais, Mrs. Thomas Slack, Prof. Heaton, Mrs. John Francis Yawger, Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Cole, Mrs. Marie Fitzgerald, Baroness von Klenner, Mrs. Stuart Smith, Mrs. Samuel Schiff. The affair was in charge of the Countess Castelveccchio.

### New York City Federation of Women's Clubs

THE 41st convention of this important body of women was held in New York City at the end of October, and through the active co-operation of all members and committees the convention was a thorough success, from every point of view. Distinguished speakers addressed the meetings, a vast volume of business was accomplished, delegates from all the affiliated clubs were heard and officers elected. Mr. Albert Houghton Pratt spoke on "What Women Can Do for Conservation"; Mrs. John C. Kerr, on "The Protection of Riverside Park"; Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey, editor of the Federation Magazine, on "Civic Conservation of the Unfortunate"; the Hon. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and Mrs. Julia Goldzier on "The Need for Policewomen."

The officers of the New York City Federation are as follows: President, Mrs. Eugene J. Grant; First Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Slack; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Charles H. Griffin; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Elmer Black; Treasurer, Mrs. John H. Parker; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Lilly; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Donnellon; Chairman of Subscribing Members, Mrs. May Barrett; Founder and Honorary President, Mrs. Belle de Rivera; Historian, Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey.



### Adelphian Club

THE Adelphians have had a busy month, all departments filled with activities and some fine programmes have been carried out. There has been something going on nearly every day of the month, and the members and their friends had a wide range to choose from. There were dramatics, history, the art of enameling, civics, Shakespeare, French, dancing, talks on literature and the new books, housekeeping, travel talks, music, current events, child welfare. Adelphian officers are: President, Mrs. Arthur O. Gott; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. R. Knowland; Second Vice-President, Mrs. S. J. Ackerman; Treasurer, Miss Ida Spencer; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Chas. E. Tabor; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Isabel Linderman.



# Strictly Business

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## *Being a Confidential Talk from the Manager to the Members of Everywoman Family*

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Of course this means work for the Business Manager. He must make very thorough investigations to make sure that only the BEST dealers are admitted to the privileged class of EVERYWOMAN advertisers.

Take the case of the dealers in household supplies admitted with this issue. The Business Manager personally went through the establishment. It might serve as a laboratory demonstration of Domestic Science. Sanitary, efficient, prompt. Your families' health will be safe from food contamination in such hands.

Now for the test as to whether women really mean business. How many will act in support of their paper? The Business Manager leaves it with the family circle. Please write him what you will do to back up the new policy.

Merchants advertise in order to get business. We must not ask for gratuitous support. And we do not need to do so. The membership of the EVERYWOMAN family is large. Emphatically, they can make it pay to advertise in their magazine.

*Yours for a Greater Magazine,*

C. H. HARWOOD



## Light From the East

(Continued from page eight)

dens, for the fishes places of refuge. But for me thou hast provided no shelter, there is no place where I may lay my head, my bed consists of the cold ground, my lamps at night are the stars, and my food is the grass of the fields. Yet who upon earth is richer than I, for the greatest blessing, thou hast not given to the rich and mighty, but unto me thou hast given the poor. To me thou hast granted this blessing. They are mine. Therefore am I the richest man on earth.

"So, my comrades, you are following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. Your lives are similar to his life, your attitude is like unto his, you resemble him more than the rich. Therefore we will thank God that we have been so

blessed with **real** riches.

"In conclusion, I ask you to accept Abdul Baha as your servant."

This practical conception of Brotherhood is manifest in every phase of Abdul Baha's association with men, and throughout his travels in America and Europe, even unto his home in Syria, he left the traces of his universal humanitarianism. He is today the dominant figure among the stricken inhabitants of Syria who, never in great material ease, have been made destitute by the mobilization of the Turkish troops. He is standing among these people ceaselessly serving them, sacrificing for them, sharing with them his last **piaster**. His conviction is that all mankind must soon

awaken to the love of God and to the message of Baha'u'llah, which "like unto a spirit shall penetrate the body of the world," and "like unto an artery shall beat through the heart of the five continents." Then shall the children of men "enter the all-embracing canopy of the oneness of the world of humanity."

Lo, in the East another star has arisen.

We have ever looked to the East for the light, and the glories of reality, which shone upon humanity from the manger nineteen centuries ago, are again shining through the revelation of Baha'u'llah from that germinating spiritual center of the world—the Holy Land, "the door of hope."

## Part-Time Opportunities

(Continued from page nine)

keener sense of woman's inherent responsibility toward the home and family and potential motherhood.

5. It gives opportunities to specialists in home duties, as, for instance, those who are particularly dexterous with the needle, or skilful in baking, or who have some special leaning toward one kind of activity.

Professionalizing home duties will remove the stigma which has been attached to doing work in the homes of others, and the larger freedom and independence will foster greater dependableness and reliability. An impossible girl could soon be dropped from the central bureau, and the capable one given every opportunity. A classified list of the occupations which suggest themselves most readily as available for the young woman who desires to work in a visiting capacity are:

**I. Occupations Dealing with Food**—Catering for teas, receptions, luncheons and dinners. Preparations of invalids' diet, children's and infants' diet. Preparation and serving of any special meals. Candy making; preserving and jelly-making, and marketing.

**II. Occupations Dealing with Clothing**—Shopping, plain sewing, repairing, darning, dressmaking, lace mending, care of business woman's wardrobe; fine laundering, as laces, doilies, neckwear, and fine shirt waists.

**III. Occupations Based on Personal Attendance**—Care of children, such as bathing and feeding; taking them out in groups or singly, entertaining them. Care of invalids; companion, chaperon, errands, emergency nurse, reader. Care of

hair and hairdressing; manicuring, light massage.

**IV. Occupations Dealing with the House and its Equipment**—Shopping, decorating, selecting furnishings, repairs, arrangement of furniture, draperies and curtains, bric-a-brac and hoops, caring for plants, providing place-cards and favors, decorating the table, opening and closing houses for families who travel, assisting in moving, temporary house-keeper, dusting, bed-making, cleaning silver and fine table appointments, packing trunks, cleaning closets.

**V. Occupations of Professional, Secretarial and Teaching Character**—Stenography, addressing visiting lists, accounts, inventories, cataloging, answering letters, invitations; copying, tutoring, outdoor kindergarten, museum parties; for young people, teaching branches of home economics to servants; entertaining.

At a minimum pay of twenty-five cents an hour, and counting eight hours as a work-day, a full week would yield a salary of twelve dollars. There would be possibilities for higher pay, depending upon the specialty chosen and the skill attained, as in every other occupation. The future of the movement depends upon the response of housewives, who by co-operation will both give and receive help, and upon the initiative of the young women who may have a leaning toward domestic affairs. The achievement of this plan will be social welfare in the highest sense of the word—a step forward in social conditions.

## QUITE TRUE

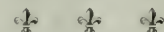
**Y**OUNG Mr. Hallowell was not much of a preacher, but, much to his own surprise and everybody else's, he was appointed chaplain on a battleship. He desired to amuse as well as instruct his men, and to that end he arranged a magic lantern lecture on Bible scenes and incidents.

A sailor who possessed a gramophone was secured to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudged his brains and ran through his repertoire, but he could think of no piece exactly appropriate.

"Play up, play up," whispered the chaplain.

Suddenly an inspiration struck the sailor, and to the consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience the gramophone squawked out.

"There is only one girl in this world for me."—N. Y. Times.



## CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE IS APPRECIATED ABROAD

**I**T is apparent that the fame of California champagne is traveling, as evidenced by recent shipments of the Italian Swiss Colony to Siberia, the South American countries, Japan and China. This product of the Golden State carries her fair name far and wide, and is one of the many attractions that bring hundreds of thousands of visitors within our border every year and every month of the year.



## World's Women

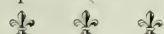
(Continued from page nineteen)

of New York State, held in New York City. The song is dramatic, and is a modernized version of the "Star-Spangled Banner." It was illustrated during the rendition by moving pictures of patriotic scenes in American history. The music was written by Giuseppe Aldo Randegger, the Italian composer, and sung by Madame Marie Narelle, the Irish-Australian prima donna.



### MAINE WOMEN TO THE BAR

THE number of women in the State of Maine in the past five years entering the legal profession is noticeably increasing. Miss Sarah Singleton of Bangor, is the latest woman lawyer to be admitted to the Maine bar and already she has a good practice in the capital of the State. Her work lies chiefly among women and the children of the Juvenile Court, and her usefulness is recognized by the legal fraternity as well as the public.



### LOOKED FUNNY

"Gladys," remarked a dear but irresponsible young thing of this town, "I am very much afraid my bank is in a bad way."

"Nonsense!" said the other. "Why, that bank is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country. Wherever did you get that idea?"

"It's very strange," said Gladys, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for \$30 marked 'No Funds.'"

UNLIKE the savage tribes in other parts of the world, the native women of Alaska have a more important place in the affairs of the people than do their lords and masters. The women of the family do all the bartering and trading, and the children take the crests of their mothers. The members of the father's family are not even regarded as relatives. A man's heir is not his own son, but his sister's son. It is a very complicated system of relationship, but one that tends to create hospitality among the various tribes. To what one has the others are welcome. A strange Indian upon entering a settlement, looks up the totem-poles, which to him as the city director, and then goes to a house having one of his mother's crests. This kinship often restores peace between hostile tribes. One of the most interesting totem-poles in Alaska, and the only one that was ever erected in honor of a white man, is situated at Ketchikan. It was carved many years ago to the memory of John Swanson, a trader for the Hudson Bay Company. Swanson was the captain of a sailing vessel when he married his Indian bride. Later they moved to Victoria, and when Swanson died his wife returned to her native home. Nailed to the totem-pole are the clothes worn by the trader on his wedding day. The pole is crested by an eagle, and beneath it are the carvings of the clan to which Mrs. Swanson belongs.

### CO-EDS ON U. C. EXECUTIVE BOARD

THE University of California, despite its position in the West, has always been extremely conservative in its attitude toward women. Feminism, however, is beginning to seep in, regardless of the professors' frowns. Anna Barrows and Carol Eberts, two girls of the senior class, have the distinction of being the first women to serve on the Executive Committee, the body which controls the students' affairs. At first the innovation was greeted with a great deal of alleged humor, but the good sense and careful judgment of the new committee members have reversed the unfavorable attitude of the men. California being the second largest University in the United States makes this step forward important to all college women.

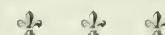


### A MARTYR TO HER CONVICTION

"She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her belief," announced Mabel.

"Indeed? What is her belief?" questioned an admirer.

"She believes she can wear a number four shoe on a number six foot."



"It is most difficult to deduce the quality of woman's intellect from her conduct, because her impulses are frequently obscured by her policy."

## The Feet, Their Care and Abuse

(Continued from page twenty-two)

ject of foot-wear, for none would follow, though this scientific age has much to be ashamed of in the misuse and abuse of that most necessary factor of locomotion, and the waste of energy tied up in ill-fitting leathers, the human race is too wedded to the eternal custom of things ever to make any radical departure from present standards.

That the foot is a lever with fulcrum at ball and great toe to bear the body weight and the bending of the foot laterally inward, whose great toe has deviated from the straight line involves the loss of power enabling the foot to bear its weight improperly, has no bearing in the matter.

A radiograph of the bones of a foot presumably normal will usually show

some minor pressure or deformity.

Of course, the use or non-use of the feet have much to do with their condition. Workers who must bear the weight of the body on the feet continuously, suffer more than the magnate who is able to be at ease and spends large sums on his foot-wear. The latter knows little of the callosities, bunions, corns and so on which causes his brother worker to suffer in his misshapen shoes.

Barefoot dancers of either sex are always graceful, well-poised, harmoniously formed. The bare foot is undoubtedly the remedy for strained and misused feet, but, naturally, bare feet are out of the question for the greater portion of the race.

Dr. Dexter S. Ashley, in the New

York Medical Journal, discusses the importance of properly shaped and correctly fitting shoes in relation to health. In speaking of the relative effect of button and laced boots, he seems to advocate the latter, because they can be more readily adjusted to the foot, though there is danger here, too, of tight lacing, which causes injury and tumors to the tarso-metatarsal joints. He refers especially to the construction of the heels, saying these should be just the width of the wearer's heel and five-eighths to an inch high in an adult, and slightly concave, to conform with the heel of the wearer.

But the physiological shoe will never dominate the feet while high heels and pointed toes are in vogue.



## PUBLIC EXPENDITURES

(Continued from page ten)

## County

The counties of the state, exclusive of San Francisco, collected in 1915 the sum of \$68,457,388, an increase of 66.5 per cent in five years, as against 85.8 per cent, average ten-year advance, for all the counties of the country.

And the counties, in 1915, expended \$69,970,496, or 78.2 per cent more than five years before, as against 95.2 per cent, average, for all the counties of the various States of the Union in the ten years from 1903 to 1913.

## California's Average

Summed up, taking California alone, her receipts, together with those of her counties and cities, increased in five years 60 per cent, while the combined expenditures increased 80 per cent.

The average of all the States for the ten years running from 1903 to 1913, including their subdivisions, was, as to receipts, 93 per cent, and as to expenditures, nearly 101 per cent.

I am not endeavoring to make out a "good case" for California especially, but rather to show that conditions of which we in this state complain are general. Apparently we are better off than the average, but this is on a five-year showing for us as compared with a ten-year showing for all the others. Perhaps if we had complete county and city figures for the decade, California would not fare so well.

But that is not the question. Even the increases as shown here—state, county and city—are certainly heavy enough to cause grave concern, to warn us that we have drifted quite far enough, that the time has come for earnest thought, for the putting on of the brakes, for looking ahead. And so, with the basis laid, let us consider causes and remedies.

## AN OPTIMISTIC PIANIST

(Continued from page twenty-one)

"Wonderful! wonderful!" he exclaimed of some of the students there; "and to think that seven of my most gifted pupils are in the war! Why, one of them played the Max Reger concerto, a monumental work, with a tremendous orchestra, really better than I could do it. A student can concentrate on one work, whereas with me—I must give my attention to many things. That concerto was so perfect. Not a speck of dust on it; and so beautiful aesthetically. The poor fellow! Now he's on the battlefield. Who knows where? Then there was Hans Schmetterling, who played the B flat concerto of Brahms superbly. That man had nerves of steel."

"What nationality is showing the greatest talent today? Well, that is hard to say. Among the best of my pupils in Vienna were two Austrians, two Russians, a Belgian, a Bohemian, a Hungarian and a Pole. Possibly the Slavs lead now."

As for present-day composers for the piano, Mr. Godowsky sees no bright, particular stars on the horizon, and regrets much the death, about a year ago, of Scriabin, whose Poeme op. 32, No. 1, he played at the second of his three recitals in San Francisco in November.

Reference having been made to some of the Cubist variety of modern composers and their bizarre effects, the pianist expressed the hope that the war may have a purifying effect on the music of the future.

Only a few weeks ago Mr. Godowsky relinquished entirely his position with the Meisterschule, kept open for him for two years, in favor of that interesting pianist, Sauer, who has been substituting during the interim of the war. Mr. Godowsky, while at home here in the land of his adoption, says he enjoys the

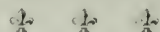
exchange of artistic ideas on the other side. But he loves peace more.



## FIREFLY TIME

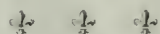
By McLandburgh Wilson

(In Times Magazine)

*Through the meadow grasses,**We can see them play,**Countless lights are flashing**In a great white way!**In the leafy bowers,**When the lights begin,**Gay young bugs sip nectar**At the blossom inn.**Strains of music tell us**That beside the jugs**Tuneful shows are given**Tired business bugs.**So they hold their revels**Till the dawning sky**Pales the gleaming lanterns,**And they homeward fly.*

## OPENING OF NEW RESTAURANT

THE opening of the Gus Fashion Restaurant at 65 Post Street, between Kearny and Montgomery Streets, is a matter of interest to San Franciscans who enjoy dining at a first-class, popular-price house. The establishment specializes on its fish and game orders, and in addition to the excellent table d'hôte, there is always a varied à la carte menu. Wine is included in the dollar dinner.



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# TIPO RED

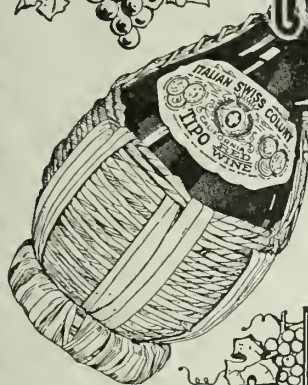
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## VERSATILE

A lady stopping at a hotel on the  
Pacific Coast rang the bell the first morn-  
ing of her arrival and was very much  
surprised when a Japanese boy opened  
the door and came in.

"I pushed the button three times for a  
maid," she said sternly, as she dived un-  
der the bed covers.

"Yes," the little fellow replied, "me  
she."

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### A LEGITIMATE QUESTION

Robbie, walking across the fields with father, saw a cow for the first time.

"What is that, father?" he asked.

"That is a cow," was the response.

"And what are those things on her

head?"

"Horns," replied his father.

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed. Robbie was surprised.

"Which horn did she blow, father?" he asked.—N. Y. Times.

### FOUR MOMENTS OF LIFE

Friederika Quitman Ogden

There are four moments of life in which Happiness has appeared to the Soul: When Philosophy has opened the sanctuary and elevated the host of Truth; when Poetry has lighted her altar with stars; when the eyes of Sorrow have been lifted in gratitude; when the voice of Love has spoken its benediction.—The Universal Order.



### OUT OF HIS LINE

By Walter G. Doty

*She sat and talked of Ibsen*

*And of Arnold Bennett's books,*

*And the Futurists and Gibson,*

*While he thought about her looks.*

*He was filled with consternation,*

*And his silence was complete;*

*For his line of conversation*

*Ran to shows and things to eat.*

### Joseph George Jacobson

PIANIST-TEACHER

Pupil of Philip Scharwenka, Felix Dreyschock,  
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Happy New Year!

January, 1917

20c

# EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of  
The National Council of Women. Membership, 7,000,000



Miss Daisy Polk



Articles by

Mrs. Philip North Moore

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan

Mrs. Lyndsay Van Renssalaer

J. Lawrence Erb

Effie Leese Scott

Agnes de Lima

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"The wave is breaking  
on the shore,  
The echo fading from  
the clime  
Again the shadow  
moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time."

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1917

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# National Council of Women

## Aims and Activities of Its Component Parts

**M**Y Dear Friends of the National Council, the Women of the United States:

It is my pleasure to acknowledge, through the columns of *Everywoman*, the many personal expressions of good will and earnest help for the future of our great organization.

My one wish to be emphasized is the looking forward in large measure to the harmonious co-operation of many women of many minds in the work of humanity.

This need never imply the setting aside of individual endeavor, as brought out in the aims of each organization; rather the persistent effort to accomplish that one object and at the same time join in the common weal of the world.

We realize as individuals certain personal aims, but we never forget our responsibility to mankind at large. This seems to me the application we may make to our Council and its component parts. The year 1917 should recognize every National issue, but should choose and emphasize only such as are of value to the world.

We welcome to our ranks ere the year has passed, two splendid powers, the Woman's Peace Party of the U. S., and the veteran worker, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In peace and arbitration our plans will be furthered by the Woman's Peace Party; while the rank and file of the people will find help in the W. C. T. U.

We sincerely hope we may, as a great international weapon, aid both these strenuous powers toward desired ends.

In the name of our Master:

"Peace be with you; My peace I give unto you."

### Committees

Presidents of organizations interested in special committee work:

Those who are interested in any one or more reports or recommendations are urged to confer with the chairman, in order to arrange for co-operative study, without duplication of effort.

State your own work and results; compare with others; accept what may be better than your own, and tell the chairman when you consider methods preferable.

**Community Music**—Mrs. David Allen Campbell, Chairman, 616 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. John R. MacArthur, New York, National Federation of Musical Clubs; Mrs. Robert F. Mac-

By Mrs. Philip North Moore, President

Arthur, Oklahoma, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

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**Advisory**—Mr. J. Lawrence Erb, Urbana, Illinois, whose article "Community



Mrs. Philip North Moore

Music for America" appears in this issue of *Everywoman*.

The first recommendation under Community Music refers to library work, as follows:

(a) The appointment of a committee to establish and develop Music Divisions in the Public Libraries of America, for the purpose of loaning to clubs of each community free music of all kinds and reference books on music. This is being accomplished through legacies of music, presents of music and books by clubs, and by petitions to authorities for appropriations.

(b) To inaugurate a system whereby a comprehensive library of music should circulate through the small towns and farming communities where there are musicians gathered into clubs, having no

access to the music division of public libraries. These libraries should be under the direction of a State Librarian and a Library Extension Committee appointed by some state organization. The system should be like that in the New York Public Library Travelling Department—a central station with sub-stations in each district.

This committee should also assist public libraries in forming and establishing libraries of music by giving lists and prices of books, to be used. Another feature would be to send out lists of new music that have been passed upon by competent critics. The National Librarian is in a position to provide such lists of music for clubs with good discount from publishers.

The Musical Federation has a library consisting of choruses, glees, trios, and quartets, which may be obtained by clubs upon application to the librarian. Lists of this music with explanatory letter will be sent; the only cost being that of transportation.

**Committee on Child Welfare**—Mrs. Frederic Schoff, Chairman, 3418 Baring Street, Philadelphia, Penn.; Miss Elizabeth Harrison, 2944 Michigan Bl., Chicago, Ill., President National Kindergarten College, author of "Study of Child Nature" and many other books on children; Mrs. Samuel Semple, Titusville, Pa., former President Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Robert H. Tate, Portland, Oregon, President State Child Welfare Commission; Dr. Mary Sherwood, Baltimore, Md., Johns Hopkins University (interested in the promotion of better obstetrical care for the women of this country; chairman of the Department in the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations); Mrs. Joseph Leidy, Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penn.; head of War Fund for French Orphans, and deeply interested in the foreign relief work; she will be helpful when the questions which will arise after the war must be met.

**Advisory**—Philander P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.

### Recommendations

1st. Co-operation in Baby Saving.

(a) Through education of mothers in infant hygiene. Bulletins are available for every mother whose name can be given.

(Continued on page fourteen)



# Prison Reform

## Of the Woman's Department National Civic Federation

By Lolita van Rensselaer

**T**HE Women's Department of the National Civic Federation has been actively engaged in prison reform for the last five years. Their interest has been due to their belief that a sane, businesslike and yet humane administration of all our penal institutions is an indispensable element of social justice.

The first work in this direction which the department undertook was an investigation of conditions in the jails in the District of Columbia. The situation which this study disclosed suggested the need for similar work elsewhere. In December, 1913, the Woman's Department took up the question of prison reform in the various sections of the country where the department is organized, with a national policy declaring for certain general reforms; the conditions pertaining locally to be met from the local standpoint. To speak of the work in New York State: the first step was to make a survey to discover the number and type of the different organizations and groups of people who were interested in prison reform. The many different State Boards and Commissions that are in charge of different institutions in the State were included in this survey.

This investigation disclosed a state of affairs that, so far as actual conditions went, might well be termed unrelated and uninformed, and that so far as public opinion went, could fairly be called chaotic. The powers of boards or other authorities overlapped, or else were so unrelated that gaps were left that no one was taking care of. Various organizations or institutions that were nominally working toward the same end were being managed on such different lines as to be almost at cross purposes. There was a general conception of what ought to be done, but not what methods should be used in doing it.

This evident need for closer co-operation among persons working toward the same end led the Woman's Department to call a conference in the spring of 1914. Two conferences at the Astor Hotel were followed by a mass meeting at Carnegie Hall. Specialists in prison reform from different parts of the United States and from Canada attended the meetings. The Governor of New York presided at the mass meeting.

As a result of these conferences, the Joint Committee on Prison Reform was

organized. Its object was stated as follows:

"For the dissemination of accurate information as to methods of treatment of the delinquent, and for the securing of proper legislation for prison reform."

This committee has now been actively at work for two years along both the educational and legislative lines indicated in its statement of purpose.

The educational work has been carried on mainly through a prison exhibit, the first of its kind ever organized in this country, which has been shown in all the larger cities of the State, to large and interested audiences. It consists of models of various prisons, a replica of a cell, screens showing the facts about penal conditions and the social and economic conclusions they point to, and similar material designed to call the attention of the average citizen to actual conditions within prison walls and to their significance to the world outside the walls. Moving pictures of State prisons and of prison life were shown with the exhibit, and many conferences and mass meetings were held in connection with it.

In its legislative work, the committee has endeavored to bring the different groups interested in prison reform into some degree of agreement as to what legislation would be desirable, and has kept an agent in Albany while the Legislature was in session, to assist the various organizations, both public and private, that had a legislative programme they wanted to see carried out. As a result of this co-operation and united effort, the last session of the Legislature passed more progressive legislation on prison affairs than had been passed in any previous ten years.

The platform of the Woman's Department in relation to prison reform is as follows.

1. Politics should be eliminated from the management of correctional institutions. This includes both appointments to office and contracts.

2. The development of character and self-control in prisoners should be made possible through the introduction of the honor system, and through a reasonable degree of self-government.

3. It should be made possible for prisoners to become eligible to parole by industry and good conduct. The

principle of the indeterminate sentence should be tested and developed.

4. The old cell system should be changed into a farm prison system. Special colonies should also be established for special classes of delinquents, such as industrial colonies for tramps and beggars, inebriety colonies for inebriates, and custodial institutions for feeble-minded persons.

5. The so-called state-use system should be introduced wherever possible, for two reasons: It serves the financial interest of the state; and it does away with the abuses of the contract system, which limits the sale of goods made in prisons to institutions and departments under state, county or municipal control, opens a sufficiently wide market for prison-made goods.

6. A Federal statute should be passed providing for the state-use system in every state. This is necessary in order to prevent goods made in the prisons of one state from being shipped into some other state where the manufacture of such goods for open sale is forbidden.

7. Proper rules for the compensation of prisoners should be worked out and put into practice. This has two good results: it gives the prisoner an interest in his work and keeps alive his sense of being responsible for his own support and for the support of his family; and it also makes it possible for him to provide this support.

8. Schools should be established in every prison to give instruction both in elementary subjects and also along industrial lines. The man who can read and write and who has learned a trade is far less likely to get into jail—or to return, if he learns these things while there—than the man who is not able to find his footing in life.

The Women's Department feels that the results attained by these methods in one state—the establishment of definite standards and the trying out of different plans—ought to prove of similar service in other states, with whatever modifications are necessary on account of local conditions. It believes that the platform on which it has taken its stand is applicable in any state in the Union, and it hopes that the various organizations in different states will join with it in putting the platform into action.

Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, Jr., who has been for three years the chairman

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



# Children's Museum

## Constructive Work by Club Women

WHEN in May, 1915, the Brooklyn Woman's Club decided to place a new geographical model in the Children's Museum of Brooklyn, they "buidled better than they knew." In a moment they initiated an educational experiment, the influence of which has already affected three continents, and they set free among women exceptional talent which is destined to play an important part in the education of children not only in our own land, but throughout the entire civilized world.

The Children's Museum, the first museum of its kind, was already a "going institution" with a record of sixteen years of successful experience to its credit. Its home was a fine mansion located in a beautiful city park, and its income was an annual appropriation of money to maintain it as a free public museum. Both of these had been obtained from the City of New York by a contract with the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, under whose auspices the Museum was founded.

The fact that this Museum was an established institution operating for the benefit of normal city children made a distinct appeal to the clear judgment of this group of women whose activities in the club world have always been distinguished by a high degree of intellectual effort. The additional fact that the boys and girls who have grown up under the influence of the Museum had begun to render to the world distinctive service in professions determined by their early museum experiences convinced these women of the value of a Children's Museum, not only as an educational experiment station, but also as a vital constructive force in the life of a community.

Originating in the days when the large museums displayed their forbidding signs, "Children under twelve years of age not admitted unless accompanied by an adult," the Children's Museum undertook to give to city children, by means of accurate impressions and scientific ideas based upon observation, experiment, and reflection, a wholesome, joyous interest in Nature. With that aim in view it began the careful selection and preparation of specimens and models, which have since been assembled and arranged in collections, illustrating Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geography, and United States History. It instituted its courses of illustrated lectures

By Anna Billings Gallup

for children. It engaged a Docent or trained museum instructor to render continuous service in the exhibition rooms of the Museum, for the benefit of any children who might need individual help and instruction, and it also opened a Nature Library in order that trustworthy information might be promptly



Miss Anna B. Gallup  
Curator, Children's Museum, Brooklyn, N. Y.

furnished in answer to the inquiries of visitors.

At the present time, taken as a whole, each collection in this Wonder House for Children emphasizes an important fundamental idea, while the separate objects composing it present a great many phases of Nature.

In Zoology alone there are five different collections: the type series that begins with the lowest forms of animal life and follows the ascending scale to man; the insect collection that comprehends every form of insect life found in Brooklyn and vicinity, besides a large number of showy tropical species from remote parts of the world; the collection of local birds arranged in calendar form to show what birds can be seen in Brooklyn at any given month of the year; and the collection of animal homes in which the male and female of each species are displayed with the nest and young.

The Botany Collection really begins in the Park, outside the Museum, where every tree is labeled and where a great many children for the first time in their

lives begin the study of trees. Within the Museum are large colored dissectible models of plants and flowers, and a Flower Table, which is always laden with cut flowers, either wild or cultivated.

The Mineral Collection arrests the attention of younger children with its model of the largest nugget of gold and the famous historical diamonds; it holds the interest of beginners with a display of ornamental stones and gems; and it opens up the subject of mineralogy in its broader aspects by means of its systematic series.

Geography and United States History figure prominently in the collections of the Children's Museum, but not as dry subjects to be presented by means of maps, pictures, charts, musty documents, and relics. The every day life of the sturdy pioneer; the domestic and commercial activities of the early settlers; the stirring experiences of the brave soldiers who won independence and abolished slavery, are all repeated in the miniature historical model groups which render the child oblivious to time and space limitations and permit him a share in the experiences and problems of the past.

And latest among the new devices for making geography real is the miniature representation not only of far-away places and their inhabitants, but by means of electric lights skillfully employed, even the atmosphere of those places.

Under the influence of such magic, who could resist an hour's sojourn in the Geography Room of the Children's Museum? To be sure it may be dark in there when the child enters, but let him step up to a case—lights will come on, and in a moment he is in the South Sea Islands watching the graceful natives as they pull ashore in their canoe laden with fish. He would like to pick a cocoanut from the palm tree nearby or perhaps eat a banana, but there isn't time because he has already taken a first peep into the dark jungle of the Amazon Valley, where the monkeys are swinging from the tree tops and the tapir is drinking at a stream.

There are myriads of interesting things to see, but an oasis in the Sahara Desert is only three steps farther on, and he must see the camels, the Arabs and their tents, or perhaps (in imagination) eat

(Continued on page twenty-six)



# Community Music for America

## Encouraging Increase in Musical Organization

By J. Lawrence Erb

**Y**OU cannot make the same type of music satisfy all people, a very obvious thing, but one which must not be lost sight of if we desire the best type of community music. In other words, it is undoubtedly wise to start this like all other structures at the bottom and build up, even though we may occasionally, as in the case of the sky scraper, work on the first and the tenth stories at the same time. You will observe this is only possible when the foundation has been thoroughly laid.

Assuming, then, that the first thing to do is to start the people singing, there should be immediate attention to a co-ordination of the educational and the entertainment forces of the community for the **constructive** work in connection with this enterprise. We already have an agency of great potentiality in our public schools, and I am always glad to pay my tribute of respect to the work which the better schools are doing. But I must here register an emphatic protest against a habit which is altogether too common, of concentrating the entire attention of the musical establishment of the high schools upon the glee clubs and orchestras and neglecting the much more important work of **teaching the student to read**. It is as though we were to concentrate the attention in English study upon the hearing and performance of plays instead of upon the studying of the English language,—all this, mark you, by the old fashioned method of teaching the parts verbally by note instead of having the students learn to read them for themselves. I am not exaggerating conditions. It is my business to examine annually several hundred boys and girls fresh from the high schools of the State, and not ten per cent of them can read the simplest kind of a hymn tune without serious mistakes. Now if we are going to attempt any kind of community uplift in music, we must remove this curse of illiteracy, and it is largely in the hands of the women of America to see whether this is being done. If they countenance illiteracy for the sake of more or less imperfect public performances of glee clubs and orchestras they will have to abide by their decision, but they will never get beyond the present stage of music development so long as they do not change the method of procedure.

This leads me to the next important consideration which is that parents feel

pretty strongly the injustice and the vast waste of our present arrangement with regard to music study by children. A mother will decide that it is time for Jane to begin music lessons. This will be somewhere between the ages of six and ten. She will inquire more or less as to the relative merits and particularly to the relative **terms** of such teachers as she knows about, being particularly anxious whether or not the teachers have studied abroad or teach some particular "method" and finally Jane is set to work. The expense which is no slight one is borne by Jane's family and the results are more or less in proportion to the amount of intelligence with which Jane's practice is directed at home regardless of the teacher. When Jane reaches the high school she finds that she has to have sixteen credits at least to graduate, and none of these is allowed for music, at least for practical music. She struggles along as best she can for a part of her course, but soon finds that its exactions are too great for her to continue study and in nine cases out of ten either she discontinues lessons entirely or else she feels she gets very little good out of them unless she decides to study intensively during the summers. No matter how she does it, the music is crowded to the wall and her progress during the four years, perhaps the most important from the musical point of view in her whole life, is at the best very slow though the investment for lessons is likely to be a constantly increasing factor.

I am convinced that in large part musical education has received little recognition from academic authorities because it has deserved little, but I am also convinced, as a new generation of music educators has sprung up within the past decade or two that at the present time, that reproach no longer exists to any extent. Therefore, I would make bold to say that the community has just as much responsibility for the music education of its children as it has for their industrial welfare. I believe that it is just as much the duty of the school board to furnish free instruction in piano, voice, or violin in the high school as in manual training, or, for that matter, physical training. I do not mean such instruction as exists in large part, unorganized, without standards and without

proper safeguards,—but then, that is not the way we conduct our other courses either. Already a few communities have tried the plan with success; others will follow inevitably.

But that is in the future, in the present there is a very practicable method of handling the situation, which can be at once applied. I refer to the accrediting of outside music study toward our high-school graduation. Such cities as Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Los Angeles and a host of others are already doing it, one of the most recent being the cities of Springfield and Peoria, Illinois, and the plan is working finely. Its details are, of course, a matter for discussion in another connection. If we must pay extra for music instruction, at least, it ought to count toward the high school graduation of our sons and daughters, that is only justice.

One of the greatest difficulties which besets musical development of this country is our foolish slavery to the piano. It has become almost the sole factor in the music education of the young. Very often a child will declare that he dislikes music and will give up the opportunity for musical development when all he dislikes is the piano. As a matter of fact the piano is, as we well know, a very unsatisfactory musical instrument though to the musician a very useful one. Much better then our slavish adherence to an instrument of such limited possibilities would be the encouragement of our children in the study of the simpler, more easily learned instruments which enable them readily to assist in **group** activities. I refer, of course, to the string and wind instruments.

A great service may be rendered to the development of musical education and musical appreciation, and, of course, community music, by the women's clubs in volunteering the development of local bands and orchestras. This may, of course, be done best in most communities through the medium of the high school, but it ought not to be confined only to high school students. It is well to remember that many excellent musicians are not, and have not been high school students. I realize that there are high school orchestras a plenty, but there is no guiding, vitalizing force to help them find themselves. What I have in mind is something like this:

(Continued in February)



# EVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### *The Peace of Honor Is the Peace of God*

WITH all our soul we long for Peace—Peace for all tortured souls and bodies of the Old World; for our robber ridden neighbor, Mexico, and for ourselves. But, above all, for the invaded countries of Europe over whom a bewilderment of plots and snares are being daily woven. For them, with all the faith within us, we would most earnestly ask of God the one blessing which can give a semblance of A Happy New Year to their lives, and, that is: Peace with Honor, and Arbitration with Security. When that day comes, the Woman's Peace Party of the United States will do its share in peace and arbitration, as our honored President of the National Council of Women, Mrs. Philip North-Moore, promises.

The war and the peace of the Old World has furnished the problem makers of America with an inexhaustible supply of talk with which to annoy and bewilder the tortured, maimed and mortally injured peoples of the invaded countries.

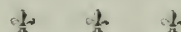
In the name of God! from the depths of your far-off sympathy, why do you not in your honest indignation demand peace from the right source? Why do you not petition the invaders to cease further butcheries of the defenders of homes and countries. Even now, at this late day, why not turn the moral strength of your petitioning power against the deportation of the bravest men in the world, and of their enslavement by enemies who have made shambles of their beautiful countries. Make their cause your own, and see how it will work out within your own soul.

You speak in the name of the Prince of Peace? Then, why not call out in one voice—a voice which will reverberate around the world: "These unspeakable atrocities must cease!" The all-too-patient Pope of Rome said it at last. Why, then, can not the peace people demand that this poor measure of justice be granted before civilization is wiped from the face of Europe?

Why do some of the peace societies of this country rave at the defenders to make peace? Why insult the sufferers with such importunities? Why, when we make this appalling tragedy our concern at all do we not make our demand on the powers which tore the world assunder two and a half years ago by its monstrous savagery, and say: "Now that you have buried neighboring countries under seas of blood and hatred; now that you have forever steeped these countries in lasting grief and robbed them of their young and beautiful, and, now that you must be suffering an indigestion from attempting to swallow the blood sacrifice of countless

millions of innocent lives, why do you not return to your own countries—which have been free from slaughter—and make all the poor reparation which lies within your power to the countries and the families of your murdered victims?"

That is the only kind of peace Americans have any right to suggest to the suffering peoples of Europe; and, from the invaders, alone, have they the right to ask it. And that is the only peace which the invaded countries can consider with honor or with safety.



### *Peace Without Security Is as Haunting as War*

THAT the Allies did not swallow the sugar-coated bait of peace offered them by the Kaiser is not to be wondered at, for the great men who have served at the head of the Allied forces of France, England, Russia, Italy and Belgium, and their friends among the smaller countries are not to be fooled, "For Humanity's Sake," without even "a scrap of paper." Those who baited that trap with the hope of deceiving the various peoples who have suffered so horribly throughout the torturous years, will not find it springs so easily. It was these people who were sought out as the victims of the new plot, with the hope of forming dissension between them. The fact that the various Allied peoples have stood so firmly by their countries after such privations and sufferings, show that the clear light of reason as well as that of courage and endurance, are theirs. And, that is a heritage to swear by.

The neutral peoples who are stirred by sympathy and hopes for peace need have no fears that the sorrowing peoples of the Old World will reject any just and honorable peace. It is not to be forgotten that they, not we, are the sufferers; and that they, not we, know what is best for them.

To these sufferers there can be no such thing as peace without full reparation and ample security for their future. There must also be a Congress of Nations, with full power to protect them from the machinations of any military mad monarchs in the future. All countries—both great and small—are entitled to that measure of justice if any form of civilization is to grow in the future; for, so thoroughly has faith and hope in human honor and in human bonds and promises been destroyed by the instigators of this hydra-phobia of greed, that generations will come and generations will go before normal faith shall again be the portion of the devastated countries of Europe.



### Advisory Council of Everywoman

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### *A Man of the People* *Making England's History*

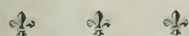
**T**ODAY the history of England has changed from its all but stereotyped forms of the past, and we firmly believe the change is for the better. The long-talked of Democracy of England, like an event which casts its shadow before, is really taking place before our eyes now. The fact that Lloyd George, "A man of the people," generally known as "That little Welshman," could become Prime Minister of England without a revolution is proof of the growth of true Democracy in the Island Kingdom.

The fact that a man of simple life and ancestry would not only be accepted, but welcomed as a leader, if not, indeed, almost a dictator, into a government heretofore ruled by the aristocracy, in, perhaps, the most critical moment of the world's history, is proof of the most radical change which has ever taken place in the English government. And no one questions the benefit to the country of this change.

The very knowledge which Lloyd George possesses of the people who are, and who must be, the backbone of the economic conditions, as well as the war conditions of England, and his close sympathy and affiliations throughout his life with the people, renders his services invaluable to his government. Though a self-made man, he is a well-made man, whose success has never turned his head, and being the son of a clergyman of Wales, always in straightened circumstances, he is fully cognizant of the tremendous necessities of conserving and increasing the resources of the country at this time. For these resources are fully as valuable and as necessary to the winning of the deadly struggle in which Great Britain and her Allies are involved as are the armies and armaments which defend them by day and night.

Then there is another fearfully sore spot to which Lloyd George may bring some healing balm; and, it is that of Ireland, with his dynamic energy, his sympathetic understanding of the needs and distresses of the people who constantly suffer from the lash of poverty, and of deep resentment towards a government which does not in the least understand them. However, this Welshman, in whose breast beats the heart of the needy people, is sure to do much in establishing a better relationship between the two peoples. The long-delayed granting of Home Rule—which has proven such a misfortune to Ireland—will, more than likely, be settled by the new Premier, who has tried before when his powers were far less great. The enormous advantage of having a country of good fighters as their friends and Allies instead of having armies guarding that country, filled with enemies, is sure to appeal to the wisdom and humanitarian character of a man who has had the brains to work his way up from among the people to the topmost political position in the gift of the English government. Such is the course of Justice and Wisdom—and George is accredited with Wisdom.

It is clear that the urge of the people of today for a broader and more progressive government, is become so strong that England feels the call, and is wise enough to heed it before it is too late.



### *"La Dame de Californie," and* *"Mademoiselle de Chez Nous"*

**T**HE above pet names have been lovingly given to Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Daisy Polk of San Francisco by the population of Vitrimont, France, in return for the friendliness, sympathy and help so freely given

the stricken people of this war-ravaged village by these two unselfish American women. "La Dame de Californie" is the name bestowed on Mrs. Crocker, whose generosity, ever since the beginning of the war, has been phenomenal, and "Mademoiselle de Chez Nous," fits Miss Polk, and, when freely translated means, "Miss One Of Us," has given herself in service to the cause of freedom and humanity. These are the only titles of nobility which the poor of Vitrimont can confer on their generous American friends—and, indeed, it is doubtful if these true, warm-hearted Californians would feel flattered by more aristocratic ones.

The work—or at least part of the work—undertaken by Mrs. Crocker and Miss Polk is the restoration of the village of Vitrimont, in one of the lovely valleys of Lorraine. They have the honor of being the first to attempt the rehabilitation of French villages; but it is practically sure that this good example will be followed shortly by many Americans who neither lack the money nor the heart—only the initiative.

Miss Polk, in letters to her family, gives vivid, touching and intimate pictures of the sorrowing women, children and old men, none of whom has escaped the merciless tragedies so cruelly forced upon them by the invaders, and which has robbed them of their natural protectors. Still, they are brave, fearless and dignified to such an extent that the thought of asking charity has never occurred to them. They work at anything that can bring them a bare living, and depend for shelter from the elements on the ruins of their crumbling homes.

Overseeing the construction of this village, and the rehabilitation thereof, is this delicately nurtured American girl—the sister of Willis K. Polk, San Francisco's popular architect—who was in Paris making excellent progress in the study of music when the slaughter began in Belgium. From the first she threw herself heart and soul into the service of the French. Day after day she stood in the streets as the soldiers passed by, violin in hand, playing patriotic music to them. She followed this up with every useful service and comfort which she could bring to the wounded and dying, until she became a part of the French service, with the credentials of the government. She is now able and does drive her own car, filled with medicines and necessities to the trenches. This is a great privilege, owing to the cost and scarcity of gasoline; but, there is nothing to be denied to "Mademoiselle de Chez Nous" by the French. And nothing should be denied her.

So thought Mrs. William H. Crocker, who studied the situation from the first days of the astounding world conflagration, and saw the devotion to suffering humanity bestowed by Miss Polk on all who came within her reach, and the remarkable grasp of the colossal situation which she displayed in the midst of the dead and dying. All this led Mrs. Crocker to put the utmost confidence in the judgment and courage of Miss Polk. To this end Mrs. Crocker placed in the hands of Miss Polk the sum of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) per month for the use of the victims of the invaders, during the war. This money has been expended according to the best judgment of its custodian. The results have been so satisfactory that every dollar is being spent in salaries given to the villagers who are doing the actual work of building. The reconstruction of Vitrimont is part of the great work of munificence conceived and accomplished by the two American gentlewomen from the far West. It is a work which will make an historical landmark in the devastated section of France—the land which everyone loves best, next to his own country.



# The Legislature

## Should Do Justice to California Wives

UNDER the inheritance tax law of California, the wife, upon the death of the husband, is compelled to pay a tax upon her own half of the community property, provided the estate exceeds the exemption; while the husband, upon the death of the wife, not only pays no such tax upon his own half of the community property, but also takes over and retains the wife's half without the payment of any tax at all. Community property, let me state, is all property accumulated during marriage, save as may come to husband or wife by gift, devise or will, and is the joint property of both in the eyes of the law.

It is this manifest discrimination against the wife which we contend should be eliminated by the passage by the Legislature of an amendment to the inheritance tax statute placing the wife upon an equal footing in this regard with the husband.

It is true, now, that the wife, or rather the widow, is exempted from this tax on such property as may be willed or transferred to her by the husband up to \$24,000, while the exemption to the husband is only \$10,000. It also is true that should the wife be placed upon an equal footing with the husband under the inheritance tax law of the State (including, of course, a reduction of her exemption from \$24,000 to \$10,000) that in community estates of \$25,000 loss would ensue, but it likewise is true that in all estates of the kind above this figure there would be a gain and a gain that would grow with the value of the estates. Let me illustrate my meaning by tables, which should prove clearer than paragraphs of explanation. We will take, first, a community estate of \$25,000, all willed to the wife:

### Present Law

|                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| Community estate ..... | \$25,000 |
| Wife's exemption ..... | 24,000   |
| Amount taxable .....   | \$ 1,000 |
| Tax at 1% .....        | 10       |

### Proposed Law

|                          |          |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Community estate .....   | \$25,000 |
| Deduct wife's half ..... | 12,500   |
| Net estate .....         | 12,500   |
| Exemption .....          | 10,000   |

|                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| Amount taxable ..... | \$ 2,500 |
| Tax at 1% .....      | 25       |

Thus it will be seen that the addi-

By John S. Chambers, State Controller

tional taxable property under the proposed amendment would be \$1500, and, at 1%, that the additional tax would be \$15. In a community estate of \$26,000, the additional taxable property, as figured under the new plan, would be \$1000, but the amount of the tax would be the same, \$30. This is due to the classification, \$1000, under the present method, being taxed at 1% and \$1000 at 2%, while under the proposed scheme the \$3000 taxable would fall in the 1%



Hon. John S. Chambers

class. Perhaps it would be well to show just how this is done, so that it may be clearly understood.

### Present Law

|                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| Community estate ..... | \$26,000 |
| Wife's exemption ..... | 24,000   |

|                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| Amount taxable ..... | \$ 2,000 |
|----------------------|----------|

Rate up to \$25,000 1%; \$24,000 exempt; \$1000 of remainder falls in \$25,000 classification, and at 1% yields \$10. Rate on from \$25,000 to \$50,000, 2%; remaining \$1000 at that rate gives \$20; a total of \$30.

### Proposed Law

|                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| Community estate ..... | \$26,000 |
| Wife's half .....      | 13,000   |

|                  |        |
|------------------|--------|
| Net estate ..... | 13,000 |
| Exemption .....  | 10,000 |

|                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| Amount taxable ..... | \$ 3,000 |
|----------------------|----------|

But while the amount taxable is \$1000 more than under our present system, the net estate is only \$13,000, and so all of it falls within the \$25,000 classification, with a rate of 1% on the net sum taxable, \$3000, or a tax of \$30, just as under the plan now in force.

On all estates of this character above \$26,000, the widow gains, and the larger the estate and the higher the rate the more she will gain. Let me demonstrate this.

### Present Law

|                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Community estate ..... | \$150,000 |
| Wife's exemption ..... | 24,000    |

|                      |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Amount taxable ..... | \$126,000 |
|----------------------|-----------|

Taxed as follows:

|                     |      |
|---------------------|------|
| \$ 1,000 @ 1% ..... | \$10 |
| 25,000 @ 2% .....   | 500  |
| 50,000 @ 4% .....   | 2000 |
| 50,000 @ 7% .....   | 3500 |

|           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| \$126,000 | Tax \$6010 |
|-----------|------------|

### Proposed Law

|                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Community estate ..... | \$150,000 |
| Wife's half .....      | 75,000    |

|                  |        |
|------------------|--------|
| Net estate ..... | 75,000 |
| Exemption .....  | 10,000 |

|                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| Amount taxable ..... | \$65,000 |
|----------------------|----------|

Taxed as follows:

|                     |        |
|---------------------|--------|
| \$15,000 @ 1% ..... | \$ 150 |
| 25,000 @ 2% .....   | 500    |
| 25,000 @ 4% .....   | 1000   |

|          |            |
|----------|------------|
| \$65,000 | Tax \$1650 |
|----------|------------|

The saving to the widow in other words would be \$4360. And this sum is illustrative of the injustice done to women under our present law, which taxes the wife on her half of the community property, while it not only does not tax the husband upon his half, but permits him, in addition, on the wife's death, to retain possession of her half tax free. I know figures are tiresome, but I felt I could not show to better advantage the gain that would come to women under this proposed amendment and the rank discrimination of the present law than by making use of the tables I have submitted. It seems to me it is hardly necessary to carry the argument further.

But, to round out this paper, I will repeat a statement I have made upon

(Continued on page thirty-two)



# New Year Greetings

## To the Various Divisions of the Organization

A Happy New Year to All!

To each member of the National Council of Women, the publicity committee extends its best wishes for success the coming year and the years to come. When five million women are marching under one banner for one cause—**Humanity**—we must do more than **demand** success. We must **achieve** it!

There is a toast we would give, an old one truly, but one that is time-tested: "May you live long and prosper!"

As we listen for the echo, it seems to come to us in mellowed tones, vibrant with a new meaning:

"We are living **now** and we **are** prospering!"

That is as it should be. Let us continue to dwell together in harmony and gain a better understanding of the real meaning of the name of our wonderful organization, the significance of which stands out in blazoned letters "Doing the greatest good to the greatest number."

The trail of the Past is dotted over with varied experiences. Glimpse it for a moment. How those successful achievements stand out like sentinels. True, a sense of failure lurks here and there like a forboding shadow, yet dims to nothingness as the future with its rainbow of promise dawns with a dazzling brilliance. With such radiance about us the trail of the **future** will be more easily blazed and the sentinels of **success** will appear in greater number.

That means there is work for each of us. We must be up and doing.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. Let us hope that there are no weak links in the chain of the National Council of Women. If at any time a brave little link should be struggling because of an apparent lack of strength, let us give of our abundance and thereby rise together to greater achievements.

So here's to 1917! May it be the best year of all.

### THE PLAN

The work thus far of the Publicity

By Effie Leese Scott

Committee has been confined to a "letter-exchange." The correspondence however has been voluminous. To some it may have appeared a somewhat drawn-out initiatory proceedings, but there have been many things to discuss and a big work to plan. All who have contributed to this "exchange" have had but one idea in mind—that of how the Publicity Committee can best serve the interests of Council.

Needless to say, that out of the multiplicity of suggestions offered the work has been planned with at least a marked degree of definiteness. Standing foremost, however, among the proposed lines of activity is one that is more than an idea or suggested plan, for it is a **fact**, and one that should be indelibly written upon the memory tablet of each Council member. Write it now, please: "The success of the work of the Publicity Committee depends upon **you**."

Authors who have climbed to the higher rungs of the ladder of fame are often asked by a younger person with talent still undeveloped, "What shall I do to become a successful writer?"

The experienced authors, without an exception make the same reply: "If you want to become a writer, write, write, write!"

No doubt you are already asking how the success of our committee work depends upon you. We would reply, that if you want this department to be worth while, "write."

In order to place before the public the work of the various organizations belonging to the Council, it will be necessary for the committee to know what each federated body is doing. If a problem has been solved, let us hear about it. If you have perplexing questions confronting you and are in doubt as to the best methods of procedure, let us know, and helpful suggestions may be forth coming. If your organization does anything that is an uplift, pass it on.

Organizations are urged to report to

the committee a resume of any activity that will be of interest to the readers of **Everywoman**. Do not delay this information several months, or even one, before letting the other members know of things that are worth while.

We want to hear from each organization several times during the year. Each president or someone who is her official representative is requested to assume charge of this part of the work, and report all activity at the earliest possible moment.

### THE DIVISION OF WORK

The chairman of the Publicity Committee, Mrs. Bryan, has divided the work of her committee by giving each member supervision over a certain group of organizations. The distribution has been arranged by dividing the country into three divisions.

All organizations are requested to conform to Mrs. Bryan's plan and report all activity to the committee member in charge. The division is as follows:

East and South: New York, Massachusetts, Washington, D. C., Pennsylvania, Alabama, Virginia and Maine; Mrs. Mary M. North, Herndon, Virginia.

Central District: Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri and Kansas; Mrs. Edwin K. Knapp, Hotel Elsmere, Kansas City, Missouri.

Western Division: California, Utah; Mrs. Effie Leese Scott, 1934 Grant, Denver, Colorado.

The place for the headquarters of each organization is located geographically at the home city of the president. If at any time a change is made in this plan of division, or a change should occur in that would necessitate a re-division of the work, the organizations will be promptly notified. Otherwise, follow this schedule. Each committee member will endeavor to keep in touch with the members in her district, and the members are requested to inform her of all activity that should be given publicity.

Now that the Publicity Committee has been formally introduced to the members of the National Council, let us enter at once into an intimate companionship and all work together for the best interests of all—which means the women of the world.

Mary Baird Bryan,  
Chairman.  
Effie Leese Scott,  
Vice Chairman.



# California Home for Girls

## Where Immediate and Practical Aid is Given

By a Staff Writer

**F**OR the working girl without friends who becomes stranded through loss of position; for the homeless girl who has broken down through over-work; for the destitute sick girl just coming out of the hospital; for young married women or widows left destitute through desertion or death; for any girl in fact who is stranded or friendless from whatever cause, the California Home for Girls at 941 Buchanan Street, San Francisco, means that within a few hours after application for as-



Baby Harry

sistance is made, some provision will have been made for her care until she is again able to care for herself. Free and comfortable board and room will be hers until another job is secured. She will receive care through convalescence, with medical treatment, and she will be assisted toward a position, given protection in court if it is needed, or if she has friends elsewhere, transportation to them will be provided.

This work is a social service godsend, and it is wholly dependent upon general public subscription for support. It has no means of earning an income as does work deriving some profit or income from those assisted. All the cases coming under its care are destitute cases from the time they come till they leave the Home.

It is interesting to learn that in three years nearly two thousand girls and young women have been cared for and over six hundred positions have been secured.

The Executive Committee is composed of the following officers: Mrs. E. R.

Lewis is the President; Mrs. C. H. Knox, the Vice-President; Mrs. M. C. Ferriter, Treasurer; Mrs. A.M. Patterson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. W. Brock, Corresponding Secretary; Millie Karges, Field Secretary; and Annette Blackburne, Executive Secretary.

It is through Mrs. Blackburne that we became acquainted with this institution, and as conditions in San Francisco make the need of such a place very great here, we want as many people as possible to know about it.

Every day, on every train, girls arrive in San Francisco full of hope and plans. It is a comfort to be able to say that the most of these hopes are fulfilled, and the carefully made plans carried out. There are more good girls than there are bad ones, more strong girls than weak ones. These have our respect and admiration and we look to them for many things. It is toward the other girls that we must turn our attention.

"If youth but knew"—was ever there a more poignant sigh!

Youth does know. It knows its needs, its joys, its sorrows. The inevitable result is what youth does not know, and being youth, will never know. And oh, the bitterness of the learning! Gladly would we who have learned give our knowledge to dear youth with its clear eyes and its wayward steps! But it can't be done. Youth must pick its own way through the dangerous pathways of life, and we must stand ready with outstretched arms to receive the stumblers.

The first thing to do is to heal the wounds, and the next is to start the injured one on the right path. It is too well known a fact to need repeating here, that if a girl has wise care after her first mistake, she will "go straight."

"Immediate practical aid for girls in need" is the slogan of the California Home for Girls. Let us suppose a girl an unmarried mother. There is no place in San Francisco where a young woman with a baby, who must support herself, but who is without a home or a husband's protection, may board with her child. Even a woman who works as a domestic servant may almost never have her baby with her. People cannot have the crying children of others about their homes. But when such a case comes out of the hospital and must seek a position,

she must board her baby out. No hardship? Nine times out of ten her salary is insufficient to enable her to pay the baby's board and support herself also. Three results are possible: Either she defaults in payment of the child's board and it becomes a charge of the State; or she defaults in morals and gradually becomes unfit to care for the child; or charity must help her meet the dual obligation.

It is the intention of the California Home for Girls to provide a boarding home which would meet the need of this young mother and her child. Through the day the latter would have the trained care of nurses, and the mother would go to her work, returning every evening to her little one. They would live comfortably, decently. The child would know a mother's care, and the mother would know that deepest, tenderest of human emotions. This knowledge would



A Little Daughter of the Home

keep her off the streets, out of the dance-halls. What she has is worth far more than cheap amusements.

The day nurseries do splendid work,  
(Continued on page twenty-five)



# Club Work

## Applying the "Acid Test"

How One Organization Stood the Question: What Have We Actually Done?

**A** FEW weeks ago a member of the Woman's Municipal League wrote in to the central office and applied the "Acid Test" by asking, "Is there any list of things really accomplished by the Woman's Municipal League last winter?" As the winter in question had been one of the busiest in the League's history, the executive secretary found the question exceedingly invigorating, and part of her answer is set down below, in the belief that other organizations are probably being put to the same "Acid Test," and would be interested in how the League stood the question:

The Woman's Municipal League, as its name implies, is an organization with a very broad purpose, organized in 1897 by Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, for the purpose of promoting among women an intelligent interest in municipal affairs, and to aid in securing permanent good government for the City of New York, without regard to party or sectional lines. Its membership of slightly over 1500, includes some of the most prominent and progressive women in the city. A recent questionnaire revealed the fact that the membership is about as representative as any group could be. Multimillionaires, doctors, lawyers, teachers, architects, librarians, accountants, social secretaries, milliners, dressmakers, artists, Ph. D.'s, are all included in the roll of women working together in the common cause of good government and social welfare. The League prides itself particularly on this democratic organization. The dues are nominal, \$2.00 a year, and any woman is entitled to join. There are no club rooms as such, no lunch room, no library, no lounging room. "We are a working organization?" Mrs. Henry A. Stimson, the president, has often declared.

### EDUCATION COMMITTEE

#### Getting Modern Schools for New York City

The big work of the League last year was a study of the Gary plan of education, which at that time had brought school affairs in the city to a crisis never before known in educational history. The opposition to the proposed plan had developed rapidly, due partly to political antagonism to the present administration, partly to personal antagonism to Superintendent Wirt of Gary, Ind., partly on

By Agnes de Lima

Executive Secretary of the Woman's Municipal League of the City of New York

the part of school officials, to an inherent fear of anything new, and partly to a complete misunderstanding of what the plan involved. The press of the city was printing literally miles of space for and against the plan. Hectic meetings were being held almost nightly at which orators of opposing sides confused their audiences by their claims and counter-claims. Mothers' Clubs and Parents' Associations were busy getting up petitions of all sorts; indignant and hysterical and entirely misinformed parents were presenting themselves at City Hall or at the Board of Education, and an Anti-Gary Mothers' League was organized, only to be met by the formation of a Gary School League.

In the midst of all this agitation the League decided that it could render no better public service than to make a careful study of the whole subject as impartially as possible, and to educate the public as to what the Gary plan really was and clear away any public misunderstanding about it. Two lines of work were accordingly undertaken, (1) the general education of League members and the public regarding the details of the Gary plan through a series of bulletins, public meetings and conferences; (2) a survey in several districts of the city to discover what the present schools and neighborhood agencies offer for child welfare, as contrasted with the schools of Gary, Indiana. The work of the year is described in a report called "**Modern Schools for New York City**," which has run through 6000 copies and has been sent for by school superintendents and educators all over the country. A few copies are left, and may be had while the supply lasts at 15c each by addressing the Secretary, Woman's Municipal League, 110 West 40th Street, New York.

The members of the Education Committee included Miss Agnes de Lima, chairman; Mrs. Victor Bonsall, Mr. O. H. Cheney, Mrs. William P. Earle, Jr., Mrs. Louis Guttman, Mrs. F. Robertson Jones, Mrs. Charles R. Lamb, Miss Mary M. Orr, and Mrs. Charles M. Williams. In addition, over fifty other women in different parts of the city served on district committees which made local surveys.

### PUBLICITY

The League runs a weekly bulletin called "Women and the City's Work," a little four-page folder, which can be slipped easily into one's purse or pocket, dealing with one or two subjects only in a short, pithy fashion. The bulletin is run on the assumption that people won't read lengthy articles, but that they will read short ones, particularly if presented in a concise form with catch headlines and clear type. Government activity needs advertising just as much as any commodity of commerce, and the methods which succeed in advertising tooth paste, or Ford cars, or Walk-over shoes, etc., will succeed in the field of public service. The bulletin was sent to a list of about three thousand people in this city last year, including the League's membership, members of the Board of Education, all members of local school boards, school principals, leading women's clubs, mothers' clubs, parents' associations, libraries and, of course, the public press. Editors, ministers one ex-President, school superintendents, principals and many social workers all over the country asked to be subscribers, and wrote in to the office commending this form of advertising public needs. The bulletin service has covered a varied number of subjects, including the Gary plan of education, budget making, street cleaning methods, the achievements of the present city health department, the new program for school hygiene (outlined by the Health Commissioner), notable reforms in city prison administration, the educational experiment at Fairhope, vocational guidance, city planning, the Tax Reduction's Committee's program, etc., etc. To outsiders the bulletin will be mailed for 25c a year. (Address the Secretary, Woman's Municipal League, 110 West 40th Street, New York City.)

Newspapers helped the League's work materially by granting during the winter literally pages of space describing what the League was trying to do.

### LEGISLATION COMMITTEE

The Legislation Committee of the League is one of the most progressive and interesting. Headed by a woman lawyer, Mrs. Rosalie Loew Whitney, and this year, Mrs. Jean Norris, this committee met every Monday and sometimes twice a week during the legislative session. All members read the daily summaries of bills introduced, many members have done special research work



on bills discussed in order to get the opinion of leading authorities in each line, members have attended hearings on bills, represented the committee at Albany, and the committee has sent countless letters and telegrams for or against particular measures. Aside from registering citizen protest or support in particular cases, the members of the committee have gained a knowledge, not easily secured elsewhere, of how laws are made, how interests of all kinds find expression through bills introduced and what in each case was the social or economic condition which gave rise to the bill introduced as a remedy. No other committee of the League touches as many angles of the body politic as does this committee.

### STREETS AND TRAFFIC COMMITTEE

This committee has investigated and reported to headquarters upon the condition of street signs, condition of sewers, holes in the roadbeds, lack of "red robin" cans, unremoved piles of dirt, condition and lack of trees and tree guards; a model street has been selected in each district; a paid investigator has begun her work on East Seventy-ninth Street, visiting janitors and teaching them how to keep the streets clean, garbage cans properly covered, etc., forty "P. & R." cards having been distributed in this block alone; committee paid for advertising a mass meeting on clean streets in this block. A prize has been offered by the committee for the best window box and the most beautiful front garden; and the usual medals will be awarded in the spring. The committee has been represented at the New York Central hearings, at a hearing on the relocation of tracks on Central Park West, and on the garbage incinerator plant on Riker's Island.

The chairman of the committee, Mrs. Julius Henry Cohen, wrote a pamphlet called "What We Should All Know About Our Streets," which presents in concise, interesting form a description of the city street cleaning department, and the duties of citizens young and old. Fifteen thousand copies of this pamphlet have been distributed this fall among the schools of the city.

The Waring Juvenile Citizens' League has maintained a number of classes or leagues in public schools, settlements and churches. The classes meet weekly, and emphasize "learning civics by doing the acts of good citizenship, observing city ordinances, etc., etc."

### HEALTH COMMITTEE

This committee passed upon health bills, helped secure abatement of the

black smoke nuisance in the Navy Yard, installed twelve health films in moving picture houses in Riverside district, began an investigation into the selling and sanitary care of vegetables in tenement houses, conferred on school hygiene, and began a sanitary survey of the schools.

### An Aid to Working Women

For the coming year this committee plans to undertake a constructive piece of work which will be far-reaching in its effects, namely, to make an experiment in one of the large commercial employment bureaus of having a doctor on hand to safeguard the health of working girls by examining those who are willing to be examined, detecting physical defects which could easily be removed, and preventing, if possible, any girl from entering an occupation for which she is not physically fitted. The work also is to include simple advice on matters of personal hygiene such as dress, exercise, rest and diet.

### CONFERENCES ON CITY GOVERNMENT

Leading city officials were asked to come to the League and confer with its members about what they were trying to do and how the League could be of help. Ten such conferences were held with commissioners and department heads on such subjects as school hygiene, patent medicine frauds, guarding the food supply, industrial hygiene, police efficiency, the department of corrections, fire prevention, magistrates' courts, investigation of charitable institutions. These meetings were thrown open to the public. For the coming year it is proposed to hold these meetings in conjunction with a luncheon.

### THE NEED OF VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

The League made an attempt to carry through the legislature an appeal establishing special departments for children in the public employment bureaus of the state.

According to the last available figures (1913) nearly 68,000 children in New York State under sixteen years of age left school to go to work. The vast majority of these children are stumbling from one blind alley to another, wasting the years when they should be learning a trade. Every month boys and girls of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years of age apply to the public employment bureaus after months and years of puttering in the wrong job, and asked to be placed in positions that offer advancement, as learners.

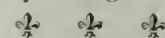
The public employment bureaus are obliged to treat this vital problem on the side because their main job is to find

work for grown people. The stand taken by the League was that if the state allows children to leave school at fourteen or fifteen years of age to go to work, it must make sure that these children get into the kind of work that will make them valuable citizens. Accordingly, after a number of series of conferences with people interested, a bill was drafted and introduced into the legislature. It failed to pass because it carried with it an appropriation of \$15,000, which the Finance Committee of the Senate refused to grant. The League, however, will not give up, and is planning to continue the campaign on even broader lines this year.

### LOCAL WORK NOT NEGLECTED

The individual branches of the League have also to their credit a long list of things done. The Riverside Branch, of which Mrs. Charles A. Bryan is chairman, has been active in the protection of Riverside Park and has zealously attended to such matters as keeping the streets clean, safeguarding the trees, insisting upon better moral conditions in the parks, etc., etc.

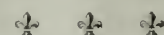
The Yorkville Branch, of which Mrs. F. Robertson Jones was chairman last year, got up a series of charts describing the conditions in the local schools and what the children would enjoy if the Gary plan were introduced. This same method of showing the results of the school study was followed by the Riverside Branch and by Brooklyn Heights Branch.



### THINGS YOU REMEMBER (About Famous Men)

- That Hannibal crossed the Alps.
- That Nero was a wicked fiddler.
- That Socrates took poison.
- That Dante discovered Hell.
- That Aristotle was a highbrow.
- That Washington spent a winter at Valley Forge.
- That Napoleon wore an odd-shaped hat.
- That Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty."
- That Louis XIV invented antique furniture.
- That Cromwell dissolved Parliament.
- That Browning wrote poetry.
- That Rembrandt painted pictures.
- That Darwin accused the race of descending from a monkey.
- That Gus and Lee Shubert have cornered the American drama.
- That Wilson is fond of humanity.
- That the Kaiser wept over Belgium.

—"Life."



People who make a great bustle generally stay at the rear, which is where bustles belong.



# Photography, a Medium of Art Expression

## California Camera Club

THE strides in the field of Art made by photography in the last few years, since artists have adopted this as a means of expression, were shown in the fifth International Photographic Salon, held by the California Club at the Palace Hotel in December. There was also demonstrated by the hundreds of visitors who thronged the Salon every day and evening of its fortnight, the widely increased interest of the public in art photography. Not only interest, but real appreciation, was displayed. Out of fifteen hundred pictures submitted to the committee for this exhibit, two hundred and fifty were hung. There were no prizes—the honor of being accepted was the only one shown. Many of these pictures were sold, and many sold in duplicate. It is hoped by art lovers in San Francisco that the Salon will become an annual event. Artists represented at the Salon collection were: Hilda Altschul of New York; A. D. Chaffee, New York; T. J. Chorley, Cardiff, Wales; E. L. Crandell, Washington, D. C.; John Paul Edwards, Sacramento, Cal.; W. G. Fitz, Philadelphia; Forman Hanna, Globe, Arizona; Harold Harvey, Baltimore; Frances McCulloch, San Francisco; H. W. Minns, Akron, Ohio; W. H. Rabe, Oakland, Cal.; W. Schonewolf, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edward De Witt Taylor, San Francisco; Ernest Williams, Los Angeles, and others. It is not possible here to comment in particular upon the fine examples of the photographers' art, but the pictures of Miss Frances MacCulloch held our attention by their originality in selection of subject and artistic, intelligent treatment thereof. Miss MacCulloch is a prominent mem-



## Fisherman's Wharf Scene

Photograph by

Frances  
MacCulloch

San Francisco

ber of the club, in active service on several committees. The membership is composed of men and women devoted to photographic art quite apart from the commercial phase. Only a bare half-dozen, out of a membership of over five hundred, put their work to commercial purposes. The regular monthly lectures

on all branches of photography, and the outings in search of the beautiful in nature, are the chief features of the club, which has also its social side for associate members, dances and card parties being given frequently and greatly enjoyed.

## Christmas Day is Children's Day

### Boys and Girls at the Children's Playground in the Park

UNDER a huge Christmas tree, a living tree sixty feet high, whose branches were heavy with thousands of bags of sweets and fruits and toys, stood Mayor James Rolph on Christmas Day. Around him thronged the children—hundreds of them. They came from all parts of the city, many dressed in fancy costumes, representing different nations, characters of story-books and nursery rhymes—all filled with happiness and excitement which found an outlet in the singing and dancing. Except for the hirsute traditions of the Children's Saint, the Mayor filled the

bill most excellently well. The procession formed of the California Grays, the Nationals, the Boy Scouts, Columbia Park Boys, Naval Cadets, League of the Cross Cadets, Olympic Club Juveniles, and over five hundred children in costume, marched along merrily to the rousing music of the Hebrew Orphange Band. The executive committee in charge of the splendid program were: Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Mrs. A. E. Graupner, John Tait, Paul Gerson, Miss Lillian Grogan, Miss Virginia Deal, Sam Berger, Robert Eyre, Mrs. W. B. Bonfils, Col. T. P. Robinson, Edgar Peixiotto, Supervisors John C. Kortick and John D. Hynes, Superintendent of Schools

Alfred Roncoveri, D. Wooster Taylor, and Col. Frank W. Marston. Miss Hattie Mooser was chairman of the committee.

### APPRECIATIVE

A preacher, accompanied by two charming young ladies, stood entranced by the beauties of a passing stream.

A fisherman, happening by, and mistaking his occupation, said:

"Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," replied the preacher, with dignity.

"Well, you sure have the right bait," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls.—"Tit-Bits."



## National Council of Women

(Continued from Page 2)

(b) Through establishment of child hygiene departments in every local and state board of health.

Seventy per cent of babies who die can be saved by educating the mothers. That would be 200,000 babies each year. Could 5,000,000 women do a more valuable work?

Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Home Education Division, Bureau of Education, U. S. Health Service, will supply educational bulletins where they are not furnished by states.

2nd. Co-operation in the use of Reading Courses provided by Home Education Division, Bureau of Education.

3rd. Study of treatment of wayward children in schools and in juvenile courts.

4th. Legislation for Child Welfare:

(a) Co-operation in securing the extension of kindergartens, the enactment of a law similar to that in California, which requires Boards of Education to establish a kindergarten where parents of 20 children petition to have one.

(b) Co-operation in enactment of Birth Registration laws and their enforcement.

(c) Co-operation in extension of the Mothers' Pension laws, calling especial attention to the system adopted in Pennsylvania and New York.

Literature for propaganda can be supplied by National Kindergarten Association and National Congress of Mothers, Philadelphia.

5th. Suggestions of Committee Members:

(a) Co-operation in the Safety First work such as is pushed by the National Safety Council.

(b) Co-operation in Americanization campaign for teaching English to immigrants, especially to immigrant mothers who have few opportunities to learn.

(c) Co-operation in securing more efficient obstetrical care for women.

Definite details will be given later, and whenever desired.

(d) Co-operation in Child Welfare Work in the warring nations.

Definite suggestions later.

(e) Survey the State's conditions and needs in promotion of child welfare.

**Suggestions from Commissioner Claxton**

My first suggestion is naturally the work which the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations is already doing in co-operation with the Bureau of Education for the instruction of parents in regard to the care and early education of their chil-

dren, the intelligent co-operation of school and home during the years that the children are in school, and the extension of the education of boys and girls and older people after they have left school, as has been provided through reading courses. All three phases of this work are of very great importance and are all capable of greater extension than we have yet been able to give them. All of them look toward making the home more effective as an institution of education and of bringing about such co-operation between the home and school as will make the work of the school far more effective than it now is.

Second, I would suggest as special work the care of the health of very young children. In the light of present knowledge it is nothing less than a national crime to permit hundreds of thousands of children to die needlessly every year. But this cannot be prevented except through greater knowledge on the part of parents, a keener sense of responsibility in regard to their duty, and better public sanitation.

Third, the care and education of wayward children. As yet, comparatively little intelligent work has been done anywhere for defective children, and children of various kinds and degrees of waywardness. There is great need for a very careful study of homes and "institutions" for orphan children and children who for one reason or another have been taken from their parents and placed in the care of institutions.

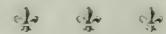
Fourth, There is also demand for the study of special needs of crippled children. It is estimated that there are some three or four hundred thousand children in the United States that need special care because of some form of crippling.

On our streets and elsewhere we constantly see men, women and children attempting to eke out a precarious subsistence by the sale of pencils, shoe-strings, and other things of the kind. These crippled children need: First, hospital care and the attention of skilled physicians to restore them to more or less normal condition; and second, they need special care in their education so that they may be fitted to do the things which their physical condition will best permit.

With the passage of the National Child Labor Bill and the stricter enforcement of child labor laws which will come as the result, there is a greater need than in the past for providing suitable forms of work for children under fourteen years of age. In most manufacturing towns

and villages in the suburbs of large cities, and to a greater extent than is generally suspected, in the very heart of these large cities, there is opportunity for home gardening directed by the school. I am convinced that the garden work, properly directed, is the most suitable and valuable form of work for these children. It gives them good outdoor exercise, contributes to their physical health, furnishes raw material for knowledge of nature, teaches the primary lesson of morality that every person should contribute by his own efforts toward his own support, and has great economic value in providing, at no additional expense except the use of otherwise idle land and the employment of otherwise idle children, a large amount of suitable food for the children and the families in which they live.

I hope your committee may be able to work out practicable forms of co-operation between the Federal Government and the various organizations which make up the Women's Council."



### TO EVERYWOMAN

By I. A. M.

Everywoman of the Golden West,  
Compassion doth thy heart enfold;  
Of all gems rare, you are the best;  
Joy dwells within your flower of gold.

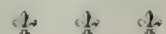
It comes from where we dwelt in youth;  
That fairest land of fruit and flowers,  
Where oftentimes with our girlhood friends  
We've had such joyous, happy hours.

It recalls the dear home on the shore,  
With pretty vine- and rose-clad walls,  
Its garden ever filled with flowers,  
The fountain and the waterfalls.

And all that far-spread silver strand  
We searched for odd and dainty shells,  
Or gathered moss and sea-weeds where  
The abalone mussel dwells.

There, too, were tow'ring, rugged cliffs,  
Washed by thund'ring, restless waves,  
Where stood the lighthouse, grim and old,  
Had many saved from ocean graves.

Ah, this the flower that we treasure,  
Emblem of the Golden State  
Where love abides in fullest measure,  
The Golden Key to the Golden Gate.



### THE CLASSIC KICK

Jinks—"What's the limit in this club?"  
Binks—"The food."—"Judge."



# She Who Laughs Last

## A Study of the Sense of Humor

By Elsie McCormick

ONE of the oldest and most respectable fallacies in the whole family of half-truths is the statement that women have no sense of humor. This idea has taken a place with such firmly-entrenched old fables as the snake that never dies until sunset and the toad that causes warts. No amount of proof can upset it; no amount of argument can make a dent in its armor. Like the poor, it is always with us; and the strongest proof of woman's sense of humor is the fact that she merely smiles at the statement and does not attempt to smash it with a verbal mallet.

The truth of the matter is that woman probably has a larger bump of humor than what sits across the table from her, only she has learned to conceal it through ages of repression. For centuries people have confused a sense of humor with the ability to laugh, whereas the two are not at all closely related. There are girls who giggle at nothing and men who guffaw at anything that is the least bit risqué, but it does not follow that they understand the meaning of humor. They are unable to detach themselves from their ordinary surroundings and look at them as a disinterested insect would. Above all, they are unable to get an impersonal angle on their own minds and to laugh at their peculiarities and foibles.

When the caveman hit his neighbor over the head and watched his blood gush out, he probably gave a funny, snorting sound which was the first laugh. That was the caveman's idea of a practical joke. Today, when a crowd watches a man strike another with a mallet, a sound arises that causes the flickering film to fade into space and brings up a vision of some ugly primordial brutes squatting around a fire. The caveman is laughing again.

Even that first unpleasant snort was a step away from the animals. No beast makes a sound that is its counterpart. Purring that stands for continued enjoyment is a different thing. The laugh has an element of surprise in it; it must be short and quick. A laugh is very often caused by something unexpected. That is the secret of the average joke; the retort is different from what would seem the logical answer. Wit is met by a laugh; humor by a slow and sometimes rather twisted smile.

It is doubtful if the cavewoman laughed. She was too busy inventing

the arts of sewing, farming and cooking, raising the children and seeing that the family did not freeze or starve to death. When the caveman laughed over the body of his neighbor, she merely looked up from the primitive stew she was stirring and thought what a fool he was. Therein lay the beginning of her sense of humor, which was not related to a laugh at all.

It has only been recently that women have dared to laugh. The old conventions that commended them to be re-



Elsie McCormick

served, modest and dignified forbade them to do anything more than smile. Men have always been afraid of a woman's laugh; there is something especially disconcerting about it. A man knows that a laugh rattles down towers of bluff; and besides, there is the added possibility that the woman might be laughing at him. A sense of humor is a greater iconoclast than a fanatic with a hatchet.

As men became more civilized by the arts that women had invented, they ceased to laugh openly at physical suffering, and turned to a more refined form of mental torment. Satire became the pastime of the hour, and the man who could aptly ridicule the peculiarities of another gained a great reputation as a wit.

History says little about the women of Greece. We read no comedies by fem-

inine writers; no stabs of ridicule with a woman behind the stylus. Yet when the Greek wife watched her Lycidas strut off to astonish the Ecclesia, she probably smiled a little as she put away the things that he had thrown around in his haste to get ready. With a man-child about the house, there was no danger of her sense of humor getting rusty.

In the Middle Ages, laughter veered off in another direction. The church had set up new standards of morality; therefore the crude mind of the period found its fun in the forbidden fruit of risqué jest. As Mark Twain says in his description of a mediaeval pilgrimage, "when a bright remark was made at one end of the procession, you could note its progress all the way by the sparkling spray of laughter it threw off from its bows as it plowed along and by the blushes of the mules in its wake." Women were learning to laugh; but the things they thought funny would send a modern club racing for the nearest exits. It is unfair, however, to judge either the men or the women of the time by twentieth century standards. After all, they were merely primitive children—but a few generations removed from northern barbarians who spent many pleasant afternoons caving in each other's skulls.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France are supposed to have been the age of the funny bone. But it was wit, not humor, that developed—the brilliant play of words, the unexpected retort, the array of painted and overdressed parts of speech. There was very little standing off on the edge of things and laughing at it at all, laughing kindly and a bit sadly, with no show of malice.

There were some notable humorists in past centuries—Shakespeare and Chaucer are examples—but it is only today that the humorist is becoming fairly common. He (or she) is not a person who takes a frivolous view of life; in fact, down underneath, this tribe of the funny-bone is intensely serious. Who could have a more kindly, sympathetic viewpoint than Mark Twain or O. Henry? Who could have a keener realization of suffering or a deeper interest in the ordinary folk who constitute most of the world? The true humorist laughs with people, not at them, and underneath the laugh is a strong bond of human fellowship.

(Continued on page eighteen)



# The Palace of Fine Arts

## A Few of the Work of Sculptors and Painters

SINCE the wrecking of the buildings of the Exposition is practically complete, and the grounds cleared, the great Palace of Fine Arts, saved to the people of San Francisco, rises more majestic than ever. It is truly impressive, it fills one with reverence and awe, and the lover of the beautiful approaches

Bronze," which shows to what extent Rodin is letter perfect in his power to reproduce the human form. It is not a great nor an imaginative statue, but is a marvelous piece of modeling, splendidly and thoroughly studied. This is the statue which brought about the damning accusation that the sculptor had moulded

himself to the giving out of a soul-stirring cry, filled with repentance and regret—the deepest of human emotion.

"The Men Who Paint the Far West" have several galleries, and the canvases include work from such artists as William Wendt, Daingerfield, Gardner Symons, Ben Foster, Rungius, Parshall, Moran, Potthast, Couse, Blumenschien, Groll and others.

The room of the late Wm. Merritt Chase remains almost as he hung it for the Exposition, and is full of personal interest. There are portraits of his friends—R. U. Johnson, the great editor; Frank Currier, his brother artist-student of Munich days; and Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh, the sculptress; while the most interesting of the portraits include six of his children, an imposing one of his wife, and a self portrait, which is among the best of the collection. Aside from these are many masterly canvases, giving evidence of his quality and elegant style.

The Greek casts from the Greek Pavilion occupy the large galleries about the rotunda, and the Curjel Loan Collection of ancient Japanese paintings, and the bronzes of the late Louis Potter are unusually attractive in the room devoted entirely to them.

Twenty galleries in the south wing are hung with foreign and American pictures left from the Fine Arts collection of last year, and the Hungarian retrospective exhibition, which was one of the attractions in the annex. This is the only



The Sleeping Baby

By Henry V. Poor

feeling that this glory of the Exposition in its isolation has become a real temple of art. Within its galleries there is much to bear this out, and at the present time there are fifteen collections on display, with others pending, and installation constantly going on.

The Annual Exhibition of California Paints and Sculptors occupies seven large galleries in the north wing. The exhibition is interesting and has been the subject of study and thought on the part of visitors. The influence of the great modern collection of 1915 is to be felt all through the work, which is progressive to a great degree.

The eight large mural paintings of Frank Brangwyn make the rotunda glow with riotous color. These display to the utmost this modern master's power with tinted shades and forms as he distributes it in large dramatic masses. The primitive people as they conquer the elements are made a splendid part of his great decorative scheme. While Brangwyn paints as no other mural decorator, a close inspection will convince the student that Brangwyn adheres closely to the theories of modern mural decoration.

The Fine Arts is most fortunate in possessing the Alma de Bretteville Spreckels collection of Rodin bronzes, which were exhibited in the French Pavilion last year. Included in the collection will be found his famous "Age of

it by taking a cast from a living human figure, and had not modeled it. "John the Baptist," a statue which followed a few years later, is large, strong and powerful, the modeling being superb, with great thought given to the distribution of light and shade made powerful by the well-developed, over life-sized figure.

"The Prodigal Son," a third gem in the collection, is an expression of emotion beyond description. In this, as in no other example of the group, can be studied the power of Rodin to abandon



One View of the Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco



collection in which the development of national art may be traced, and is especially interesting to the American student, since the great influences contemporaneous with our own growth are to be traced step by step.

The opening of the Hearst collection, December 15th, was the greatest event



Portrait of Xavier Martinez  
By Betty de Jong

the Fine Arts has been instrumental in bringing about this year. The treasures which Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst has most generously loaned for an indefinite term of years, have taken a lifetime to gather, and they will furnish art lovers, world travelers, students of literature, life and customs of other countries, and delvers in history a rare treat and a rich reward, when their merit is really studied and appreciated. The collection consists of ancient French and Flemish tapestries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, among which are the famous "Ship Series," comprising four notable pieces illustrating maritime pursuits. Two tapestries worthy of especial mention are Chinese productions, preserved from the days of the Ming Dynasty. In addition to a very fine example of Gothic tapestry weaving of the best period, there are also a few excellent examples of modern Scandinavian tapestry weaving. The collection also contains many small but very excellent examples of Oriental textiles, comprising interesting Chinese, Persian, Philippine, Japanese and East Indian handiwork. Something over forty ancient Oriental rugs containing excellent examples from the looms of China, and Persia, Armenia, Turkey, Russian and various other important rug producing centers, are shown, which comprise undoubtedly the most notable display of fine rugs ever exhibited on this coast.

One of the finest and most comprehensive collections of Persian manuscripts, rivalling in importance the collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, and comprising original manuscript copies of works by some of the most noted Persian poets and philosophers, furnish further examples not only of the great literary masterpieces of that race, but also of their art. These manuscripts are beautifully illuminated and illustrated with pictorial expositions of the texts, executed by their greatest artists, who have lavished upon the covers in which these manuscripts are incased a wealth of design and coloring rarely associated with the mere outside of a book. These illuminations and illustrations will serve as a valuable corollary in studying the underlying designs woven into the rugs of this race.

The graphic section of this collection contains unusually fine states of such famous prints as the "Hundred Gulden" plate by Rembrandt, and unusually fine impressions of Whistler's Venetian Series, as well as early brilliant impressions of the Architectural Engravings by Piranesi; also such well-known etchings by Rembrandt as "Christ Healing the Sick," which is a duplicate from the Berlin Museum, and "The Death of the Virgin Mary"; several fine drawings by Boucher, including "The Crowning of Venus by Cupid."



### The Senor's Garden

By Helena Dunlop

Mrs. Hearst has also loaned a general selection from her paintings, in which will be found a pleasing "French Landscape" by Lepine; "Preparing for the Ball," a canvas by Lancret, which gives a charming little echo of Watteau; a choice example from Harpignies' brush called "A Road In France," which, while not brilliantly colored, is soft, with blue

and green shades, happy in their neutrality. There is a Monet of his later period, and two fine examples of Verestschagen, the Russian painter, who perished with his admiral's ship during the war between Russia and Japan. His "Solomon's Wall: Jerusalem," being a masterpiece in that he makes all absorbing this remnant of Jerusalem's Wall, which could scarcely be pictorially interesting without the superb artist's vision, which he has brought to bear upon the subject. An extraordinary Corot, with all of the artist's delicacy and much of his strength, a factor frequently missing in his canvases, together with a beautiful Fromentin, are other unusual examples.

"The Landing of the Royal Barge," by Isabey, is a fine canvas, rich with contrasting color, the sails of the ship with its gala-day rigging gives to the artist a splendid opportunity to silhouette against the sky the waving flags and pennants of various hue, while the figures in the shallow water and on the beach give additional charm, which the artist has not been slow to use in his color distribution.

"The Peasant Mother," by Jean Francois Millet, is a tender rendition of a

mother's solicitude. So often Millet gets his fine effects in his peasant pictures by bowing the peasant's head and leaving the face in mystifying shadow; in this instance the mother is alert, and with her finger upon her lips gives in silence the command to approach noiselessly for

(Continued on page thirty)



# Children's Pets Exhibition

## The Bird's Anthem--In the Moonlight

A New Year's Message to the "Pets"  
Children in U. S. A.

1916

OUR warm C. P. E. friend, Henry Oldys, Silver Spring, Maryland (late of Biological Survey, U. S. A.), in a note just at hand, quotes from a letter recently received from the firing line, "Somewhere" on the Western Front. The letter tells of war and birds:



"Fluffy Ruffles"

"Presently a misty moon came up, and a nightingale began to sing \* \* \* it was strange to stand there and listen, for the song seemed to come all the more sweetly and clearly in the quiet intervals between the bursts of shot and shell."

Wafted from the battle-field, across the seas, the anthem of the little bird surely comes as a message to the "Pets" Children of this land, where Christmas carols still tell of "Shepherd's watching"—of "Peace"—of "Good will."

Does not the message say to the nature friends, the "Pets" Children, "Be singers

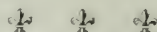
By Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn

of peace, in school and out of school; in home and out of home; in the 'quiet time' until the big folks 'stand and listen'—until nature-love, mother-love and father-love overcome all evil and see, even 'in the enemy' only 'other folks' children waiting to hear the bird sing."

This is a New Year's mission for you "Pets" Children—a winner's song, a heart-song—for therefrom are the issues of life.

Be brave! Sing! Sing! For it has been said, little things, little birds—"little children shall lead them," and the little things shall overcome.

From the "Pets" Children of San Francisco to the "Pets" Children's Friend, Everywoman.



### "BIRTH-PLACE RETURN" EXHIBITION

THE "Pets" Children of California will hold a "Birth-Place" Return Show in the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, on February 23rd and 24th, 1917. The building of the Auditorium renders this possible after twelve years'



"Naughty Nifty"

exile. The Children's Pets Exhibit movement originated in San Francisco, the first show having been held in the old Mechanics' Pavilion in April, 1905. The following year came the fire, and the birthplace and the home were destroyed. The movement, however, was not destined to die, nor even to remain local. On the contrary, it has intensified and expanded until it is established not only in the United States, but in other lands.



"Hoot Mon"

To properly celebrate the "Birth-Place Return" Show, California exhibitors have most loyally canceled all other dates and propose to make the show a banner entry, and all entries will be benched and boarded free. This will be the first California Show under the auspices of the National Children's Pets Exhibit Association. Friends of the cause have tendered a most liberal co-operation, and the show will be officially opened by Mayor Rolph. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, whose offices are in the Phelan Building, has charge of the arrangements.

## She Who Laughs Last

(Continued from page fifteen)

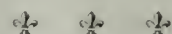
Women have always had a domestic funny-bone, but it is only in this age that they are extending it beyond the home circle. Anna Howard Shaw is highly gifted with the faculty of seeing the funny side of things; and Jane Addams has a sense of humor as genial as the glow of a hearth. As women progress up the spiritual ladder, as they become more broadminded and sympathetic, their ability to be cheerful will grow in proportion. This ability will become the antidote for club squabbles, useless gossip, and for too violent partisanship. No woman can make a fool of

herself over a cause, if she is able to stand aside and laugh at her own antics.

Mothers need a sense of humor when little Johnnie gets into his first fight; wives need it when big Johnnie loses something and blames everyone else in the house; and when middle-age and loneliness creep on hand in hand it is all that makes life endurable to the spinster. It is a social anesthetic, somewhat deadens the pain of emotional operations. It smooths the creases out of every day, and has more practical use than all the philosophies that were ever evolved in a tub.

Somehow, it doesn't seem a bit sac-

rilegious to think of God as having a sense of humor. In fact, those who can't help visualizing God as a person prefer to picture a Deity who smiles sadly and understandingly at his children than one who wraps up regally in his thunders and takes the universe with deadly seriousness. If you were picking out a final judge, wouldn't you rather have O. Henry than John Milton?



### THE OPTIMIST

The Canary—"Well, I certainly prefer a big muzzle like mine to a little one like Fido's."—"Life."



# Music and Musicians

By Joseph George Jacobson

Percy Grainger

CONTEMPLATING upon the musical events of last month it seems proper to say a word in regard to the concerts given by Madam Schumann-Heink, which have justly come to be looked on as among the foremost in im-



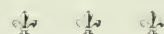
Joseph George Jacobson

portance. This Teuton artist is one of the great representatives of musical art. As if with common consent, she seems to have become an absolute standard by which all other female vocalists can be measured. There is a certain something behind her art which thrills and enraptures the hearer, and which transcends that of any of the contemporaries. To one of the clearest and noblest voices ever bestowed upon an artist, she unites a sympathetic and congenial nature, which impresses everyone she comes in contact with. Her name has become a household word. No matter if one does not agree with a certain interpretation of some of the songs of her varied programme, one cannot help but pay homage at her shrine. For example, I prefer the rendering of the Erlking by Lilli Lehmann, and of several other songs by other singers more than by her, but she displays such varied natural resources and possesses such superior artistic qualities which are so noticeable that all she gives us is worthy of respect. In her lovely voice one perceives nothing electrical, nothing to hide; it has true a power combined with much reserve force. How much was this to be admired in the "Cry of Rachel" and Strauss' "Traum durch die Dämmerung." Unyielding Time may diminish the compass of that voice and rob it of its brilliancy, and the gems of vocalization may be dimmed, but the true musical taste and the real power that inspires the effect will remain in the profound sentiment which suffuses everything with an exquisite, ideal charm.

CERTAINLY an artist to be reckoned with! It seems rather difficult though to write about someone who has not found himself yet, or pretend to know anyone who does not quite know himself, but one is supposed to express the thought that one really believes, and should one err in good faith it is better than doubt. As a man Percy Grainger is one of the most charming and congenial characters with overflowing energy and manners remarkably engaging. His success has been great from the outset. The curiosity to see and hear so loudly-heralded a performer, whose name has attracted universal attention at an age when men are deemed to be at the beginning of the prime of life, is great wherever he appears.

As a pianistic performer I admire him immensely. He seeks for the beauty when playing, and explains the composer's meaning clearly. He has soul. That's why he is so enchanted with the folk-lore of the people, for folk-lore is the people's soul. Mr. Grainger's arrangements of British and Irish tunes are gems, decorated popular airs with polyphonic elaborations, but his orchestral compositions I do not like. I do not possess the pedantic idea to enclose art within narrow lines, but I believe the composer should not offend that straight-laced and not always infallible quality which we call good taste. This seems to me to be lacking entirely in his latest composition performed by our San Francisco Orchestra, under Mr. Hertz, at one of the Symphony Concerts. What the composition was meant to be was told us on the programme. The spectators sat outside the scene and listened, or, better, look on breathlessly, while, amid mist and cloud with illuminations fiery, the great noise rose before them. The opening movement reminded me of the "Trip around the world in eighty days," when the travelers came in contact with the Indians. Every conceivable instrument that will make a noise is employed in this piece. Only the maraca, a rattling South American instrument, made of a dried calabash and filled with gravel, and the steam whistle seemed to be lacking. If during the "Music-Hall" scene some one had smashed a few window panes or beer bottles, the effect might have been heightened. I think this composition not worthy of a Sym-

phony Concert. If Mr. Grainger sees beauty in unrelated chord-groups rushing pele-mele through his composition and admires these confused harmonic windings and dissonances of chords of foreign tonal groups that is a matter of taste, but to employ mercilessly instruments which only pound the ear seems to me lack of taste. Take away all these instruments and what is left of the composition. The pastoral must have been a description of a herd of infuriated bulls or wild elephants breaking through the dense jungle of Africa. Some of the futurists throw away beauty as an essential in art. I prefer to seek it with all might. Good futurist music is worthy of consideration and deep study as it is a natural sequence of the music of yesterday.



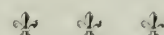
## SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST

Clarence Eddy

THE seventh and last organ recital was given December 21st by Mr. Clarence Eddy at the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, assisted by Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Garnier and Sir Henry Heymann. During these many recitals much of beauty and interest was presented by Mr. Eddy, and he deserves great praise for his efforts.

Miss Augusta Nash has been very busy with constant rehearsals during the summer months and fall, and will present many interesting novelties at the six recitals she will give at the St. Francis. We will hear masterpieces in rare instrumentations of periods ranging from 17th to the 20th centuries. Mozart's quintet for wind instruments and piano sonatas for flute and piano, a work for French horn by the Swiss composer, Kling, etc., will awaken joy among the lovers of ensemble music.

The Chamber Music Society gave one of their most enjoyable concerts on December 19th. The Variations for Flute and String Quartet by that stirring musician, Mrs. Beach, especially composed for the organization, was performed, besides a Mendelssohn quartet and a Dvorak quintet. This group of artists deserve all the success they are getting, and much praise is due them for the good work they are doing.



"Success is the art of making your mistakes when no one is looking."—"Life."



# Personal Problems

## Department for Consideration of Delicate Difficulties

“**E**VEN after you have removed sickness, poverty and crime from the world, there would still remain the sorrow of love and death,” remarked Isabell, as we were settling the affairs of the universe, the other day at luncheon.

And I replied: “The menti-culturists are going to attend to that little matter of death for us, you know, but it would seem that we are likely to have the three-cornered love affair always with us. The Punjabi proverb, ‘I am dying for you, and you are dying for another,’—holds good outside of India. That is why I am making human problems my business. These are the latest ones:

**Dear Madam:** I am a woman, twenty-six years old, employed in a large store. The head of my department is the most attractive man I ever saw. He has been paying me the most delicate attentions for several months. I have come to love him intensely, and his manner has been such recently, as to lead me to expect him to propose to me any day. Yet he has never said anything definite. The other night he was escorting me home from work, when we met an old acquaintance of mine whom I had not seen for over a year, and it seemed she had also known him for a long time. She greeted us both, and then turning to him said, “How are the children, Mr. L—?”

Without a flicker of any discomposure he responded easily, “They are all fine, thank you, except the middle one has a cold.”

“The middle one,” she exclaimed, “are there three now, Mr. L—?”

“Oh, yes, the new baby is three months old all ready.”

They exchanged some more commonplace remarks, and so I had time to partially recover myself, but when they finished, and she had passed on, I could not speak. He presently turned to me laughing and said, “Does it surprise you to know that I have some children?”

I said, “It doesn’t surprise me to know that you have them; but it surprises me that I should not have known it.”

We went the rest of the way in silence, but when he said good-night at my door, I could not answer him.

I have to work on at my job, seeing him every day and all day, and I think I shall either go mad or kill myself. Can you give me any help?

—M. B. L.

By Ruth Fesby

*On this page Miss Fesby will reply to the best of her ability to those who write for advise on personal matters.*

**Answer:** Yes, I can. In the first place, you will neither go mad, or kill yourself, because the man isn’t born yet that is worth causing such a result to a girl of your intelligence. You certainly have a task in front of you, but you are equal to it. You have to prove yourself superior to the situation, because you are superior to it. There are several ways. One is to plunge oneself into work; putting all thought of love away. This is done by substituting another kind of thought. Do you know how to substitute other thoughts? You know of course that you yourself control your own thoughts, don’t you? Then, as fast as the disturbing thoughts come to your mind, reject them, and put others in their place, with the same firmness with which you would sweep a room, or pull weeds in a garden. If you happen to have a reasoning mind, you can argue yourself out of it by saying, “It is impossible that I should have thought I loved this man, because he has proved himself a cad, and my own integrity would have prevented it.”

Of course, it would be easier for you, if you could change your employment and work in some other store; but you don’t want the easiest way. For one reason because it would show him too plainly what he has done. Your own dignity would not allow that. You will need to do a little acting at first, but it will come easier each day. And you will find as you proceed that you are developing a complete change of consciousness, and the process will interest you. In six months time you will wonder how you ever felt as you do now, and you will be glad that it all happened, because you will be richer by the experience, and the new knowledge of your own increased powers.

**Dear Miss Fesby:** I am in a peculiar position, as I think you will admit when you read. I am the confidante of two sisters. These two sisters live by themselves in a luxurious home, with servants, and love each other dearly. They are ladies by birth, breeding and educa-

tion; faultless and unfailing in their kindness and courtesy to their friends. But they quarrel so between themselves that they cause each other great mental suffering. They quarrel violently over every little domestic detail, yet at the same time are so solicitous for each other’s comfort that it brings tears to one’s eyes.

Each sister, somehow, likes me and confides to me how the other hurts her. I want to help them but I do not know how to do so. Neither of them seems to realize that their conduct is shocking. I do not know if they would follow my advice if I gave any. One is a nervous invalid, and the other one soon will be, unless some radical change occurs. Can you suggest anything?

—E. J. L.

**Answer:** I have to confess that this is the most difficult problem ever brought to my notice. It seems on the face of it to be a clear case of too much ego and too much money. For if they lost their money and were obliged to work for their bread, the crumpled rose leaves would disappear. There is no legitimate method yet devised for separating people from their money for the mere good of their souls, though the operation is often obviously needed. The only solution that occurs to me is, that if they could be persuaded to live apart for one year, each in some other household, on different continents preferably, they would come together happily at the end of the year and be “made new.” I mention a year, as it would take that long, I judge, for the reaction to set in. But since their devotion is so great, this would probably be difficult to accomplish. It would have to be carefully worked out by some one familiar with all the conditions. I suggest that you try and discover if it could be managed, but you will need to use all your powers of tact and diplomacy.

**Or;** there is a cruder and more direct way. Could you devise some means of **showing** them how distressing to others, and how injurious to themselves their conduct is, by introducing a third person, who would need to be a new acquaintance (in order to have the effect genuine) who would frankly show natural amazement, even beyond the customary forms of good breeding, at the first display witnessed? For some times a mere glimpse of how we **appear to others** is sufficient to cure the most serious case of lack of self-control.



# Everywoman's Bookshelf

"Foliage"—By W. H. Davies.

"VARIOUS POEMS" the author calls them. They come to us from England, and have appeared from time to time in the "English Review," the "Nation," the "Westminster Gazette," the "Odd Volume" and other English periodicals whose taste in verse is so excellent that we knew before reading this book it would be well worth our while. Mr. Davies may be called a modern minor. He is a poet, and he sings pleasantly of everything under the sun, after the manner of all poets. He sings of Thunderstorms, and of May Mornings, of Love and Roses, and Kings and Beauty and Aeroplanes and Rain; of Birds, of Fog, of Tragedy, and of Life itself. We like best his real human feeling for those who suffer elementally. Here is his poem called "The Starved":

My little Lamb, what is amiss?  
If there was milk in mother's kiss,  
You would not look as white as this.

The wolf of Hunger, it is he  
That takes away the milk from me,  
And I have much to do for thee.

If thou could'st live on love, I know  
No babe in all the land could show  
More rosy cheeks and louder crow.

Thy father's dead, Alas for thee;  
I cannot keep this wolf from me,  
That takes thy milk so bold and free.

If they dear father lived, he'd drive  
Away this beast with whom I strive,  
And thou, my pretty Lamb, wouldst thrive.

Ah, my poor babe, my love's so great  
I'd swallow common rags for meat—  
If they could make milk rich and sweet.

My little Lamb, what is amiss?  
Come, I must wake thee with a kiss,  
For Death would own a sleep like this.

It was a pretty idea of Elkin Mathews, the London publisher, who sent us this little book, "Foliage," to cover it in leaf-green, and our memory goes lovingly back to his Cork Street shop, where so many good things have entered, been put into print, and emerged to gladden a dull world. We thank God that there are poets in this same dull old world. What **would** we do without them?

This is rather sweet; it is the ending

of the poem Mr. Davies calls "Hidden Love":

"... So in our early love did we  
Dance much, and skip, and laugh with  
glee;

But let none think our love is flown  
If, when we're married, little's shown;  
E'en though our lips be dumb of song,  
Our hearts can still be singing strong."



Byrd Mock

"The Maid of Pend d'Oreille"—By Le-Moquer.

THIS artistically bound little volume is dedicated to "a passing race, the one-time kings of the glad Wild West." The blanket Indians helped to make the book, the cedar bark with which it is tied having been stripped from the tall Washington trees by the Indians of Cape Flattery, the wildest and westernmost portion of the United States. Photo-engravings illustrate its pages and the Indian idyl is altogether a charming publication. But why, we cannot help wondering, did the author, who is Miss L. Byrd Mock, a member of the League of American Pen Women, and has written and published several unusually good stories full of talent, write these Pend d'Oreille verses so that it was necessary to put "With Apologies to Kipling" in parenthesis beneath the title? Kipling's Mandalay stands alone. Its popularity should protect it. . . . The late Elbert Hubbard and his wife were naturally much interested in Miss Mock's work, and Hubbard, after visiting her studio and seeing the artistic and practical results, told this gifted young woman to go ahead, that big things lay ahead of her.

"The Wonderful Year"—By W. J. Locke.

A NEW book of Locke's is to the novel devourer what the smell of the sea is to the sailor, the glimpse of a trout stream to the fisherman, the Golden Gate to the painter. "The Wonderful Year" is written in his usual charming manner, its hero is his favorite type of man, and its scene is laid in France, beloved and well understood by the author. We start off, in delightful Locke fashion in the Quartier Latin of Paris, with Corinna, the independent young person who left her vicarage home in England and has spent three years in Bohemia, with Martin, who has been teaching the French language for ten dreary years in a boys' school in North London, and with Fortinbras the Marchand de Bonheur. The minute we read that Fortinbras advises the two young people to get two bicycles, pack up their belongings and take a three-weeks' ride through France to the home of some relatives of Fortinbras who have an inn—that instant we know that a good time lies ahead of us, and we slip a little deeper into the easy chair, pull it a bit closer to the log fire, and reach out for another chocolate or cigarette as the case may be. And just here the writer of these idle words will leave you, gentle reader, for we desire you to retain your gentility, and you might not if you found out, which you are sure to do if this pen is allowed to run on, that our book reviewer is not on the job this month, and a very illiterate person, a common member of the staff, is trying to horn in on the highbrow page. To think of such words as them ever appearing in these here sacred columns! Well, the bookshelf lady won't mind—but MY, when this comes under the Editor's eye!



## TEACHING DAUGHTER MANNERS

IT was an overland dining-car, and a miner who had struck it rich in Alaska was outfitted regardless of expense in San Francisco, was eating in the company of his seven-year-old daughter. She satisfied herself before pa had finished his meal, and started to leave the table.

"Come back, daughter," called pa, earnestly concerned to do his best for her, and speaking in a big voice so softened with tenderness that it was beautiful to hear. "Take a toothpick, Honey. Be a little lady!"—Harper's.



# Clubs and Clublihgts

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE old year is dead, the new year is born. Humbly, fearfully, we sink on our knees and slowly, in answer to our prayer, comes back something of the old faith of our childhood, and we rejoice that we are granted one more New Year's Day on which to "begin again," not in our childish way, with utter disregard of the past, but trustingly, patiently, knowing that we must ever carry with us our past, and rejoicing that, with God's help we may make the future better because of the past. Then, as we rise from our knees, we look bravely forward to the veiled figure that stands on our threshold. We know nothing of what it brings, we know only that it is God's New Year. May he bless it to us all!



## Convention of American Civic Association

AT the sessions of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the American Civic Association, held in Washington, D. C., December 13 to 16, inclusive, the discussions which arose and the distinguished women from all parts of the country who took part in them, no subject aroused such widespread interest and evoked such thoughtful elucidation as that of the use of the school house as a community center. Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, presided at the opening session, and introduced this subject, dwelling upon its different phases with all the conscientious care and clear-sighted consideration that distinguishes her public work. The establishing of community centers throughout the United States by the women's clubs everywhere promises to be the result of the interest stirred up and plans projected at the Washington convention. In California the matter has been practically demonstrated and proved wonderfully successful. Enlarging and ennobling the sphere of the school house in this manner has produced many good results. The home-life and the school-life of the pupil are brought closer together, to the great improvement of both. The parent and the pupil meet on common ground, to the advantage of both. Teacher and parent come to know and understand each other, to the decided betterment of both. Mrs. H. N. Rowell, president of the California Federation of Mothers' Clubs has been instrumental in establishing a number of these community centers throughout the State

## THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMEN

By Mrs. Frank Fredericks

"A FELLOW feeling makes us wond'rous kind." This was the quotation a club had chosen for the day I happened to be with them. During my recent visits to clubs from Del Norte, where I was fortunate enough to federate the first club from that section, to the Southern part of the S. F. District of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, this fact of comradeship among women has been forcibly brought home to me, and I find we are



Mrs. Frank Fredericks, President, San Francisco District, California Federation of Women's Clubs

"One in our longing,

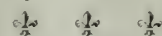
To make the world within our reach,  
Somewhat better for our living,

And gladder for our speech."

The great fact that is being developed in the present age, is the sisterhood of all women of all races. Heretofore the highest significance has been given to the intellectual element of our nature—the power by which one stands before us clothed in the mysterious might of historian, philosopher and poet, opening the abyss of the past, revealing the deep secrets of nature and creating a world of imagination and filling it with beautiful forms of things unknown. It is this gift that overshadows the inventive genius of the age. Another element is now manifesting itself in our world,

which imparts a divine significance to human life—the moral element in our nature. It is the development of this moral element in us that begins to gladden the present, and gives us such promise for the future. This new fact of the sisterhood of women, is breaking the bonds of selfishness, and is drawing the individual closer and closer into harmony with the great mass. Everything is prolific with the proofs of this development of woman's nature. We behold it in the depth of her love, in the ministrations of her mercy, and in the wide reach of her charity, which breaks away from bounds of country and kindred, and sends up its petitions, and puts forth its energies in behalf of the whole race—German, French, Austrian, English, Turks, Russians, in fact, all alike are sharers of her humanity. Perhaps the best development of this divine rule may be seen in the reforms of the age, in which woman now is interested. She pleads for the right, and speaks boldly against the wrong; she throws around the sinful the chain of sympathy; she cries out against blood and death, whether on the battlefield or the scaffold, and asks for repentance and mercy and forgiveness. Through her efforts voices are raised on the floor of Congress and the oppressed and suffering children hear and are hopeful and glad. Her messages are borne on every breeze, and whisper peace and love.

Let this great truth—The Sisterhood of Women—spread abroad, cementing the broken links of humanity, inviting the interest of our race until all selfishness, and wrong shall be done away and we rise to that standard of perfection destined by our Creator.



## BUNCOED

In a certain home recently visited by the stork there is a child of inquiring mind. When he first saw the new arrival he exclaimed:

"It hasn't any teeth! It hasn't any hair!"

Then, observing that his criticism had no effect upon the family, he added in disgust:

"Somebody has done us! It's an old baby!"—N. Y. Times.



# Clubs and Clublights

## City Federation of Women's Clubs

MRS. D. E. F. EASTON, Chairman of the Civic Department, presided at the first conference assembled by the City Federation in December. One of the most important actions taken by the conference was to decide that every woman's club in San Francisco should send two representatives to attend the sessions of the women's courts. This was in response to the request of Mrs. L. M. Culver that the co-operation of clubwomen be given in the new court work. In addition to attendance at court, follow-up work will be carried out by the clubwomen. Plans for endorsing the Aquatic Park were passed by the conference; resolutions against the licensing of certain road-houses were also passed. Those present at the conference were: Mrs. D. J. McMaster, president; Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, chairman Civic Department; Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Mrs. Harry Peters, Mrs. A. S. MacDonald, Corona Club; Mrs. Wade Williams, Papyrus Club; Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. T. A. Lafaille, Delphian Club; Mrs. Joseph Fife, Art Association; Mrs. E. Burr, New England Colony of Women; Mrs. W. F. Nichols, Juvenile Protective Association; Mrs. J. J. O'Neil, Hypatia; Mrs. Augusta Jones, Jewish Council of Women; Mrs. W. Hare, Mrs. E. A. Holcourt, Miss Marcella Ward of the California Club; Mrs. A. Gump, Players' Club; Mrs. L. M. Culver and Mrs. Price.



## California Club

THE spirit of Christmas filled the hearts and the halls of the California Club. Christmas carols rang and Christmas cheer sang, and the beautiful abundance of Christmas charity burst the bounds of the clubhouse and spread far and wide throughout the city, distributing good things among the poor. Miss Margaret Curry, president of the club, led the good work, which was done thoroughly, generously, but without ostentation. The happiness brought to the orphanages of the city by the arrival of the "camel caravan" with gifts of sweets and toys for the little children, may be recorded in the annals of the California Club in big red letters of youthful gratitude. For the members and their friends was given a Christmas programme of music that packed the auditorium. The Outdoor Art League, under the direction of Mrs. George Marsh, introduced a novel effect by pro-

ducing a stage setting of a realistic snow scene. The singing of Mrs. A. Fletcher, who is the pride and delight of the musical members of the California Club, added to the excellence of the programme, and Miss Howell contributed a dramatic reading of Whittier's "Snow-bound." Outside the California sun was shining, and the California flowers were blooming on the street corners, all of which was highly inappropriate and contrary to Christmas traditions. And so it was we sat inside the holly trimmed, warmly glowing auditorium and gazed upon and listened to the frosty Christmas of the legends; and then we went forth into the sweet sunshine and the violet-scented air of a San Francisco Christmas.



## Association of Collegiate Alumnae

IT was a pleasure to see the little red stockings distributed by the Collegiate Alumnae all over the city grow heavier and more unshapely hour by hour, and when they were collected for the adding up, to behold them bulging with coppers. These pennies were given by the children to the children, and are all going to swell the certified milk fund. The Baby Hygiene Committee of this association is made up of: Mrs. N. B. Livermore, chairman; Mrs. T. T. C. Gregory, secretary; Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., treasurer; Mesdames E. E. Brownell, William J. Drew, Chauncey S. Goodrich, A. E. Graupner, J. MacDonald, A. McLaughlin, E. J. Mott, E. W. Newhall, Jr., and Miss J. Abraham.

Mrs. Graupner reported splendid results from the stocking campaign, and one is inclined to agree with her in thinking that it did the givers almost as much good as the ones who received, for the pennies represented childish sacrifices in the way of candies and other little extravagances. The committees in charge are supplying a large number of infants with certified milk, but the additional funds were urgently needed to meet the demand.



## Down-and-Out Club

MRS. R. V. Colby, president of this club, whose members are former officers of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, called an important meeting early in December at the California Clubhouse. A buffet luncheon was served, and matters of importance connected with federation work were discussed at length and plans made for the coming convention.

## Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

ON the occasion of the last open meeting of the year, the president, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan, cordially welcomed the assembled members and guests and extended in the name of the association a Christmas greeting and an added wish for prosperity and happiness through the New Year. The musical numbers on the programme were contributed by Miss Ferne De Witt and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, composer. Mr. Pasmore's compositions were admirable, and Miss De Witt interprets his music delightfully. The lecturer for the afternoon was Brother Leo, head of the department of literature at St. Mary's College, Oakland, a very popular speaker. His subject, "The Heart of Books," was attractive, and his entertaining way of unfolding its meaning, pleasingly unique. It was not at all difficult to follow, at his bidding, into childhood's realm of "make-believe," and his Sleeping Princess and daring Hero-Prince were very fascinating and quite real, and, continuing on under the spell of his musical voice, from fairy lore to literature more sedate, it developed, to the satisfaction of his hearers, that the real heart interest of story or book is ever the humanity revealed. After the lecture Brother Leo, by request, gave several readings, selections both grave and gay, and only after repeated recalls was he reluctantly released by his admiring audience. The usual social hour was enjoyed at the tea tables.



## Reception to Club and Society Women

MRS. FRANCES LAURETTE ERIKSON was hostess at the reception given at the Wiltshire Hotel in honor of Mrs. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Mrs. E. D. Knight and Miss Jessica Lee Briggs, which was attended by several hundred people including prominent women in the musical and educational world and clubdom. Mrs. Erikson is a writer and a newspaper woman of note, and she is almost a native of California, having come here when she was three years of age. As a girl she was on the staff of the San Francisco dailies, and wrote under the name of "Bonnie Brae" for the "Call." She and Eleanor Gates were school-girls together and entered the writing game at the same time.

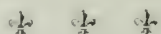


# Clubs and Clublights

## New Era League

AT the annual meeting of the New Era League of California, the new officers for the coming year were elected. The retirement of its popular president, Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, who for the past year has led the League to a high place, filled its record with brilliant achievement and won the loyalty and devotion of all her members, was followed by the unanimous election of Mrs. William B. Hamilton. A bright and interesting resume of the work accomplished and the good deeds done, by Mrs. George Sperry, was the principal address, and when Mrs. Sperry commented on the good team-work and perfect harmony existing and being the real secret of the League's success, she was greeted with the applause of her hearers. Mrs. Sperry was elected first vice-president; Mrs. George A. McGowan, second vice-president; Mrs. H. DeC. Richards, third vice-president; Mrs. Edna Crewes Ritchie, fourth vice-president. The new secretary is Mrs. F. Bennett, and Mrs. A. M. Elkins is treasurer. The board of directors is made up as follows: Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, Miss Margaret McGovern, Mrs. W. B. Farley, Mrs. Etta Scott Beatie, Mrs. J. H. Hamill, Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. M. C. Emerson, Mrs. Charles S. Fitzsimmons, Mrs. J. M. Fernald.

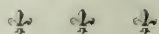
The plans of the League are many and interesting. The year will begin with a big reception on New Year's Day at the Emerson Studio, from two to five, when all members and friends will be welcomed.



## Women's Section of the Navy League

THE boys on active service with General Pershing, as well as the boys who are convalescing in the Presidio Hospital, have received both comforts and luxuries from the busy, capable hands of the members of the Navy League Woman's Section. They have worked long and well, and the result of their labors shows intelligent thought and untiring devotion. The boxes and boxes of reading matter that they have sent to the soldiers at the front have given more real enjoyment to the chaps down there than we at home with libraries and book stores within easy access, and a fresh newspaper every few minutes, can well realize. The "comfort bags," made and filled with useful articles by the members, represent the generous spirit of the League, and to Mrs. Frank P. Helm, who has taken so

much interest in the work and given a great deal of her time and talents to its success, the section and the soldiers owe grateful thanks.



## Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution

THE Silver Anniversary of the Chapter was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies in the presence of members of Sequoia and other Chapters of the D. A. R., in the Native Sons' Hall. The programme, arranged by Mrs. Charles Lewis, included a group of songs, delightfully rendered by Miss Alice Bowen, an address by Mrs. C. M. Vance, Regent of the Chapter. The big birthday cake was cut by the State Regent, Mrs. John C. Lynch. The election of officers resulted as follows: Clara Moore Vance, regent; Mrs. Noble T. Biddle, vice-regent; Mrs. Benjamin Wilkin, corresponding secretary; Miss Susannah Lessler, treasurer; Mrs. Clotilde Todd, registrar; Mrs. J. H. Lawrence, historian; Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, librarian; Mrs. Horace V. Howard, curator; Mesdames Clara Moore Vance, Thomas Stealey, S. L. Southack, directors.

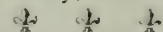


## Business Women's Club

MISS M. B. WILKIN had charge of the luncheon the Business Women gave early in December, and it was the occasion of a highly interesting discussion on "Goodwill." Mr. S. P. Johnston of Johnston-Ayres Company, addressed the club, and in the course of his excellent talk remarked that goodwill is a great asset in business affairs, but he insisted that goodwill must be **genuine** or it loses its current value. It was most instructive to the layman to listen to what is generally considered a sentimental abseract treated in this business-like manner by efficiency experts. The speaker further said, "Great monopolies realize that the goodwill of the people must be cultivated, not only because it is necessary, but because it pays." This sounds like good, hard, business commonsense, a modern version of the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

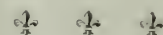
Miss Lillian Palmer of the Palmer Art Shop presided at the luncheon. Other prominent business women in attendance at the luncheon were: Grace G. Livermore, O'Hara and Livermore; Mary B. Annis, advertising manager, Emporium; Sophie B. Root, secretary Art Association; Miss A. J. Rohrer, Hearst estate; Grace B. Caukin, United States

Land Office; Miss A. L. Featherstone, St. Francis Hotel; D. M. Allison, broker; Mae B. Wilkin, Home Industry; Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, Ferry Drug Store; Helen L. Kaufman, attorney; Greta Pack, Palmer Art Shop; Margaret Morgan, Brunt Printing Company; Laura P. Owen, printers; Miss T. Olsen, Emma Tohey, Spring Valley; Anne Jordan, Mrs. M. McCarthy, real estate.



## Chinese Y. W. C. A.

THE opening of this important branch of the Young Women's Christian Association on the corner of Stockton and Sacramento Streets gives a much-needed outlet, both socially and intellectually, to the many Chinese girls and young women of San Francisco. Their development and Americanization during the past generation have made such a place a very necessary one for their various activities, and Miss Mills, secretary of the new branch, says that great interest has been aroused and the girls are entering into association work with enthusiasm. Many opportunities will be afforded them which they are eager to take advantage of. The rooms are bright and airy and attractive, and there they will be able to listen to lectures and make friends among people who will help them in a way not to be obtained in their homes and their everyday life.



## THE NECESSARY EVIL

There is a fellow in a club  
It's hard to understand,  
An ordinary sort of dub  
You always have at hand.  
He never runs for offices—  
And if he did, he'd lose.  
He sits around, and all he does  
Is merely pay the dues.

Some fellow is a born vivant,  
A famous raconteur,  
The funniest you ever saw,  
With laughter always sure.  
But does this other guy profound  
Help drive away the blues?  
Not he—he simply sits around  
And merely pays the dues.

Yet I suppose you really need  
All classes in a club;  
The lad the revelry to lead,  
The man to boss the grub,  
The wit at every board to be  
The banquet to enthuse—  
And also, necessarily,  
A few to pay the dues.  
—Douglas Malloch in "Judge."



# An Appreciation

## Passing of Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps

IN the death of Josephine McLean Phelps, California loses a woman whose type is rare, but it is meet that the ever-widening circle to whom she meant so much should not rebel because she has gone, but rejoice because she has been.

Mrs. Phelps was born in New York of Scotch parents, Edward and Elizabeth McLean, who came across the plains in 1847. They sent for their children, and on New Year's Day, 1850, little Josephine McLean and her brothers and sisters arrived in California, having come around the Horn in a sailing vessel. She was educated in San Francisco, and in 1870 was married to Timothy Guy Phelps, who had just been appointed by President Grant, Collector of Customs in this city. Mr. Phelps was a man whose whole life was spent in public service, and in his wife he had a helpmate whose unfailing sympathy, social tact and clear-headed judgment in all matters, greatly aided him in his successful career. Mr. Phelps died in 1899, and left the bulk of his large estate to his widow. They had no children. The beautiful home at San Carlos, situated in 3,000 acres of ground, is one of the show places of the county, and its hospitable doors were always wide open to every one. On New Year's Eve of every year it was Mrs. Phelps' custom to invite the entire neighborhood to accept her lavish hospitality.



Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps

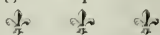
Her kindness of heart was well known to those near to her, and her generosity although unostentatious was felt in many a home and many a needy cause. Her hand was ever stretched out to help others, and none appealed in vain. In this beautifully rounded life, combining the mind and executive ability of a man

and the tender sympathy and understanding of a woman, there was developed a nature of unusual placidity and an evenness of temper that was without flaw. She was never angry, never unjust. Her broad, deep river of life flowed grandly on, watering the flowers of love along its shores. Twice president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Pioneer Society, Mrs. Phelps was instrumental in cementing this branch with the Men's Pioneer Society, bringing them close together in harmony and increased usefulness. She was a director of the Forum Club, a member of the California, Redwood City and other clubs, and was keenly interested in Woman Suffrage. Having no children of her own, she raised and educated several girls, and gave them a start in life. To her brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces and host of friends she fulfilled every claim of the relationship. Mrs. Phelps' health was seriously impaired on the occasion of her visit in May last to New York, where she went to represent at the Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Past Presidents. The heat was excessive, and made grave inroads upon her constitution, from which she never rallied. The life of this good woman was an honor to the State and to the county where she made her home.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN

THE second day of December was set apart by the family and friends of the late Mrs. Boissevain to pay affectionate tribute to her great personality. At the same time that the funeral services were being held in Dr. Charles Parkhurst's church in New York City, the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in San Francisco was filled with men and women who wished to evidence their regard for this fine character, this beloved leader, this great-hearted friend of humanity. The rain came down in torrents and a heavy gloom weighed upon the little church. But as Sara Bard Field, the friend and co-worker of Mrs. Boissevain, talked to us of the noble life devoted to others, the light shed by this beautiful spirit seemed to enter into our midst and lift the shadow of sorrow and loss. The Reverend Arch Perrin, also a personal friend, spoke of their work to-

gether in prison welfare in New York. Mrs. Orlow Black read C. E. Wood's poem, written for his friend and collaborator, Inez Boissevain. The music was contributed by Miss Claire Donnelly, who sang a psalm, and Nikoli Sakoloff, who played De Bussy's "Blessed Damosel" most beautifully on the violin. Thus was the farewell said in California, where some of her most brilliant work was done and where her splendid young life passed away.



### BLOOD WILL TELL

His heart bleeds for them, the Kaiser assures his people. This sympathy must be of great support to the Germans, reeling in the red dance of death. But is there another family of six sons except the Hohenzollern family in all Germany which has not lost one of them in battle since August 1, 1914?—"New York Sun."

### CALIFORNIA HOME FOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 10)

but they do not altogether meet this need. At the Home only such cases are cared for as are destitute, have no home, no furniture, no friends, no funds, no other place to go.

It does one's heart good to look down the list of patronesses, women well known for their noble souls and their wise heads. On the Advisory Committee, too, we find the names of men and women prominent in the church and medical profession. The Chamber of Commerce Charities Endorsement Committee vouches for this Home. It needs but the interest and assistance of the public to enable the institution to carry out its well-planned work, to fill the "greatest need of all, still unmet."



# A Minstrel

## Reminiscences of Lillian Quinn Stark

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON says in his bracing, comforting way, "We are apt to make so much of the tragedy of death, and think so little of the enduring tragedy of some men's lives, that we see more to lament for in a life cut off in the midst of usefulness and love, than in one that miserably survives all love and usefulness." And again: "Even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, in mid-career, flushed with hope, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination?—and does not life go down with a better grave, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For, surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young."

Lillian Quinn Stark died young— young in years, young in heart, young in spirit, but with a rich maturity in her chosen work, a mellow achievement in her art. It is natural to quote Stevenson with regard to her, for her quality was the very essence of his; she constantly reminded one of him in the triumph of her sturdy spirit over her frail body. Of a physical delicateness which would



Lillian Quinn Stark

have made her a sofa and smelling salts woman in Mid-Victorian days, she fulfilled the varied roles of daughter, wife, home-maker, hostess and friend as the steady accompaniment of her exacting professional life; indeed, as R. L. S. would say, she "played the man . . . let cheerfulness abound with industry . . . went blithely on her business all the day."

During the last three or four years she had been steadily forging forward in her profession. At a Bowery Settlement in New York a huge roomful of noisy young aliens grew still as she stood before them, a slim, girlish figure, giving

without book or scrap of memoranda, the thirteen characters of Strindberg's "Lucky Pehr." It was said of her that her talent was like the flame of a lantern, lighting up and shining through her physical fragility. Her voice was a veritable orchestra—droll wood-winds for the bumptious Burgomeister's statue and the rats in the tower, the high, sweet violins for the exquisite poetry of Tagore, mellow and tender flutes for the singer in Browning's Saul, and for the cleansing, vital, merciless power of Charles Rann Kennedy's Terrible Meek and Necessary Evil, the splendid thunder of the viols and brass, rousing and rending.

Lillian Quinn Stark, with the happy fervor of her unostentatious faith, her courage and gaiety, would not want to be mourned. Let us think of her, rather, as a minstrel, merry and tender, who sang to us by our fire-sides of great deeds and brave days, winning us for a little space to the contemplation of something finer and more worth while than the getting and spending grind of every day, who has hurried on ahead of us to a fair, new country, where we shall presently follow and hear her voice again.

## Children's Museum

(Continued from Page 4)

the luscious dates which grow so abundantly. Thus he moves on, a traveler abroad, independent, self-directing, and free, making his observations and drinking in impressions of five different continents, from Greenland to the Antarctic. Is it any wonder that after such experiences the little traveler has something of vital interest to add to the geography period in school the next day? Is it strange that he becomes an enthusiastic reader in the library in his search for additional information about the Eskimos or the Patagonians which he has seen (?), and would it be surprising if the interest awakened should eventuate in his carrying away a gold medal on graduation day? Certainly none of these things startle the close observer of children in a Children's Museum. That these children should take prizes and honors is to be expected. The child who otherwise might accomplish nothing above

the ordinary, under the influence of the Children's Museum, becomes unusual.

Accepting this fact and foreseeing the advantage it would be to the children of Brooklyn to approach the subject of geography through individual experience and not merely by listening to the statements of others and then repeating them, the Brooklyn Woman's Club, inspired by Mrs. John J. Schoonhoven, one of its prominent members, presented a geographical model to the Children's Museum. About 150 club women and prominent citizens listened with great interest to the presentation address, made by the president, Mrs. I. Sherwood Coffin, in which she announced that the Brooklyn Women's Club was presenting this model in the hope that other Women's Clubs in Brooklyn would join in a movement to place a whole series of models in a room to be designated as the Club Women's Room. Other clubs promptly followed the example of the Brooklyn

Woman's Club, Chiropean, Mrs. Don C. Seitz, president, and Kosmos, Mrs. Edwin M. Craigin, president, each contributing one model. Early in the following year, the Long Island Council of Women's Clubs, Mrs. August Dreyer, president, acting on a resolution introduced into their meeting by Mrs. Coffin, voted to undertake the completion of the series.

By this action over eighty women's clubs in Brooklyn and Long Island were given the opportunity to contribute toward the completion of this unique and remarkable series of models. The formal presentation of their gift to the Museum is to take place at the Museum on January 10, 1917.

That these beautiful models are enjoyed and appreciated is shown by the large numbers of children—nearly 200,000 last year—who visit them over and over again. That they are teaching geography

(Continued on page thirty)



# The World's Women

## And What They Are Doing Everywhere

### THE DIVINE SARAH ACTS IN ENGLISH

“**W**HAT will she do next? is the question that comes to the mind as soon as we think of Sarah Bernhardt. From New York we hear the latest exploit of this dauntless woman. In a light little play called “The Sham Model,” produced at the Empire Theatre, Madame Bernhardt appeared in an English speaking role. She has throughout her wonderful career on the stage always used the tongue of which she is supreme mistress, but just as she is leaving America, a country she has always loved, she conceived the idea of paying its people a pretty compliment, and she has mastered enough of its language to speak whole sentences in the jolly little comedy in which she plays the part of an artist's model. Her struggles with the words sometimes ended by her breaking laughingly with a helpless gesture, into voluble French, and her audience enjoyed the fun as much as she did. A New York critic says, “This single sally into the quicksands of an alien tongue is a thing apart from her artistic career, but interesting as another phase of a wonderful personality.”



### THE BUSY BEE

**H**ILDA WILSON, of Laporte, Indiana, was riding one of her hobbies the other day, and she said: “You can't work around bees without getting interested in them. They seem to do a lot of things better than we do. Why, they can make a queen bee out of an ordinary egg just by the difference in feeding. And they never make mistakes. The females are the workers, but they don't lay eggs. Only the queen does that, for the whole hive. The workers go out and get the honey and manufacture it, and make the wax for the cells, and clean house, and feed the little grubs, and fight now and then, and fan air into the hive with their wings when it's hot. When they figure out that they need a queen they feed the white grub, as soon as it hatches from the egg a kind of jelly that they make in their heads. They give this jelly to the worker grubs, too, but only for three days. The grub that is picked for a queen is fed on this jelly until it is grown. They call it royal jelly in the books. But, they really make two different kinds of bees from the same kind

of egg, just by feeding them differently. The females are the workers, they work all of the time, every day, until they die. That is all they do, just work. But they are not so simple as that sounds. Sometimes they seem to go sort of crazy. It is generally when the flowers run out and they cannot get much honey in the fields. They get to robbing other hives, or jam pots in the pantry, anything as long as it is sweet. They get demoralized, honey-drunk. You have to outwit them, one way or another, and make them take up their work again.



### LADIES IN THE LOBBY

**T**HE advance guard of the lobby brigade, headed by Mrs. Frank M. Roessing of Pittsburgh, who was chairman of the Washington Committee of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, have arrived in Washington, and begun preparations for their big drive on Congress. Mrs. Roessing has many assistants, all of whom are well known to both friends and foes of the Federal Amendment in the House. The National Association will this year devote an amount of attention to Congress that will surely be felt by that body. There is a man among Mrs. Roessing's lobbyists, Mr. Scranton Taylor, from Connecticut, of whom great things are expected, as he has been prominent and successful in the work done by the Connecticut Men's Equal Suffrage League for several years.



### BOSTON GIRLS AND FOOD

**B**OSTON school girls are dealing very seriously with the high cost of living. At the High School of Practical Arts a class has been formed in the domestic science department to demonstrate by a two-weeks' experiment that meals can be furnished for an adult person not engaged in manual labor at 22 to 30 cents a day. If this programme is followed, one can have meat only twice a week, and the dishes the girls are preparing are calculated to provide definite nourishing values. The head of the department claims that a person of sedentary habits can get along very well at this expense, and that the object is simply to show that it is possible for a family, by a more careful selection of foodstuffs, to place on its table the same nutritive values.

**H**ARYOT HOLT DEY, editor of our esteemed contemporary, the General Federation Magazine, says that already it is time to begin thinking about the next Biennial, which will be held in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and in the month of May, 1918, ten thousand clubs will be journeying in that direction from all over the United States. In the year and a half interim a great deal of work will be accomplished by the official journal of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and it is a matter of gratification to this great body of women that the magazine is in such capable hands. Mrs. Dey is heart and mind devoted to the work, and she combines the essential qualifications of the experienced clubwoman and the understanding writer. The Christmas number of the Federation Magazine is a delight from cover to cover, and contains many fine articles from well-known contributors. The personnel of the Publicity Committee is as follows: Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg is Chairman, and Miss Mary G. Hay, Mrs. Charles J. Stockton and Mrs. Thomas G. Winter form her committee. Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey is Editor of the Magazine; the honorary editors are Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles and Mrs. Philip North Moore; the contributing editors are Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Mrs. Louise Hogan, Miss Helen H. Winslow, Mrs. Theodore Parsons, Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner and Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney.



### QUIET EFFICIENCY OF ENGLISH WOMEN

**M**ISS HILDA JEFFRIES writes **Everywoman** from her home in Chipstead, Surrey, England, a lovely little old-world spot, nestling in the heart of England: “Life here goes on busily. Red Cross work, hospital supplies, and war work of all kinds that women can do, occupy one's thoughts and time. Thank God it is so!—else, I think many of us would go mad. One sees but little of one's friends, unless it happens that they are doing the same work at the same place, and letter writing grows less and less. Later on, when all that we can do for the men in the trenches to brighten their Christmas, has been done, we will enjoy dropping in on our friends and sitting down comfortably for a long afternoon, with a good conscience. Truly, I think we have



# World's Women

a duty of hospitality and cheerfulness to perform, and some hours should be given to that. My work is at the Red Cross depot, making splints, knitting comforts, looking after certain soldiers, and so forth." The younger women drive the motor cars in which the convalescing soldiers love to take the air; they visit the families of the men at the front, look after the children and in many cases take charge of the home when they find a poor, bewildered young widow with a brood of little ones.



## ONE WOMAN'S ACHIEVEMENTS

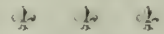
**M**RS. F. L. Erikson, now manager of the Wiltshire Hotel, at San Francisco, was at one period of her interesting career engaged in the capacity of legal stenographer to the American Consul at Dawson.

The Consulate at Dawson was at that time doing the fourth largest business in the United States, and when the Consul was taken ill and had to return to the East, he left Mrs. Erikson in charge of the Consulate. The strenuous duties and the great responsibility were carried successfully by her, and her acts were ratified by Congress. Her experiences

under the most trying circumstances that any woman could well manage, were of a nature to either make or break a character, and she came out with flying colors, and the foreign sailors who thronged the Consulate from all parts of the world raised astonished eyes to the heavens when they realized that they had to take orders from a tiny American girl.

Mrs. Erikson was appointed secretary of the Committee on Concessions and Admissions, of which Mr. M. H. de Young was chairman, and was with that division of the Exposition for over two years. Later she became the chief publicity manager and hostess for the Inside Inn at the Exposition, and she is now managing the Wiltshire Hotel and delightful cafe and several large apartment houses in the city. The success she has achieved and the place she has made for herself, show what an Amer-

ican girl equipped with real grit, energy abundant and sterling intelligence and charm of personality, can do. At the Wiltshire, which has been refurnished, redecorated and practically rebuilt, and is now one of the handsomest and most comfortable of our hotels, taking its place among the famous houses in the Union Square neighborhood, she has an accomplished assistant in the person of her handsome little six-year-old son, who is as active in looking after his mother as she is in looking after the business of the hotel.



## SUCCESS

Friend—"Did you ever have an acceptance from an editor?"

Youthful Writer—"Yes, once. An editor accepted my apology for sending him a poem."—"N. Y. Times Magazine."

# The Start of A Perfect Day

**YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK**  
In Connection with  
**California Exposition Tours**  
In 1915  
Visit  
**Yellowstone National Park**  
Through Salt Lake City, Ogden or Pocatello via  
**The Western Entrance.**  
This may be accomplished overnight, "The Yellowstone Special" of the Oregon Short Line Railroad leaving Salt Lake City each evening, arriving at the Park Border, Yellowstone, Montana Station, early the following morning.  
**Special Low Side Trip Rates in Connection With Trans-continental Tickets**  
Consult any Union Pacific System Agent or write  
**D. E. BURLEY, General Passenger Agent**  
Oregon Short Line R. R. Company  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Old Faithful Inn  
Grand Canyon Hotel  
Coaching Party at Upper Falls  
Fishing Cone Yellowstone Lake  
Grand Canyon from the Brink  
Great Falls and Point Lookout

1915



# Quaker Oats



**BOOKSHELF—(Continued)**  
**Just Boys!**

By Major A. H. Hutchinson

**I**N a gay little red, white and green cover, with a very Christmassy look about it, there comes to us from the Monte Vista Press a book of stories and verses for and about boys by a friend of theirs. Major Hutchinson is Scoutmaster of Troop 2, San Francisco Boy Scouts of America, and what he does not know about that difficult proposition, the boy, would be hard to say after reading these stories. "Little Ben's Thanksgiving" is a simple tale of a lad who found something to be thankful for even in an orphan asylum. "The Office Boy's Christmas Eve," "Wessie's Christmas

FOR  
MY GOD  
AND  
MY  
COUNTRY



Present," and "A Letter to Santa Claus" are good, wholesome and interesting reading, and at the end of the little volume we find the following: "This little book is printed and sold to provide funds for Troop 2, San Francisco Division of the Boy Scouts of America. Troop 2 has headquarters at present at the residence of their scoutmaster, Major Hutchinson, 3297 Folsom Street, telephone Valencia 2326. It is the only troop "south of Market Street," and aims to be the largest and most active in the city. If you are interested in Boy Scouts, order a book for a friend. Price 25 cents.



**PRISON REFORM**  
(Continued from Page 3)

of the prison reform work of the New York Section of the Woman's Department, has been asked and has accepted to serve in a like capacity in the newly-formed Prison Committee of the National Council of Women.

A standardized, sane, constructive propaganda for the improvement of our penal system and institutions cannot fail to succeed if intelligent men and women are brought to the knowledge that it is a problem which is of vital interest to the state and society, and that each member of society must do his or her best to have legislation enforced which will lead to the reforms so vitally necessary.



**UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY**

"De man dat tells all he knows ain't nigh as bad as de one who can't stop dar, but keeps on a-tellin'."



**IN THE SPRINGTIME**

"In what direction does the village lie, my friend?"

"Well, sir, it's liable to lie in any old direction that comes handy, but at this time of the year it's mostly about fish."  
—"Tit-Bits."



A Perfect New Year's Present

**EVERYWOMAN**

For Twelve Months



**Its Double Power Range**



## CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

(Continued from Page 26)

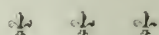
can easily be proved by questioning some of these young visitors. That they are influencing the exhibition methods in other museums is evident from the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Cleveland Museum of Art have begun to use similar models in their exhibits.

Visitors from all parts of the United States and from many foreign countries are carrying back to their home cities accounts of the Children's Museum which are being published in many different languages. New Children's Museums in Boston, Cleveland, Cardiff, Wales, and propaganda for the establishment of similar institutions in North America, South America, and New Zealand, are prophetic expressions of a wave of interest in Children's Museums destined to sweep around the world.

The recent formation of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Children's Museum organized for the upbuilding of the Brooklyn institution, is one of the most important results of the work which the Model Committee of the Long Island Council began. By this means the talent of some of the most gifted and able

club women of our borough has been enlisted for the future development of new ideas in education. Literally, the "eyes of the world" are upon the achievements of the Brooklyn Club Women. What they have done for their Children's Museum will be imitated by other club women wherever there is a museum.

Estimate if you can the educational and civic import of that unique and artistic geographical model presented by the Brooklyn Woman's Club, and you will be a mathematician worthy of having discovered the fourth dimension.



## THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

(Continued from Page 17)

fear of disturbing the sleeping child beside her.

Perhaps the gem of the collection is the "Evening in the Forest," by Theodore Rousseau, a large canvas radiant with the orange glow of the setting sun, which throws the tall trees of the wood into the darkest contrast with the tinted sky. Passing down a road between the

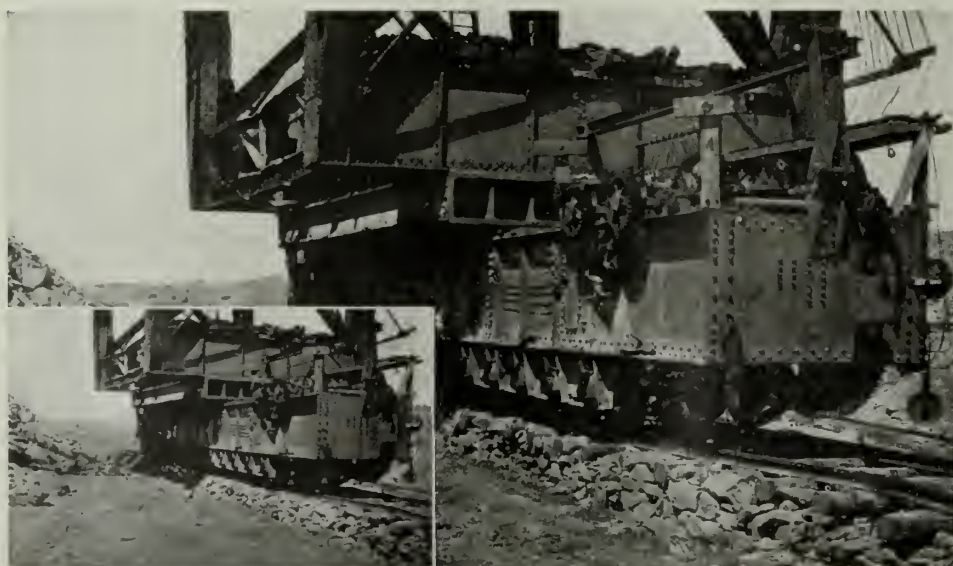
tall forest monarchs is a homeward-bound shepherd and his flock, adding charm to the spirit of the passing day.

Only scattered portions of this wonderful collection have previously been viewed by limited numbers of the owner's friends. It has remained for Mrs. Hearst's public spirited interest in the permanent Museum of Comparative Art in the Palace of Fine Arts to bring these rare gems together into one exhibit at this time and to leave it for the public to enjoy for an indefinite term of years.

It is impossible within the space of a magazine article to give at length all the things which would prove of interest to the public. Every phase of an active museum with cultural influence for its constant aim, is being pushed by J. Nilsen Laurvik, the director, the result being evident in more ways than one. The attendance has been phenomenal in the seven and one-half months since the San Francisco Art Association took the Palace of Fine Arts over, by actual count and registration the count has reached over 90,000.

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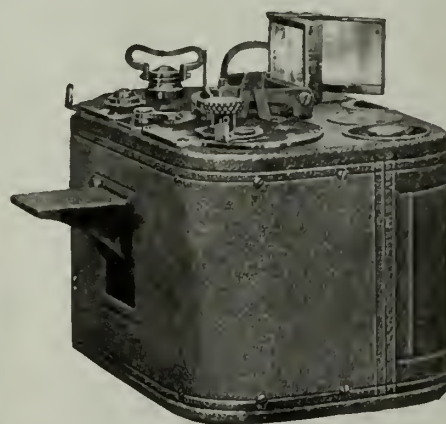
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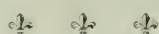


### TROUBLE THAT NEVER CAME

Oh, I worry over this thing and I worry over that,  
But I notice when the atmosphere has cleared  
That the bad luck I had looked for didn't come and knock me flat,  
And I didn't have the trouble that I feared.

Oh, I like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh,  
For I find a bit of worry to my taste.  
But I cannot help a-thinking as the years go speeding by,  
That an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

—"Pittsburg Post."



### OBSERVING

Lady of the House—"I think you will not find me difficult to suit, Marie."

New Maid—"I am sure not, ma'am. I saw your husband as I came in."—"N. Y. Times Magazine."

### RULING PASSION

The Golfiac's Wife—"Oh, William, the house is on fire. Hurry!"

The Golfiac—"All right. We've just got two more holes to play."—"Judge."



What are the wild waves saying,  
Sister dear, to me?

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### LEGISLATURE SHOULD DO JUSTICE TO CALIFORNIA WOMEN

(Continued from Page 8)

several occasions so that the probable total saving to women under the suggested change may be appreciated.

Based upon the inheritance tax revenue for the fiscal year of 1915-1916, this proposed amendment, had it been in effect then, would have saved to the wives, or rather widows, concerned at least \$250,000, and probably considerably more. True, the State would have lost that amount of revenue, but if the tax in question is unfair and discriminatory, as it surely is, the State should have lost it. This is the only answer necessary in reply to such a criticism. But to allay any uneasiness that may exist, I will add that the State's finances, at present at least, are in excellent condition.

I am convinced that the Legislature, if the matter is properly presented, will right this wrong. It is so manifest, so obvious, that I cannot believe the law-makers will refuse. But it must be properly presented. If a bill having this object in view, and no other, is introduced it will be passed, I am convinced. If, however, other amendments are included, in such a bill, as has been proposed, it will lose. Left to stand or fall upon its own merits, it will win, I am sure; if forced to carry less meritorious provisions, it will be defeated beyond a doubt, in my opinion.

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Tuesday Evening, February 20, 1917

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for War  
if the Kaiser  
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VOL. XI. No. 10

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1917

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EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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# The Lady and the Law

## Tripping Up Mr. Bopp & Co. in the Neutrality Law

ON the cover of *Everywoman*, in this issue, we present to you Mrs. Annette Adams, for we fully believe America will come to recognize her future history as something to be proud of.

She is the first woman who has ever participated as U. S. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, and in her conduct of the famous Neutrality Case, involving, as it did, complicated international issues, she opened the way for women's higher talents, and won the respect and admiration of her country men and women.

Mrs. Annette Adams is a slender California girl from the mountains of Plumas County. She is an expert horse-woman, and rode the ranges with her pioneer father until she entered the University of California, coming out as a full-fledged lawyer—with more than the necessary degrees. She practiced for two years, and, having set an ambitious mark ahead, she made application to Mr. John Preston, U. S. Attorney, for an appointment as one of his assistants.

She had some work on hand to convince Mr. Preston that a woman could be most useful in the office. He had a good deal more work to convince the Government at Washington of Mrs. Adams usefulness, but he succeeded, and her gratitude is expressed in the following words: "Mr. Preston is fine, he puts you on your mettle. No favors, but, gives you your cases as they come up—just as he does to his men assistants. And, that is all we women ask—a fair show." And, that is really all that Mrs. Adams would ever need from anyone. We are proud of her.

In the capacity of Assistant Prosecutor, Mrs. Adams, in the most competent and natural manner, demonstrated her woman's wit and wisdom to the keen delight of the fashionable audience, which attended every session, and to the confusion of the defendants. Many telling bits of damaging evidence were brought before the jury in such a simple manner that neither doubt nor confusion seemed possible.

In many respects this was the most remarkable trial which has taken place in American history. It was decided in the Federal Court of San Francisco, by U. S. Circuit Judge William H. Hunt last month. In this case he sentenced five prisoners (four men and one woman) to terms of imprisonment in the peniten-

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

tiary at McNeil's Island, for the crime of conspiring to violate American neutrality. A jury, after having heard one hundred witnesses—eighty-five for the United States and fifteen for the defendants—found them guilty.

The convicted persons are Franz Bopp, German Consul-General; Eckhardt von Schack, Vice-Consul-General; Lieutenant Wilhelm von Brinckin, attache of the German Consulate; C. C. Crowley, detective, and Mrs. Margaret W. Cornell, Crowley's secretary. The men were all sentenced to the term of two years each and fined ten thousand dollars. The woman, however, only received a sentence of one year and a day, without a fine of any sort, although she was proven equally guilty with the men in all the plots in which they were involved. But, Judge Hunt very kindly took into consideration the fact that she refused to take the stand in her own defense; this he construed to her credit, as it did not involve her in perjury—together with conspiracy. The woman who got off so lightly for participating in such grave crimes as assisting in the attempted blowing up of ships, which carry armunitions to the allied armies, and Canadian trains, laden with soldiers, was ungrateful, sneering, cold and cynical. Though, this woman reached the half century milestone, she had accumulated no instincts of pity for humanity. Just the greed of gain constituted her whole mental equipment.

Judge Hunt stripped the four men of any shields of sophistry and, in scathing words, exposed their murderous attempts for the payment of so many dollars per day. The facts and figures showing, that in this case, at least, the laborer was considered worthy of his hire.

In questioning John Smith, the star witness for the government, Mrs. Adams brought out the marked contrast between his salary of \$300 a month and expenses since he entered the employ of the German Consul and that of Baron von Brinckin, a lieutenant of the Kaiser's army, who, as an attache, worked hard in the conspiracy for a \$150 a month. The contrast in the salary account was so marked, that the nature and value of Smith's services to the cause of Consul Bopp, was apparent to the most indifferent of onlookers. And all through

the trial Mrs. Adams scored with equal success.

This jolly rascal Smith gave his testimony against himself, as well as against the defendants, in the most simple and cheerful manner. Up to the time that the consulate people discovered Smith, he was an unskilled workman in the employ of a powder company, earning three dollars a day and very glad of it. But, just as soon as he became a bomb maker to Mr. Bopp, he became a most luxurious creature. In the course of his travels, to and from Canada, he treated himself to the aristocratic privileges of an affinity and a Palace Car, with all the accompaniments of fine raiment. All of this came in on the expenses. Indeed, Mr. Smith's sense of humor was only dampened when the defense brought out the story of the affinity, in the presence of his wife—a wife who was fully as large as Smith himself.

Mrs. Smith was beyond all doubts the best witness of the one hundred persons who took part in the great conspiracy trial. She is good to look at; she is Irish, and by nature emotional and dramatic. She is gifted with such a strong sense of humor, that in all probability she kept her husband from becoming a murderer—and kept the members of the German Consulate from the hangman's noose. Indeed, she turned out to be the best friend that Bopp & Co. ever had. That she was the brains and ruling spirit of the Smith home (even the affinity being only a shadowy person of the Palace car), there could be no doubt. It took clever questioning to get admissions from her of her husband's part in the bomb making; but they came out with clear, telling and dramatic climaxes in the end; and, you had a vivid picture of kind hearted Mrs. Smith, with her ample arms around the ample neck of Mr. Smith (who is a Virginian) when he was starting on his errands of mercy, to blow up ships and trains and soldiers and workmen into smithereens, at the trifling cost of \$300 a month and expenses. You could hear the Virginian give the following promises: "Sure, I'll make all the bombs old man Bopp pays me for, but nary a one will I kill any man with. Honey, yo' can trust yo' big boy fo' that, sure!" And, while the laugh and the tear glistened in Mrs. Smith's big blue eyes, at the mixture of

(Continued on page thirty)



# National Council of Women

## 7,000,000--Stand for Defense and Preparedness

**M**EMBERS of the National Council of Women of the United States:

With regard to the Congress of Constructive Patriotism, held in Washington last month, it is my pleasure to announce the attitude of the National Council.

At the last Biennial Meeting of the Council, the resolution for "adequate defense" was passed with only one dissenting vote, and that one demanding the least possible defense, which, after all, is on the road toward defense. According to this resolution, your president has spoken for adequate defense and its concomitant adequate preparedness.

This does not mean militarism; nor can it ever mean sitting with folded hands, waiting for the approach of the hostile forces and lamenting our unpreparedness.

The Congress, presented by the National Security League, will consider the basic conditions of national security, and the development of an efficient national spirit.

The people of the United States are intelligent, and when occasion arises intensely patriotic. Before the United States can achieve its greatest strength its citizens must have clear ideas of its national purposes, and the nature of the individual's duty.

At this Congress will be presented a definite constructive plan for co-ordinating the work of the women of the United States on a broad basis for national betterment and national service.

This plan is the result of scientific

By Mrs. Philip North Moore  
President

study of the far-reaching need of women's work as developed in the warring countries. It involves not only the practical application of the woman power of the country in time of war, but the direct and continued use thereof in time of peace for the upbuilding of an efficient national spirit.

The chairman of the Committee on Plan and Scope says: We believe it is



Mrs. Philip North Moore

not possible to have any effective plan of constructive patriotism without the active co-operation of the understanding women of this country.

The delegates from the National Council of Women are the president, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett (past president), Mrs. Mary M. North and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mrs. North, as member of the Publicity Committee, will give the report of the Congress in the March issue of **Everywoman**.

### Committee on Legal Status of Women

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, chairman; Mrs. Florence D. Potter, 50 Church St., New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. F. P. Bullock, 612-19 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Marion W. Cottle, North Conway, N. H.; Miss Florence E. Allen, 547 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Wm. H. Anderson, 211 Eastern Ave., Aspinwall, Pa.; Mrs. Adella W. Eardley, 621 S. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah; Miss Katherine Horan, General Land Office, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Frances E. Burns, St. Louis, Michigan.

The committee is in favor of urging Federal legislation as to women of the United States married to aliens, and will gladly co-operate with the International Council to secure action from other countries.

The other recommendations are: (1) States work for legislation raising the age of consent for girls to the legal majority in each state; and that (2) Fathers and Mothers be made equal guardians of minor children.

## To Inez Milholland Boissevain

"For Lycidaes is dead, dead ere his prime;  
Young Lycidaes, and hath not left his peer."

—MILTON.

Inez, vibrant, courageous, symbolic,  
How can death claim you?  
Many he leads down the long halls of silence  
Burdened with years,  
Those who have known sorrow  
And are weary with forgetting,  
The young who have tasted only gladness  
And who go with wistful eyes,  
Never to see the sharp breaking of illusion.  
For these—  
We who remain and are lonely  
Find consolation, saying:  
"They have won the white vistas of quietness."  
But for you—

By RUTH FITCH, in the Suffragist.

The words of my grief will not form  
In a pattern of resignation.  
The syllables of rebellion  
Are quivering upon my lips!  
You belonged to life—  
To the struggling actuality of earth;  
You were our Hortensia and flung  
Her challenge to the world—  
Our world still strangely Roman—  
"Does justice scorn a woman?"

Oh! Between her words and yours the centuries  
seem  
Like little pauses in an ancient song,  
For in the hour of war's discordant triumph  
You both demanded "Peace"!

And I, remembering how the faces of many  
women

Turned toward you with passionate expectation,  
How can I find consolation?

Inez, vibrant, courageous, symbolic,  
Can death still claim you?  
When in the whitening winter of our grief  
You smile with all the radiance of spring,  
When from the long halls of silence  
The memory of your voice comes joyously back  
To the ears of our desolation—  
Your voice that held a challenge and a caress.  
You have gone—  
Yet you are ours eternally!  
Your gallant youth,  
Your glorious self-sacrifice—all ours!  
Inez, vibrant, courageous, symbolic,  
Death can not claim you!



# Public Expenditures

## The Ever Increasing Tax Burden

By John S. Chambers  
State Controller

### In Front Rank

THE support of our schools, our prisons and our hospitals constitute a heavy drain upon the people, whether considered from the point of view of the state, the counties or the cities. So, too, do our numerous elections.

I recall, while attending the National Tax Association Convention at Denver in 1914, hearing a delegate declare that our schools were costing far too much, that as good or better results could and should be secured with the expenditure of much less money, that those in charge of school finances, as a rule, were not business men—practical men—however worthy in other ways, and so full value was by no means received for every dollar expended. Doubtless there was much truth in what the delegate stated. A like criticism might apply, also, to other departments of government. The central idea in this delegate's mind was that by temperament and training educators were not fitted to manage the fiscal affairs of the schools to the best advantage. But the people, I take it, would rather err in the matter of over-cost than under-cost where the education of the children of the country is at stake.

### Cost of Schools

We are spending in California approximately \$36,000,000 a year upon our schools, including the university, the normals, the common and the high schools; salaries of teachers, buildings, upkeep and so forth. This, upon an estimated population of 3,000,000, means a per capita for the state, counties and cities of \$12.00.

I have not the data for comparison with all the other states. The data available as to state governments is far from satisfactory. In 1915, for example, the state government of California contributed to the local communities for the support of the common and the high schools over \$5,000,000, while that of Massachusetts gave only \$204,879. It is simply a difference in system, the eastern commonwealth throwing practically the entire burden of collection and distribution upon the local governments, while here a great part of the revenue is collected by the state and distributed to the schools. Accordingly, on a per capita basis, California would appear, upon a superficial showing, to be expending infinitely more than Massachusetts upon education.

There is no doubt, however, that California is in the very front rank in the matter of expenditures for this purpose. Early in 1915, I had occasion to compare school disbursements by our state government, in 1913, with those of nine other states, two selected from the East, two (including California) from the West, two from the North, two from the South and two from the central group, the estimated population of each being



approximately the same. California's per capita was \$2.99 as compared with an average for the ten States of \$1.90. Her percentage of cost as compared with her receipts was 38 per cent, yet this figure was exceeded by six of the other states.

I merely submit these figures and this data for consideration. Like the entire subject of expenditures, the school phase of it calls for thorough investigation before the passing of judgment. If disbursements are too heavy, we can not hope to curtail them as they should be unless we know where the fault lies.

### Hospital and Prison Cost

The cost of our prisons, our reformatories, our hospitals and benevolent institutions also is a tremendous burden. I have taken the totals for the state, the

counties and the cities, which under such classified headings as "Protection to Life and Property" include city fire departments also, and find that for 1915 they aggregated over \$26,000,000, or a per capita of nearly \$9.00.

California, from the prison and hospital point of view, is in a peculiar position. Facing the Pacific, she is, so far as our country is concerned, the "end of the world," the "jumping off place." The mental and moral derelicts reach here and stop. They can go no further, and there is little incentive to induce them to return whence they came. So the result is, they become a burden upon California, and I think there is no manner of doubt that our percentage of cost for the care of these unfortunates is away above the average.

I am convinced from personal knowledge of the situation that our state hospitals are being economically conducted and I think, too, our state prisons. My opportunities of judging as to city and county hospitals and prisons have not been so good, but it is fair to presume, I think, that being so many in number and under such scattered authority they are not nearly so well in hand as are our state institutions of a similar character which are under centralized authority, close supervision and are fairly free of political entanglements.

### Elections

I have not had an opportunity to tabulate data as to the cost of elections, and for that matter such data as I have in my office is not complete. But all of us know that elections occur frequently, all of us know that it costs money to hold an election, and it follows, therefore, that the total must be heavy. It seems to me that this phase of the expenditure situation offers a fine field for investigation and improvement.

I am not endeavoring, of course, to call your attention to the entire line of disbursements for various general purposes, but rather by selecting the more important to suggest that where expenditures are the heaviest perhaps will be found the best opportunities for retrenchment. I will take up, along that line, two other main topics—new functions and bonded indebtedness—before considering governmental efficiency from the standpoint of general and departmental management.

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# Community Music for America

## Encouraging Increase In Musical Organization

(Continued from January)

By J. Lawrence Erb

ONE or more local bands or orchestras in each community with frequent public appearances, preferably in the high school auditorium in and the public square in the summer, and with competitions between the various communities for prizes or other honors. Then as the next step, wherever possible, the creation of county organizations recruited from the best talent in the local bands and orchestras.

These also should compete annually, either throughout the entire State or, if possible, in sections of the State. And, as a crowning glory there should be a State orchestra. This should be recruited, so far as possible, from among the county organizations; though, of course, because of its great conspicuousness, here, at least, there should be the possibility of directly drafting high-grade instrumentalists for service in the orchestra.

Such a policy would insure intensive and wide-spread musical interest and culture, and, what is still more important, it would provide frequent opportunity for participation of the entire community, either as performers or listeners, in concerts of merit,—community music of the very highest order.

The first objection that would be urged against such a policy is that it would be hard to finance. Possibly,—though I am not sure. Certainly the local organizations should not cost much, for they could be directly under the care of the school—or other municipal music supervisor, whose salary presumably is already being paid. Perhaps a few dollars added to the present salary would provide a person capable of combining the traditional high school work with these new activities. An initial investment would have to be made in instruments and music, but that, too, is not an impossible proposition. I am well aware of the conservatism and sometimes mulishness of school boards or municipal councils, but I am also aware of the overwhelming influence and power which is in the hands of the organized women of the community, and I know of nobody who more quickly feels the pulse of public opinion than the politician.

If women are interested in this matter and want it, they will get it. In other words, I am putting this whole proposition in large measure up to the women's clubs. I don't mean that they should reach into their pockets and

pay the bills, I simply mean that if they will get behind it and push, it must come. If not today, tomorrow, or the day after, and I am not exercising any prophetic vision or laying any claims to a vivid imagination when I say that every single element which I have here outlined is a possibility of the near future, if we can line up the women's clubs for it.

No form of musical activity, no matter how humble, should be discouraged in the effort to build up community music for community uplift. The more organizations of all kinds the better, provided always that they keep busy. Many important agencies already exist which are dying a lingering death of anæmia. Will not women lend a hand to save and revitalize that magnificent community asset, the volunteer-choir? Will they not take a leaf out of grandfather's book and revive that sterling American institution, the singing-school? Will they not encourage on **every hand** the small beginnings of every sort which are destined to develop into real community assets, even tho they be as cheap and seemingly useless as the mandolin or banjo club?

In conversation not long ago with an eminent authority on the music of Russia, I was impressed with his emphasis upon the marvelous manner in which Russia has found herself within a generation. As he put it, thirty years ago the Russian conservatories were filled

with foreign teachers. Scarcely a Russian held a position of prominence unless he had been educated abroad. Today scarcely a foreigner may be found in these positions, and, moreover, the present incumbents have been trained in Russia. This has been brought about largely by the establishment of national conservatories. These institutions have drawn their students largely from the small towns and villages. It is significant that not one of the great Russian composers has come from a great city. He went on to say that American music will have to be built up by the boys and girls, not from the metropolis, but from the small town. The metropolis is too cosmopolitan. The great fault of American composers has been that they, too, are too cosmopolitan in their style. If they would express themselves in an individual manner native to the soil, they would have a hearing. As it is, they are but reflections, in large part, of the various European schools. Nothing short of a group of national conservatories scattered over the land at strategic points will ever bring about a native American music. Whether we agree or not with this gentleman's observations, there is no doubt that the first step that we can take is the development of our latent resources.

Our national reproach is that we scratch the surface in all things and never get below it. This is certainly

(Continued on page eighteen)

# MUSIC





# EVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### *President Wilson and Peace Ideals*

FOR some little time the world has been ringing with the Peace Ideals of President Wilson, who has lately expressed the hopes and aims of the majority of the American people, and doubtless of the great majority of the neutral peoples of the world; and, to a certainty, he expressed the very heart's desire of many of the warring peoples. This desire will not bring about peace in time to save the coming slaughter of the spring massacres, but, most surely it will furnish many corner stones and working plans for the construction of World Peace, when the invaded countries have won or received adequate justice from their enemies.

It is only through complete victories, ample restitution and reparation that such a peace can be brought about. No Hague bound oaths, no "scraps of paper," of any quality can establish faith in the war-torn breasts of suffering Europe. The burned child will live there for many generations yet to come. So, the security given for the keeping of future peace must be as deep as life itself. Any other solution of the past and present slaughter, would not only be monstrously unjust, but utterly useless, for the future hopes of World Peace. It would only prove a breathing spell for future war preparations. In the past, it took forty years to prostitute science into the murderous monstrosities of today; but ten years or perhaps five, with the knowledge and experience gained, could practically duplicate the fighting machinery wrecked in the last two years and a half, and, then, where would be the security to the weakened countries which will have to rebuild from the foundations up.

When the day for peace finally dawns, we hope to see written boldly on the statute books of nations, a law which will so operate that—as one man—all the nations of the world will shut their doors, commercially and morally, in the face of the first country to infringe upon that law. For, there can be no lasting peace where the monarchs of any countries seek to govern the peoples of other countries against their consent, whether those countries be great or small.

We gladly publish the following extract from the "Zukunft" (Berlin), which speaks for itself. It goes to prove statements which we have heard many Germans make, and which we believe, when they say:

"It is not the Germans who wished this war or who committed these atrocities; it is the Prussians' mad desire to own the earth."

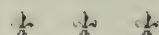
If there is enough of that spirit in Germany and enough men with the courage of the famous editor, Maxmilian Harden, to back that spirit of fairness up, Peace may come, but it cannot come at the Kaiser's orders. For, it is not to be supposed that any tyrant can plunge millions of men into death and slavery at will, and, plunge out of war again with all the loot he can gain, and that the world shall accept his dictates. Read Harden's views which are as follows:

Amsterdam (via London), January 20.—Maxmilian Harden, commenting in today's Zukunft (Berlin) on the entente note to President Wilson, says:

"An understanding seems possible on the general principles of the note. Freedom, justice, civilization, peace—that is what all who return from the trenches are willing to develop, as well as the reduction of militarism.

"Rude words do not ring long. A greater obstacle is the territorial question, and our enemies rightly consider their claims small as compared with those of the people who want to eat up Belgium, Northern France, Belfort, Poland, Courland, Serbia, Rumania, even Venetia and Egypt. The great difficulty is Alsace, but I have reason to believe that the peace possibilities will not be smashed on the walls of Strassburg.

"Nine-tenths of the French nation does not wish to challenge Germany's revengefulness, it is a pity that the heads of the central powers failed to say on what reasonable terms they were ready to end the war and arrange to live at peace with the rest of humanity. Now we see impossible terms stated and the people gnashing their teeth. Remember this: The Great Frederick also signed a peace treaty which at the time was considered unsatisfactory, but which his grandson regarded as a work of courageous wisdom."



### *The Congress of Constructive Patriotism*

IN another page of this issue Mrs. Philip North Moore, President of the National Council of Women, writes of the meaning of the Congress of Constructive Patriotism, which assembled at Washington, on January 25, 26 and 27, by the National Security League.

We wish that every man and woman in America could read and fully absorb the meaning—the full meaning—of the working of that Congress. We wish that they would not only read but study the same, safe protection to America and to the true interests of all countries, for that matter; for, are we not interwoven and entwined through blood, breeding, friendship and human feeling with all countries and all peoples? But, as it is with one's own family, so it is with one's own country: It is America first! This is as it should be. Were we not sensibly and sufficiently protected, whom could we protect or help, either within or without our own borders? Those who are too old or too helpless to fight and who suffer hunger, tyranny and death at the hands of the merciless invaders within the boundaries of the Old World, look to us for help. Let us thank God, that in some measure, we have been able to respond. But, think well of our sufferings were we unable to respond. And never cease to think well—of the care we must constantly bestow on the necessity for adequate defense. Let not any pleasing faith cure lectures persuade you into a too soporific



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mood until the other countries, which are effected with the blood lust are inoculated with the faith cure in sufficient quantities to produce good results.

We have no quarrel at all with the faith cure. Indeed, we wish it were more universal. But, we cannot let the agents of warring governments, nor their imitators, who wildly rush around—at the first big noise in the name of peace—deceive us into the belief that we should swallow the whole faith cure. Too much of a good medicine may become as injurious as no medicine at all.

We hope to see the establishment of classes in every school in America for the teaching of Constructive Patriotism, not alone for the children of foreign parents, but for the parents themselves. All who are fortunate in being able to make America their home, should at least know what Americanism means. And, there is no better time than the present for such instructions, with the object lessons of the Old World ringing in the hearts and brains of those who are safe in this New World of ours.

Mrs. Mary M. North will tell us all about the workings of this Constructive Congress of Patriotism in the March number of *Everywoman*, and will also tell of the part which women will take in the constructive works of the future, in which education and peace will have a large share.



#### Get at the Roots

#### If You Want to Remove a Cancer

A FEW years ago, San Francisco woke up to the vice and vulgarity of the Barbary Coast. Then, as now, indignant and law-abiding citizens sought ways and means of cleaning up the festering spots. The men of the law only saw one method of dealing with the wretched women of the underworld; and that way was to turn them out on the streets. Men, then, as always, were fine problem makers; but, while they were efficiency experts at making the problems, they were as dull as the moon in an eclipse at solving them. It is true, Police Commissioner Mr. Theodore Roche, in a facetious mood suggested that the club women of the city solve the problem by providing for the future and generally looking after the vice victims. No doubt Mr. Roche meant well, but, manlike left the distasteful task to the club women, who did not create the conditions.

At that time we called the gentleman's attention to his thoughtlessness by writing: "Mr. Theodore Roche must have had his native wit on tap today when he advised the club women of San Francisco to provide for and look after the comforts of the women of the night-life. Why not the club men, Mr. Roche? They have—and have had—the experience!"

We do not presume to suppose that the above little query had anything to do with the viewpoint of the President of the Police Commission nor of the other lawmakers; but it is very clear that they, as well as the people at large, are taking a deep and abiding interest in this terrible problem. And, though the club women and the philanthropists have never ceased their quiet, yet discouraging efforts in cleaning the city, and offering help to those of the fallen whom they could reach, it became quite apparent that the powers of the vice jobbers were too great to be overcome by decent women or philanthropists.

It took one slender young clergyman, the Rev. Paul

Smith, with the moral courage of a crusader and the vision of a poet, to awaken the consciousness of the beautiful city and state to the dangers and duties of every citizen therein. And, this awakening shows sign of good, and lasting results. But, these results will not be fully attained through the efforts of the average lawmaker nor through the efforts of the average man. These are too busy with the business side of life to have any imagination left for the subtle soul-killing methods of the vice brokers. Every living soul must help in this crusade against vice, and it must not be an effort of today nor tomorrow.



#### Keep Politics and

#### Religion Out of this Crusade

IF politics, religion, or dissensions are allowed to inject themselves into this enormous undertaking the good results will be marred and efforts wasted. In this war on vice and on the vicious, there is glory enough for all. If the lawmakers do their duties, as such the people at large should do their duties of eternal vigilance, and eternal help, and eternal co-operation. For, there is no more hope that the vice evil will be cured, nor very long helped by the old methods of attack, than will poisoned oak be killed by clipping off the branches. Root and branch must be pulled up and destroyed before anything like relief can be brought about.

And, the first thing in this line which must be accomplished is to put the male patrons and the male promoters of vice out of commission and into jail.

Now, gentlemen and lawmakers, you all know this as well as we do—and better. If you are in earnest in this vice crusade, all you have to do in order to crush the vice trade among the women of the night-life, is to jail their patrons and their brokers. Then, in a month, the caterers will be starved into a willingness to do any honest work which the city and state should provide. Without the brazen impudence of their exploiters talking of "The high cost of living," "twelve dollar boots" or "white-fox furs," it is easy to understand their brand of penitence.

With a few efforts, such as putting the incubators of vice—the saloons and the cabarets—out of business, the problem would be much easier of solution.

For, to be quite candid about it, the stupid, vacant faced army of professional vice caterers who stormed the Rev. Paul Smith's church (herded there by their owners), were as poor specimens of sirens as one could find in a nightmare. It would be impossible to have anything but contempt and loathing for the patrons which they could attract.

These creatures were palpably made up of the abnormal women—who are always dangerous, as they become the vampires and the exploiters, and of the sub-normal women who are always foolish and the unfortunate victims. And, while they should have, or at least the sub-normal ones should have, all the protection that the law and the generosity of decent men and women can give; it is to the honest, hard-working girls and women, who struggle with lonesomeness, poverty and sorrow—very often alone and unaided—that our heart goes out. For, they make the brave struggle, and often silently die in their efforts without brass bands or flowery oratory.



# Studios and Galleries

## Rare Art Treasures Accessible to All

By Elizabeth Taft

THE art progress of San Francisco of 1916, far from slackening after the art awakening of 1915, has advanced in three waves; first, the jury free exhibition, then the annual jury exhibition of the Art Institute, finally reaching its high tide in the opening of the magnificent Hearst collection in December. And so, in January, we find ourselves rather in the slack between tides, when fine single canvases come from the studios, but only our individual exhibition of importance is in progress. It is, however, a very great pleasure to record two splendid gifts which are of the utmost importance to the people of San Francisco, in that they add real treasure to two of the public collections.

addition of three canvases to the Emanuel Walter Collection. These are "The Blue Bay of Monterey," by Bruce Nelson, a strong, colorful picture from the brush of this talented Californian; "Kitty and the Blue Wagon," by Armin C. Hansen, a wonderfully brilliant rendition of California sunshine and shadow; and "The Green Gables," by Anne M. Bremmer, one of the strongest landscapes this very talented artist has recently completed.

The various exhibitions at the Fine Arts Palace were covered in these pages last month. Throngs visit the galleries daily, and Mr. Laurvik, ably seconded

Illinois, receiving his art education at the Hopkin's Institute, followed by several years in Paris. He is one of our constantly growing and improving men and each exhibition of his work shows what strides he is making forward. In the same gallery is a collection of original engravings made from drawings of Andobon and colored under his personal supervision. These are all most beautifully and realistically rendered, and afford a city dweller an unusual opportunity to become acquainted with the birds of many climes. In the first gallery there is a splendid showing of Ernest D. Roth's powerful etchings, and it surely needs no second glance to convince one that the Eastern critics had just cause to rank him as one of America's leading etchers. In this room also the interested visitor will find excellent examples of the monotypes of Carel L. Dake Jr. and Xavier Martinez, affording with the large collection of Hobart's in the main gallery, a rare opportunity to study the different technique of these three masters of the process. For February, Mr. Tollerton promises two very great treats—an individual exhibition of Henry V. Poor, which surely no one will be so shortsighted as to miss, and an exhibition of water-colors and etchings of old San Francisco. These are for the most part the work of visitors to our city, and will surely prove most interesting.

The other down-town galleries are showing mixed collections. At Schussler's, E. Charlton Fortune had just sent in three brand new canvases of unusual merit. "The Russian Ballet" is especially fine, rich in color, full of action, and splendid in composition. It will more than repay a visit to this gallery. Sheldon Pennoyer has sent two splendid pastels as representative of his Eastern work. These are wonderfully brilliant, sunny glimpses, which, particular in "The White-washed Barn," fairly make you blink. An especially fine water-color by L. P. Latimer, "In the High Sierras," and a nocturne, "Venus," by Ferdinand Burgdorff, stand out vividly in this very excellent collection. Crown- ing treat of all was a wee glimpse of the process by which Bertha Lum attains her effects in her famous black prints. Forty-seven wooden blocks cut for the rendering of one of the simplest



MONOTYPE BY CLARK HOBART

The contest with the heirs of the Spooner estate has been settled, and the Park Memorial Museum becomes the permanent owner of one-half of this wonderful collection. For the present we are also to enjoy all of Miss Spooner's treasures, for her sister has agreed to leave her share in the care of the museum. The two marvelous canvases which fell to the lot of the museum are those of Danbigny and Dupre, the elder. We all know and love both of these wonderful examples from the brushes of these two great masters, but by all means do not fail to pay them another visit, and you surely will rejoice anew that they are now permanently ours.

The California Art Institute has also had a fine gift during the month, in the

by his assistants, is working earnestly, forming a firm foundation for San Francisco's permanent art center. Each Sunday there is a lecture by Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry on various art subjects. Just at present she is speaking on the beauties of the Hearst collection, for these rooms are the center of interest for visitors, as they should be, for they certainly hold wonderful treats for the art lover.

One finds an interesting individual exhibition at the Hill Tollerton print rooms, where Clark Hobart's monotypes are shown. The delicacy and grace of Mr. Hobart's art have long entranced connoisseurs, and a careful study of the nearly fifty samples in the exhibition is indeed a joy. Mr. Hobart is a native of

(Continued on page twenty-two)



# Reflections of a Pacifist

## Peace as Preventive Instead of Cure

By Dr. Leonie Fordham

WHILE President Wilson's peace move failed to initiate peace, and while Professor Pope and others of the American Neutral Conference Committee failed to get the signatures to a monster petition to prove that the American public stands solidly behind its leader in his attempt to bring about mediation of the neutral nations, nothing else short of success could have done more to bring again peace in the limelight. It certainly needed the limelight—national as well as international. Under the reaction of the first peace stampede which broke out as soon as we realized the world war was on and ought to be stopped—(only to find that we had missed the psychological moment)—the pacifist had not only become persona non grata, his propaganda from being a headliner dwindled into half-inch space, and at most time to nothingness in the public press, and where it did dare to lift its head and demand to be heard it met with coolness, suspicion, and, worst of all, ridicule.

However, while talking peace became unpopular, President Wilson's re-election is absolute proof that the United States wants peace, and wants peace action. So President Wilson did not need millions of signers to a petition; the fact that he was re-elected on a peace platform was all-sufficient for him to dare, in the name of his people, to offer his services to the belligerents in behalf of peace. His services were refused for the time being, but the fact that the services were offered stands as a fundamental fact in history, redounding not only to the glory of himself, but the nation he represents. For the whole world by this time knows that the step President Wilson took towards peace was his first, and not his last. His effort now will be judged by his last, and if the future can be judged by the past, President Wilson will prove himself not only the man with the greatest national but also the greatest international vision. With this wonderful example at the head of the Government, we pacifists can well take heart, and cease to call ourselves pacifists, and proudly declare ourselves henceforth: Internationalists.

Let us stop patting ourselves on the back, let us face the truth and acknowl-

edge that there is no such thing as a peacemaker. Peace has never been made by the outsider when the antagonists are in deadly combat, as they are now, fighting, as they all claim, for their very existence, fighting not for economic advantages but ideals. Peace here will come automatically from within the confines of the belligerents.

As soon as the so-called pacifists become analytical about themselves, when



Dr. Leonie Fordham

we review our work in the light of actual achievement, then we become constructive. It is the lack of a constructive program which has made the work of the pacifist what it is—a failure. It sounds harsh, but have not all efforts in this line failed in past history, and during these last two years? Is not the war still going on, and is it not outwarring every other war that ever has devastated humanity? There must be reasons for this. One of the reasons is, in my estimation, that the peace forces of the world have never been as thoroughly co-ordinated into harmonious action as the war forces are, and I dare say that until the peace forces are internationalized and acting as a world peace army in absolute union of purpose and ac-

tion, they will fail in the future, just as they failed in the past, for both peace and war have ceased to be national in their characteristics. They may start as national units, but speedily their effect is felt internationally. Before this war is over we will have instead found out that the world has become so contracted into a world family that not one member can quarrel or war with another, unless all have to suffer.

Personally, I have devoted two years to the propaganda of peace. I had just stepped out of the profession of medicine to take a long-needed rest, when the war broke out, and I was swept willy-nilly into the ranks of the pacifists. I ought to have known better. For had not my medical experiences proven to me the analogy of disease and war? Had not years of actual practice taught me that we physicians don't perform the miracles we are credited with, that the power which cures lies in the patient, that it is vis mediatrix naturae—the healing power of nature—to which we are only the handmaid; did I not long ago come to the conclusion that the medical profession had missed its legitimate mission by not dropping the fallacy of the so-called "healing art" and take up the "exact science" of "preventing disease" instead?

Today I know I have wasted two years trying to cure war, just as I had tried to cure disease. Today I know that war is a disease of national bodies, an epidemic form of insanity of the mass mind, a reversal of cerebral processes where it does not swing any more in unison with the accepted standard which makes for morality, but one which makes for immorality. Now, war being a disease of the national mass mind, the pacifists have as little to do with bringing about peace as the average physician can pride himself of having cured the disease of an individual. When war has run its course, it will automatically result in peace. So far as my opinion is concerned, I have come to the conclusion that the pacifists' business, with the exception of palliating certain symptoms in Red Cross work, ought to be replaced by the far more promising activity to become war preventers, just as I would like to turn every physician into a dis-



case preventer. Now is the appointed time. While the war is consuming all the inflammable and explosive material which Europe has been storing and is still storing, the science of the prevention of war has to be born, and in this monumental task which is now before humanity—both men and women are called from on high to do their share.

The question is now: Will every woman respond to the appeal. I thought so once, when I was on the mission to bring every woman to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace. I learned then that every woman is affected, like every man, with what in physics is defined to us as "inertia." Well, of all things which we are forced to go up against, this I consider the worst; so now when I talk about every woman, or talk about the World Union of Women for International Concord, the every woman I speak of is every woman who carries on her forehead the seal of internationalism, for an international heart, an international conscience, and international mind alone is a fit worker in the building of the foundation of permanent peace.

That the hope of action on war prevention lies with the select ones, and not the mass mind, was forcibly brought to me when last Christmas Day, on the solicitation of the Neutral Conference Committee, I went to Golden Gate Park to solicit subscriptions to the mediation petition. Well, talk about eye-openers! they would fill a book. I went out to mould people's opinions, and instead they moulded mine, or rather remoulded it in such a way that there was little Christmas joy left when I returned with eighty-seven signatures only. I say this with little resentment, for the reason that, if we learn anything, we learn it from the opposition. I learned that the average American had **absolute** convictions, and did not hesitate to state his or her reasons for not signing, and from their standpoint they were logical.

"Let them fight it out, when they have enough they will quit!" In the light of past history and present events could this argument be refuted. "My signature won't help any. President Wilson does not ask any of us what to do; if he did he would never find time to do anything." Quite true, after all, while the moral support of the majority of the people evidenced by their signatures to a peace petition might have been reassuring to the President, anything **short** of that may have been embarrassing. Furthermore, while we pride ourselves of being an ideal Democracy, is it not a

fact that democracy ends at the water's edge, and that as soon as foreign relations are entered we become subject to autocracy, and President Wilson vested with all the power of an autocrat? And well is this so, because diplomacy to be successful has to be centered in a unit, as the million-headed thing called a nation cannot ask another million-headed nation: How can this be settled; what are your terms under which you are willing to enter peace negotiations?

While the Allies looked at the petition as a pro-German move, thus declining to sign, the German looked at it as a pro-Ally move to counteract their petition for an embargo on ammunition and food-stuff. The American men who signed the petition represented three classes. The American who signs is by nature a pacifist, or so broad-visioned as to foresee that the so-called war prosperity has reached its zenith, and that the billions hoarded in the United States Treasury, so far as the public is concerned, might as well be mere "gold bricks," in fact, might finally prove a war foundation instead of a peace foundation.

Dreadful as it sounds, the same forces which brought this war into existence operated against its being stopped when it could have been stopped—(when it was still in the making)—now operate in having it prolonged. Economics—neither individuals nor nations can escape it.

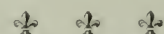
Economics dictated our policy towards the belligerents from the very onset of the war, and now, when the war has actually proven to be one in quest of the world's markets, that is one waged under the relentless pressure of international economics, even the opponents to good American business methods have gotten over their sentimental scruples about "blood money," and logically so. With demonstrated proof that the belligerents fight for increased markets by the sword, why should the innocent onlooker to the big game refuse the benefit which the belligerents are compelled to throw in our laps, and this under sanction of international law? And if, as a nation, we don't refuse to be enriched by the war, can I consistently blame individuals for refusing their signatures to a petition which they think operates against their individual interest?

Two years ago I did not view the situation in this cold-blooded way. I considered the sending of ammunition and foodstuff by neutrals to belligerents an international crime, today I look at the fact of America having become the great creditor nation of the world as one of the greatest salutary lessons of the present war.

If once Nations, just like individuals, learn that in the fight of two dogs over a bone, the neutral dog has the best chance of getting the bone of contention, they might waken up to the absolute insanity to the war.

Having shifted from the cure of war to the prevention of war, I am pinning my faith in this movement more on women than upon men, because woman's work in organized bodies prophesies that the betterment of human conditions lies with her. Besides, there are more internationalists among women than among men. Practically for ages aloof from the world's competitive economic struggle, she now represents the world's "great neutral," cemented into solidarity in the past by mother hopes, and henceforth by mother fears.

We have now witnessed in every nation how, under the power of external danger, a hundred million men fuse into a solid unit for defense and offense, forgetting themselves, their ambitions, their lives, obliterating personality, with one aim, one single purpose, becoming practically one man. The future, I hope, will bring forth the spectacle that the fear of the Moloch, who has already swallowed millions of her sons, and threatens to swallow millions more, women all over the world will now fuse into a world army to make war against war, to protect her world, her creation, her son.



### THE SONNET

BY W. T. LARNED

*What is a sonnet?—If I had my fling  
I'd say that, first of all, it is a filler  
Set in the space where Smith's continuous  
thriller*

*Does not disclose the crime against the king.  
It's generally written in the spring.*

*In summer, fall, and when the season's  
chiller.*

*Petrarca (Lowell called him lady-killer)  
Was first to patronize the pretty thing.*

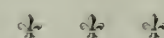
*Ends the octave. Now for the minor part.*

*Shakespeare preferred the English form, but  
mine's*

*Italian. Who's wedded to his art  
Labors for love (not coin) until the kine's  
Come home. A quart should always be—  
a quart.*

*Poeta fit: I've filled the fourteen lines.*

—HARPER'S.



### Poor Father!

Pa, what is your birthstone?

Father of seven, wearily: The grindstone, I guess, my child.

—Boston Evening Transcript.



# Women and Girls Division

## Of the U. S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Immigration

“AMERICA is far behind Germany and England in taking care of its wage-earning women, and it is only through the efforts of the National Council of Women that we have been able to do anything at all for them.”



Mrs. Effie Leese Scott

Thus spoke Miss Katherine M. Herring of Washington, D. C., who came to Denver a few months ago as special agent for the Women and Girls' Division of the Federal Government Employment Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor. The Denver division, which began its work October 27th, was the sixth of the eighteen that have been established under the new law.

Miss Herring is a recognized authority in her line of work, and what she has to say on the subject is worth while. She has spent years making special investigations for the U. S. Department of Labor; her most recent work has been done under the supervision of Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau. Although submerged beneath an avalanche of work connected with carrying out the plans of this new department, which is operated under the direction of Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration.

Miss Herring is an enthusiast in the cause for the unemployed. To summarize her work as head of this division and to give an idea of the way she carries out the plans formulated by Commissioner Caminetti and Secretary of

By Effie Leese Scott

### Publicity Committee of the National Council of Women

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan  
(Chairman)

Mrs. Effie Leese Scott  
(Vice-Chairman)

Mrs. Edwin Knapp  
(Head of Central Division)

Mrs. Mary M. North  
(Head of Eastern and Southern Division)

Labor W. B. Wilson, is to summarize at the same time the work of all the divisions. The opportunities for greater work, however, are found in the large industrial cities, rather than in an inland city like Denver, with its factory system still undeveloped, yet the system of work is practically the same.

The plan includes the finding of employment for all the unemployed women and girls over sixteen years of age, and the development of efficient wage earners through elementary and vocational training and dissemination of information concerning vocational selection and training to girls approaching sixteen years of age, and to others.

All service is free. Particular attention is given to the requests of the women wage earners, and every effort made to meet the demand for female help in the farming communities, as well as in the cities. The needs of the employer are also ascertained, and through the division head he comes in touch with the applicant. There is an exchange of information concerning the qualifications of the applicants. Statistics are compiled from the records upon which have been written particulars concerning the applicant for work and the employer applying for help.

The operation of this law does not consist entirely of inside office work. While the head of the division writes hundreds of letters sending them to all institutions—local, county or state—where help is employed, asking the employers to use

the department and list for use their requirements for their employees, she also makes personal calls, in many instances, and does a thriving business over the telephone. Once each month she sends into the U. S. Bureau a complete report of the work of her office.

The readiness with which the unemployed began to use this employment division was a surprise, even to those who were most interested. In Denver there were eleven applicants the first three days. In the two months of activity, over 150 applications have been received from women and girls ranging in years from 16 to 70, the greatest number being between the ages of 20 and 25.

“It is a wonderful work that we are doing,” declared Miss Herring, “but already we need something more to help us—and we will get that something when the Casey bill is passed. In fact, our growth depends largely on the investigations of the conditions of the wage-earning women that can be made under the division which shall be created by the passage of this bill.

“No, there is no antagonism shown toward the bill; the delay is merely occasioned by the pressure of other matters. It has been reported favorably by the House Committee, and it is now before the Senate Committee on Labor and Education.

“This bill, which was originated by the National Women's Trade Union League, is supported by organizations representing over three million members. Most of these organizations belong to the National Council of Women. I think it is the duty of the women of this country to get behind this bill and push it—just as we have had to push bills in the past, in order to get them passed.

“The greatest need for our work is a separate bureau, the same as the Children's Bureau, instead of having its expenses cared for by the Bureau of Immigration. The Casey bill provides for this division in the Department of Labor, to be known as the Woman's Division.

“The National Council of Women is a big organization and doing a wonderful work. The women of this country owe more to the efforts of the Council in their behalf than they realize. Now, as



to the work that is being done under this new law, which the Council has been largely responsible in passing, I would say that it has only begun, but already tremendous big things have been accomplished. And when we get a bureau of our own, well—it is impossible to predict just how far-reaching the results will be. At least, America will be doing in a big way for its women and girls what other countries are doing in a bigger way. They will at least be working along the right lines to succeed."

To quote from a letter from W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, who heartily favors the Casey bill:

"With the purpose of this bill we can all no doubt agree. My first impulse, however, was to suggest, that, in view of the fact that the Bureau of Labor statistics has a jurisdiction covering all of this field, the division should be created within that bureau rather than directly attached to the department. Upon more mature deliberation I am convinced that while there are no sharp lines of demarcation between women in industry and men in industry, so far as certain phases are concerned, and the

same machinery which is established to collect and compile wage schedules of men could, with superior efficiency be utilized for collecting and compiling the wages of the women in the same industry, there is a vast field for investigation and study which specially and peculiarly affects women in industry which could be more effectively handled under the immediate direction of women than under the direction of men. I have particular reference to the physical and mental effects of certain lines of modern industry upon those who are to be the mothers of the future generations and the effect of that effect upon those generations themselves.

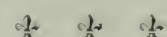
"For this reason I favor the enactment of the Casey bill."

Organizations affiliated with the National Council are once more reminded to report the news of all activity to the member of the publicity committee in whose division the organization is located. It is only in this way that the readers of *Everywoman* can know "what others are doing."

The women of Denver are always on the alert to support legislation wherein

women and children are to be benefitted. During the month of January the Casey bill, which is now before Congress, was indorsed by the Colorado State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Denver Woman's Club, and the Northside Woman's Club of Denver.

"Everywhere I have spoken in the South I have mentioned the employment feature of the work being done by the National Council of Women," writes Mrs. William Jennings Bryan from her winter home in Miami, Florida. Mrs. Bryan has spoken a number of places the past six weeks. She was on the program given by the Florida State Federation, and gave greetings from the National Council of Women and also spoke of the "Women and Girls' Employment Division of the Department of Labor."



### The George Ade Definition of a Snob

A true Worshipper of the Exalted Few regards the common Run of Humanity as mere Whitebait. If you wish to hand him a Thrill, you must show him a Tarpon.

## Public Expenditure

(Continued from page four)

### New Functions

There is no doubt that one cause which has contributed heavily to the increased cost of government is the assumption of new functions, particularly by many of the states and to a lesser extent by the national government. But it is true, also, that while many of these functions have added, in the shape of taxes, to the people's burden, they have, at the same time, saved them in other ways as much and often far more than they cost. And beyond the dollar and cent point of view, must be considered what some of these functions do for the general good—the conservation of health and life, making the world more worth while for the men and the women who toil. All of which may be grouped under the heading "humanitarian legislation."

Are all of the various new functions necessary? Do all of them properly fall under governmental jurisdiction? Would it be possible to consolidate two or more under one control and thus reduce the overhead? Is the assumption of more and more new functions to continue indefinitely? These and similar questions must be considered. While it is highly desirable to reduce the cost of government, it must not be done at the expense of efficiency or the minimization or elimination of functions which make for public welfare.

### Cost More Than Saved

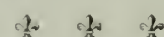
While our State Railroad Commission is not new in name, it is new in the scope of many of the functions it is discharging and particularly new in faithfulness to its duties. This commission, while expensive, undoubtedly has saved far more to the people of this state than it has cost them. And so, too, with the Board of Control, known before 1911 as the Board of Examiners. Its powers were very greatly enlarged with the change in name and to date it has performed a great public service, although not without much friction and some injustice, perhaps.

Many of the new functions—now realities—were mere suggestions ten and fifteen years ago and mere dreams before that time. There are, for example, the Social Insurance Commission, the Industrial Accident Commission, the Industrial Welfare Commission, the Immigration and Housing Commission, the Water Commission, the Rural Credits Commission, the State Market Commission, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the State Children's Agents, the State Purchasing Department, the Legislative Counsel Bureau and so on and so forth.

These and similar functions have come to us in the past few years, and to a number of other states, also. It may be that we would do away with a few, if

any, of them, but it is probable that a number of them, similar in purpose, could be consolidated. The opening invites entrance. And not only as to new functions, but, also as to several of the older ones. The suggestion, I think, is worth very serious consideration.

("Public Expenditures" will be continued in the March issue, dealing with "Bonded Indebtedness.")



### TAHOE

BY ALZIRE DUPREY

*Maybe in the next world*

*We may read the riddle clear—*

*Explain the thought that rises*

*When sweet music strikes the ear,*

*And know what God is saying*

*Of the things we know not here.*

*Maybe in the next world*

*'T will be given us to know*

*What strength sustains the mountains*

*Crowned with dignity of snow;*

*What lure lies in the river*

*Glistening below.*

*Maybe in the next world*

*We all will understand*

*The majesty of pine and fir*

*That prides the timber-land,—*

*Will find the underlying thought*

*That led the Workman's hand.*



# The Children's Theatre

## A New Era in Dramatic Art

By Elsie McCormick

THE love of acting, of playing that we are better or different than we really are, is inborn in every one of us. Centuries ago, when the mystery plays were performed in the market-places, every member of a craft had a chance to express himself through a character of legend or history. The humble village saddler became Pharaoh of Egypt, commanding his subjects with the grace of a born ruler. The weaver became Paul of Tarsus, bearer of a message to all the people of the earth. Perhaps the carpenter left his bench to take the role of Jesus of Nazareth and to express his faith through his acting. The craftsmen forgot the hardness of mediaeval life; their poverty and oppression. They had been kings and gods for a day, and they carried the glory of their new stations back into the sordidness of everyday existence.

Only in Oberammergau does this custom of community acting survive. In our own country, the death-knell of the common man's dramatic ambitions has been rung by the jingle in the box-office. Nobody is going to pay to see John Jones, bookkeeper, interpret his idea of Hamlet. No one cares whether he is or is not, though they might prefer him not to be. Playing Hamlet, however, might do great things for John Jones. It would help him overcome his diffidence, increase his appreciation for good plays, straighten out that growing hump between his shoulders, and give him a chance to express those inarticulate, grandiloquent thoughts that play hide-and-go-seek in everyone's mental background. But as long as the derby-crowned king of the box-office rules dramatic art, John Jones' self-expression is limited to clapping blisters on his hands when the Hamlet over the foot-lights conducts himself as all good Hamlets should.

Beneficial as dramatic training might be to John Jones, it is ten times more important for his children. The little minds are more plastic, more easily influenced by the lessons of the stage. Besides, every child is endowed with that primitive love of make-believe that turns the world into a fairy tale and a commonplace, pig-tailed youngster into a captive princess. You all remember the

days you spent playing that you were Captain Kidd or Cinderella, and when a box in the back-yard served you as a pirate ship. Suppose one of the kind fairies you dreamt about introduced you then to the exquisite poetry of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "The Tempest," and permitted you to play Puck or Titania on a real stage. Would not you have responded with all the joy of a youthful imagination?

Mrs. John Gilson Howell of Berkeley, California, is just such a fairy. She holds that every child has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of make-believe. Therefore she is working to establish a Children's Theater, a community playhouse, which will give the youngsters a chance to blossom out into kings, fairies,



Elsie McCormick

elves and heroes of romance. This would prevent the precious play instinct from being squandered away in unsystematized dreaming. Instead, it would form the foundation stone of appreciation for good literature, a well-trained voice, and mental and physical poise.

"So many people think that acting makes a child self-conscious," Mrs. Howell remarked, "when, as a matter of fact, a little stage experience is a cure for self-consciousness. A child forgets itself completely in its role. Acting comes as naturally as breathing. Stage-

fright is confined almost entirely to grown-ups; children hardly know what it is. An audience means no more to a youngster than the geraniums do when he is playing out fairy-tales on the lawn."

Though the city of Berkeley is becoming interested in the plan, the Children's Theater is as yet only a delightful vision. Mrs. Howell is preparing for its coming, however, by training a number of talented youngsters and by presenting them in various public and private performances. The plays they give are not dialogues of the Friday-afternoon-at-school variety; and they do not announce, with a good deal of agitation, that the boy is standing on the burning deck. "Children deserve the best," says Mrs. Howell. "They understand and appreciate good drama far better than we grown-ups realize, and they are quick to detect insincerity in acting. They make the most critical audiences imaginable, as they are seldom hampered by politeness in expressing what they really think."

One of the greatest advantages of dramatic study, according to Mrs. Howell, is the training afforded in vocal culture and in the pronunciation of our own language. America seems to put a premium on bad speech. The person who tries to broaden his "a's" and soften the nasals is at once accused of being affected. College students are so afraid of being correct that they carefully mispronounce half their words; and woe unto the grammar-school youngster who uses anything but the school-yard vernacular! The only way to bridge the widening and unbeautiful gap between English and American is to begin with the children; to make correct enunciation seem natural to them. Such training is a logical result of dramatic work; for even a miniature actor would not have Juliet say "Wassat?" for "What's that?" or "Yeh," for "Yes."

Of course, there is such a thing as the pampered, posing, simpering youngster whom the stage has spoiled. But when you get down to brass tacks in a case like that, you usually find out that it is the parents' fault. They probably gloried so much in the child's success that the littlehead was just about twisted off the vertebrae. Mrs. Howell carefully guards

(Continued on page fourteen)



# Peace With Justice

## Shall the New World Lead or Follow?

By Edward Berwick

**Y**EARS ago a European statesman said he had "called into existence the New World to redress the balance of the Old."

Are we—twentieth century Americans—redressing the world, or are we about to dress ourselves in the old misfits of Europe: to garb ourselves in the garment so ragged, rotten and disreputable, which they are now loudly proclaiming their desire and intent to cast off? Living in an age, pre-eminently fraught with opportunity, are we making use to its full extent of that opportunity?

In this most momentous and thrilling time that history has ever recorded politics, religion, civilization itself, are being weighed in the balances and found wanting. Politics have so failed that all the achievements of science, all the accumulations of industry, that should have built up a nobler humanity, have been perverted to purposes of devastation, desolation and death.

Shall the microbes of mistrust, suspicion and fear be permitted so to fever even American hearts as to make us forget that the new world stands for a new order of peace with justice rather than by force?

Do we still

. . . "believe whatever trash

Will keep the people in blindness?

That we the Mexicans can thrash

Right into brotherly kindness?

That bombshells, grape an' powder an' ball

*Are good will's strongest magnets?*

*That peace, to make it stick at all*

*Must be driven with bayonets?"*

What if this war's weighing of religion? Does it enlarge and ennoble our conception of the great "I am" to read royal effusions making particular tribal deities partners in blood and slaughter? Does this hasten the hour—

*"When men's holy church*

*Shall melt away in ever-widening walls*

*And be for all mankind? And in its place*

*A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word*

*Shall be the deeds of love! Not "Credo" then,*

*"Amen" shall be the password thru its gates!*

*Man shall not ask his brother any more*

*"Believest thou?" "but "Lovest thou?" till all the world*

*Shall answer at God's altar, "Lord, I love."*

*For Faith may anchor; Hope may steer, but Love,*

*Great Love alone is captain of the soul."*

Cannot California's women help along some such departure from the sectarian narrowness that now divides instead of uniting mankind?

Finally, as to the failure of "Civilization," it seems sheer mockery to use the word when either half the old world is devoted to the mangling or mutilation and murdering of the other half. And the last remedy our solons propose is the setting up the moloch of militarism

in our public schools, when militarism is proving the direst of failures elsewhere.

Have we no faith in our own successful method? Solemn treaties, cessions of territory, cash indemnities, limitless "preparedness," have all been tried and found wanting. The average treaty hardly holds for two years. One plan, and one alone, has succeeded, that is the Monroe plan of disarmament, to which after much urging by Monroe, Britain assented. This has proved an entire success, a worthy new world example for the old world to follow. Nor are old world statesmen unmindful of its success; for all countries seem disposed for its adoption, perhaps somewhat modified. Surely the women of America can encourage them by refusing to depart from Monroe's all-successful method, and accepting therefor European plans proved fatuous failures.

*"America! Dreamer of dreams! Be Destiny's leader!*

*Militant first for mankind: for so your own soul*

*Blended of all, for all shall be interceder,*

*And guide to the world's goal!"*

To the world's permanent benefit dueling has been frowned down by public opinion. Personal honor has no way suffered. Public opinion can also stop international duels, called war. National honor can never suffer by submission to the dictates of righteousness and justice.

## The Children's Theatre

(Continued from page thirteen)

against such calamity by not allowing the names of her charges to appear on the programs or in the newspapers. A little publicity goes a long way with a child, usually down the road which leads to vanity and selfishness. With their identity ignored, the children become so absorbed in their parts that they quite forget that they are John Jones and Susie Smith, and not Hamlet and Ophelia.

Costuming a juvenile play presents further problems. Mrs. Howell cites an instance where two months' hard work on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was almost overturned at the final dress rehearsal. The gorgeous costume of the fairy queen became a gage of battle. The youngsters were envious or vain, according to their gowns; and it is impossible to do justice to Shakespeare and keep an eye on one's dress at the same time. After the play had droned dimly to the end, Mrs. Howell decided on

strenuous measures. First she had a heart-to-heart talk with the little actors, impressing upon them that the little brown moth was just as beautiful in its way as Titania, with her silvery, shimmering wings. Then, on the day of the final performance, mirrors were removed from the dressing-rooms, the word "clothes" was tabu, and the children listened to the reading of a fairy-tale while they waited for their cues. As a result, Vanity and Envy did not act as stage directors, and the performance was saved.

Though it is wrong for parents to take a child actor too seriously, it is equally wrong not to take him seriously enough. People who ridicule a youngster's attempts to walk and speak correctly, who think that an awkward gait or badly-pitched voice is natural merely because it is habitual, are real stumbling blocks in the way of right development. Parents become so used to the lingo

their children use as English that anything else sounds affected and artificial. Perhaps the hardest task the Children's Theater will have to face will be the education of the grown-ups. No doubt a certain percentage of mothers will protest because Mary's usual awkward amble has been changed into a walk, and because little George no longer pronounces "can't" to rhyme with "ant."

But even the difficulties are assets in a way, for they mean that vanity must be combatted and parental prejudices overcome. The child gains from every standpoint, and the lessons are taught so subtly that he does not suspect he is learning at all. It is unusual for a youngster to find something that is both beneficial and delightful; that amuses him while it is doing him good. And underneath it all is woven the golden thread of make-believe with the silver web of dreams.



# Chinese Y. W. C. A.

## A Part of a World-Wide Sisterhood

By Susan Lockwood

"A HUNDRED strong, glad to belong," is the slogan of the enthusiastic Chinese girls who are rallying for members in the new branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, opened in December at the corner of Stockton and Sacramento streets, in the heart of Chinatown. But the hundred that the girls called for quickly became a hundred and fifty, and by the time the new home is two months old there will be two hundred members.

So it is not to be wondered at that Miss Mills, the Secretary, wears a smile that grows brighter every day. She wore the smile through all the five months of daily visiting among the homes and stores of the Chinese residence in San Francisco, when she was talking about the Association and the proposed new branch, and she met with very pleasant responses and encouragement, but it was difficult for the Chinese mind to picture the Association house and the benefit it would be to his daughters. This is a type of mind that calculates very closely and carefully, and if a plan looks good it will be adopted and supported, and Miss Mills is proving that the first Chinese Young Women's Christian Association in America is a success.

For three years there have been requests from the Chinese girls for an Association. The young men had theirs, and in Oakland the Y. W. C. A. had a club for Chinese girls that met every fortnight. The girls in San Francisco had no meeting place for social recreation and study, and they felt the need of it. An American lady with a deep knowledge of China and the Chinese in this country, felt sure that the solution of some of the social conditions in this community would come through the establishing of a pleasant place where there is supervised recreation which would provide a normal outlet for certain desires, energies and ambitions. This is the keynote of the Y. W. C. A. everywhere. Aside from the public school, where the Chinese girl is more or less restricted, and the mission which teaches only the avowed Christian, there is no place for her to meet American girls her own age and the right type of American woman. In the new Association house there are American girls among the members, as well as Chinese, and it is believed that this companionship will result in mutual benefit, as the girls enjoy the games

they have together, and the "captain" of the Chinese "side" always chooses an American girl, while the American "captain" reciprocates. This was noticed at the high school party given in the new rooms.

These rooms are large and cheerful, furnished in simple good taste with light curtains at the wide windows, a piano, pretty rugs, a sewing machine, tables with books and magazines, the walls hung with a few good pictures, and a very complete little kitchen and dressing room adjoining the large hall. When it was known that two Eastern ladies had promised to get the place started and on its feet, several San Francisco ladies in the Y. W. C. A., volunteered to furnish it. Chinese friends have also sent gifts, but have not been asked for such help, as it is hoped that they will come to regard the branch as their own and will see to its upkeep.

It is the desire of the Association to bring out Chinese ideals and incorporate with them the best of the American ideals. This is a much finer thing than to try to Americanize the Chinese—broader and more Christian. The co-operation of the Young Men's Christian Association (Chinese) is very welcome. A number of these young Chinamen have called on Miss Mills to offer congratulations and express their pleasure at

the girls having the same advantages that they have. An interesting phase of the situation—the fact that the men of this generation of San Francisco Chinese want the girls they are going to marry to have all the opportunities for advancement enjoyed by themselves.

The rooms are open every day from nine till nine, and on Sundays from three till five. The girls have the free use of their new quarters for meeting friends, for study, for games, and lessons in physical culture will soon be started, as well as classes in American cooking and sewing, embroidery, crocheting, music, and English. The dues are \$1.00 a year and for girls under twelve, 50c. They may bring lunch and have the use of the kitchen; they may have a warm bath for ten cents; assistance will be given in securing employment for them, friendly companionship and quiet, refined surroundings are theirs for the seeking.

The physical culture feature is an interesting one, athletics among Chinese women being a decided innovation. But we learn that the girls take enthusiastically to the drills and gymnastics and that at the University of California a Young Chinese woman is studying to be a teacher of physical culture in China.

The competition in getting members has been strong, two factions working

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



Cosy Corner in the Chinese Y. W. C. A.



# Nostalgia

## A Longing for California

By Harriet Howe

FROM my cottage door upon the mountain side I hear the ceaseless sound of running water, the song of frogs, and far away, softened by distance, the occasional lift of music from some farm-house dance, as now and again the rhythm sweeps high enough to reach through the warm silent dusk to my listening ears. The chine of the Catskills looms gigantic and abrupt before me, gloomy, wooded, wet; black, brooding silent, against a starlit sky. There is everywhere that nameless flutter of restless leaves which is the most exquisite music to those who love best nature's faintest voices,—those light movements, scarcely sounds, that one stops breathing to hear, lest he lose them in the eloquent silence, so precious they are.

There comes the recollection of other nights, many miles away, from another hillside cottage door, where also came to me the sound of running water, the song of frogs, and the faint occasional strains of music borne on the soft evening wind, but oh, the difference to me! The sharp Sierras outlined against a fairer starlit sky, so near, so dear, so clear, and that sustaining air athrill with life! That comrade land, *el pais del sol*, that lives and breathes and stirs until one expects to hear its voice, so actual its presence, so vivid its personality. It calls, it lures the wayfarer to walk out into its wide welcoming ways, without care, without fear,—forever—as into heaven.

"Los pais del sol dilatan el alma!"

And the warm Pacific sea . . . sending its call up through the canyons to the mountains. Everywhere, whether in the compelling sorcery of the desert, or in the lavish luxuriance of the fertile valleys—whether by the warm shore, or on glorious wind-swept heights, there is always that intimate, irresistible personal appeal and the call to come, to come.

"To be

As a lover in heaven, the marsh,  
my marsh;

And the sea, my sea."

Ah, "los pais del sol dilatan el alma!"

Beside those lands of the sun this constantly wet, rainy eastern land seems tame, scantless, washed-out, worn-down, over-peopled, loveless and unloving. The hills . . . even the eternal hills are leveled to monotonous outline by thrift and agriculture.

The very flowers are alien. In vain

the eye seeks a familiar wayside blossom. Where are the masses of sky nemophilia, the azure spires of fragrant lupine, the vivid flaming spikes of castilleja, the dancing airy fields of yellow mustard, the hillsides blue with chicory, the blazing slopes of orange velvet poppies, the purple seas of fleur-de-lys, the wayside cowslips, the little celandine, or that marvellous winged bloom, insect-blossom, the Mariposa lily, poised upon a thread so slight it seems about to soar away?

Instead, here is the ox-eyed field daisy, the trusting dandelion, the dainty Queen Anne's lace, the plumed golden-rod, the purple vervain branched like a candelabra, the stalwart bouncing Bet, the dainty dawn-like columbine, the shade-loving jewel weed, the trailing arbutus, Mayflower of New England,—the delicately fragrant rhododendron, the misty fringed gentian, the heavy-headed black-eyed Susan. Beloved to their familiars, but mostly strange to Western eyes.

While in the gardens . . . but here there are no gardens that are not fettered in frost through six months of the year! While there, no month of the twelve but lavishes, each in its turn, some wealth of splendid color to rejoice that generous land . . . *el pais del sol*

And the birds . . . Where is the bird song that can compare with the song of the Western meadow lark, that "sings at heaven's gate"? That incarnation of tumultuous joy, the golden voiced bird who sings of youth, of life, of love, of ecstasy? Who soars, as he sings, without effort, as if upborne by his own boundless joy, higher and higher, straight to the sun, until the small body, growing less and less, disappears, and only his song remains, his exultant song,—filling the sky and flooding the glad earth with quivering melody. It is as if his joy were so compelling that he must seek all the constellations of the firmament to tell!

And the trees! The trees here are but the degenerate descendants of ancestors that have furnished warmth and shelter for generations.

Small, smug, plump, coldly conventional shapes, precisely like the people. Give me the mighty redwoods, whose tops overlook the floor of heaven, on single trunk of which could build a row of cottages,—or the tragic restless madrono, with its blood red branches,—the weird dense cypress, with its cool deeps of

gloomy fathomless shadows, mysterious as death itself,—the romantic white-limbed sycamore that fights death bravely, dropping limb by limb before it yields,—that generous glowing mass of sunshine and fragrance, the acacia, prodigal of its gold and incense,—the enchanted manzanita, (forever twisted by some fairy spell) with its cups of blossoms pink and curled like a baby's palm, and its biscuit-brown berries that bears and children love,—the pale languid honey-dripping locust, scenting the air with the odors of Araby,—the stately, cathedral-like magnolia, lifting its great sacramental candles and chalices reverently, in the sacredness of night to the altars of the Infinite. Or that humbler tree, but best beloved by those who know its constant song of southern seas, a soft weird crooning song of half remembered dreams of waves murmuring against the tropic shores of its own native isles that lie beneath the Southern Cross; the strong, the wild, the wonderful starry-blossomed eucalyptus.

Eastward, the domestic sweet-yielding maple, the scriptural cedar,—the ultra conventional hemlock,—the exquisite, pastel-colored juniper,—the shivering aspen,—the friendly beach,—the dainty white-clothed lady birch,—the highly utilitarian hickory,—and even the patriarchal elm of New England are all but painted canvas stage trees in comparison with those that meet the Western sky. How can it be that on the same continent, in the same latitude, such varying growths exist?

And then the colors! In the land of the Pilgrim Fathers there is little variety in color, save for a brief month at autumn when the woods blaze with all degrees of crimson and orange; and when the spring has a few weeks of fawn and wine and rose. The summer is splashed with green, lush, riotous green, green everywhere, and nothing else, until it palls. In winter the landscape is black and white like a newspaper.

But in "*el pais del sol*" the pageant of color in every month of the year is a carnival in chromatics: the rainless summers produce atmospheric effects in color that are beyond description. Effects that change hourly,—effects that cause a swift intake of the breath, their beauty is so transcendent. A bank of fog comes rolling up a canyon. The sun bursts

(Continued on page thirty-one)



# Native Sons and Daughters

## Finding Homes for Homeless Children

By Mary E. Brusie

Secretary of the Native Sons and Native Daughters Central Committee on Homeless Children

IT has been stated oftentimes that to secure happy home life for neglected and abandoned children is a good job for the best brain and heart in America, and for the furtherance of this particular kind of work there are in the State of California two organizations, the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West, who constitute—one might say—a standing army from one end of the state to the other, ready at all times to unite for the protection of any child, whatever nationality, color or creed.

Sometimes I wonder if one half of this big, bright world of ours realizes to what an amazing degree the instinct of foster parenthood exists in the human heart.

When we realize that there are hundreds of men and women who want children more than they want anything else in the whole wide world, who are able physically and financially and are fit morally to assume the responsibility of some child; men and women with high ideals and with a positive talent for

them having a right to a personal place in a family home, a desire to belong to somebody, a hungering for affection; and the need of the guidance of a mother and father, everyone of them entitled to the greatest determining influence in human existence (not excepting heredity) the environment of a good home, isn't it the most reasonable thing in the world to want to satisfy the heart hunger of the mother without a child and the child without a mother by bringing them together?

When I tell you that there are many men and women applying for children who never, under any circumstances, should be permitted to secure children, who are going about from hospital to maternity home and to institutions trying to get possession of some child without going through the formalities or "red tape" as they call it, unwilling to fill out an application blank or give references or meet any other sane requirement, doesn't it seem as though there should be a properly equipped, well supported organization to select the proper parents?

You must grant the need of a child-placing society with adequate machinery and financial resources to carry on the investigation of the home before the child has been placed and to supervise the child after he has been placed that there may be no doubt that the right parents have been selected, and that (in the case of the older children) they may not be exploited for selfish ends.

Isn't there need of an organization which will attend to the physical health of the child before he is given for adoption? A society understanding the laws pertaining to abandonment and adoption, that the tragedy of separation may not come to foster parents and their adopted children?

There was a time when it was considered right for children to be handed out to anyone who might apply, by the superintendent of an institution, the matron of a maternity home, doctor or nurse in the hospital, or, in the case of a foundling, by the policeman on the beat. There was not even the most superficial investigation first, and no in-

quiry or visitation afterward, and many times no protection afforded the child or foster parents through legal adoption.

Let it be here said that even child placing agency that must depend entirely upon workers from a central office cannot do adequate supervision. The Native Sons and Native Daughters live in the vicinity of our applicants, in many instances, and consequently are in a position to give reliable information concerning those applicants, as to their reputation, habits, conduct, and the treatment given the child taken for adoption.

Let me illustrate: A boy fifteen years old ran away in one of our extreme northern counties. Half an hour later our central office received word over the telephone of the boy's disappearance. Suggestions were given to and acted upon by the Native Daughter who reported the case, and in a few weeks the boy was found and placed in another home in her vicinity.

Only yesterday a Native Son reported that one of our foster parents was in the habit of leaving a little three-year-old girl alone in the house for two hours or more. Upon investigation by the central office it was found that the child was



Playmates

parenthood, who have had time to think about children and study children and observe the natural parents of children, wouldn't it be a pity if no children could be found for them?

When we realize that there are hundreds of healthy, normal children, full orphans, a few abandoned children, left by their parents with some poor, hard-working woman to board promising to return and never coming back—dependent children taken by order of the court from unfit parents—foundlings left on the doorsteps without name, date of birth or means of identification, children of the unmarried mother, everyone of



Boss of the Ranch



asleep and that the foster father was in the house sleeping at the time. It was quickly explained, and all concerned left with the impression that the child's welfare naturally should be the first consideration.

I am glad to have another opportunity to state that while the members of our organization are watchful, I know of no

their own funds or through yearly entertainments given by them to raise funds for the homeless children.

Eight hundred and seventy-nine children have found loving parents; 1049 homes have been opened to the children needing them.

Page after page might be written about the warmth of affection and the wisdom

an's breast awakened," the gratification that has come to these foster parents because of the child's helplessness and dependence upon them, the joy of responsibility—in short, satisfied parenthood.

Surely, when all is said and done, a wonderful work! Glorious work! Constructive, satisfying—with responsibilities serious, grave and many times almost overwhelming!



Loved as Their Own Would Be

instance where curiosity or authority on the part of any Native Son or Native Daughter has made them violate the obligation to consider the rights and feelings of the foster parents.

Since our work began August, 1910, \$37,348.32 has been spent. Over \$6,000 a year is furnished by the two orders from

in training, physically, morally and spiritually—given by the loving foster parents to the little children who need the mother's lap, the mother's arms, the good night kisses and the bed-time stories.

Letters by the hundreds might be quoted—all telling the same thing: "the thrill that a baby's hand has in a wom-



We Like Bein' Adopted—Don't We

## Community Music for America

(Continued from page five)

true in music, and if the present widespread interest in Community Music would only help us to get somehow beneath the surface and stir up the national consciousness from the bottom, it will be of incalculable benefit, not only musically, but in its influence as a solvent of the many diverse elements in our national life. The fusing power of music is one of its greatest values. A national music would do much to make us a homogeneous people. I believe that it what they tell us we need. Let us harness our energies to this big task, big not only in its proportions, but its potentialities. If there is one thing that the women's clubs can do it is to take care of matters pertaining to the home and the community; therefore for a better community thru universal musical expression, let the Women's Clubs of America inaugurate a campaign of education and co-operation and intelligent fostering of musical enterprises. To a large extent the future culture and civilization of our land depends upon the answer we make now to the claims of Community Music. It is the all-embracing enterprise, the great campaign, the

golden opportunity to all whose concern is the American home.

All of this musical activity, all of this agitation for community music, all of the yearning, longing and laboring which so many earnest souls have undergone for the cause of music and musical culture point to one great need, and that is a nation-wide recognition of the importance of music. It is a genuine reflection upon the American people. That the President's Cabinet has Secretaries for War and Commerce and Agriculture and almost every kind of material thing, but no Secretary for Education, which is, of course, the most important element in the life of the nation. No wonder there have been so many "wild cat experiments" in our educational system with no co-ordinating mind to guide them. We have, of course, a National Commissioner of Education, who is doing all a man can do, but his field is too restricted. Nothing short of a Secretary of Education and the Fine Arts would do in this connection. France has solved the problem long ago, and has such a minister, and it is considered of sufficient importance that the gentleman, who a few years ago was Prime Minister, held that as his own particular portfolio.

### MOTHER

BY MADGE MORRIS

*I went away against her will,—  
Home was so small, the world so wide,  
And I so full of foolish pride.  
Why should she take my going ill?  
Why weight her heart with useless sighs?  
And hurt me with her streaming eyes?*

*I came at last, I crossed the sea  
To lay my head upon her breast  
And tell her that our dear home nest  
Was larger than the world to me.—  
It may be in her silken shroud  
She wondered why I wept aloud.*

## J. A. BLOCH

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FINANCIAL AGENT

Any financial transactions carefully executed. If in need of financial aid communicate with me. Corporations organized and financed. :



# The Brown System

## Destined to Revolutionize Transportation

IT has been my privilege recently to witness a production of a film showing construction of track, switches and cars in motion of the above remarkable system, I at once became interested realizing that with the introduction of this transportation system, we are standing on the threshold of a momentous change in our present antiquated methods of transportation, so eminently far reaching and with all thoroughly practical, as to meet every requirement of traffic men and an exacting public, combining the qualities of safety, great speed, economy in course of construction and operation, so far not attained by any other system, be it steam or electric at present in use in this or European countries.

The inventor of the above new system, Mr. Harry W. Brown, an experienced railroad man, thoroughly posted in matters pertaining to the operation of modern steam and electric roads, and realizing the defects of the same, has been experimenting the past ten years at great expense, with a view of remedying these complaints and after many practical and exhaustive tests is in a position to offer his system confident that it will meet these requirements in every particular. The inventor at our urgent solicitation, gave us the following brief description of what, for the sake of brevity, we will in this article call the Brown Railway System, and the illustrations appearing in the center of this page, will, in a slight measure give the reader an idea of the construction of the track and cars. The following is a brief description of the Brown Railway System, viz:

It is a system of transportation suitable for street, interurban, trans-continental, or any other situation demanding low cost of construction and equipment, low cost of maintenance and operation; safety, speed, together with cheap passenger and freight rates.

The Brown Railway System is the greatest achievement known to transportation, in that it gives the safety demanded by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Bureaus of Public Safety, and gives the speed demanded by the traveler, the farmer, manufacturer and merchant.

It enables a company or community to install a system of efficient transportation at less than one-fourth the cost of other systems. The system has re-

By William A. Eckerly

ceived the commendation of the many transportation experts who have seen it in actual operation.

Transportation is the greatest industry in the world and the Brown Railway System with its advanced mechanical principles, its economical construction, equipment, operation and main-

tained structure not less than 12 feet above the surface, hence suffers no interference from surface traffic.

Its construction entails no expensive road bed work and its operations are not hindered by storms, snow drifts, or slides.

There can be no head-on or rear-end collisions, because all trains are run under a special block system which also

### "THE CALIFORNIA COMET" THE BROWN RAILWAY SYSTEM



tenance, its safety and speed gives it the most efficient and cheapest transportation the world has ever known; being an elevated railroad it can be constructed in cities by erecting steel pillars at the edge of the sidewalk, or in alleyways, thus relieving the present congestion of streets by "surface roads" and thereby avoiding loss of life and accidents, all too prevalent in the street traffic of our cities while the running of the trains is practically noiseless, owing to the gearless motor and elimination of joints in the rails.

Because: Its construction is based upon the best scientific principles;

Second, it is adapted to every class of transportation, and the cost of construction is less than one-fourth that of any other system;

Third, it gives safety, speed and efficiency, and being an elevated system all contact with surface conditions is avoided;

Fourth, the cars having but one wheel, and that without a flange, makes derailment impossible.

The Brown Railway System is an ele-

lutely prevents two trains being in the same block at the same time.

Its trains are models of strength, convenience and lightness, one of its cars weighing less than one-fourth that of the ordinary railroad car.

Having no grade crossings or surface traffic to contend with admits of a speed heretofore unthought of, the trains of the Brown Railway System can be run and maintain a speed of 150 miles an hour.

The expense of operating and maintenance is conservatively estimated to be less than one-fourth that of other systems.

♣ ♣ ♣  
That Kind

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, if he had a country estate, he'd have the katydids saying 'Katy done it' before a week was up."—"Judge."

♣ ♣ ♣  
REPARTEE

Father Time—"You don't seem to get any older, Dan."

Cupid—"I'm as old as you are."—"Life."



# Malaria

## An Infectious Disease

THESE are so many popular misconceptions regarding malaria among the laity, that now on the approach of summer it will be well to bear a few simple facts in mind.

One hears people say frequently, "I don't feel well; a touch of malaria, I think," or, "I am subject to malaria," or other such common expressions.

One does not have 'a touch of malaria,' and one is not susceptible to the disease as to a cold, in fact, the only way we can contract the disease is through the bite of an infected mosquito of a distinct species, and the female at that, nominally the anaphcles of her kind. The male is quite innocuous.

The lady anaphcles carries the deadly parasite in her sting, and when attacking the victim injects the venom into the blood. This micro-organism does not remain in the flowing serum, but attaches itself to the red blood corpuscle, which it practically absorbs, feeding upon it and depriving the victim of the life-giving elements in a short period of time, for the animal organism multiplies by millions and rapidly depletes its host.

Properly stained and viewed under the microscope, the full fledged protozoon is an exquisite butterfly-shaped creature, showing a mere ring of the disc-like corpuscle, the nutrition properties having disappeared to feed the organism.

After absorbing all the nutriment of the corpuscle, the protozoa are ready to swarm out into the fluid blood or serum in search of fresh food. This swarming causes the chill so symptomatic of malaria, and usually occurs the third day after the germ is deposited into the corpuscle, this being the "tertian" variety of the malady and the most frequent. There is, however, a "quartan," or fourth day infection also, and the "aestivo-autumnal" variety, the latter often becoming so serious as to require heroic measures on the part of the physician. Fortunately this phase is quite rare, except in tropical countries, where it abounds.

Quinine is the only known remedy that cures malaria. It is an internal antiseptic, and acts as a direct poison to the micro-organisms, which it does not affect within the corpuscle, so is administered by the physician to greet the creatures as they swarm into the serum. As they usually swarm at practically

By Margaret Helene Pladwell, M. D.

the same time seeking fresh corpuscles, the quinine radically exterminates them eventually, first lessening the typical exacerbation of the disease, and finally terminating them altogether.

Sometimes persons have the misfortune to suffer from a double or mixed infection—"tertian" and "quartan"—at the same time, or there may be multiple infection; in such instance the ague occurs daily. This form is technically known as "quotidian" or daily malaria.

Truly Kipling was quite right when he said the female of the species is more deadly than the male, referring to the mosquito at least, for this female is the only one of her kind inimical to man. The creature attacks the human being for blood, which she needs to perfect the multitudinous eggs requisite to the perpetuation of her species. It is the thing she knows to do, and she does it—to the infinite discomfort of the human race, but it is her life work, and she cares not at all for the result.

Considering that there are over 5,000,000 red corpuscles to every drop of blood in the human body, and each is infested with these microscopic protozoa in a malarial case, it may readily be perceived that the individual infected becomes rapidly anemic, and were not the symptoms so typical and easily controlled the results might be very serious indeed.

As it is, however, malaria is rarely fatal, unless there are complications or obscure symptoms. But the malady itself is a most unpleasant experience, and one not to be desired or encouraged. But all anaphcles are not disease breeders since the insect itself must first be infected to infect the human being. It were better not to take chances, however. Besides, the lady mosquito is not at all interested in that aspect of the case. She is there to bite. That is her business, and she attends to it with neatness and dispatch—a purpose and single-mindedness worthy a better cause—and you will know the result if she carries the germ, within two weeks at most.

Now, recollect, this is the one and only way one may contract malaria. Formerly it was believed to be caused by marshes, stagnant pools, and damp localities generally. Indirectly there is something in this, for the micro-organ-

ism lives in stagnant, marshy pools and the mosquito has its habitat there also, thus becoming host to the protozoa by process of feeding, to our undoing. But without the medium of the insect to inject the germ into the human blood from its glands through the lancet which pricks the flesh for the blood-thirsty creature, the human body would be immune to this malady, malaria.

So, 'ware the mosquito, and always remember that the insect is more in evidence wherever exists stagnant water, "and the gobbelins 'll git you, if you don't watch out."

Eliminate the stagnant water.



### CALIFORNIA A MODEL

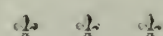
("Collier's Weekly")

BEARING in mind the danger of broad generalizations, we are going to throw off the following and invite discussion:

"California, as it stands today, is the most successful experiment in human society that has ever existed on earth."

It has no property; it has no slums; it has the maximum of political freedom; the wealth is generally distributed. The average family living in California today has access to comforts and material pleasures such as are utterly unknown to large portions of the population, not only of Europe but of Eastern United States; and as for the romantically idealized civilizations of Florence, Rome and Greece—hardly the meanest Californian would have cared to be a patrician among the Caesars.

To some extent, of course, this is due to climate; to some extent to soil, but some folks think a good deal of it is due to the intelligence with which the affairs of human society have been treated in California for some years past.



### Hopeless Case

"I should not care to marry a woman who knows more than I do," he remarked, conversationally.

"Oh, Mr. Sappy," she replied with a coquettish shake of her fan, "I'm afraid you are a confirmed bachelor!"



# Music and Musicians

## Music and School-work

**D**R. P. P. CLAXTON, Commissioner of the National Bureau of Education, in a recent address made the following statement: "Sooner or later, we shall not only recognize the culture value of music, we shall also begin to understand that, after the beginnings of reading, writing and geometry, music has more practical value than any other subject taught in the schools."

The general standard of music in America has been elevated considerably,



Joseph George Jacobson

thanks to the many excellent teachers who have settled in most every large city of the States and a wonderful result of the musical growth of the nation is being manifested. Much more is demanded of an amateur nowadays than fifteen or twenty years ago, and no one attempts to entertain in society who has not quite considerable pretensions to do well and can do something above the average. You do not often see performers make a painful exhibition of themselves when playing an instrument or singing. The lovely, but rather incompetent, young damsel who demanded so much urging and begging and received with perfect nonchalance the ironical compliment from some hypocritical listener, "When you tell us next time you can't play we shall know how to believe you, you are quite an artist," is put out of commission. Lackadaisical Percys seldom are heard now dilating in a feeble manner on the dreary process of "lets fade away." This goes to show that the study of music is a recognized element in our children's education.

The beginnings of such a change in art-culture lie embedded in the modes of early training. It is when the child is young that the valuable solid foundation of a musical education must be laid for

By Joseph George Jacobson

the cropping out of the latent tendencies. But this cannot be done if our young folks are so crowded with home work that hardly any time remains for practice of any consequence. The writer has several pupils who show considerable talent to warrant a thorough study of music. The little time left over for them after doing their home-work is so unsatisfactory that progress is very slow. Constantly mothers tell me: "We would love to have our children devote more time to practising, and they would like to do so themselves, but you see they have to keep up with their school-work." Either they have to give up music or drop several subjects they would wish to take. Surely conditions could be changed and adequate methods be adopted to give children more advantages for music study. I would think this would be of great interest to the Music Teachers' Association.

Without regard to the desirability of a good knowledge of music for art's sake, its importance only as a factor of intellectual drill is a matter of interest to thinking men, and is acknowledged to be an essential now and not an ornament. Godowsky says: "Music is not merely a form of emotional expression, but is, **when properly taught**, one of the strongest agents of mental discipline.

Of the intensely humanizing effects of this most harmonious of all the arts there can be no dispute, and its value in individual education is a thing of even more importance than its general relation to natural progress. In his prophetic dream of a model state Plato demands that music shall be one of the most important subjects of instruction for the youth. In our city of San Francisco are good instructors, and children can receive the best lessons under purely home auspices, there being no need to send them away for a musical education as was necessary years ago. The question is for the schools to assist in developing the aesthetic tastes of our people in this particular branch of study.



## The San Francisco Symphony Concerts

**T**HESE concerts are now one of the most important factors in the enjoyment of musical people. The repetition of the Friday concerts on Sunday is warmly approved by the public

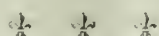
if we can judge by the very flattering reception given the conductor and the orchestra and also the box-office. The opportunity given musical students to hear great works twice within a short period is valuable and not to be underestimated. The popular concerts are also attracting large audiences, and so far Conductor Hertz' art campaign during the season has been triumphant, and he has all reason to congratulate himself on seeing so rich a harvest crowning his efforts. He does not rest on his laurels, and shows no sign of lassitude. To drill an orchestra into an admirable unity of purpose requires patience and time, and much of both. If all members of the orchestra were virtuosi they would not be perfect in each one did not beat the common musical pulse, and to harmonize so many diverse elements till they become the wheels of a vast machine governed by the one baton requires the great skill of the experienced leader and continuous ensemble playing. The concerts have given proof that the orchestra has made great advances on its previous attainments toward perfection, so San Francisco has reason to be grateful to the leader of its orchestra. One noticeable defect of the orchestra is still the lack of volume in the strings, and especially in the first violins, which is very noticeable in passages for full orchestra when fortissimo is demanded. The more clamorous quality of the brasses and reeds overbalance the strings very much, but there is no doubt that Mr. Hertz will not rest satisfied until the orchestra has reached full-orbed perfection.

The Wagner concert seemed to me one of the most enjoyable I have heard in the West. Some of the selections I must admit never having heard better. They were played with fervor and boldness of attack and splendid precision. We also listened with pleasure to Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and became more convinced that no matter what form music may assume in the future, this great master's creations will look calmly upon generations to come like the solid Pyramids. At the last concert the E minor Symphony by the third of the celebrated B's (Bach-Beethoven-Brahms) showed what masterly a contrapuntist Brahms was and what wonderful skill he possessed in the treatment of themes, but lack of resourceful coloring.



## Julia Culp

**T**HIS artist has succeeded in arousing our enthusiastic admiration. Especially at the Symphony Concert did she prove possessor of some of the moving forces which lift an audience into the regions of rapturous enthusiasm. Her singing is spontaneous, combined with delicacy and grace, and she displays magnetism and energy. Conraad V. Bos, the accompanist, who also appeared as soloist, is already known to have made for himself an enviable position of being one of the best, and his reappearances confirm this statement.



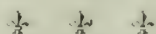
## Short Items of Interest

Redfern Mason's Lectures on the music to be played by the Symphony Orchestra continue to draw together an intelligent and artistic audience every time he speaks. George McManus illustrates the lectures at the piano, and does it well, showing the good musician he is.

The Mansfeldt Club gave one of its interesting piano recitals on January 31st at the Palace Hotel, to which, as usual, a large crowd had gathered. The players demonstrated their skill and knowledge gained from their teacher.

The San Francisco Musical Club and Pacific Musical Society continue to interest their members and guests and do much towards the uplifting of musical culture in our city.

The San Francisco Music Teachers' Association have elected their new officers. Mr. George Kruger is again the president. The society intends to work with full energy and accomplish results. A banquet was given to Sir Henry Heymann, which gave much enjoyment.



## FAST TRAVELERS

**S**CIENTISTS have made investigations as to the distance the fingers of an expert pianist travel at a high speed. It is reported that Sir James Paget some years

ago made a calculation of the expenditure of brain and muscle required for a performance on the piano. He asked a famous pianist to play one of the swiftest pieces of music known to her, a presto by Mendelssohn. The time it occupied was taken and the number of notes counted. She played 5,995 notes in four minutes and three seconds, rather more than 24 notes per second.

"Certainly," said Sir James, when reporting on the experiment, "there were no fewer than seventy-two distinct variations in the currents of nerve force transmitted from the brain to the muscles in each second, and each of these variations was determined by a distinct effort of the will.

"There were at least four conscious sensations for each of the twenty-four notes in each second. That is to say, there were ninety-six transmissions of force from the hands to nerve fibres along their course to the brain in each of the same seconds."—Boston American."

## Studios and Galleries

(Continued from page eight)

of her prints! These are all color blocks and the graduation of change is so slight at each step of the printing that a casual observer must look closely to appreciate the advance made. This certainly explains the exquisite delicacy of the finished print.

At Helgesens are to be found many old friends from the Fine Arts exhibition just closed. Here are Bruce Nelson's "October," which won him so much deserved praise, and Clark Hobart's two splendid portraits of Miss Helene Maxwell, as well as his powerful landscape, "Moraga Hill," showing a wonderful strength in handling. Among the new things are two canvases by Rinaldo Cuneo, which win instant praise and attention. Also two recent bronzes by Arthur Putnam. The most interesting of these is the "Saber-toothed Tiger." Not long ago we read of the finding of the skeleton of one of these formidable beasts in the asphalt pits of Southern California. Mr. Putnam started for the spot at once, and in his wonderful little bronze has rendered his impressions of the great beast's struggles to overcome the grip of the powerful enemy seeking to entrap him. The muscular play and action is marvelously rendered. Thus has twentieth century California brought most vividly before us prehistoric California.

## THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS

**A**s We Saw the Little Girl  
LITTLE girl—such a very little girl, and a born genius at that, took flight from a world which she found gray, cold and devoid of her ideals, very recently, in her studio in San Francisco. She took that flight of her own volition, and with her own tiny hand. The little girl was Betty de Jong, a famous young artist, whose self-sought death startled artists and writers on two continents. She had made a most enviable name for herself as a portrait painter, and a girl of fascinating wit, and made it before she reached the age of thirty years. She was born in Paris, where her mother still lives. It was there, in the Academy of Julian, with Jean Paul Laurens, the foundation of her art was laid.

She was a medallist of Paris, Vichy, London and San Francisco, and a member of the jury of the Women's International Art Association. At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, for her Dancing Girl, she received a medal, and her portrait of the artist, Xavier Martinez, was greatly admired, and purchased for a large price. She would sell no picture below the price she set upon it. Nor had she any need to do so, as her art was in constant demand.

On the day of her death she was painting the picture of Dr. William S. Porter, a successful surgeon of Oakland, California, who was an art patron and an earn-

est admirer of her work, as was a large circle of artists and critics. A melancholia seemed to settle upon her, and she stated to Dr. Porter that she was losing her art and life was no longer worth living. The doctor's philosophy was unable to take her mind off the thoughts of suicide, and as he rose to leave, she fired the fatal shot into her brain, after having repeated that she did not want to die alone, nor have the janitor touch her body when dead.

And, so ended a life full of promise, crowned with worldly success. A life which was worth more to the world than a thousand lives over which lawyers and committees squabble about daily.

Friends see a mystery in the death of Betty de Jong. Yet, why should they? She was in a strange country—two years from Paris. The men of her family had perished in the trenches in defense of France. She knew the voiceless wound of grief—which is the deepest wound of all. Added to this was the lonesomeness of a girl away from family, home and old friends, with the memory of her beloved country in the appalling condition of war, which was like an open wound to her.

For a sensitive soul—such as artists must possess, or they cannot be artists—she had sufficient cause, from her viewpoint, to cease lingering in a world so cold.

We know God will understand, even if we do not.



# Everywoman's Bookshelf

"The Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Ezdi."—  
Translated by Sir Richard Burton.

"HOW poor, how rich; how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!"

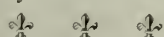
The Haji takes us through long and twisted lanes of anxious thought, and often we stop breathless and bewildered, though the bright light of Burton's splendid translation illumines the path at every turn.

*"We meet to part; yet asks my sprite,  
Part we to meet? Ah, is it so?  
Man's fancy-made omniscience knows.  
Who made omniscience naught can know."*

We read and sigh and our heart goes back to old Omar of the Inn, whose philosophy we know so well. It would be interesting to write these few lines about the Kasidah without saying a word about Rubayait, but it can't be done. Even Sir Richard cannot do it.

The translator tells us that he has known Haji Abdu for many years, a traveler far and wide, with eye and ear open, a knack of language learning and a store of desultory various reading, scraps of Chinese and old Egyptian and a knowledge of the triumphs of modern scientific discovery, but he did not know, nor did any other, about the distichs. This was confided to Burton at a meeting he had with the Haji in Western India some thirty years ago, and the manuscript, which, Sir Richard says, "was written in the vilest running hand, and the writer, declined to take the trouble of copying out his cacograph." Let the translator introduce his poet. He does so in this concise fashion: The author asserts that happiness and misery are equally divided and distributed in the world. He makes self-cultivation, with due regard to others, the sole and sufficient object of human life. He suggests that the affections, the sympathies and the divine gift of pity are man's highest enjoyments. He advocates suspension of judgment, with a proper suspicion of "Facts, the idlest of superstitions." Finally, though destructive to appearance, he is essentially reconstructive.

The translator has preserved the metre adopted by Haji Abdu, of the "long verse" and has fringed it with the rough unobtrusive rhyme of the original.

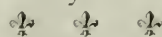


## Shaw Slams

I tell you there's a wall ten feet thick  
and ten miles high between parent and child.

"Somewhere in Red Gap"—By Harry  
Leon Wilson.

DESCRIPTION for gloom. To be taken on a rainy day when you wake up with that nobody-loves-me feeling and life seems to have lost all perfume. Take in nine doses these stories of Mr. Wilson's, and if shouts of laughter are not heard from your chamber within ten minutes, you get your money back. After reading "Ruggles of Red Gap," the name of that wonderful locality is forever branded on one's memory, and the sight of it on a cheerful red cover gives a pleasant thrill to the risibilities. Mrs. Lysander John Pettingill, who in the story of Ruggles figures as the "Mixer" in these later Red Gap tales, is the narrator. She says, "A body would think I hadn't a care on earth when I get started on anecdotes of my past." This is true, and she makes others forget that they have any cares. In the last of the reminiscences, "Little Old New York," Wilson's riotous humor fairly runs away with us. Ben Sutton, down from Nome, Alaska, to say howdy to his old friend Lon Price of Red Gap, suggests they take a "swift hike down to New York," where Ben was born and has not been for twenty years or more. Care-free Jeff Tuttle thinks he will join them, and then they meet Ma Pettingill who is asked to come along. "I hesitated some" says the lady, "Lon and Ben was all right to go with, but Jeff Tuttle was a different kittle of fish. Jeff is a decent man in many respects and seems real refined when you first meet him if its in some one's parlor, but he aint one you'd care to follow step by step through the mazes and pitfalls and palm rooms of a great city if you are sensitive to public notice. Still, they was all so hearty in their urging, Ben saying I was the only lady in the world he could travel that far with and not want to strangle, and Lon says he'd rather have me than most of the men he knew, and Jeff says if I'll consent to go he'll take his full-dress suit so as to escort me to operas and lectures in a classy manner. And at last I give up. I said I'd horn in on their party as none of 'em seemed hostile." The little run of five days is made happily, and the adventures of the party in "little old N' York" are certainly amusing reading.



## Sarcasm

Do you write for publication?  
Oh, no, merely for circulation among  
the editors.

Lines to Admiral Dewey

THE death of Admiral Dewey was observed in San Francisco by lowered flags, by memorial wreaths laid on the statue in Union Square, by military and naval processions, and by the press. Mrs. Marie Hensley, a writer of this city, and an admirer of Dewey, sent the Admiral two years ago a poem inspired by his splendid career, and received a personal letter of appreciation and thanks, stating his enjoyment in reading the poem, from which we quote a few lines:

*"Dost remember when Dewey sailed away  
On his mission of war and woe?  
That eventful, memorable day  
Many weary years ago?  
Dost recall that glorious May first,  
When with shot and shell, fire and flame,  
With ardor and dauntless courage athirst  
He earned a hero's deathless fame?  
Dewey, officers, men, all together  
Proud Spain's gallant squadron laid low.  
Dewey, officers, men, all together  
Compassed destruction of the foe."*



Interest in John Muir

THE interest in the writings of John Muir is continuous. Not only is there a phenomenal demand for his post-humous works, "A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf" and "Travels in Alaska," but there is also a steadily growing audience for his earlier books and especially those written about our national parks. Colleges and schools use his books to a great extent and the University of Wisconsin where he was a student for four years, has been presented recently with a bust of the great naturalist by T. E. Brittenham.



"The Dark Forest"—By Hugh Walpole.

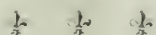
THIS is a story of an Englishman in Russia during the second year of the great war. The "Otriad" doing Red Cross work was made up of twenty people, Russian doctors and volunteer helpers in hospital work, nurses, and two Englishmen with a great desire to serve the allies and know Russia. Too much space is given to describing the personality and endless characteristics of the members of this body. The love affair is very painful reading. The conscientious descriptions of the battles and their noises and smells, and sensations of the writer do not bear the stamp of Walpole's usual force, and his attempt

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



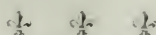
## Clubs and Clublights

THE Short Story Club of Washington, D. C., entertained its members and friends with a "red letter" program at W. C. T. U. Headquarters. Miss Nettie Riggs was in charge of arrangements, and the president, Robert Moore, presided. The story of the afternoon, "Contrary to Carrie," was read by the author, Miss Mary Farmer, editor of *Collier's* Washington News Page. It was given most vividly and entertainingly, a close view of rural politics and politicians in the "old North State," with local coloring both black and white. The barbed-wire entanglements, already plentiful in the club's serial composite story, were greatly extended by Miss Mabel Hlat who added still another "Experiences of a Newspaper Man." A poem, "The New Year," by Mr. B. Morton, expressed his hopes and wishes for a more optimistic and cheerful new year the world over. Three phases of short story writing, allegorical, symbolical and practical, were masterfully described by Mr. Collamore in his essay, and the why, when and how some writers attain success were shown in concrete examples of noted authors.



### Daughters of the American Revolution

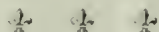
THE National Board of the D. A. R. is in convention in the National Capitol, holding this important session in the Memorial Continental Hall, under the personal direction of Mrs. W. C. Story, the president general. The state regents drew seats for their delegations at the next congress, and the meetings held are all filled with preparations for the year's activities. The vice-president general, Mrs. E. F. Leary, from the State of Washington, who is now living in the National Capitol, is chairman of the credentials committee. The D. A. R. are not taking part in any way as an organization in the picketing by the suffragists, according to an official announcement.



### New Era League

MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON, the new president of the League, is planning an interesting trip for the members to Sacramento, for the purpose of seeing the legislature in session, having a look at the legislators, and watch the wheels go round. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and heads

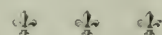
of the various departments are going to take part in this visit, and about fifty of the prominent members of the League will make up the party. This is the way the New Era League gets its facts and achieves its success in dealing with matters of public importance; it approaches them with business-like directness, goes into them with intelligent accuracy, treats them with fairness and precision. Mrs. George B. Sperry, who is chairman of the welfare committee of the League, presided at a largely attended meeting when the operations of the State Market Commission were discussed by Mr. W. B. Farley, a commission merchant. A general discussion followed the address, and points raised to prove the practical advisability of a closer relationship between producer and consumer.



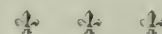
### Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

THE Pacific Coast Women's Press Association's first open meeting of the new year was the occasion of a talk on "Journalism" by Mr. Thomas Nunan. A large gathering of members and their friends listened to the well-known newspaper man and critic, who was introduced by the president, Mrs. E. D. Donovan. Mr. Nunan spoke of journalism in general, and San Francisco newspapers in particular. His long experience and keen powers of observation have made him master of his subject, and his speech was full of authentic information and amusing anecdotes. He has known many of the popular journalists, and his stories about them, told with dry humor, created much laughter in the audience. His belief is that the policy of the daily newspaper of America today is made by public opinion, and not the other way about as most of us think. The musical part of the program, in which the association justly prides itself, was furnished by Miss Wilma Sill, the pianist, Mrs. Arthur Hackett, soprano, and Miss Eva Walker, accompanist. The president's new year greeting was hearty, and every listener felt its charm and sincerity. The wish expressed in her speech that the association's beloved past president, Miss Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate of California, will soon be well enough to attend the meetings, was echoed in every heart in the room. The excellent-

ly planned and efficiently executed program was pleasantly finished by a social hour and refreshments.



THE reception which was to be given by the clubwomen of the Bay cities to Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was canceled because of Mrs. Cowles' bereavement in the loss of her mother. All other public engagements, of which her active, useful life is so filled, will naturally be laid aside, and the sympathy of the clubwomen throughout the country goes out in heartfelt sincerity to their president in her great loss. The demands upon the time of this most conscientious of club leaders, great as they are, have always been met both in the letter and in the spirit. Mrs. Cowles' officers are all well known executives of tested ability. They are: Miss Georgie A. Bacon of Worcester, Massachusetts, first vice-president; Mrs. Eugene Reilly of Charlotte, North Carolina, second vice-president; Mrs. W. I. McFarland of Wagner, South Dakota, recording secretary; Mrs. Francis D. Everett of Highland Park, Illinois, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. William Young of Jacksonville, Florida, treasurer.



### San Francisco Congress of Mothers

MRS. A. M. TOMLINSON, president of the Mothers' Congress, led the stirring discussion on compulsory physical training in the public schools, which has aroused so much interest and argument recently. A draft of the bill to be introduced to the legislative section of the Congress was read by its author, Edward de Groot, to a large meeting of the members, and described courses in physical education and hygiene for both boys and girls. The mothers were also addressed by Dr. Harriet Randall Flanders, the physical director of the State Normal School, on the subject of physical training as a highly important accompaniment to the mental. This matter, like all the things the Mothers' Congress "takes up," is being dealt with in a thorough and searching way, and speakers best qualified to talk on the subject are called upon to give their views, experience and practical plans.



# Clubs and Clublights

**S**AN FRANCISCO Chapter Woman's Section of the Navy League has not only conducted the best training camp for women in the United States, but has been awarded the palm officially for having done the most effective work of any group of the 400,000 women comprising the organization.

Their latest activities consisted in sending six large boxes of assorted reading matter to General Pershing's men in Mexico, and of making and filling 100 comfort bags for the Local Chapter of the Red Cross, to be sent to the same destination. Letters of thanks and appreciation are coming in from "Somewhere in Mexico" from the men who have been the recipients of these favors. The letters themselves are eloquent of the situation, and are written as only grateful men express themselves.

During the six weeks last summer that the Woman's National Service Training Camp was at the Presidio, 128 garments were made and donated to the Local Chapter of the Red Cross. These garments now form the nucleus for the Red Cross Base Hospital to be established here in the near future.

Permission has been granted to San Francisco Chapter Woman's Section of the Navy League to use the cottage headquarters in the Presidio for the purpose of continuing the making of these garments. The local Red Cross Chapter is furnishing materials, and on each Tuesday a large number of women go out to the headquarters to sew. The equipment for the work is quite complete, including motor-run sewing machines, furnishings necessary for preparing lunches, and all of the little details necessary to make the workers comfortable.

Interesting meetings are held each Thursday in the Red Room of the Fairmont Hotel, where lectures on practical preparedness are given. Among the recent speakers was Mr. Chas. H. Bentley, who spoke on "The Food Resources of California." Mr. Robt. Newton Lynch, assisted by Messrs. Converse and Willis of the Chamber of Commerce, gave a very unique demonstration of "Some Acute Problems of Pacific Ocean Trade." Dr. Chas. B. Bullitt, Field Secretary of the Navy League, spoke recently of the navy base to be established on San Francisco Bay, using maps to illustrate his very instructive discourse. The last meeting was enlivened by a timely talk on the enlarged Post at the Presidio. This subject was treated by Sergeant

Jesse A. Cummings, editor of the **U. S. Army Recruiter**, and a man well qualified to speak from the enlisted men's view-point. A navy base on San Francisco and a two-brigade post at the Presidio will make San Francisco one of the largest and most important military establishments in the United States.

The musical numbers given with each of the addresses makes a delightful diversion of these unusual gatherings.

A recent innovation is the Navy League Tea served by the Fairmont Hotel each Thursday at 4 o'clock, at 40c per plate. This gives the members of the Navy League an opportunity to invite their friends for the half-hour program preceding the serving of the tea.



## Mills Club

**T**HE Mills Club, Mrs. John Perine president, is taking up the matter of infantile paralysis for careful study by the members, and has secured the valuable services of Dr. William Hassler, Health Officer of San Francisco, who addressed the club on the subject of this disease. Dr. Mariana Betrola had charge of the meeting, and a large number of members listened to the instructive discussion. Dr. Hassler defined the sources of the disease and explained the various methods which have been successfully adopted for its abolishment. Along these same lines, Dr. Winifred Kellogg, bacteriologist for the San Francisco Board of Health, gave an illustrated lecture, which brought very forcibly to her hearers the dangers to health transmitted through water. The fact that the ravages of infantile paralysis have been less terrible in this part of the country than in any other, does not make it unnecessary to have the disease carefully studied by the specialists and the results of their investigation passed on by them to the public.



## California Club

**T**HE California Club, of which Miss Margaret Curry is president, is actively engaged in the preparation of three very important bills for presentation at this session of the Legislature. The Firearm's Bill, altered and improved since its first introduction in 1915, deals with the purchasing and carrying of dangerous weapons. The two other bills are concerned with the age and ability of persons applying for licenses to drive motor vehicles. The broad and com-

prehensive work of the California Club, its delightful entertainments, the social and intellectual advantages enjoyed by its members, make a most interesting tale. The department of education, under the able direction of Mrs. A. W. Hammond, chairman, contributed largely to the important events of the month on the afternoon when Mr. Richard Hotelling gave a selection of dramatic readings. Mr. Arthur I. Street addressed the club in connection with the study of current world events.



## Cap and Bells Club

**T**HE "Cap and Bells" is well named, and is living up to its traditions in sparkling style. A series of merry-makings extending through the holidays and into the new year, have shown the ability of the members to produce the most delightful kind of entertainment. Mrs. William Crocker, the president, is assisted by her staff of officers at these affairs, and it is hard to say who is deriving the greatest enjoyment—the performers, the directors, or the audience. Mrs. Mae O'Keefe had charge of one of the "dramatic days," and presented a program that will linger in the memory of all those present. It comprised a short pageant, a "dream number," a farce, a skit. The talent displayed was remarkable for its quality and the versatility of the entertainers. "Cap and Bells" is doing much to revive amateur acting, a social diversion that has been sadly neglected by the present generation. Theatricals exercise faculties that are left untouched by bridge-playing and one-stepping. It will be interesting to note the effect upon our younger set, its ways and manners.



## London Policewomen

The Woman's Journal tells us that the London policewomen, a wartime innovation, has become a sort of mother in the mean streets where unkempt and uncared-for youngsters spend much of their time. Her duty is to look after their welfare and behaviour day after day, in wet weather and in fine . . . It is quite evident that in the family circles in that neighborhood a mention of the woman policewoman is a thing to conjure with. Yet she is such a pleasant, kindly "bogey woman" that the smallest tot places his hand in hers and smiles up at her as she leads him safely across the road.



# The World's Women

## And What They Are Doing Everywhere

### THE FIRST WOMAN INHERITANCE TAX APPRAISER

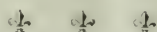
THE appointment of Elizabeth Kenney, a prominent Los Angeles attorney, to the position of Inheritance Tax Appraiser marks an epoch in woman's advance in California. This act of the State Controller reflects credit upon his judgment, as Miss Kenney's record in her profession and public life is one that gives us every reason to believe that she will fill the office in a highly satisfactory



Elizabeth Kenney

manner. The first woman ever appointed to such a position will naturally have difficulties to overcome, but Miss Kenney is no stranger to obstacles. Her work for Suffrage proves that, and proves that she seldom goes around them. Her methods are direct and aggressive. She is a graduate of Stanford and the North Western Universities, and received her degree of LL. B. at the law department of the latter in Chicago. After being admitted to the Illinois bar, Miss Kenney practiced law in her native state for a short time, and then went to Los Angeles, where she has been engaged in active and useful law practice for about fifteen years. The special interest she has taken in the probate law, and laws directly pertaining to women and children and their property rights will be of great use to

her in the inheritance tax appraisal work which she is about to take up. She is a member of several prominent clubs in Los Angeles, and has held office in the Municipal Housing Commission and the Juvenile Protective Association of that city.



### The Suffrage Sculptor

Mrs. Adelaide Johnson of New York, whose work in art and in suffrage has given her a high place at home and abroad, has a personality which inspired the following poem by Madame Rose de Vaux-Royer:

#### Woman in Marble

#### *La Femme Froid*

(TO ADELAIDE JOHNSON)

*This, the fine substance, cold and clear, was lent*

*To art—transmuted by the fire that warmed  
A dual being into beauty; formed*

*The line and curve with human passion blent.  
Then Love, the sculptor, with a high content  
Created woman! From the depths he called  
Her name! unsealed by magic, sense-en-*

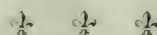
*thralled,  
Her soul shone through the marble, smiled,  
then went*

*To other trysts; but time can ne'er erase  
The artist-touch triumphant, nor efface.*

*Ephemeral and exquisite it seems,  
The spirit calling subtly, through the years—  
A radiant calm that cancels joy or tears—*

*To live with Beauty in the land of Dreams.*

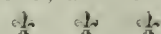
The beautiful work in marble achieved by Mrs. Johnson in her Roman studio won for her the name of the "Historian in Marble." The busts of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott are considered her masterpieces.



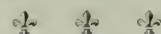
### A YOUNG WOMAN FARMER

AT a big meeting of Massachusetts farmers held early in January, it was emphatically asserted and accepted that the future of the country depends in large measure upon the agricultural folk. Interest was awakened in the expanding of farm projects that are being promoted by local leagues and organizations all over the country. One of the impressive features of this gathering was the report of Leonice Kenworthy, a very young woman farmer, who brought conclusive demonstration of substantial results accomplished by herself and her young brother. Leonice wore a pretty pink cotton frock, which she had made,

and she told of having "put up" over a hundred cans of fruit and vegetables. She is a member of the team that won the first prize at a dairy show, and she spoke of the good work being done by the girls who band themselves together for the purpose of learning and practicing all the arts of the farm. A fine, free, healthy life is this for young women and young men. For those with college education, all the better.



THE faculty of the oldest and most authoritative university in Russia, that of Moscow, has announced that women will be admitted to this historic seat of learning on the same terms as men. Russia has long been at the head of the movement of woman's progress in education, but the University of Moscow has kept its doors closed to women. Now the greatest triumph of Russian women has been won, and they will have full equality with men in all the courses. Those desiring to enter must pass the examinations held in the gymnasias, which in Russia cover the curriculum of the high schools in America. Matriculation for entering the University requires a strict preparation, more advanced than would be needed to enter the third year of many colleges in the United States. The women of Russia will have exactly the same standard as men. Already many positions of the highest importance in law, medicine and technical and scientific fields are held by women. The mentality of the Russian woman is of a very high order, and that this is appreciated by the Government is shown in the fact that the Duma has appointed a commission which approves of their admission as professors in Petrograd and Moscow.



MISS ANNE MARTIN, national chairman of the Woman's Party, is now in Washington at the Lafayette Square headquarters. She writes to *Everywoman* that "the campaign of the Woman's Party in the suffrage states was most successful." Certainly a large portion of this success is directly due to Miss Martin. Her indefatigable energy, her intelligent knowledge of the whole situation, her grasp of important details and the efficient management of the press end of the campaign, went far in the colossal undertaking of promoting the interests



of this aggressive branch of the great suffrage party. During the whirlwind months of the big fight, Anne Martin was always in the thick of it. Her friends feared for her health, which a year ago was not robust, but long journeys, long hours at her desk, nerve-wearing sessions and all the gruelling ups and downs of political work, seem to have strengthened instead of weakened her. The heavy strain that told so markedly on many of her brave associates cannot have left her untouched, but the strength of her spirit seems to have imbued her body, and we see her now taking up the very hardest work of the Woman's Party with a grim, yet cheerful courage, acknowledging no defeat, believing in the speedy realization of her party's hopes.



#### OKLAHOMA KATE

MISS KATE BARNARD, to whom the children of her state are largely indebted for better child labor laws, compulsory education laws and other measures for their general welfare, is a fine type of Western woman—"one of those individuals," says a New York writer, "who seems to belong to the wide spaces of the earth." She is physically slight and dainty, and mentally as strong and flexible as finely tempered steel. Her square chin shows determination, and when she approaches a subject close to her heart, one is inclined to believe that she will accomplish something. Miss Barnard says that Congress ought to arrange for the irrigation of the arid lands on the border. This done, the land should be laid out in forty acre tracts and opened to the homeless of the nation, the hundreds of thousands who are huddled miserably together in the large cities, wasting their lives and those of their children. Here is a scheme which will appeal to every thoughtful person, and it is earnestly hoped that Congress will hear Miss Barnard's ideas and make it possible for them to be executed. The call of the land is strong, and if obeyed will mean better citizens mentally, morally and physically—and, naturally, financially.



#### A Line Revised After Christmas Shopping

Forgive us our Christmases, as we forgive those who have Christmassed against us.



#### Receiver of U. S. Land Office

Mrs. Grace Caukin was appointed by President Wilson three years ago to the office of receiver of all monies con-

nected with the homesteads, timber, isolated tracts or Indian sales in the San Francisco district. The selection was made from a hundred applicants, and time has proven it to be a wise one. In each land office there are two government officials, the register and the receiver. The duty of the former is to care for the records, and that of the receiver is to look after the accounts and all monies, but both must listen to the testimony in all contests and sign the opinion before it is forwarded to Washington. This requires accurate technical knowledge and all the consi-



Mrs. Grace B. Caukin

entious care that Mrs. Caukin has put into the work. In a recent important contest brought before her, that of a homestead claimant and a man who tried to prove that the homesteader was not living up to the law and should not be given the land, Mrs. Caukin, who takes her work very seriously, ascertained through minute examination of all the details of the case, that the homesteader was well within his rights and must be allowed to remain on the land. With a woman like this in office, everyone having to consult this department may feel quite assured of just and kindly treatment. She is bound to be a credit to the administration, and is such a firm Wilson woman that she says when he goes out she want to go out.



#### United States Department of Labor—Immigration Service

The Advisory Board to the U. S. Employment Service is co-operating with the Department of Labor in remedial measures applied to the national problem of unemployment. Mrs. Estelle Barfield, head of the Women's and Girls' Division of the local Federal Employment Service, has been active in organizing and directing a campaign in San Francisco in which they have enlisted about 2,000 prominent clubwomen. Mrs. Jean Sinclair is president of the Advisory Board, and the organization is concentrating on a newly launched project of vocational training undertaken last year

under Hon. A. Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration. Encouraging results are confidently expected from the address given by Mr. E. P. Rosenthal, writer, sociologist and propagandist of Chicago, who presented the fruits of years of research work in this field. He has made an exhaustive study of the possibilities of vocational training and has made very definite contributions in the work of placing such an endeavor on a practical basis.



#### CHINESE Y. W. C. A.

(Continued from page fifteen)

valiantly for numerical supremacy under their enthusiastic young leaders who held a rousing meeting one evening and eloquently urged their "sides" on in the membership campaign. It was very pretty to see one of these little captains, turn to Miss Mills and say, "I wonder if our American friends will pardon my speaking a few words in Chinese—the girls will **get it** better." Permission was given and a ripple of musical unintelligibles slipped out from the youthful orator unto her audience, which led to the query, "Do you not insist upon their speaking English here, Miss Mills?" And Miss Mills' smile answered first. It said a great deal. Her words followed. The writer has forgotten them, but what the smile said was, "Why, no, I do not insist upon that. I want my girls to be their own dear selves here, and of course it is in the Chinese language that expression comes most easily to them."

Then we were shown the subscription book, a very important volume. It is bound in red because red stands for success and happiness. Another very Christian concession, one would say. Well, red is the cover and Chinese are the contents, Chinese not only in character but in phraseology. We learn that the Association is endorsed by the Chinese Ambassador at Washington, and by the Consul in San Francisco, and prominent Chinese editors, merchants, bankers and diplomats.

It must not be thought that all the backing is American. Two charming Chinese ladies from Berkeley, Mrs. Ng Poon Chew and Mrs. H. Y. Chang, have taken a very prominent part in the organization. They have helped the American ladies to get the Chinese point of view.



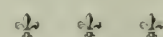
# Everywoman's Bookshelf

(Continued from page twenty-three)

at delineation of the Russian character, men and women, is frequently halted by an insular disgust and distrust, and a confessed inability to understand. The book is dedicated to a Russian friend and many expressions of interest and admiration appear in its pages, and it is plain that the author spent much time and careful thought in acquiring the language and a knowledge of the people and their country. "This is a strange forest; although there are trees there's no shade; it burns like a furnace. . . . the sun did not penetrate and it should have been cool, but for some reason the air was heavy and hot." And in this unpleasant place the Otriad find a company of fantastic creatures left behind by their own people and kicked aside by the enemy—"old men dirty beyond belief, with long tangled hair and bare bony breasts, slobbering chins; women old and young whom suffering had reduced to a brazen indifference; many children with frightened eyes. . . . These scarecrows wanted horribly their food. It was dreadful to see the anxiety with which they watched the portioning of the hunks of black

bread, and sink upon the ground to lap their soup like dogs. . . . The world smelt of disease and dirt and desolation. . . . Clutching the black bread with shaking hands, they would grin like Death himself. How close to death it all seemed!" Also in the book are pictures of peaceful hours spent in sunny neglected orchards, pleasant gardens, hospitable farm-houses. And this description of a type, Konstantine Feodorovitch Kryllow: "He was large and stout, a true Russian type, with a merry, laughing face. He had the true Russian spirit of unconquerable irrational merriment. He laughed at everything with the gaiety of a man who finds life too preposterous for words. He had all the spirit of unconquerable irrational merriment. He laughed at everything with the gaiety of a man who finds life too preposterous for words. He had all the Russian untidiness, kindness of heart, gay, ironical pessimism. "Tomorrow" was a word unknown to him; nothing was sacred to him, and yet at times it seemed as though life were so holy, so mysterious, that the only way to keep it from careless eyes was by laughing at it. He had no principles, no plans, no

prejudices, no reverences. If he wished to sleep for a week he would do so; if he wished to eat for a week he would do so. If he died tomorrow he did not care . . . it was all so absurd that it was not worth while to give it any attention. He would grow very fat, he would die, he would love women, play cards, drink, quarrel, give his life for a sentimental moment, pour every farthing of his possessions into the lap of a friend, incur debts he would not pay, quarrel wildly with a man about a rouble, remember things that you would expect him to forget, forget everything he should remember—a pagan, a saint, a blackguard, a hero—anything you please as long as you did not take it seriously."

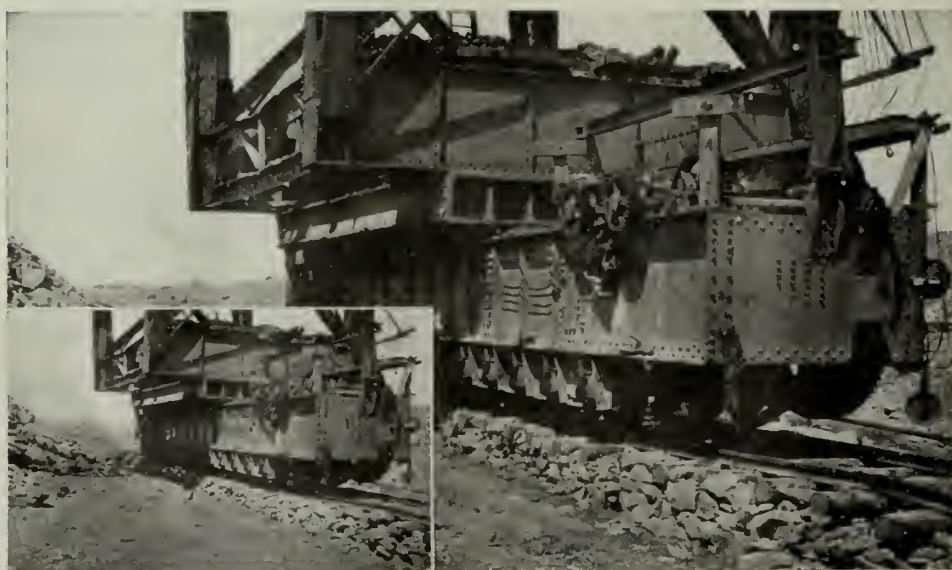


## Faithful

A pledged woman will remain faithful long after love has flown; the promise is a mystic bond; none but a tall flame can hide the ashes of the dead love. And so, when Shakespeare asserts "Frailty, thy name is woman," he is delivering one of the hasty judgments that abound in his solemn romanticism. —W. L. George.

## A Little Camera for Big Photographs

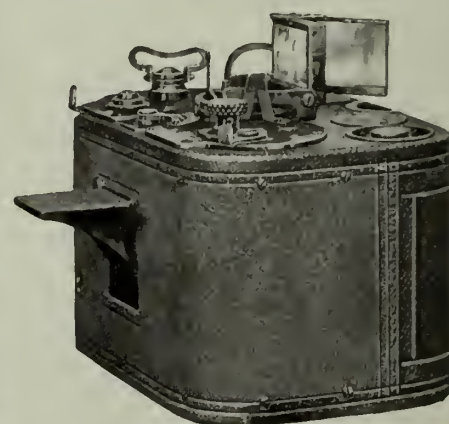
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#### End of Dynasty 1.

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of the annual house cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way. "And you," sobbed his wife, "you used to tell me I was your Queen." "Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes, "But when a man finds his Queen has used his best tobacco jar to hold varnish, and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer, he begins to grasp the advantages of a Republic."

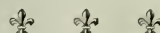


Moderation in all things will comprise most of the laws ever made.—Elinor Mordaunt.



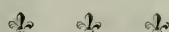
#### The Difference

Because in some senses the morality of woman is not the morality of man, we are not entitled to say with Pope that "Woman's at best a contradiction still." She is a contradiction. Man is a contradiction, apparently of a different kind, and that is all.—W. L. George.



#### Let Us Be Up and Doing!

A great preacher once said that all the sins of the unconverted world are the fault of the Christian church, because if the church were for only one day what she ought to be, the world would be converted before night. In a like sense it may be said that the continued disfranchisement of women is the fault of the suffragists, because if for a single year they all worked as they ought to work, they would get the ballot in short order. Let us all try in 1917 to measure up to our great opportunity!—A. S. B., in "The Woman's Journal."



#### DISTANCE

"You have read my new story?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, to be perfectly candid, old chap, I think the covers are too far apart."—Puck.

#### Optimistic

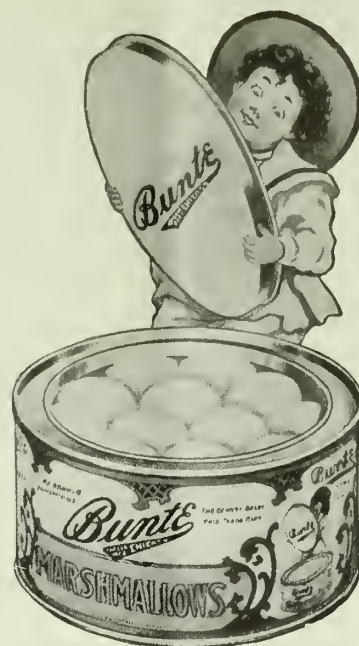
"Life isn't all beer and skittles," quoted the pessimistic person.

"Well, I guess I can get along without any skittles," replied the optimist with the impressionistic nose.—"Judge."



#### Common Complaint

A physician a few days since gave an account of the decline of a church in his town, and said that it had died of the foot and mouth disease. Being asked what he meant, he said the people spent their time running around talking about each other.



#### BRITISH—WOT?

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off."

"Yes; she told me. He was horribly jealous and unfair."

"In what way was he unfair?"

"Why, every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain.—"Liverpool Post."



## Its Double Power Range



## THE LADY AND THE LAW

(Continued from page two)

thoughts in her mind, which ran between danger to her husband and the delight of fooling Mr. Bopp & Co., she would lovingly plead: "Sure, John boy, ye'll promise me that ye'll throw every one of those bombs in the bay, for the Canadians are not English after all, an' why should we be killin' them?" And John Smith did that very thing and the couple hugely enjoyed their joke on Bopp & Co. at the cost of \$300 a month—and expenses.



## MEMORIAL EXHIBIT

The friends of Betty de Jong will hold a Memorial Exhibit of her paintings at the Tolerton galleries in Sutter street, between the first and the fifteenth of February. These paintings cover a large variety of subjects. Some of these paintings will be for sale.

The proceeds of this sale will go to her mother in Paris. A mother who is old and already knows sorrow—a sorrow too great for any poor words of consolation to reach.

And such is the mystery of life and death—which God alone knows anything about.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT"

BY LUCINE FINCH

O God! O God!  
How sad life is!  
How difficult to live!  
And yet we cling  
Like vines to trees,  
Passionate, wistful tendrils  
To great trees . . .  
Like mountain mist  
To vast, remote Andes.  
O God! How glad we are to live!

There must be something, then,  
Different and beyond.  
Some vision that the spirit sees,—  
Dwelling aloof from agonies  
That shred the soul.  
Something whose radiancy  
Dims all the stars!  
Obliterates the sun!  
Outshines the blazing worlds!  
And makes us—glad to live!

—HARPER'S.

## UNFAIR

A LITTLE boy of six was much interested in a conversation between his mother and the older children of the family about a wonderful circus which they had attended some years before.

After a time the little fellow inquired of his mother: "Why wasn't I there? Where was I?"

His mother replied, "Oh, you were not here."

"Where was I?" again the child asked.

His mother looked at him, hesitated a moment, then said, "Oh, you were in heaven with God and the angels."

"Gee! mother," exclaimed the indignant youngster, "do you mean to say you left me in heaven all day with God and the angels while you and the rest of the family went to the circus?"—"Harper's Magazine."

## The Start of A Perfect Day

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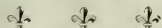


# Quaker Oats



## YOUTH KNOWS

There is nothing so bad for any young life as to be under the authority of a person whom it despises, above all a person whom it recognizes as a humbug. Celia had suffered from this, and it had hardened her, made her a little contemptuous of any show of emotion, while equally bad for her had been the realization that she could manage her aunt by silence and reserve, by that quiet coldness which brought her up sharply, as against a blank wall, or by an occasional well placed word.—Elinor Mordaunt.



## HONORS CONFERRD ON THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER OF EVERY-WOMAN MAGAZINE, GEORGE G. FRASER

The ladies composing the committee in charge of the society event—the Mardi Gras—at their quarters at the St. Francis Hotel, have chosen (above all applicants) George G. Fraser as the official photographer for that far-famed event.

Mr. Fraser will operate with R. G. Matzene, who has an international reputation for his excellence in portraiture. His studios in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, being centers of attraction to all lovers of the art of photography.

## A Life Job

Some one told George Bernard Shaw that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "Oh," said Shaw, "if I started being ashamed of myself, I should not have time for anything else all my life."



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Sister dear, to me?

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## NOSTALGIA

(Continued from page sixteen)

through the mists and the fog instantly becomes a sea of molten silver, and a distant peak breaks through, clad in rose opal and azure, like the sudden blossoming of some rare exotic flower. A mountain will wear in the space of a single day, violet, gold and crimson, pearl, jade and amethyst,—cinnamon, umber and dun, fawn lilac and wine. The dawn, the noon, the sunset, have each their myriad miracles.

And at last the night, the wonderful infinite night, that has always a voice of its own in every land and clime . . . here it speaks only of toil, of harvests wrung from an unwilling earth, of homely thrift, and snug domesticity. Pretty and petty.

But there . . . the great virgin forests that have never heard the axe, the serene hills that have never felt the plow, the smiling summer skies that know no rain, the one eternal season that is Eden, the new air that has never been man-tainted, all vibrant with vital power,—there the night enfolds one with its omnipotent caress that speaks passionately of the glory of achievement, of the immensity of love and life. That . . . is California.

✿ ✿ ✿  
**The Answer**

An exchange asks: "Can an actress make a good wife?" "Life" replies: "If she's a good actress, she probably can."

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## IN MEMORY OF BETTY DE JONG

Just as we are going to press comes the very sad news of the passing of Betty De Jong. Her charming personality, combined with her wonderful talent, have made countless friends even in the few years she has been in California. It is indeed pitiful that she should have chosen to leave us so soon, but since such was her wish, may she find in the next life all the peace and happiness denied her in this.

## PRONUNCIATION

If we are going to accept the plausible theory, as many have done already, that the name "Gringoes," which Mexicans give to the people of the United States, had its origin in the fact that soldiers from the latter country adopted as their marching song, "Green Grow the Rushes," placing emphasis on the first two words of the chorus, during the war of the '40s between the two nations, then

it will not be difficult to accept the theory that "Yankee" had its origin in the attempt of the Indians to pronounce the word "English" in the early days of American settlement. The nearest the natives could come to it, it is said, was "Yengeese," and the transition from this to "Yankees" was easy. There are people in the United States who pronounce "Yankees" very nearly that way now.—Christian Science Monitor.

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## The American Language

Professor F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, in his fine lecture on "Teaching Spoken English," says: Take no thought of the language. Live rightly, think good thoughts, have right feelings, be genuine, do not scream or strain or make pretense; cultivate a harmonious soul. Follow these injunctions and you are laying the foundations of a standard American speech. Whence comes the speech does not matter."

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President Woodrow Wilson



## In This Issue

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"On To Washington"

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on  
The San Francisco Vice Question

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on  
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Mary North Moore  
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Dr. Margaret Pladwell  
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on  
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All America  
for War  
if the Kaiser  
Wills

VOL. XI. No. 11

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EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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Washington



# The Woman's Relief Corps

## Member of the National Council of Women

### DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan  
(Chairman)

Mrs. Effie Leese Scott  
(Vice-Chairman)

THE Woman's Relief Corps was one of the first organizations in the United States to affiliate with the National Council of Women. It is auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, and is the largest patriotic organization of women in the world, the present membership numbering 166,000.

This beneficent organization is the outgrowth of the various relief societies that sprang up during and after the Civil War. When Paul Van ver Voort was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army he took the initiative in organizing the women of these societies into a permanent society, which should be national in its scope, and should have as one of its chief objects the assisting of needy veterans and their families.

This idea was sanctioned by the National Encampment and the call sent out. Massachusetts had formally organized some time previous to this, adopting the name of the Woman's Relief Corps, which name in part was used by a society of women in Maine who called themselves the Bosworth Relief Corps and which society still exists. Ohio also organized about this time.

At the fourteenth annual encampment of the Grand Army, held in Indianapolis, Chaplain Lovering introduced a resolution calling for a woman's auxiliary. He was appointed chairman of a committee appointed to look into the matter and report at the next encampment. The other committee members were George Brown and B. Crabb.

The committee accordingly gave its report, which was unanimously adopted. It included the approval of the project to organize a National Woman's Relief Corps, and that such society use under its title "Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic."

Although this took place in 1881, it was not until 1883, when Paul Van der Voort was Commander-in-Chief, that steps were formally taken. When Commander Van der Voort issued the call for the encampment to meet in Denver in July, 1883, he also called the women of the various organizations to meet and unite in a National organization. Fifty women responded to the call besides those residing in the hostess city.

By Mary North Moore

The present organization had its birth at this time when Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood of Ohio made the motion that a National organization be formed upon the basis of the Massachusetts society. The name, ritual, rules and regulations and work of the Union board of the Massachusetts Woman's Relief Corps was adopted.

And thus it came about that not only relatives of soldiers, but women of good moral character who are loyal are eligible to membership. There were fifty-eight charter members, a number of whom are still living.

The first officers were: President, Mrs. E. Florence Barker; Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, senior vice-president; junior vice-president, Mrs. Mary Stimson; Mrs.



Mrs. Ida K. Martin, President W. R. C.

Sarah E. Fuller, secretary; treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner; Mrs. Emily Gardner, inspector; chaplain, Mrs. Mattie B. Moulton; Mrs. Francis S. Runyan, conductor; guard, Mrs. Jane W. Beatson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary Jewett Telford; Mrs. Ellen M. Pay, recording secretary.

In 1903 the Woman's Relief Corps was incorporated by the following: Mesdames Sarah D. Winans, Jennie E. Wright, Kate B. Sherwood, Cora Day Young, Mary C. Wentzell, Mary M. North, Sarah E. Phillips, Elizabeth A. Turner, Allaseba M. Bliss and Miss Clara Barton.

The organization was a pioneer in teaching patriotism and was the first in

the country to teach patriotism in the public schools. From giving flags to schools in the South, the movement spread until there are few states today which have not had gifts of flags when needed for the school houses. The field continued to grow; the past year 6,000 Sunday schools have been presented with flags. Last year two other fields opened,—the placing of flags in court rooms where aliens take the oath of allegiance to the U. S., and the marking of the Lincoln Highway with flags. Flags have also been given to the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts.

The Woman's Relief Corps has owned a good deal of real estate since its organization, for very early in its career it began to build homes for veterans and their families and for army nurses. As these homes grew, many were self-supporting, but when they were not they have been offered to the states within whose borders they were located, and the states have accepted the trust.

An important real estate deal consisted of the transfer of the old Andersonville prison to the W. R. C., which came to the society as a sacred trust from the G. A. R. of Georgia. When the women took it they found it an arid waste and as unpromising as Sahara itself, but their courage did not fail. They immediately built a comfortable, commodious house and installed a caretaker. Soon the place became a mecca for tourists, especially those who had suffered within the stockade as prisoners. Soon more land was acquired by the Corps, so that the caretaker would have room to plant his crops without encroaching upon the old stockade, the desire of the W. R. C. being to keep it intact.

Within this stockade are a number of monuments which the W. R. C. have permitted different states to build to commemorate the memory of their sons who died while imprisoned there. The states putting up these imposing monuments are Ohio, Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin.

The W. R. C. erected a monument in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, who died while chairman of the committee appointed to look after the restoration of the place, which at this time had been made into a beautiful park.

Later a monument was erected in honor of Miss Clara Barton, who did



such effective work toward identifying those who otherwise would have filled graves marked "unknown."

When the park was free from debt and made to blossom as the rose, the W. R. C. named as a committee to offer it as a gift to the Government, Mrs. Kate E. Jones, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Mrs. Mary M. North.

The Government accepted the gift, but permits the W. R. C. to look after the cottage; many of the departments of the Corps keep the rooms furnished and in good order. There is a tablet there commemorating the transfer; this block of granite has on its top a sun dial, in the form of a draped flag.

Among some of the other philanthropic activities of this patriotic organization are the following: Appropriation of \$5,000 for a memorial window in the building in Washington, D. C., that is being erected to be used by the Red Cross Society; gifts at Christmas time to all the army nurses of the Civil War; presents \$1,000 annually to the G. A. R.



Mrs. William Jennings Bryan.

for its permanent fund; gives \$100 each

year to the army nurses; each year the graves of soldiers buried in the South are decorated on Memorial Day.

At the last convention the treasurer's report showed that since its organization the W. R. C. has spent for memorial and relief work \$4,699,299.21; the total assets were reported to be \$24,944.18; liabilities none.

At present the national officers are: President, Mrs. Ida K. Martin, Minneapolis, Minn. S. V. P., Mrs. Mary H. Dodge, Berea, Ky.; J. V. P., Mrs. Jennie L. Osgood, Kansas City; treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Plopper, Iowa Falls; secretary, Mrs. Eliza Brown Daggett, Attleboro, Mass.; chaplain, Mrs. Emma E. Bailey, Detroit; counselor, Mrs. Abbie A. Adams, Omaha, Nebr.; inspector, Mrs. Laura E. Maloney, Fond du Lac, Wis.; instituting and installing officer, Mrs. Alice Huffman, Wichita, Kan.; patriotic instructor, Mrs. Bertha M. Allen, Minneapolis; press correspondent, Mrs. Ida M. Trenary, Chicago; senior aide, Mrs. Nellie Libbey, Boston.

## The Field of Mustard Blossoms

By Harriett How

**O**H, the field of mustard blossoms just across the way! How they dance all the livelong day in the sun! Sometimes it is a stately minuet, where the graceful forms bow and touch hands and move past each other to meet other figures with whom the haughty courtesy is again exchanged.

They are an immense company, stretching as far as the eye can reach, reaching so far that it becomes a vast yellow sea in the distance, which meets the soft blue sky where it rims the world. A sea so bright, so golden bright it makes the sky look pale.

Oh the beautiful field of mustard blossoms just across the way.

Often the music to which they dance is brighter, and the figures swing occasionally into each other's arms, are held lightly, then released, and there is a soft murmur as of happy conversation. The whole mellow distance is one glad, glowing smile of content in the glorious golden California sunshine that pours down upon the field of mustard blossoms just across the way!

Sometimes the measure that moves them is more frolicsome, as the yellow heads nod and beckon, and the lithe forms pass and repass with laughter and gay speech that waits not for reply.

But the maddest, merriest music is never furnished by the sunshine at all, and its intoxicating influence is wonderful to see. It is the beating rain, driven

by the sweeping wind, that fires the field of mustard blossoms to their wildest glee. Their joy is unconstrained, they rush along in the intricate mazes of a bacchanal that no eye can follow,—with shouts of laughter and snatches of song that the wind drowns before it can ever reach to human ears. A wild abandon seizes them, they fling their arms in the air, they leap, they try to overleap each other, they rush into each other's arms, whirl madly together for a moment, then fall apart only to swing into another's arms, and reel again in the wildest delirium of the dance. The golden heads rush together and sudden merry kisses are snatched with such rapidity that no one can say which is the thief. They bow to the very earth, and rising kiss two comrades, to right and to left, and finish the feat with a leap into the air as if to see how far the universal riot extends.

Whole platoons of them sweep forward by a sudden concerted movement, and in mock fear those in front leap aside, anywhere, everywhere, only to escape the assault,—then in a wink turn to meet the invading ranks with a courage as sudden as their panic was, and the two forces are hurled upon each other en masse, in the fierceness of the battle, with little shrieks of joy and surprise such as children make at play.

Then, it may be the wind lulls for a moment, and they pause to take breath, with flushed faces and sparkling eyes, before the wind's music sets their heads awlirl again.

Sometimes they are still, hushed even to reverent silence, as in the soft peace of a summer twilight, when they whisper, with bowed heads, the Angelus.

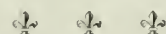
But it is only the child who sees and prattles of all this, and says to his wondering mother: "O, the beautiful field of mustard blossoms."



### YOUR PRESENCE

*The day was grey,—but at your step  
A sudden glory filled the air;  
Somewhere a lute began to play  
When You came down the stair.*

—Harriet Howe.



### DEAD LOVE

BY MADGE MORRIS

*There is no dead thing in this world so dead  
As love that has been slain.*

*Think not that you  
Can lightly toy with it, and set your foot  
Upon its hearts for pleasure, and wound  
The ground with its red blood, and then bid it  
rise  
And stand all blushing new again  
Beside you.*

*Nay; though from the mouldy grave  
Your power could take the skeleton, and all  
Its mildewed joints habilitate with living flesh,  
You, yet, could not bring dead love back to life.*



# Past and Present

## Vice Campaigns in San Francisco

(Survey of London, by John Stow,  
A. D. 1597.)

THE mass meeting at Dreamland Rink, January 25th, is the latest of a series of attempts which in recent years have been made to remedy long existing evils. Begun for the purpose of removing from a particular locality a special form of evil doing, it has developed into a movement affecting the entire city, and for the first time since 1850, San Francisco is without a "segregated district." With the exception of St. Louis, where during 1870-74 the administration was by ordinance empowered to "regulate" brothels, our city is the only one in the country where they were given distinct official recognition. In answer to questions propounded by the Commonwealth Club, the Secretary of the Municipal Clinic on December 31, 1912, thus described that institution—under the permission given by the Police Department to open a house of ill-fame, all inmates are obliged, according to police regulations, to register at the Municipal Clinic and submit to medical examination every four days. By arrangement with the Police Judges, all women arrested for vagrancy, or for soliciting, are sent to the clinic for medical examination before disposition of their cases. The keepers of houses of ill-fame are forbidden to harbor any inmate **who does not possess a certificate from the Municipal Clinic**, showing that she was free from venereal disease at her last examination. For the first infraction of this regulation, the keeper of the house is called before the captain of the district and warned that a repetition will mean the closing of the house. Two police officers specially conversant with and fitted for the work are permanently detailed to the clinic, checking up the inmates and seeing that the regulations are complied with. Any regular inmate of these houses who refuses to be examined and registered is not **allowed** to "work" in any of the **permitted** houses, and if she attempts to "work" clandestinely she is arrested and dealt with. (Transactions, Commonwealth Club, Red Plague, 2nd Report, Vol. 8, pages 409-410, Answers 2 and 3.)

The laws of the State (Penal Code, Sec. 315) and the ordinances of the city (Nos. 1179 and 1366) declare all houses

By Judge Clayton Herrington.

of ill-fame to be illegal, and it was the duty of the police to prosecute all violators. In fact, they prosecuted only in those cases where the clinic's certificates were not forthcoming. The certificate therefore suspended the operation of the criminal law, and had the same practical effect as an ordinance licensing those places in express terms. In essentials



Judge Clayton Herrington.

the San Francisco system was, at least in 1911 and 1912, one of licensed vice.

The women paid the clinic fifty cents for each examination, about \$45.00 per annum. From March 24, 1911, to Dec. 31, 1912, there were 60,295 examinations, yielding a revenue of approximately \$30,000.00, which was disbursed in maintaining the establishment. The money did not reach the treasury, but the immunity given by the clinic's certificates was as complete as if it had been entered upon the Treasurer's cash book. The municipal reports for the fiscal year 1910-11, pages 161-167, contain the report of the Board of Health, giving a full account of the establishment, operation and regulations adopted by it for the clinic. In the following year the sanction of the Board of Health was withdrawn, but the police detail was maintained, and the clinic was thereafter conducted by a body of private citizens known as the

Advisory Committee (Municipal Report for 1911-12, page 624).

In the debate upon this subject before the Commonwealth Club, June 11, 1913, Mr. Rolla V. Watt said: "When we say to our young men, 'you are safe to go there when you see the clinic's notice', it is a license, and a license from the city of San Francisco; and I say that the damage done by the whole business from first to last is such a disgrace to San Francisco, and such an injury to the moral fibre of San Francisco, that there can be no honest vote except against it." (Trans. Com. Club, Vol. 8, page 399.) The agitation of that period resulted in the withdrawal of the police detail, and thus deprived of its only means of enforcing its regulations, the clinic soon thereafter went out of existence. The segregated district, however, remained until February 14th of this year.

The ten demands of the Church Federation recently presented to the administration are substantially similar to those laid before the Mayor by a citizens' committee, February 20, 1913, of which Rev. Bradford Leavitt, Mrs. A. P. Black, Harris Weinstock and Rolla Watt were prominent members. At the close of that meeting the Mayor made this somewhat cryptic remark: "I do not believe in a wide open town, neither do I believe in a closed town; but I do want a decent San Francisco." And he added, "if you will be patient, uphold the administration, and say that you know we are doing everything in our power, we will succeed. We are doing our best, and will continue." (Chronicle, Feb. 21, 1913.) That was four years ago. Since then conditions did not materially improve, and last January 6,000 or more citizens assembled at Dreamland Rink and expressed their dissatisfaction.

The Red Light Abatement Law was approved by the Governor in April, 1913. It was held up by referendum until November, 1914. When the Governor signed it, District Attorney Fickert, Police Commissioner Kull and Chief of Police White frankly expressed their disapproval of that measure. The Mayor remarked that he would get a copy of the law and study it through (see Press Reports). District Attorney Fickert says now that he is positive that the closing



of the segregated district "will mean no permanent gain to the morals of the community," and that the action just taken by him was "based upon an evident public demand that the district should be closed." (Chronicle, Feb. 15, 1917.)

No one will question his right, or the right of other officials, or of any one else, to their opinions as to the policy of the law, opinions held for at least a century by administrators, publicists, laymen and professional men of high rank in this country and in Europe. On the other hand, there is opposed the practically unanimous views of fifty or more Vice Commissions in the United States, and especially those of the French Extra Parliamentary Commission, which, after a thorough study of more than three years, by a large majority declared in 1903 that the entire system of compulsory registration and examination of the inmates of houses of ill-fame as practiced in France for over a century was so defective that it ought to be entirely abandoned. (Seligman, *Social Evil*, 2nd Edition, 1912, page 186.)

But after all, the views maintained heretofore by administrations are not now our chief concern. They mean just as well, and are just as good as are their constituents. Who is right and **Who** is wrong is of no consequence whatever; **What** is right and **What** is wrong is the only thing worth while. This latest instrumentality for dealing with the subject can approach it with every advantage. The Vice Commission has two former Mayors under whose administrations the segregation policy was in vogue. In addition to the researches of Vice Commissions elsewhere, it has the benefit of the views, more or less divergent, of the business men, professional men, clergymen, publicists and social workers who compose it. But however thoroughly it may study, howsoever judiciously recommend, its work will be barren of result if it have not the approval of public opinion, if it lack the **active** support of the greater part of our people. Can it command that? Dealing as it does with an evil the most ancient and the most vicious, excepting only war, its task is to devise practicable means of curbing, effectually and harmlessly, the most imperious of human instincts, save only hunger and thirst. It is idle to deny that the social evil exists here (as elsewhere) because many men desire it. The public opinion which they make here (as elsewhere) sanctions it. Whatsoever disapproval men pronounce in words, whatsoever laws they enact and record (on paper), whatsoever severity of punish-

ment they provide for the unfortunate victim of their passions, the fact remains that a very large number of men here (as elsewhere) do not believe that for them this form of irregular indulgence is really blameworthy. If we thought otherwise, we would not punish only women.

We profess monogamy, but we practice polygamy. And many of us in early years, when the passions are strongest and least understood, are taught by our elders that irregularity in this respect is a masculine privilege. We view it for the most part with an indulgent smile, except when the victim is a member of our own family, or when the segregated district is moved into our own neighborhood, or established near our own church—then the very air is riven with clamor. While disclaiming the privilege for themselves, some men, nevertheless, deem it to be a "necessary evil"—for others. They sincerely believe that, given the population, the wealth, the general social conditions of any community, the amount of vice in it is a **fixed quantity** which can vary only as those elements vary, and which no moral or social improvement can ever materially reduce; that each generation of our daughters **must** furnish its holocaust of wretched victims to supply the requirements of men—other than themselves, of course. And it is upon these grounds that they either excuse or justify the policy of segregation, a policy which in its very nature assumes the indefinitely continued existence of the evil. It hardly needs to be pointed out that this is a mere counsel of despair, a confession of inability to deal with the task, of the futility of even trying to deal with it at all.

But whether this kind of irregular indulgence be claimed by some as a masculine privilege, personal to themselves, or by some be conceded to others as a "necessary evil," these two classes go to make up that **demand** for the segregated district, which, in our city (as in others) is asserted or tolerated by a very large element. Were it otherwise, the segregated district would not have existed in San Francisco for sixty-seven years. In other words, the desire for this conditions is in the hearts of men, not in the houses.

So far as San Francisco is concerned, no fair-minded person will condemn this administration, or any of its predecessors, for failing to remedy a situation which the people have sanctioned and tolerated for two generations. How to eradicate, or materially to reduce, the demand for this form of vice is one of the elements of the tremendous problem with which

our Vice Commission must deal, with which this people as an organized community must deal when the Commission shall have completed its part of the work, if any real betterment is ever to be realized.

To close a few disreputable cafes, to forbid dancing in some restaurants (and allow it in others), to remove curtains from eating booths, to harrass the unfortunate street walker (and exempt the men who succumb to her blandishments)—these, and the like measures, are as futile as to attempt to dam Niagara with a feather. To attack such special forms of vice, and to fail to adopt and steadily maintain those principles of civic conduct which alone can prevent the recurrence of such and graver phases of evil, are mere futilities—mere cleansing of the outside of the cup.

We may indeed close the segregated district, but unless we do better and far more than that, the hideous wrong and shame of the prostitution of women in our city will remain, though not in "that place;"—just as in John Stow's time three hundred and seventy years ago.

Perhaps the most striking and exceptional feature of the present campaign is the appearance in it of the women of the so-called "under world"—a world into which men descend, and whence they bring out and scatter throughout the community the seeds of moral and physical contamination no less vicious than the very worst the women can possibly do. Hitherto they have never been allowed to speak for themselves, and there have been few who were willing to speak for them openly. Society has viewed them askance; as being like those noxious plants which flourish best or only in the shade. But now, and for the first time in the writer's knowledge, the pulpit and the press have been opened to them, and we have listened to their question—"What are you going to do with us?" Commendation too great cannot be given to the Rev. Paul Smith, who had the courage and the kindness to make his church their meeting place. That such a meeting was possible at all, implies that we no longer maintain that they have "no rights which men are bound to respect." Not the right to do wrong, but the right to our aid that they may escape from wrong, and not only from the wrong they commit, but from the wrong they suffer. For it cannot be denied that we have helped to make them what they are.

For centuries in the past, for two generations in San Francisco, men have allowed them to become and to remain

(Continued on page fourteen)



# EVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

FOR two and a half years the Old World has been in the Hades of war, with all of its gruesome horrors, and the end is not in sight. From the first moment this war was sprung on the helpless people of Belgium up to this day, it has never been a war of men. But, it has been a war of devils; the plan of which, and plot of which, could never have been written in any other region than that of Hades, with Satan and his hordes to a "successful issue." Now that the same fearsomeness is constantly held over our heads, we know that there are millions of men and women who rebel at that and who revolt at the name of God being dragged in the mire of slaughter simply for the greed of "thy neighbor's goods," or spluttered out from the lips of blasphemy. And they are not one bit fooled nor one bit afraid, though the horrors which have been inflicted on these once happy, carefree, unprepared people shall be our fate tomorrow, our tomorrow or on another morrow if we listen to the soporific song of Kaiser-made peace, for this country, and Kaiser-made war when he gets ready; with his organized, far-flung seed of dissension and bewilderment, sown through America, under the cloak of many deceptions, and always, in the sacred name of Peace.

Now, just now, it is coming straight up to us whether it is the President of the United States who is to seal the destinies of America in all the years to come—or whether it is the Kaiser. Of course the Congress shall have its say before the awful responsibility is put up to the President—and, in the name of common intelligence, that is quite enough. What have we a President and a Congress for?

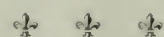
In the name of Heaven, is there anyone on earth who doubts that President Wilson will let even the shadow of Peace—with honor—escape him if there is any means of grasping? We should not worry on that score. But, the idea that the Kaiser is to play football with us on land or sea is intolerable. If he is allowed to massacre our people within a twenty-mile war zone of his making today, can he not extend his war zone to a hundred or a thousand miles tomorrow and clean across the Atlantic the day after? And as far as laws are concerned, why not a land zone the week or month or year after? Has he not as much right to tell us to keep off the streets of New York or San Francisco, lest we get in the way of his guns or aeroplanes as he has to tell us to keep off the sea? And, he will do it too, or others

will, if there is any weakening on our part or if any dissension is allowed to be sown among our people.

If this highbinder, piratical war can be forced upon us we had better face it up now, before any more Bopps and bombs can lay more plans for anarchist murders in our midst. Even though preparedness and self-protection faced and met with death and mangling before, it only goes to prove how fearsome the enemy is, and how dreadfully we are in need of the ways and means which are necessary to preserve what little peace is left to us, although we had no hand in the making of the slaughter of civilization which is now wiping out Europe and threatening our own shores and homes. So it is: Stand For Our President Now! or swallow the Kaiser's orders.

To America alone do we owe our allegiance. Neither Czar nor Kaiser, Mikado nor King—no; nor bandit chief, should ever be permitted to map out our zones for us.

While it is true that Germany tries to dictate today, it may well be any one of half a dozen countries tomorrow. So we must be able to say: "Hands off, gentlemen, if you please! And, if you don't please,—Well, then: "hands off anyway!"



### *A New Fashion In "Manana"*

ALL at once here and there we are met by a new fashion in "Manana." It is: "Let us have a vote of the people before we decide whether we accept the orders of the Kaiser to keep off the seas or have our citizens murdered and our commerce ruined," or whether our government, headed by our President, shall say, "No! The submarines have poked their noses into our front yard, and we shall not let them come into the drawing-room without resistance."

If we wait for "Manana," what will happen? Let us see: Just what happened before, while we fooled the time away gabbling about peace and petitions until another surprise was sprung on us. But, this one would not be a surprise—it would be a fatal disaster. This is what would happen if we took the advice of those who assume to do our thinking for us: In the time which would be absorbed while taking the votes of millions of citizens (and what of those



### Advisory Council of Everywoman

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Mrs. John F. Merrill

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Mrs. Edwin Goodall

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The Countess of Aberdeen

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Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

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Mrs. Georgia Sperry

who are not citizens?) and the counting of those votes, the enemy would have completed his armaments of destruction, and we would have fished out from the millions the young and the brave as sacrificial offerings for their country's salvation while the slackers, the cowards, the indifferents and the lazy would lay back, get rich if they knew how, and enjoy the protection of the brave—if there were enough left to do the protecting. No, if the scourge of war is forced upon us, let all men and women do their share in defending the country which protects them. And if they do not do so willingly, well? "The bird that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing."

If there were any of us fooled on the Kaiser's peace pleas heretofore, surely, the sworn testimony of Captain Polack of the passenger liner, Kronprinzessin Cecilie, in the United States Court at Boston, would set us thinking. His testimony was to the effect that on the twenty-first of January he received orders from an unnamed official of the German Embassy at Washington to render the ship useless for sea purposes, and he did, thereby destroying the machinery to the cost of one hundred and ten thousand dollars, and this secret order was given three days before diplomatic relations were broken off between the United States and Germany.

Now, it is quite plain where the secret message came from which set Washington and Wall Street by the ears and which enabled the German citizens who were in the secret to make many millions of dollars in the stock gamble which followed. That trick was disgraceful enough without trying to ruin the members of the President's official family. But, we must guard against any more such tricks.



#### **The Tragic Feature of The High Cost of Living**

**L**IVING has become so high all through the United States that it has reached the tragic point and passed it. That was really to be expected, as month after month the greed of the dealers who are in a position to corner foodstuffs, clothing and all the necessities of life sent prices soaring according to the dictates of their own free will. The war furnished an excuse for this condition—perhaps, as good an excuse as any. Still, in many respects the excuse was so apparent that it became a joke; but, it is no joke to the poor people who suffer the pangs of hunger, nor to their babies who suffer hunger, ill-health and a lowered vitality which may mean death.

In America this condition is without excuse of any kind. There is plenty of food for all, and plenty of profit at that, for the dealers if honesty governed their dealings. In fact, the fearful waste of food which is in evidence on every side, amounts to criminal negligence, while those who are unable to pay the unnatural, inflated cost must suffer. This condition applies with peculiar hardship in families where the breadwinner—father or mother, as the case may be—is out of employment part of the time, and that is a frequent occurrence during the Winter months. Even among people

who are usually supposed to be able to live in what is called "comfortable circumstances," the pinch of poverty comes very close, and in cases of sickness, doctors fear to prescribe proper foods, knowing well that the patients would be unable to provide them.

Now that the Government of the United States has become awakened to the high-handed, unlawful methods which food combinations have been practicing on the helpless people, it is not only to be hoped, but to be expected, that punishment, both speedy and severe, will follow the breaking of both laws of humanity and decency.

The investigation which President Wilson has instituted into this starvation of the masses may reveal a very different state of affairs from that which appears on the surface. The confusion in the freight car system, while thousands of cars are lying idle in the railroad yards, the prevention of the arrival of food supplies in the large centers of population, even though cars and food are stored up in great quantities, some distance apart, go to form, either a stupid or a vicious combination, and should not be tolerated by the government of this country for a single day.

The fact that the starving peoples of Europe purchase part of our surplus is made the basis of a terrific cry, that we are short of food on that account, and, for that reason that we must—really must—submit to the dictates of foreign tyrants, and keep off the seas, or face a war of destruction in our unpreparedness conditions, is the ultimatum which is being forced upon us.

We have no fear that America can not only furnish her own people with abundance of food and clothing, but a large part of Europe besides, at a reasonable cost, provided that the speculators and the universal caterers to foreign policies are prevented from victimizing the people at large, and most particularly the poor people who are least able to help themselves.



#### **The Vice Problem and Its Treatment In The Past**

**I**N other pages of Everywoman we give a resume of the vice problem by Judge Clayton Herrington, whose long connection with its legal aspect, from the Federal investigations made by him in the past, makes him an authority in these deep and degrading sides of human nature for which he has much more sorrow than condemnation.

He, as well as most people who look with knowledge and authority into the life of the women of the underworld find that in the great majority of cases, these victims of ignorance and deception are subnormal. Sociologists, judges and doctors find that girls of that class are rarely ever fully developed mentally. They usually arrive at the age of twenty, with a fully developed physique and the mental development of a girl of twelve or fourteen years of age. So the male vampires, who make a degraded and idle living by turning those unfortunates into commercial commodities are of all criminals the most loathsome and vicious.



# Bonded Indebtedness

## Its Use and Abuse As Seen by An Expert

I APPROACH the subject of bonded indebtedness with some trepidation. With others, I have uttered warnings against the habit of voting long-term, high-rate bonds for nearly any old purpose. I have advocated low-rate serial bond issues, the life of which should not exceed and preferably should be shorter than the life of the contemplated improvement. I have never even suggested the complete cessation of bond issues, as has been intimated. Such a thing could not be. It would be impracticable. But we should confine bond issues to matters of the first importance, going meantime as far as is wise by direct taxation, and also bearing in mind that it is not up to us of this day and generation to complete the full development of the world or even our particular part of it.

### The Grand Total

And that warnings were in order I think it only necessary to remind you that the total bonded indebtedness today of the State and the counties and the cities exceeds \$250,000,000 and that the annual interest thereon is over \$10,000,000. Of this vast sum the State's part is more than \$31,000,000, with \$15,000,000 worth of bonds on hand unsold; the counties owe over \$92,000,000, and the cities nearly \$130,000,000. God only knows what the counties and cities hold to be sold later.

In the past five years the bonded indebtedness of California, including counties and cities, has increased 285 per cent! Surely the time has come when we should "Stop, look and listen." Surely the speed is such that we should put on the brakes!

This great bonded debt, plus the interest, must be paid by taxation. Its staggering total is sufficient in itself to indicate how the taxpayer's burden has been increased by our reckless habit of voting bonds promiscuously. Nor is it really decreased by the statement that the State's portion will be paid by the corporations—from the State tax upon corporations. It is true the State will pay off its bonded debt by money collected from such a tax, but the corporations first collect the tax through increased rates and prices to the consumer.

### General Management

Now, in the matter of general and departmental management, we all know

By Hon. John S. Chambers, State  
Controller

that, ever since civilized government began, incompetence, negligence, waste, and, to a greater or less extent, dishonesty has existed, and always will while human nature remains as it is. A proper system may force a dishonest person to be honest, a negligent person careful, but an incompetent person cannot rise above a certain level, method or no method. He may be helped, but he can not be cured.



Hon. John S. Chambers

That the taxpayer's burden has been made much heavier by these four causes is too well known to require discussion. The issue is to ascertain how these causes can be minimized. We can not, of course, hope to eliminate them.

### Uniform Accounting

Uniform systems of accounting for the State, the counties and the cities will go a long way toward improving conditions. In California, the State Government's accounting, bookkeeping and reporting are upon a uniform basis; the State Board of Control has begun this work in the counties, and in due time plans to give similar attention to the cities.

It is obvious, of course, that an efficient system of accounting for any political subdivision will prove beneficial to

that community and equally obvious, I think, that where such a system prevails in all like subdivisions it will prove of general benefit, making it possible to work out comparisons as to the cost of government and other questions along related lines, which will assist materially in the consideration of the problem of expenditures.

But the operation of uniform systems of accounting in our counties and cities, for example, carries with it, necessarily, the idea of a central authority which must have installed such systems and implies a continuance of such authority to see that the systems are maintained. And the only logical central authority for such a purpose under our forms of government is that of the State.

Naturally, at first, the subdivisions do not take kindly to this supervision, but in view of the great good that will result from uniform accounting and the fact that after such a system is once well in operation the State may not be much in evidence, I do not think the opposition will be long lived. I believe, in fact, that there will be cordial co-operation between all concerned in due time.

### The Budget

Not the least good that uniform accounting accomplishes is that it makes it easier to prepare a budget. I consider a budget one of the essentials in an orderly way of conducting public business, in gaining an intelligent conception as to receipts and expenditures, the source of the one and the distribution of the later, and thus making it possible to prepare proper estimates and to check disbursements.

Not only can a budget system be utilized under any of our forms of political government—Nation, State, county or city—but it positively should be if the management of fiscal affairs is to be efficient. While it is true that the so-called scientific budget, which calls for a central and responsible financial authority, like a President or a Governor invested with special powers, is not particularly applicable to the average form of government in force in our counties and cities, still a budget system that will prove practicable and efficient is easy to outline and operate.

### Scientific Budget Impracticable

In fact, under neither our National nor our State form of government is the  
(Continued on page thirteen)



# The National Council

## Mobilizing Seven Million Women

Temporary Office, Washington, D. C., 706 Union Trust Building.

**A**T a meeting of the Executive Committee called Wednesday, February 21st, in New York City, it was resolved that the National Council of Women should open headquarters at the National Capital, should from that office register the women of the organizations according to their resources, in order that service to the government in time of need might be rendered in the most effective and expeditious manner.

According to this decision your President visited Washington. After looking over the ground carefully, with full realization of a small treasury, she accepted a most generous offer of the Washington Branch of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation, the loan of the office at 706 Union Trust Building for three months, adding thereto the service of the stenographer and the equipment for the same period.

This offer of the Washington Branch means their personal contribution of more than one hundred dollars a month to the service, which we hope may be permanent.

Your President realizes the obligation to make this office of such value during this tentative period that it will be supported by the Council. Meantime, we ask from the organizations in membership, and individuals who recognize the power of such a body of women, such contributions toward its support as seem possible.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the President's office in St. Louis or to the committee in charge of the Washington office: Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Treasurer National Council, and Mrs. Robert S. Chew of that city.

### How Shall the Resources of the Women of the United States Be Registered?

One large organization has made the following suggestion: That a National Central Committee be formed at once, composed of a representative from each national organization of women willing to aid if the need arises. The object shall be to establish a clearing house between the government and these organizations. After consultation with Howard E. Coffin of the Council for National Defense, we realize that there must be some central body, co-ordinating the resources,

Mrs. Philip North Moore

with which such government council can confer, or to which it may turn for absolute knowledge.

We depend upon your loyalty to the organization, which already exists as a great central force, pledged to large national issues for the present and to the future service toward the sorrowing women across the water.

Not for a moment would we belittle the splendid efforts of organizations springing up all over the country. We simply suggest as forcibly as possible the fact that we have an organization ready to co-ordinate and tabulate the powers of women.

As Miss O'Reilley told many of us individually, as Miss Parker explained splendidly to the National Security League, at its Congress for Constructive Patriotism, there exists in England after two years of experience the importance and need of a board under the government to supervise and control the woman power. We know from this past consultation in Washington that the government does not know where to turn, has no desire at present to turn anywhere, for the tabulation of woman's ability.

Where can we commence so effectively as in this present organization of seven million women?

With this end in view, we recommend that each organization appoint a member upon the Council Central Committee; that each component organization list its resources and report to this Central Committee concerning the definite work it is prepared to do; that this Central Committee hold itself in readiness to meet in Washington upon emergency call.

Will you send (a) the name and address of your appointee to the President's office in St. Louis, (b) all reports or tabulations to the office in Washington, where they may be called for at any time? In this latter case state always the name of the organization, name of the member sending lists, and all addresses.

### Details

Several organizations are giving such remarkable service that we wish to emphasize their work.

The American Red Cross is glad to

enclose in this communication its lines of relief work, and we urge all our members to send to their nearest local chapter their proposed co-operation, while placing the same tabulation in our Washington office. There are, however, many other needs that arise for the work of women along lines of industry, agriculture, civics, education, economics, clerks, stenographers, executives, etc.

The National League for Woman's Service has sent to all of our organizations probably the pamphlet which emphasizes the responsibilities and interests of women, giving suggestions of value to you, and which they will be glad to have us use.

The woman's Division of the Army and Navy League, 1606-20th Street, Washington, will gladly supply its outlines for the training camps.

Our present work for the employment of women and girls will naturally suggest the names and qualifications of women available for occupations which men will leave to enter the army.

From the Central Committee will be appointed a committee of three to confer with the proper authorities of the government. If need arises this committee will be the intermediary between the government and our council.

Those who are interested in the employment service for women and girls will be specially pleased to know the recognition of that work by Congress, in the appropriation just passed, for the need of which all work has been suspended.

Will you give prompt answer—

First—To the name and address of your committee member?

Second—To the tabulation which many organizations can furnish at once, by virtue of their work?

Third—The remarkable tabulation of individuals and organizations having given their efforts hitherto to personal and local or other national interests?

Fourth—the number of members in your organization?

With appreciation of your loyalty and co-operation.



# The National Council

## At the Congress of Constructive Patriotism

By Mary M. North

THE National Council of Women of the United States was represented in the most wonderful convention which Washington City has ever entertained, and which began January 25, and closed at midnight of the twenty-seventh.

Like the great swell of a mighty organ, the keynote—Preparedness—sounded in every speech, from the opening to the close.

There were nearly two thousand delegates registered, and at times the largest room in the New Willard was taxed to its utmost, and the big Continental Memorial Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in which three sessions were held, was also filled.

The Congress was held under the auspices of the National Security League, which is only two years old, but has a membership of more than 100,000, and the recent Congress will swell the number several thousands more.

The personnel of the Congress was from the members in every part of the U. S., from 17 Governors of States, 65 mayors, 67 colleges, 17 commercial organizations, 62 patriotic and learned societies, 39 branches, and many of the professions.

The program was too long to be given in full, but among the speakers were Mrs. William Cumming Story, who welcomed the Congress to D. A. R. Hall; Mrs. Douglas Robinson, who read a most interesting letter from her brother, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; and Hon. Alton B. Parker, Hon. Elihu Root, S. Stanwood Menken, Lawrence F. Abbott, Senator George Sutherland, William

Roscoe Thayer, Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War; Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, George von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy; Joseph H. Coit, Raymond B. Price, Edward A. Steiner, Miss Frances A. Kellor, Walter C. Piper, Miss Parker, Herman Hagedorn Jr., Louis T. Golding Sen., Duncan U. Fletcher, Ex-Secretary Charles Nagel, Medill McCormick, Walter E. Edge, Rev. Wm. T. Manning, Henry D. Estabrook, John Purroy Mitchell, Major Davis, H. H. Merrick, Herbert Myrick, Howard E. Coffin, Augustus P. Gardner, Albion W. Small, E. W. Nichols, George E. Chamberlain, Lafayette Young, ex-Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, Martin W. Littleton, Robert E. Peary, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

Many members of Congress were on the platform and floor, and the Army and Navy were very much in evidence at all sessions.

One of the most important committees was that on Patriotism Through Education, with Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University chairman.

There were seventy members of this committee present at the initial meeting held in the Cabinet Room of the Willard, the morning of the 26th.

At this meeting and subsequent ones there were addresses made upon Patriotism in the Schools, and it was the writer's privilege to tell of the work along that line which was long ago begun, and is still being vigorously prosecuted, by

some of the affiliated organizations of the National Council of Women.

Under the Statement of Principals, which were endorsed by the Congress, are these headings: Patriotism Through Education, Development of Woman Forces, Universal Military Training, Military Policy, The Navy, Industrial Preparedness, Governmental Efficiency, Americanization and Dual Citizenship, International Relations.

They advocate military and naval training for all physically fit young men, prior to the age of twenty-one. The system to be under executive Federal control, and also training for girls along first aid lines. During the Congress a Woman's Section was formed, with Miss Maud Wetmore as chairman.

The writer attended every session of the Congress.

The ballroom of the New Willard, where most of the meetings were held, was hung with the largest flags which could be obtained, and with the evergreens which broke the arches and joints of the ceiling, made the most beautiful decoration which any patriotic soul could desire.

The invocation at the beginning, in the Willard, was by the Bishop of Washington, Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, D. D., and that in D. A. R. Hall by Rt. Rev. Wm. T. Russell, D. D., Bishop of Charleston.

The delegates from the National Council of Women were Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, treasurer, and Mrs. Mary M. North, of the press committee.

## The Broken Rose

By Anita Vivanti Chartres in "King Albert's Book."

To King Albert:

Shy, youthful, silent and misunderstood  
In the white glare of kinghood thou didst stand.  
The sceptre in thy hand  
Seemed but a flower the fates had tossed to thee,  
And wert called, perchance half scornfully,  
Albert the Good.

Today thou standst on a blackened grave,  
Thy broken sword still lifted to the skies,  
Thy pure and fearless eyes  
Gaze into Death's grim visage unappalled,  
And by the storm-swept nations thou art called  
Albert the Brave.

Tossed on a blood-red sea of rage and hate  
The frenzied world rolls forward to its doom.  
But high above the gloom  
Flashes the fulgent beacon of thy fame,  
The nations thou hast saved exalt thy name—  
Albert the Great!

\* \* \* \* \*

Albert, the good, the brave, the great, thy land  
Lies at thy feet, a crushed and morient rose,  
Trampled and desecrated by thy foes.  
One day a greater Belgium will be born,

But what of this dead Belgium wracked and torn?  
What of this rose flung out upon the sand?..

Behold! Afar where sky and waters meet  
A white-robed figure walketh on the sea.  
(Peace goes before Him and her face is sweet)  
As once He trod the waves of Galilee  
He comes again—the tumult sinks to rest,  
The stormy waters shine beneath His feet.  
He sees the dead rose lying on the sand,  
He lifts the dead rose in His holy hand  
And lays it at his breast.

O broken rose of Belgium, thou art blest!



# Studios and Galleries

## Art Knowledge and Treasures Accessible to All

THE first step toward the foundation of a permanent State Gallery of the Fine Arts was made in Washington when Congress passed the bill sponsored by Senator Phelan deeding to the trustees of the University of California the control of the property on which the Fine Arts Palace stands. The second step was immediately taken here, when a committee was appointed to raise two funds; the first for procuring the property not owned by the Government; the second for the permanent endowment fund. Surely no difficulty will be found in this direction for this is San Francisco's first chance to express their appreciation of all that has been accomplished by Mr. Laurvik, and the fact that "San Francisco knows how" must not be contradicted in this case. Each visit to the galleries impresses one with how much progress is being made, and hours for study will be found all too short. In case any of you were interested enough to follow out the study of monotypes by Hobart, Dake and Martinez, suggested in last month's article, more material is to be found here in the dozen monotypes by Gustave Verbeek, over whose work New York is so enthusiastic. San Francisco has a slight claim to Verbeek, for he received his first instruction at our Art Institute. Of Dutch parentage, but born in Japan, the after influence of his European studies has not eradicated the Oriental influence of his childhood, which gives his work a most charming originality.

Feeling the need of a complete art library for the students, Mr. Laurvik has appealed to the city clubs to express their interest most practically by providing the funds for this purpose. Century Club in particular is planning to subscribe for one of the cases in memory of their beloved charter member, Miss Mary Very. No more fitting memorial could be planned, for the artistic growth of her city was very near to her heart.

A memorial of another type has centered the interest for art lovers for the past two weeks—the Memorial Exhibition of the works of Betty De Jong at the Hill Tolerton print rooms. The direct simplicity of her handling stands out even more clearly in this complete showing of her work, while the glory of her pure color and the charm of her compositions strike one forcibly. It is to be hoped that everyone who insists that only the old school, with their minutely

By Elizabeth Taft

finished work, can render textiles and substances, will visit this exhibition and study especially the "Breton Peasant Girl," number twenty-four, with her brightly polished brass milk jug—note how few strokes of the brush achieved the effect. This will lead one to observe Miss De Jong's wonderful delineation of national types. The Spanish in "The Mantillas," where the youth and charm of the young Spanish woman comes to one instantly; contrast this with the "Old Spanish Woman" in number thirty; then note the country freshness of the Breton girl mentioned before; next the Japanese type over the mantlepiece, and then turn to the dozen local portraits. Many of the sitters are undoubtedly known to you. Mr. Laurvik has described her portrait work so delightfully in his foreword that I cannot resist quoting it: "All her successful portraits are, in the best sense of the word, excellent bon mots. She relates what she knows with a sprightly vivacity that lends glamour to facts, lifting them out of the dry, everyday matter of fact realm into the higher sphere of truth." Try also, while the impression of all these canvases are still vivid in your mind, to find time to see the "Philippine Girl" in the Emanuel Walter collection at the Art Institute, as well as the "Holland Pancake Seller" in the Alice Skae collection at the Park Museum. You will surely be fully convinced that an even

greater tragedy than you realized occurred on January twentieth, 1917.

While the layman pays his respects to Miss De Jong and her work at this memorial exhibition, the tribute of a fellow artist is being shown at the Emerson Studios. Always an admirer of the talented French girl, not only as an artist, but as her brilliant, charming self, Sadakichi Hartmann rushed to her side, that last fatal night, to do all that friendship could do, and when at last the final, quivering breath had been drawn, quickly recorded, with his facial pastels the peace and calm which had come after the mental strain and suffering of the last few hours. "The Great Calm," showing the bandaged head on the pillow, is far from a likeness, but nevertheless a unique tribute and undoubtedly will be a comfort to her many friends.

Mr. Hartmann says of himself that he is a "poet," not an "artist," and it is certainly true that the strong personality behind the brush rather overpowers the personality of the subject; nevertheless, the twenty-four pastels in the present exhibition are of the keenest interest. Again the study of types holds one's attention, the Negroid and the Anglo-Chinese being especially powerful. Then the comparisons of lighting effects, as in "Double Lighting," "Firelight" and "Purple Shadows" give an original viewpoint. By all means do not fail to become acquainted with Mr. Hartmann, not only in this exhibition, but also as



The Torrey Children. By Prince Paulo Troubetzkoy.



a literateur and poet in his Monday afternoon readings at Paul Elder's.

Just a few doors up Geary street will be found another exhibition of pastels of equal interest but entirely different character. E. Charlton Fortune's pastel portraits have long been great favorites, and her present exhibition at Schussler's will easily add to her prestige. Seldom does a portrait painter make her sitters your friends, but this difficult feat Miss Fortune performs most easily. Miss Florence and Marie Welch instantly win your friendship, and Miss Alison Lawson runs away with your heart. In the other gallery is a group of oils from her versatile brush: "The Russian Ballet," especially mentioned last month; "Monterey Bay—Late Afternoon," which won her a prize at the jury exhibition at the Fine Arts; a brilliant geranium panel and two glimpses of fisherman's wharf. You cannot fail to be proud of this talented Californian, for she was born in Sausalito less than thirty years ago, studied in New York at the Art Students' League, and has been very busily making a name for herself ever since. The Panama-Pacific jury awarded her a silver medal, which is only the beginning. Watch her carefully, for each canvas is an advance, and great things may be expected of her.

Another Californian is exhibiting twenty-eight canvases at the Oakland Auditorium—Armin Hansen, our most powerful painter of types. Born in San Francisco, he started his art education here, and completed it with seven years in Germany and Belgium. He knows and loves the sea and the seamen, both at home and abroad. We are indeed fortunate to have him depict them for us. Real whiffs of sea air comes from his marines, while his canvas of "California Summer" and "Sunshine" are radiant with color and brilliancy.

Now a few words about the treats that are in store for us this month. Prince Paola Troubetskoy is arriving from New York, and his exhibition of fifty pieces of sculpture at the Memorial Museum of Golden Gate Park was inaugurated with a reception in his honor on the twenty-fourth. The photographs of the groups are being greatly admired and enjoyed by those privileged to see them in advance. Troubetskoy's work is already known here, for the museum is the fortunate possessor of three of his smaller pieces, "Dante," "The Indian" and "Regret." These are sufficient to make every one all the more eager to study the larger collection in the exhibition the Park Commission and Curator Barron are planning to show us this month.

The exhibitions Mr. Tolerton had



Hopi Potter. Carl Oscar Dorg.

planned for February have been delayed on account of the memorial exhibition, planned of necessity rather hastily, consequently we still have the pleasure of the Harry V. Poor exhibition to look forward to during March.

So you may choose what pleases you most for your artistic pleasure: modern Russian sculpture, ultra-modern canvases of landscape and figure, with, for sweetmeat as it were, careful study of the wonderful art of the past centuries in tapestry, rug and painting, which Mrs. Hearst's generosity has made available for us all.

#### In Memory of Amedee Joullin

The artistic colony of San Francisco met with a very great loss on February fourth, in the death of Amedee Joullin; a native of San Francisco, beginning his art work here under Jules Tavernier, later going to Paris to study in the Julien Academy under Bougerou and Lefebvre. He won many honors for himself both in America and Europe. Twice he exhibited in the Paris Salon, and twice the Academy of France especially honored him. His New Mexican Indian work first won recognition, but his rendition of the San Francisco sand-dunes, done in recent years, met with hearty appreciation also. One of the earliest members of the Bohemian Club, always foremost in helping fellow man or fellow artist by kindly word or deed, his loss will be felt most keenly by many friends in many lands.

#### Pretty Familiar

Professor Fudge: What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Luddy Beethoven, Charlie Gounod and Fred Handel?

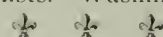
Jones: Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers.—Musical America.



#### A Suspicion

Why is George Washington described as "First in war and first in peace?"

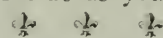
"I dunno," replied Senator Sorghum, "I spects somebody was trying to square him with both the preparedness people and the pacifists.—Washington Star.



#### Harsh

He: Fools are not all dead yet.

She: That's true as you live.



#### Recovery Paid

In times of peace Smith might have been an author who had drifted into some useful occupation, such as that of a blacksmith, but just now he is cook to the Blankshire officers' mess. Smith sent Murphy into the village to bring home some chickens ordered for the mess.

"Murphy," said Smith, the next day, "when you fetch me chickens again, see that they are fastened up properly. That lot you fetched yesterday all got loose, and though I scoured the village I only managed to secure ten of them."

"Sh!" said Murphy. "I only brought six."—Tit-Bits.



# Everywoman's Bookshelf

## "The Brook Kerith"

By Eleanor Oliver

By George Moore. McMillan Company

IT is a great experience to read "The Brook Kerith"; to have written it must be to have held communion with saints, to have dwelt long in the company of the inspired writers. The arresting thing about it is, to one's amazement, not its heresy, but its piety. Doubtless there is not one among any casual five hundred of the people who read it who will not meet with an entirely new experience, in that he must (in the same breath) admit its doctrinal heresy and proclaim its devotional spirit.

There never was a book sprung so spontaneously from meditation of the Scriptures as this book, not even Renan's "Life." One thinks back to Renan for the sake of comparison and finds a basis of similarity for that comparison only in the subject and in the fearless sincerity and simplicity of both writers.

Since 1898, says George Moore to Mary Hunter, in the letter that dedicates the book, the Bible that she gave him has been his constant companion. To have, since then, retraced the ages and have brought into imaginary being the very color and feeling of Palestine when Jesus lived there, to have penetrated the glamor of the world's adoration and deification of the shepherd Jesus, and have dwelt and dreamed with Him as one of His friends and neighbors and to have written all this down in faithful detail is an act of piety, and it is a feat of genius. As if a law above reason were not to be gainsaid, the result of this prodigious work, "The Brook Kerith" is, that the spirit once more affirms what the letter denies, and the sublimity of Jesus is by none more emphatically born witness to than by this unbeliever who writes to declare earnestly His mere humanity. For what greater tribute could George Moore have paid the Saviour than his eighteen years of devotion expressed in that book? And of what other human being could it have been written?

As one reads one keeps saying to him-

self, "Why, of course! This is the way it all must have come about. How could it have been otherwise?" Plausible is an ugly word for it; truth is a word none too good. Not fact, of course, but truth. Facts are but stubborn things, are but the means whereby we seek truth, as often by their shadows cast in contrast to the light truth sheds as by their reflection of that light itself.

The physical circumstances of the Ascension of Jesus as stated in the gospels George Moore does not categorically deny; his fictional narrative does not take him by that way. Nevertheless he does deny that miracle by having Jesus, in his story, unmindful of any fruits of His mission, and quite unaware of the Christians and their propaganda in His name, return to the cenoby and complete His days shepherding the flocks of the Essenes. This is the main point that will arouse the resentment of the orthodox and of those others who deplore negatively the cruelty of attacking a faith that comforts and uplifts the hearts of men and of offering nothing in its stead. And there are, no doubt, many Christians to whom the doctrine of the Ascension of Jesus is essential to salvation. The Apostle Paul was one of these, who said so in so many words. But to such the heresies of a George Moore will be of no effect, and to the merely contentious one bone is as good as another. "The Brook Kerith" does not contend; it does not antagonize nor argue; neither does it protest nor deny. There is dragged into it, it is true, the old socialistic argument (on the difficulty of a rich man entering into the Kingdom of Heaven), (debated this time between common-sense Peter, the fisherman, and Joseph of Arimathea, son of the rich man Dan), anent Joseph's dilemma, who wished to follow the lowly Nazarene but was bound to his duty to his father while he lived as well as to his own partner, with whom his affairs had prospered. "Giving it (his omney) to the poor in Gallilee," he said, "would deprive my camel-drivers of their living." That was the gist of it, and about as far as they got—as far as people usually get who strive to reconcile common-sense with divine aspiration, starting always with the premise that it is necessary to get a living. As a matter of fact, it is necessary; as a matter of

truth that obvious necessity must be relegated to the dispensible and incidental. One would not have expected Peter to have known that, nor yet Joseph of Arimathea. Jesus of Nazareth was the only Jew we know who did fully comprehend as well as conceive that who saveth his life shall lose it and that whosoever loseth it for His sake shall save it.

There is also a memorable tale of a cock-fight witnessed by young Joseph of Arimathea, truant one day from his tutor Azariah, when he joined some travelling showmen on their way to Tiberias and accompanied them thither.

There are some ugly things in the book, too, as negligible as a wart on the face of a saint. And there is this, that George Moore no doubt honestly felt obliged to say:

"It seemed to him as he turned and pursued his way that some new thought was striving to speak through him. Rites and observances, all that comes under the name of religion, estranges us from God, he repeated. God is not here, nor there, but everywhere: in the flower, and in the star, and in the earth underfoot. He has often been at my elbow, God or this vast Providence that upholds the work; but shall we gather the universal will into an image and call it God?—for by doing this do we not drift back to the starting point of all our misery? We again become the dupes of illusion and desire; God and His heaven are our old enemies in disguise. He who yields himself to God goes forth to persuade others to love God, and very soon his love of God impels him to violent words and cruel deeds. It cannot be else, for God is but desire, and whosoever yields to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God."

But that startling new thought, does it come to more than this; that in man's final unity with God, when and when only man will be without sin and without need of God, man's mind will be unaware of God as any part is unaware that it is a part of any whole? Neither is all of truth to be found in logic, nor yet in the brave and beautiful words of George Moore. Still his book is a great work of art, and a thing of beauty. And if beauty be truth, and truth is immortal, then must we listen to the words of the Apostle Paul and to what George Moore says, rejoicing in "The Brook Kerith" and in the four gospels nevertheless.



### "The Fruit of Toil" and Other One-Act Plays

By Lillian P. Wilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"THE Fruit of Toil" was, irresistibly, the play chosen to name Mrs. Wilson's little book of plays. Probably everybody, when he has finished writing a book of any sort feels like calling it that, but it is to be hoped that not every father whose son is hanged takes so pessimistic a view of it as did the old man in that melancholy little first play. The very shudder of the dreary dawn is in that scene; one sees the color of the prison wall that darkens the end of the sunken, poverty-stricken, way of life that he has come plodding along. It is unbearable. But death is the wages of sin, not the fruit

of toil, it is salvation to remember (the present German demonstration to the contrary notwithstanding). The confusion of issues arises from the circumstance that sin not infrequently intervenes between toil and its natural fruition. But the plays themselves, not the ethics of them nor the naming of them, are what we are concerned with and as plays they are, as far as they go, we should say, perfectly dramatic. Their brilliancy lies partly in their brevity. They are not really plays at all. They are dramatic moments, hardly more than dramatic pauses sometimes, as in the case of the one called "An Episode." It is easier to make forceful drama of painful than of pleasant moments; at the play at least the world weeps with you more readily than it laughs. There is little to even smile at or with between

the covers of Mrs. Wilson's little book, and a good deal of the effect is due to the carefully detailed stage-settings or stage direction. Also a second reading is in almost every instance necessary to the full effect, and therefore "The Fruit of Toil" is a book to be read to one's self rather than of plays to be acted or to be read in monologue. But they are extraordinary little dramas for all that. They have to have an unusual degree the rare quality of feeling, due, it seems, to a perfectly calculated economy of words and a fine skill in their use. There is a grace in Mrs. Wilson's work that is indeed the fruit of toil, the grace of toil forgotten. Having learned her craft so well, when Mrs. Wilson writes plays of sufficient size and substance to be performed, their quality is a foregone conclusion.

## Bonded Indebtedness

(Continued from page eight)

scientific budget workable to the full degree. But while financial authority can not be positively centralized with us and a "government"—to use the British phrase—made to stand or fall as its financial plan is adapted or rejected, it is practicable for us, nevertheless, to so arrange a fiscal program as to fairly well fix responsibility, show past disbursements, estimates of receipts for a certain period and approval in detail of proposed expenditures. Under such a system, particularly if due publicity be given the program, expenditures not only should be held within the revenue, but no legislative body is likely to materially alter the budget for the worse from the standpoint of the taxpayer.

A proper budget, backed by a uniform system of accounting and reporting, will go a very long way indeed toward solving the problem of growing public expenditures. It means a simple, orderly, public and effective way of doing business. Incompetency will have little chance to survive under such a system, negligence and dishonesty will be easily detected and therefore greatly minimized, waste reduced and efficiency established.

### Budget and Bonds

There is one thing a budget can not do, however. It may discourage for a time at least the adoption of new functions, since expenditures should be kept within the tax revenue out of which such things are paid, but it can not prevent the people, who are supreme, from voting bonds. No system we may devise under our forms of government can stop the people from doing as they please when they make up their minds, or a majority of them do, that they want this or that done. But if due publicity be

given to what the budget has to say about receipts and expenditures, it may have a deterrent effect upon bond issues. So even in this field the budget is of use.

### Expenditure Limit Law

In connection with uniform accounting, and a budget system, a tax rate limit, or more preferably, an expenditure limit law, to the effect that expenditures in any one year shall not exceed those of the year before by more than a certain percentage, should prove most effective.

It seems to me that after an intelligent study of existing conditions in any county or city shall have been made, and the situation outlined, following such an investigation, in order to prepare a basis, that with these three safeguards—uniform accounting, a budget and an expenditure limit law—the growth of the tax burden not only should be checked but kept under intelligent control from that time on.

### The State and Limit Laws

The State, while easier to regulate in some respects, is not so amendable to an expenditure limit law as are the counties and cities. These latter still tax general property and the rates are fixed by city trustees or county supervisors upon the assessment roll, but the State rates upon corporations are fixed by law. They cannot be changed by the Board of Equalization, which assesses the corporations, but only by the Legislature. So as these fixed rates are applied to the Board's assessments will the revenue be. Assessments can not be controlled by law. And, in addition, the State has many more important sources of revenue, such as that from inheritances or corporation licenses, that can not be limited.

Of course, notwithstanding expenditures could be held down by only authorizing a certain percentage of increase for one year over the preceding. But it is better to limit revenue to correspond with proper expenditures, where it can be done. Still rather than have waste, it might be well to limit a State as well as a county or a city. Should a surplus then develop, either it could be expended by legislative act or acts for a proper purpose or purposes, or tax rates could be reduced so as to avoid the indefinite collection of more money than is legitimately required.

### Taxation

Taxation, generally speaking, reflects expenditures. And the tax system in effect is a matter of prime importance in the consideration of public expenditures. The basic purpose of taxation is to raise sufficient funds for the proper support of the government, but beyond that, and equally important from the standpoint of justice, the tax system in operation should distribute the burden proportionately, so that no citizen or class of citizens, or object of taxation or group of objects, should pay unduly.

We no more can expect to attain perfection in this respect than in anything else human. While we know there has been too great a growth in expenditures, still much of the complaint we hear may come from people who are carrying more of the burden than they should. So hand in hand with the study of public disbursements should go a study of tax systems. Not only should it be our aim to reduce the cost of government where found excessive, but we also should aim to see that this cost is distributed fairly among the taxpayers.



## Past and Present Vice Campaigns

(Continued from page five)

a distinct caste, devoted to their baser uses; as much a part of the social fabric as is the church, the school, the library, as are all the good things of this community, the beneficial influences of which we appreciably frustrate when we sanction or tolerate that caste. Though they violate paper laws, yet they are **not** criminals. If they are, we are also—for the man who buys a woman's favor is no better than she who sells it. What indeed are we going to do with them? It is written that our Lord said, "Go, and sin no more," but what would He have said had she asked, "Whither?" To offer them employment, commendable though this be, is not enough. Many of them do not know how to work, and what is more deplorable, many of them lose all desire to work and ability to work, when once has begun that moral and that physical disintegration which is the most terrible characteristic of their well nigh hopeless lives, lives into which we beckoned them, and in which we have maintained them. To demand that now, and suddenly, they shall adjust themselves or to expect them even to want to adjust themselves to an environment in every essential totally different, is as futile as to expect a footracer to win the goal with both feet cut off. We have made them moral cripples, and now demand of them to be better and to desire to be better than our immoral selves. To have driven them from the residential districts into the Barbary Coast, to eject them from the Coast to the street, to "run them in" by jail sentence, to unload them onto our neighbors in other cities by chasing them out of town, is about all we have ever done with them, and it is the rankest kind of injustice at the hands of those whose responsibility they are—that is to say, our very own. The ancient Hebrews burned them, the Puritans sometimes hanged them, in old France they were whipped with rods and branded with hot irons, in modern France, and in Europe, they are registered, examined and licensed, in most of the United States, and in San Francisco, they are "segregated," but nowhere have their equally guilty partners and patrons been punished. And this is one of the principal reasons why all previous attempts at repression and suppression of this form of vice have failed, and, in my judgment, ought to have failed.

Police Captain Gleeson estimated that when the segregated district was closed on February 14 of this year there were 1400 inmates of the houses there, many of whom repaired to their rooms in other

parts of the city when their sorrowful task had been accomplished for the night.

The clinic started in March, 1911, with 647; its average monthly registration for that year was 762. For 1912 it was 764. The increase to Captain Gleeson's figure has apparently kept pace with the city's growth. European experience, especially in Paris and Berlin, which are more thoroughly policed than are any other cities in the world, is that only from 10 to 25 per cent of the total number of this class of women can be brought under control. Portland's Vice Commission estimated that in that city, with half our population, there were over 3,000 professionals and semi-professionals. (V. C. Report, Portland, Oregon, January, 1913, page 208.)

If the clinic's monthly average for two years (760) be taken as the basis, and the ratio shown by European experience be applied, there were approximately 3,000 to 4,000 women of this class in our city. Whither have they gone? If they have in fact left the city, does any rational person believe for a moment that they, or their successors, will not come here while the demand for them persists? Did the male patrons of the Barbary Coast leave when the women did?

Adequately to care for and qualify for decent living so large a number of women as are, or certainly soon will again be in our city, will be no light financial burden, a burden which should not be, and indeed cannot be, borne by private individuals. It cost the State in 1913 about \$145,000.00 to build and equip the California School for Girls at Ventura. The expense of operation in 1914-15 was \$37,000.00. For 1915-16 it was \$25,000.00; and it has capacity for only 126 girls. It cares only for minors committed to it under court sentence.

What will it cost San Francisco to deal in like fashion with its 1,400 unfortunates? In two years they paid the clinic \$30,000.00 for certificates of physical fitness to minister to the demands of San Francisco's men. And in aiding them to escape from their wretched calling, shall we do less than did they to secure the privilege of that sorry trade? Police Commissioner Roche was everlastingly right, and thoroughly humane, when he declared that we can neither chloroform them, nor jail them, nor unload them on our neighbors, and that, being here, it is our duty and our high privilege to do as rightly by them now as we have dealt wrongly with them in the past.

The Rehabilitation Committee, of which Mr. Watt is Chairman, is considering the establishment by the State of

a training and vocational institution for these unfortunates, similar in plan to that at Bedford, New York, and at Glen Mills, Pennsylvania. It is a most praiseworthy proposal. The situation would be yet more improved if a similar institution were provided for men, for if it be wise and just to deprive a mature woman of her liberty for being an unfortunate, it is likewise equally just and wise so to deal with her male partners. In the present state of society, however, a proposal so absolutely sound and just as that would not be generally endorsed.

In 1913 the Legislature appropriated \$50,000.00 for the establishment in Alameda county of the California Training and Vocational School for Women and Girls. It passed the Senate by unanimous vote; in the House there was but one negative vote. It failed of executive approval, however, because the appropriations already made exceeded the available revenue. Its plan was that of Bedford, but admission to it was wholly **voluntary**, and not as at Bedford, through court sentence. This feature did not commend it to the judgment of many social workers, here and elsewhere, and its proponents have not since urged the measure. The example of the Bedford or the Glen Mills School may greatly aid those interested in the present movement for better things in San Francisco.

The virtue of this community must protect it from its vice, as its intelligence is taking care of its ignorance; and this it can only accomplish through means at once kind, sympathetic, generous and above all, just.

To state the case in other terms. Let us imagine our San Francisco surrounded by high and impenetrable walls, containing a self-supporting community of human beings, some endowed with noble ideals, but also some subject to human frailties and passions. Within it a class of men who believe the unfortunate class of women to be a necessary evil, or a masculine privilege, and who, so believing, had for more than sixty years established and maintained a caste of unfortunates who thenceforth must be lived with either in peace or at war. What then would be done, both with the unfortunate woman and patron? That would be the problem—one which hitherto has in all the world defied solution. The utmost consecration to the task, the greatest kindness, charity and sympathy, the most even-handed justice, would then be required. And the ideals which would guide us in the conditions I have supposed, alone should guide us now.



# Work of Women's Legislative Council

AT the meeting devoted to the discussion of subjects political and civic by the women of the Legislative Council and of the California Civic League, the delegates to the Civic League and the Executive Board of the Women's Legislative Council dealt with the three measures which the Council, representing 110,000 women of California have endorsed. The measures are: Making Women Eligible to Jury Service, Equalizing the Rights of Husband and Wife in Community Property, and Better Custodial Care of the Feeble-minded. Mrs. Agnes C. Moody, Vice-President of the Council, presided during the discussion of the measures. Mrs. H. N. Herrick acted as secretary.

Women have served on juries as long ago as 220 B. C., in Babylon. In the United States women serve as jurors in Idaho, Kansas, Nevada, and Washington. In California women have been called in Alameda County on inquest juries; in Modoc and San Mateo Counties on both Grand and Trial Juries, and in Humboldt and San Diego Counties on Trial Juries. In fact, in San Diego County there was one jury made up entirely of women. At present it is left to the discretion of the judge as to whether he interpretes the law as it now stands as including women as eligible to jury service. Many judges do not so interpret the law. What the Legislative Council desires is that the law shall plainly state that "a jury shall be twelve persons drawn from the citizens." Then there will be no doubt as to the right of women to be called. Judge Buck of San Mateo County began to summon women for jury service in 1912, because he thought it right to protect all women before the law. He says they make as intelligent jurors as men, or rather better, as they pay more strict attention and preserve better order. "The objections to women on juries are that there are many disagreeable cases dealing with sex relations of which respectable women should not hear or know. This is nonsense. If such things exist, respectable women should hear of them, judge of the guilt or innocence of the parties, and then go out into the world to better conditions and prevent like cases. It is high time women took a hand in this aspect of society. There is always strong objection to women as jurors on the part of evil-doers, and all who aid and abet them."\*

The large number of feeble-minded in California, as in all the other States in

and who are not hrdlutaoinluoinupu and who form a large proportion of our delinquent minors and adults, has caused the women to support a measure which will in some way ameliorate this condition. Such measure will ask for an additional institution for the feeble-minded and a proper appropriation to support said institution. This is to be part of a plan which Mr. Nelles, of the Whittier School, is sponsoring.

The third measure of great importance to women: the Equalization of Control by Husband and Wife of Community Property. All women who have community property are not really partners with their husbands in such property. The husband controls during his life, and at death of the wife the property goes to husband without the wife's being able to leave her share to her children. The Council proposes that there shall be: Joint control of all real and personal community property; and that the wife shall have the right of testamentary disposition of her share of the community property, and in the absence of a will her share shall go to her lineal descendants or in the absence of such, to the husband. The Council recommends the removal of the Inheritance Tax from the wife's share of the community property. If this is passed the Council recommends the equalization of the exemption as between husband and wife, whether up or down, on the inherited property. At present the husband was an exemption from inheritance tax of \$10,000 and the wife of \$25,000 on personal community.\*

Mrs. Mary Roberts Coolidge, President of the California Civic League, presided over the quarterly conference of the league. Representatives from many centers were present and made reports on the growth and activities of their organizations. A telegram of congratulations was sent by the conference to Miss Jeannette Rankin of Montana upon her election to the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Bascom Johnson, Secretary of the Law Enforcement League, spoke on the enforcement of the abatement law in California. He told of the work that had been accomplished during the last year, and of the desire of owners of property to help in the cleaning up of the city. He told of the alleys in which are located houses of ill-repute, where young boys of fifteen and sixteen, out of curiosity, congregate on Sunday. He urged the women who sponsored the abatement law to aid the organization that is trying

to get the officials to enforce the law. He told of the difficulties in the way of this enforcement. A huge sum is collected from the women monthly to block the law and its enforcers. The one hope lies in making the business unprofitable, and that is what the Law Enforcement League is doing. Thousands of dollars are used by the opposition, and the more they must use to fight the law, the more unprofitable their business becomes. Women, in order to protect their sons and daughters, must see to the enforcement of the abatement law.

Mr. Clifton Brooks, formerly time clerk of the State Senate, spoke on legislative procedure. His information was of particular interest to the women, who hope to have three measures proposed by them at the next Legislature made laws for the State of California. Mr. Brooks has compiled a book which is of interest to legislators and persons interested in legislative matters. It is called "The Legislative Manual Informer," and is being published by the Recorder Publishing Company, 28 Montgomery Street.

\* Leaflets on the Jury System and on Community Property, prepared by Miss Martha Ijams, may be procured by applying at the Headquarters of the California Civic League, 638 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.



THE Great Bard of Avon sings of Love:

*"Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.*

*It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.  
All. Ding, dong, bell."*

Fancy here means love, whereas Keats' fancy is the imagination:

*"Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home;  
—Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her."*

Tennyson plays with Fancy thus:  
*"Take wings of Fancy, and ascend  
Where all the starry heavens of space  
Are sharpened to a needle's end."*

Euripides, three thousand years ago:  
*"At one time the unsatisfied claims of Heaven upset our life, at another the peevish fancies of our subjects shatter it."*



# Athletics Banish Age Limit

## Swimming and Skating Favorite Sports Among Women

**W**HAT has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to sit by the window and work samplers?

And where is the girl not so old fashioned, but still not up to date, whose sole ambition in life was to embroider more doilies than any other girl she knew?

She has gone away from here. The sampler-daily girl is in a class with leg o' mutton sleeves and enclosed plumbing. She is out of the picture, eclipsed, evicted, extinct. And look who is here in her place! Well, bless her rosy cheeks—the athletic girl!

Just now it is swimming.

During the past week, in which I have watched the latest trend of feminine athletic fancy, I have looked upon and listened to more girls and women with Annette Kellermann ambitions than I ever suspected knew there was a Diving Venus, says Jane Dixon, writing in the New York Sun. The edict is out. To be modish you must go splashing at least three afternoons a week. Conversation of the moment has to do with the breast stroke, the trudgeon, the Australian crawl.

After telephoning to three friends the other afternoon and being told in each case that mademoiselle was out taking her swimming lesson curiosity broke all bounds. Disguised as a prospective patron, I went to a swimming school to see what was going on.

"Swimming is not a fad with the woman of today," said Prof. Dalton, head of the school. "The interest in it has grown gradually until today we are scarcely able to accommodate our crowds although we have built three pools with every modern equipment to facilitate swimming, so that the work of learning is reduced to the minimum.

"Next summer the bathing girl who wears her beach costume for scenic purposes only is going to be mighty lonesome. She will have to parade along the sand without any spectators, because all the live folks will be in the water, not caring whether they get their suits wet or not.

"It will no longer be considered cute of her to run and scream when she sees a wave. Instead the men will list her in the lemon class and the next time

they go to the beach they will take a water wise playmate who likes to dive into the surf and go bouncing over the waves."

"Is there an age limit?" I asked.

"Of course not," replied the professor. "No one pays any attention to years nowadays. We have pupils all the way from 4 to 50 and maybe beyond. It is a splendid exercise, swimming. Tones up every muscle of the body.

At the Ansonia pool a famous vampire of the screen was disporting herself, dolphin fashion, regardless of the fact that the camera man was not grinding out film.

"I swim for relaxation after the strenuous work in the studios," she explained.

"Then that stuff about vampires reclining on tigerskin robes, their lithe lengths swathed in purple chiffon while the emerald and ruby rings on their thumbs and index fingers give forth venomous lights is nothing but the Welsh rabbit ravings of the press agents?" I inquired.

The vampire found the idea so ridiculous that she indulged in a hearty laugh, unprofessional as it may seem. As a result she forgot to tread water, her head went under, she breathed through her nose and emerged all a-splutter.

"Absurd!" she said. "Women have progressed far beyond the point where they think it is restful to loll around the house. The only thing lolling gets them is a lot of extra pounds of flesh. Swim, keep your youthful figure and your girlish laughter, is my motto."

Miss Annette Kellermann, the living, breathing argument which proves what swimming will do for the form feminine, emerged dripping and gold glittering from her final flying dive.

"I've never been so pleased over anything in my life as I am about the growing enthusiasm women are showing in swimming," she said. "If they keep to it—and I know they will because once the habit is formed it is never broken—you will be able to tell the swimmers by their straight, lithe forms, the spring in their step, the grace of their curves.

"And I want to rejoice over the water wardrobes of women swimmers these past two seasons. Instead of looking like pillows with strings tied around the center, they have at last taken my advice and encased their forms in smart,

sensible suits built for looks as well as for service. And the funny part of it is they look far more modest than they did in the old flour sack effects which accentuated the ugly angles and made the beach a thing of horror instead of beauty and a joy forever."

What about the skating girl? Has the water nymph displaced the elf of the ice? Last winter we heard nothing but skates and skating costumes and skating parties. The entire feminine half of the family could be discovered any afternoon skimming over the ice at one of the indoor or outdoor rinks.

Is it possible that in so short a time the rubber cap could succeed the steel runners? Were all those thumps and bumps, those aching muscles, those patches of black and blue evolving at length into the thrill of an unwobbled glide across the glittering surface of the ice for naught?

A quick trip to a rink dispelled all doubt. The skating girl is still with us. In fact there are more of her than ever before. And not only the skating girl, but the skating mamma and grand-mamma, too.

This time last season the usual sight was a buxom but earnest matron being dragged along on the ice by a hard-working instructor whose sole aim in life was to keep the pupil from depositing herself all over the place. Here and there a graduate skater swung in and out as a sort of bait to show what could really be done after the ice stopped flying up and walloping you on the back of the head. Almost any evening the tired business man was liable to stagger into his apartment and be confronted by the following:

"The missus is not yet home."



Go Swimming Here.

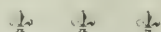


# The World's Women

## And Their Progress Everywhere

Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Home from the Front

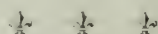
**A**FTER one of the most exciting and eventful tours of the War Zone ever made by a newspaper woman, Mrs. Rhinehart, author and war correspondent, has returned to America. Her experiences took her into royal palaces and into the trenches, and she had interviews with the King of Belgium, the Queen of England, with wounded soldiers on the battlefield, with officials whose red-tape failed to trip her up, and with the captain of a channel steamer who hid her in the hold and allowed her to cross from Calais to Dover in the "Sussex." Mrs. Rhinehart has a wide knowledge of conditions as they exist and a familiarity with the policies of Europe, and she believes that civilization owes a debt to Belgium for her magnificent bravery in the "days of Armageddon." Her meeting with King Albert of Belgium is described by her in detail, and she says that the manuscript of the interview was submitted to His Majesty for approval. "The picture I have of Albert I, King of the Belgians—a tall young man, very fair and blue-eyed, in the dark blue uniform of a lieutenant-general of his army, wearing no orders or decorations. . . . He is a very courteous gentleman, with the eyes of one who loves the sea, for he is a sailor in his heart; a tragic and heroic figure but thinking himself neither, thinking of himself not at all, indeed; only of his people, whose griefs are his to share but not to lighten; living day and night under the rumble of German artillery at Nieuport and Dixmude in that small corner of Belgium which remains to him."



College Girl Successful Song Writer

**B**LANCHE MERRILL, only two years out of Barnard College, just a nice, brown-eyed, pink checked girl, with a frank, sweet manner, has made a practical success of song-writing that puts her earnings into the same figures as the income of business or professional men twice her age and with ten times the work and worry behind them. It does seem that Miss Merrill has arrived on the sunny side of Easy street via the route of pleasant popularity. While she was still in college she wrote a song for Eva Tanguay, but did not

send it because she says it never occurred to her. Meeting a facile young composer at a party one evening she chanced to tell him about the song. He told her to commit the extravagance of a few postage stamps and send Miss Tanguay the song. It was the famous "Give An Imitation of Me" that Broadway has been humming ever since it was heard, and Eva Tanguay promptly asked for more. Having found that just for fun she could write successful songs, little Miss Merrill tried her hand on others for vaudeville singer, and within a year she was writing not only songs, words and melody both, for all the "headliners," but was getting up entire novelty acts for them. She likes to work under pressure, and has turned out a whole vaudeville act in four days, music and all. She says it is just great fun, and certainly this young enthusiasm and exuberant joy in her work has much to do with its success. Miss Merrill is most business-like and methodical in the way she goes about it. She does the words and melody together, as she proceeds, and often acts them out herself to fit the lines with rhythm and accent and motion. "There was never any vers libre in the world half so free as the verse of these comedy songs," said the young composer laughing. "The rhythm is all given by the music, and that changes often than weather in April. One of the ways of giving a punch, for instance, is to give one or two words as much length, musically, as perhaps the next dozen words get. These tricks make the song very effective, but when the lines are read they seem absolutely impossible." Miss Merrill wants to write a play and will start work on it after she has had a much needed holiday.



New Jersey Women Eager to Serve

**E**VERY woman in Montclair, New Jersey, a fashionable suburb of New York City, has enlisted for active service if war comes, according to plans of the local branch of the National Aid Society. More than 600 women have already enrolled. The committees and their chairmen are:

Surgical dressings, Mrs. W. I. Lincoln Adams; convalescent homes, Mrs. William B. Dickson; transportation and messenger service, Mrs. Robert M. Boyd, Jr.; first aid, Mrs. Gurry G. Dobbins;

telephone, Mrs. Harold M. Anderson; emergency calls, Mrs. Gilbert D. Maxwell.

Many private homes in Montclair have been offered for convalescent soldiers, and thirty-two automobiles have been offered for messenger service. Twenty-four Red Cross nurses have enrolled.



National Girl Scouts

**H**UNDREDS of girls and young women have joined the order of the National Girl Scouts within the last month, and Mrs. Juliette Low, the National President, announces from headquarters, at 527 Fifth avenue, New York City, that to meet the national emergency the organization will be recruited up to the strength of the Boy Scouts of America. Mrs. Low has offered the services of the Girl Scouts to the American Red Cross Society at Washington, and if this offer is accepted the different troops will be notified to co-operate with the nearest Red Cross branch. A training school for Girl Scout Masters has been opened at St. Bartholomews Parish Hall in New York, where sessions will be held every week. Sir Robert Baden Powell writes to Mrs. Low telling about the work of the Girl Guides in England, and saying that he believes that as the mothers of future generations their work is more important than the boys'.



Mrs. Penfield's Work in Vienna

**T**HE closing of the large workshop which the wife of Ambassador Frederick Penfield has for the last two and a half years conducted in Vienna, will make a great difference in the supplies of bandages and other hospital necessities sent to the battlefields. At her own expense Mrs. Penfield kept the shop going, giving work to hundreds of women, comfort to the women, and winning the personal thanks of the late Emperor Franz Josef. Her work was done unostentatiously and with excellent business management. Millions of bandages went out in regular shipments, and every branch of the huge undertaking was conducted in a business-like manner. The Ambassador and his wife gave up all social activities some time ago and devoted themselves to the matter in hand, which was the suffering of those about them.



# Music and Musicians

Lina Cavalieri and Muratore and Louis Graveure.

By Joseph George Jacobson.

FOR lack of space I will speak of the two concerts together. It is rather an unusual feature in our city to have two or three of the world's great singers simultaneously and com-



Lina Cavalieri

peting for public favor as in the case of Louis Graveure, the baritone, on February 24th and the two above mentioned artists the following day. Some comparison of their relative merits as artists and the qualities that stamp them as such and which underlie the effects they produce may be permitted of the men in particular. The profound impression that Lucien Muratore makes is due to the genius which he possesses. His intensity, his translation of passion into the musical delivery of words, his resources of the vocal organ, all the detail of mechanical execution stamp him as far the greater artist of the two. He possesses a certain something behind his art which thrills and enraptures the listeners and carries you off your feet. Graveure has a voice of crystal purity seldom found in the tones of singers. His head-tones, falsetto singing, are of exceptional beauty. His songs have sentiment and poetry. Conceding all this, he lacks the dramatic intensity, the

creative power, magnetism, which will fail to put him among the world's great singers. Perhaps this impression is due to the more or less sameness of the lieder he sang. From a baritone I would have loved to have heard some ballads to break the monotone.

When nature was forming Lina Cavalieri into the dainty beauty of fascination and grace she overlooked completing her vocal organ and making it as perfect as the rest. Her voice is thin in its *timbre*, almost disagreeably so at times. Only a very great artist can indulge in singing out of tune so much and getting away with it. Her vocal resources, her chic and talents as an actress make an enviable position for her in opera bouffe, but not on the concert platform. It behooves us to speak of the two accompanists in words of the greatest praise, especially artistic work was done by Mr. Frank Bibb, who displayed rare talent in that capacity. Mr. Jacques Pintel showed good technical equipment in the Liszt rhapsodie and grace in the two other numbers. For the Chopin Valse, C sharp minor, he played as an encore, I did not care, although it was worthy of respect. Many in the audience did not seem to understand that the ending measure of a song played by the accompanist after the voice has stopped are just as important as the rest of the composition and should be listened to just as quietly and not be applauded until the accompanist ends.



## The First Municipal Concert

**O**CCASIONALLY in these columns I have spoken of conditions which hedge in the forming of creative and productive instinct in our American art. Almost throughout the world, civilized or not, there is a deep-seated organic sentiment of love and sympathy for art and especially for music, this harmonious of all arts. Naturally the great metropolis furnishes the quickest response to art-cultivation through the greater amount of leisure combined with more available means to carry out these conditions. The art-impulse of wishing not only to create but also to present works of merit must come forth in virtue of an inherent law when it will find conditions favorable to development and further the aesthetic tastes of the masses.

It may be true in some degree that there is still a lack of musical imagination, or better musical power in the

Anglo-Saxon mind which is more manifest in the Continental peoples of Europe. Still, within the last half of a century a school of composers has arisen in America and England including names which will always be honored with the greatest respect in the realm of the musical world.

To reach the highest standard it is necessary to educate the masses and so rouse the latent and inherent love for music. Great festivals as were given annually at London, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, etc., and in several cities of the United States have helped enormously to advance these conditions. Community singing, the introduction of efficient instruction in music into our public schools under capable teachers, instruction which covers both practice



Lucien Muratore

and science and leaves a scholar with an intelligent enthusiasm for further growth would encourage art. Stock opera companies and symphony orchestras, and orchestras and bands playing music of lighter vein, but of good caliber and of educational value, are the pillars on which to build this noble temple.

The inertia of beginning has been overcome in San Francisco. We have a fine symphony orchestra under the able guidance of Alfred Hertz and on February the 22nd the public of our city responded promptly and enthusiastically



to the first municipal concert given by the city in the city's auditorium under the direction of Frederick Schiller. Every seat was taken and over 10,000 people were estimated to have been present. The concert was a success and the beginning very gratifying. Many of San Francisco's prominent musicians were noticed in the crowd and all seemed content and pleased. Considering the short time that Mr. Schiller had to call together the orchestra and drill the same and also the chorus, much praise is due him for the showing made. There was much to find fault with at this beginning, but the solid results reached that night seemed to me worth the amount of energy and money expended and anticipation is therefore justified in expecting results of a more satisfactory kind in the future.

The city is giving an appropriation—if I remember correctly—of \$10,000 to the park band, a worthy and laudable gift which gives pleasure to thousands of people. Why should not the Board of Supervisors back these municipal concerts with sufficient funds to make them a sure success which not alone would give enjoyment to thousands not able to pay the prices for the average concerts, but would also educate them to better follow the music rendered by our Symphony Orchestra and so one would benefit by the other?

Excellence, at the best, is only relative, not absolute, and the first concert viewed in connection with their very recent growth should be congratulated. There were some attempts to grapple with subjects as yet above the powers of the organization, but the most was really good. The soloist, Madam Johanna Kristoffy, is worthy of any concert. She sang the Jewel Song from Gounod's "Faust" in a delicious style. At all events we cannot have too many attempts at orchestral societies. They just constitute landmarks in musical improvement.

### Short Items of Interest

Rudolf Ganz will be with us again during the month of March when he will be heard in concert with that other good musician, Albert Spalding. The programs of these joint-recitals are tempting and the executants too well known as not to warrant a treat in store for all music-lovers.



Miss Carolyn Augusta Nash gave her first recital of the season on February 23rd at the St. Francis Hotel. It was gratifying to see the large crowd that assembled to listen to an interesting program, which gave a large variety to the exhibition of artistic skill. Miss Nash's aim is to present to the public works of the great masters which are rarely heard here on the concert platform. Through patience and perseverance Miss Nash has succeeded in overcoming the many obstacles which lie in the way of such performances and she is to be highly lauded for the good work she is doing. The program of the first concert gave examples of the works by Purcell, Bach, Tartini, Haydn and Reinecke, through which the interesting development in the evolution of the

sonata form can be traced. The Reinecke work is remarkable in many ways and is undoubtedly the greatest tone poem written for flute with piano.

Arthur Conradi, the well-known violinist of our city, has met with a severe loss. His valuable violin, which he treasured greatly, was stolen from his studio with manuscripts of importance. Let us hope that the thief will be found and the instrument (worth \$2,000) be returned.

Georg von Hagel, who has been engaged as the leading 'cellist of the Municipal Orchestra, is also the leader of the orchestra at the Plaza Hotel, where his Sunday evening entertainments are attracting much attention.



### The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

FROM this orchestra we expect the highest of art. The best compositions are being produced and continual rehearsals are uniting the different members so as to follow as if with one impulse the command of the baton. Alfred Hertz, the leader, is winning the plaudits of the public and press. He is giving of his best and introducing many novelties. The orchestra is being supported by voluntary contributions, as the receipts derived from the seats do not pay more than half the expenses. We know that symphony orchestras of the higher class never pay well and are always dependent on the support of those who, besides their love for music, are blessed with a surplus of earthly goods. So all those who are in a position to do so should assist and forward the interests by becoming members of the association. The Minneapolis Orchestra taught us a fine lesson. We can do the same. There is no reason why our orchestra should not travel, acting at the same time as one of the best advertising mediums for San Francisco. With more liberal support our orchestra can ask for recognition with the best orchestras of the world.

## Waiting

BY NELLIE BELL WILSON

*A dawn-kissed morning of the early Spring,  
A green-clad earth, and many a living thing  
Blending its notes in one harmonious strain—  
Earth's benison to Heaven in glad refrain.  
And were all glad, estatic sounds to cease,  
Yet still the eye would read the message—  
Peace.*

*Beholding Nature in such joyous mood,  
On every side by sound and beauty wooed,  
My heart re-echoed long the lark's sweet strain,*

*Impulsive joy rushed over soul and brain,  
Presaged one day of gladness unsurpassed,  
When lo—my sun-bathed sky was overcast!*

*I thought of half the world in war's great  
clutch,  
Of blood-soaked soil, and sorrow such  
As this sad earth has never known.  
Oh what for all this carnage can atone,  
This fearful slaughter—off-spring of culture's  
skill,*

*Though Gentle One has said—"Thou shalt  
not kill"?*

*Alas! true happiness I cannot know,  
While still my brothers, sisters suffer so.  
When will fulfillment come of God's great plan,  
Hope's cherished dream—The Brotherhood of  
Man?*

*Let wounds be healed, let pungent sorrow cease,  
Our hearts await the dawning of the World's  
Great Peace.*



# Clubs and Clublights

## Alameda District Convention

THE annual convention of the Alameda District of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in charge of Mrs. Fisher R. Clark, the president, occupied the best part of three days, during which time reports from the different clubs were heard, banquets and receptions participated in, and new officers elected.

Five counties, with representation from forty-seven clubs, and nearly 5,000 members, make up the Alameda District, and the gathering was composed of energetic, earnest women from the counties of Alameda, Calaveras, Contra Costa, San Joaquin and Tulare, who filled the convention rooms of the Hotel Oakland. From the opening of the convention by the Reverend F. G. Thursday to the impressive closing ceremonies three days later, the proceedings of this large body of women were marked by dignity and purpose. Mrs. Edgar Ormsby, president of the Oakland Club and hostess of the convention, welcomed the members in a cordial address, and Mrs. B. P. Fraser of Stockton responded on behalf of the delegates. The banquet following the first day's meeting, given by the Twentieth Century Club, Mrs. Aaron Schloss president, was an elaborate affair attended by the State officials and many other distinguished guests, Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, president of the California Federation, being the guest of honor. Club business and memorial services occupied the second day, and then came the election. The close of Mrs. Fisher's administration, which has been a most successful one, gave opportunity for words of appreciation and affection from the delegates and these were heartily forthcoming. The new president of the district is Mrs. Katherine Smith of Richmond. Her nomination and election took place in very unusual, in fact in quite unprecedented circumstances, and the proceeding and result would seem to prove that clinging to tradition is not always the best plan. Mrs. Smith and the rival candidate for the presidency, Mrs. Lucien Langworthy, whose services as vice-president of the district has won her many staunch friends, were called to the platform and asked to speak for themselves then and there. They responded in the best spirit, and their remarks were pithy and brief and enthusiastically received by their respective followers. Mrs. Smith declared her intention of taking the Federation to every club in the district, if elected to the high office of its

president, and Mrs. Langworthy in a few well chosen words referred to her work in the past and said that she thought it would speak for itself. In full view of the convention the election took place, the voters casting their votes on the platform where the ballot box was placed on a table. Mrs. Smith's officers are as follows: Mrs. John Montgomery, Lodi, vice-president; Miss Teresa Rousseau, Oakland, corresponding secretary; Mrs. C. S. Ginson, Richmond, recording secretary; Mrs. Claude Leech, Walnut Creek, treasurer. Chairmen of the following committees were appointed: State Resolutions Committee, Mrs. Fisher R. Clark; State Nominating Committee, Mrs. William E. Colby; State Credentials Committee, Mrs. William R. Davis. At the close of the convention an invitation from Stockton was extended to hold the meeting in that city next year.

Among the many fine addresses listened to by those attending the convention the strong appeal of Mrs. E. D. Knight for consolidation stands out in its simplicity, strength and sincerity. Mrs. Knight never loses an opportunity to urge women to keep abreast of the world's affairs, know what is happening every day in these momentous times of ours. Mrs. Frank Frederick spoke on prejudice and the harm it does in club work. She reminded her hearers that freedom from this meant a great step forward. The achievements of the affiliated clubs reported at this convention are many and varied, showing that the interests of these women are wide and their energies tireless.



## Preparedness in Clubdom

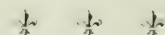
MORE than a hundred women, representing all the important women's clubs and organizations in and near New York, met by invitation at the home of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in Fifth Avenue, to discuss measures for national co-operation among the women for service to the country in case of war. The meeting was under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, represented by Mrs. James Draper, and the recently formed League for Women's Service, of which Miss Maude Wetmore is chairman. Miss Wetmore presided, and those who evinced a deep interest in the movement were: Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard College, Mrs. Cushman of the Y. W. C. A., Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Miss Grace Parker and Mrs. Coffin Van

Rensselaer. "We want the women of the country to be prepared for service when the time comes," said Miss Parker. "We want co-operation among all the interested societies, to prevent friction." Hundreds of women have visited the offices of the League, at 105 West 40 Street, and hundreds more have telephoned and written to register their names for service when called upon.



## California Club

THE different sections of the California Club have offered programmes of unusual excellence and interest during the past month. Miss Margaret Curry, the president, is to be congratulated upon the success of her plan of leaving the programme of each section entirely in the hands of that section. Mrs. James Crawford, president of the art section, was fortunate in securing as a speaker Mrs. Charles Fonda, who has just returned from an extended tour of the Eastern cities and addressed the section in the Palace of Fine Arts. The psychology section had the opportunity of listening to a lecture on "The Work of Consulting Psychologists" by Dr. Lillian Martin, whose extensive experience as a consulting psychologist makes her a most instructive talker. The chairman of this section is Dr. Julia S. Sanborn, herself a student in this line. The drama and literary section of the club, whose chairman is Mrs. Edwin E. Cox, presented selections from the 1917 Parthenia, preceded by an introduction and explanation of the meaning and history of the Parthenia by Miss Ruth Calden. The Current Events Section, Mrs. J. E. Cutten, chairman, heard a very interesting speech from Arthur I. Street, director of the American Institute of Current Events.



## La Puerta de Oro Chapter, D. A. R.

THESE are busy days for the Daughters of the American Revolution. All over the country they are assembling, reviewing and planning. Miss Susannah Patch, who had charge of the Washington's Birthday celebration by the Puerta de Oro Chapter of San Francisco, presented a delightfully interesting program for her guests. The address of Judge John E. Richards on "George Washington, the Man," was listened to with a close attention and appreciation which proved that patriotic Americans never lose interest in the



# Clubs and Clublights

noble character whose glory grows greater as the years roll by. Miss Florence Onyon, who has a charming soprano voice, sang a number of patriotic songs. The pleasant hospitality of this occasion brought to the mind of the visitor the spacious quarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the great Exposition, where all during the history-making year of 1915, the doors were open and the hand of welcome graciously held out. There one met women prominent in all the walks of life, and was received with a cordiality that seems an intrinsic part of this organization.

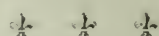
The State Conference held at the Palace Hotel, with Mrs. John Conant Lynch in charge, included, besides the reports of chapter regents, officers, and various committees, music and addresses by distinguished speakers. The reception given by the Northern delegates to those from the South, at the Palace of Fine Arts, was largely attended.



## San Francisco Centre

**I**N all kinds of weather, be it a rain-pour of celebrities or absolutely featureless sunshine, the San Francisco Centre has something good to offer its members. During February the Centre entertained Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin at a luncheon and listened to her brilliant talk on "What War Means." Mrs. Irwin, with her husband, spent the greater part of a year in France and Italy, and brought back a very thorough knowledge of conditions there caused by the war. Her interest was chiefly with the civilian aspect and the effect of the war on the home and home industries. Another distinguished guest of the Centre was Professor Kuno Meyer, whose topic was "The Future of Internationalism." Professor Meyer has held high positions in the University of Berlin, the Liverpool University and at Harvard. He is a combination of scientist and idealist. His speech was very profound, very eloquent. He said that the soul of every one longs ardently for peace, but that this blessing of peace cannot come from diplomatic adjustments of expediency. It must come from the desire and determination of the people themselves. His statement that "the ethical understanding is to think well of mankind" was made in a quiet but tense

voice, and as a member of his audience whispered, "it sank in."



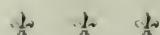
## Smith College Club

**"W**HAT Smith Women Are Doing" was the subject for the February meeting of the Smith College Club, Miss Helen Whiton presiding. Many things they are doing, and good things, too. Miss Fredericka Mead's description of the college of Gin Ling, China, an institution for the higher education of Chinese women, was followed by a most interesting address by Miss Sarah Simpson on "Current Events," and Miss Whiton spoke on "Fun, Fact and Fiction in the Magazines."



## New York City Colony of the National Society of New England Women

**T**HIS large Colony of New England women, residing in New York, held its fourth literary and musical meeting of the winter, the president, Miss Helen Hicks, offering a splendid program of music by Massachusetts composers, showing an advance in artistic achievement on the part of the "big Bay State" that is not generally known. Mrs. Hamilton Dowling, the head of the literary committee, promises several important and highly interesting papers for the next meeting, and the large attendance at these gatherings was the subject of gratification to the founders and promoters.



## University Extension Division of U. C.

**T**HE University Extension is offering wonderful opportunities for ambitious students who are unable to attend the regular University course, and who feel the need of outlined work. No examination is required to take up the extension course, and the fee is fifteen dollars. A wide choice of subjects is given including languages, literature, mathematics, political science, business branches, technology. This is a boon to the man or woman whose circumstances keep them from enjoying the privileges their minds yearn for. The officers of administration are Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University; Ira Woods Howerth, Professor of Education and Director of the University Extension, and Nadine Crump, secretary of the Bureau of Class Instruction.

**T**HE Pacific Coast Women's Press Association has presented a number of fine literary and musical programs during the last few months. The one given on the last open day, February 12th, was as follows: A group of songs by Mr. James E. Zeigler. "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Winds," Sargent arrangement; "Allah," Chadwick; "Ich Liebe Dich," Grieg; accompanist, Mrs. Claude King; lecture, "Journalism at Stanford University," Professor Wm. H. Carruth, head of the Department of Literature at Stanford University; four violin solos, two ancient classics and two modern, by Mr. Arthur Conradi.

Mr. Zeigler possesses a wonderfully rich and powerful baritone voice and knows music thoroughly. He comes to San Francisco from Stockton, where he has done oratorio solo work extensively. Mr. Zeigler met with a most cordial reception and in response to an insistent recall sang "Mother O' Mine" to the great delight of his audience.

Mr. Arthur Conradi, the well and favorably known violin virtuoso, is a favorite with San Francisco musical gatherings, and that he played with his customary fire and enthusiasm was commented on, as his state of mind could not have been enviable at that particular time. Mr. Conradi had just met with the loss of his favorite instrument—a violin valued at several thousand dollars—that and manuscript representing the work of the past two years, were stolen from his studio, and at that time the prospects of their recovery were problematical. His generosity in appearing before the club under the trying conditions was much appreciated.

The lecturer of the afternoon, Mr. Wm. H. Carruth, head of the Literary Department of Stanford University, is an unassuming, direct speaker and tells his audience in a clear, concise, business-like way the things they are most anxious to hear about his subject, which is most satisfying. His theme was "Journalism," as taught in the university, and if the students under Prof. Carruth's direction carry out in their work his clean, dignified, high ideals of journalism, they should be powerful forces for good in their chosen environments.

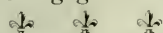
The President, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan closed the program with a cordial invitation to all present to remain for a social hour, to meet informally the lecturer and musicians who had given so much pleasure.



# Clubs and Clublights

Monday, Feb. 26th, will be Members' Day and unusually interesting, as the address is to be given by one of the oldest and best loved members of the organization, Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Lightner. Mrs. Lightner will talk on "The Opening of the San Francisco Mercantile Library in 1854."

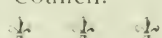
A reception is to be tendered Mrs. Lightner, after the lecture. Members are privileged to bring guests on that day.



**M**RS. LILY WOLSTENHOLME, ex-State Senator of Utah and President of the National Council of Women Voters of that State, visited San Francisco this week on her way home from a tour of the South and West, bringing greetings and a message from Utah to the effect that the Council is going to hold a convention next June in Salt Lake City, about the close of the Convention of Governors the latter part of that month, when it is hoped to reach the latter on suffrage questions. This will be the sixth convention of the Council, the last having been held in Cheyenne. It is planned to have the govern-

ors attend the first session of the convention.

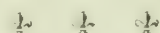
On Tuesday, February 27th, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, 3010 Pierce street, San Francisco, newly elected State President of the National Council of Women Voters for California, called together a number of friends at a delightful impromptu a la carte supper at the Hotel Fielding to meet and hear the distinguished visitor, who spoke on the work of the Utah branch of the Council.



## Clubhouse for Canadian Business Women

**E**POCH making in its introduction into the life of Toronto is the new clubhouse for women opened in Sherbourn street, for the clubwomen of that city have not made the progress in establishing themselves that has marked the development of the club spirit in so many other places. The Toronto club will be residential and will accommodate a hundred and fifty women and girls. Already a new wing is projected, and the business women find the house of great practical use to them.

Lectures, dances and meetings of a professional or social nature take place there, and the crowded halls show the appreciation of the women and their friends. Speakers from several American clubs have been invited to talk to the members, and they assure reciprocity.



## Detroit Federation Workers

**M**RS. F. C. OSBORN and Mrs. A. G. Costdyke, both prominent members of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Detroit, Michigan, are working with the Women's Taxpayers' League to arouse citizens to free the public schools from politics. A committee has been formed called the Citizens' School Board, and is made up of energetic, public-spirited men and women, who will use every effort to separate the city schools from the city politics. This is so excellent an undertaking that it needs no "boosting"—all that is required is the steady co-operation of the large body of citizens, the assistance of the teachers and the final rulings of the intelligent element of the community.

## Just Colds and Headaches

By Dr. Margaret Pladwell

**A** COLD, so called in whatever part of the anatomy it may settle, is the indication of a devitalized condition of the system.

One does not contract cold from a superfluity of air or water, or a draught or because of becoming overheated and cooling too quickly as after violent exercise, unless the body through some impairment of function loses its resistance and becomes susceptible to any of the before named misadventures.

The prophylaxis of colds, then, is to keep the body in a healthy condition, a condition to resist the invasion of bacteria which are ever and indefatigably seeking entrance to the human system with the fixed purpose of committing depredations upon the tissues and causing them to weaken or break down.

A cold is symptomatic, indicating that a cog in the machinery has slipped particularly, or that there is a general lack of tonicity everywhere. A headache is symptomatic and proves there is something wrong in the human mechanism, although the place of injury or disease may not be located in the head at all—indeed, its position may be obscure, but it is indicated.

I have in mind the case of a young

lady of eighteen—a close student who suffered with headache for years—undergoing during that period examinations of eyes, urine, blood, et al., by the best physicians without success. None could find the actuating cause, though it existed and was finally discovered long afterward and proved the determining character of an obscure disease which had been preying upon her for a long time.

Both colds and headaches are valuable signals, in that they indicate, often long before any other sign or symptom occurs, the presence of an element inimical to the health of the individual.

Headaches and malaise usually presage bacterial invasion of whatever sort, and like fever point a finger at the character of the disease and its cure.

The type of pain in the head and the locality, whether frontal, occipital, parietal or otherwise, frequently acts as an indicator of the seat of the trouble, the parts affected being in sympathetic or actual relation to the organs involved; which is of invaluable aid to the physician in his diagnosis.

To be free from headaches and colds the

most important method of prophylaxis is mental and physical hygiene. Exercise of the mind is necessary as exercise of the body to the normal, natural human being. If the body is not kept in condition by exercise, bathing and right living generally, the machinery becomes clogged, the body torpid, our flesh weak. If the brain is not kept in condition by exercise, exchange of thought, living actively, the mind becomes torpid, inactive, unhealthy, and from both, the relaxed mind and body, ensue headaches, colds and general want of tonicity. The pure blood stream becomes turgid, the nerves either over-toned or dull, the skin mottled, unclean-appearing and the general result, colds, alternating with headache, or both together.

Or the body, instead of becoming overfleshed, may become depleted, thin and weak—the nerves over-active and a condition of nervous irritability result. The last state is at least as bad as the first—the underlying conditions are the same and the general overhead results are the same.

The best way then to keep free from headaches, colds, neuroses and kindred evils is to maintain the body in condi-

Continued on page 28



# Feminism Invades Harems

## War Lifts the Veils From the Women of Turkey

**T**URKEY'S almond-eyed women are trying to run Turkey. They believe that Turkey's almond-eyed men—spurred though they are by Prussians—cannot do it; and now all Turkey is buzzing, seething and hissing with ladies in veils—and without them—who are regenerating their fatherland on feminist lines. The ladies are not full-blooded militants in the former British sense, for they use no violence. But by demonstration, agitation and obstruction they proclaim that the Turk man's business is to fight, while government in the nobler social and educational sense should be in woman's hands. When the war is over, they hint, Turkey will be a perfect gynocracy, and such few Turk men as survive the shells of Russia, England, France, Italy, Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro will retire into harems and through shuttered windows look out on woman's rule.

All this is the fruit of the war, which sent the men to the front and the women to the platform, says Andrew S. Baldwin, writing from Constantinople under date of January 15th. Already thirty thousand women are banded together in a brand-new association for gaining full political and social rights. The association's president is Mme. Nignar Hanum, wife of the second Judge of the Court of Appeal, and its title is "League of Ottoman Women Who Desire a Just Influence in Their Own Country." The league has fifty branches in Europe and Asia; it has a fund of \$65,000, which is a vast sum in Turkey; it holds meetings, prints and distributes pamphlets, marches in processions, runs its war work on ultra-advanced feminist lines and pursues the specifically European policy of making unbearable the lives of Ministers and other dullards who do not want to set women free.

Turkey's greatest fighting feminists are Mme. Refie Hanum, Mme. Schadue Hanum, Mme. Halide Hanum, Mme. Fathme Alie Hanum and Mme. Selma Riza Pasha. Mme. Halide Hanum and Mme. Selma Riza Pasha are both old lights of women's emancipation and famous writers, and Mme. Refie Hanum is a brand-new militant star risen since the war began. She is the wife of Lieutenant Akhmed Effendi, who serves on the former German warship Goeben and has big estates at Akhissar, in Asia Minor; and while her husband is steer-

ing his ship amid Russian mines Mme. Refie runs feminism in a house at Kassim Pasha. Kassim Pasha, on the north side of the Golden Horn, is the center of the movement. One reason is that the Admiralty and many houses of naval officers are there, and naval officers bring back from their travels European influences. Refie Hanum, though a pure Turk by race, is blue-eyed, roundish and blonde, and she looks like a Schleswig-Holsteiner. She began by upsetting Broussa's police chief Zekki Bey as punishment for roughness in handling a feminist demonstration; and she has now managed to free Turkish women from the hated authority of the ecclesiastical courts, and thus achieved the greatest step so far in Turkish women's emancipation.

Refie Hanum specializes in women's legal rights. She started, and keeps up chiefly with her own money, a fund for fighting the cases of divorced women and their children. After a month's experience she vowed that she would do away with the ecclesiastical courts. Fifty years ago Turkey removed ordinary civil and criminal trials from the jurisdiction of the church, but left the church courts for family matters. The church courts are a department of the religious Shiekhul Islamate; there is no appeal against them except on issues of law, and then only to a court known as the Medschlissi Tetikate Scheriye, which is also under the Shiekh. Every woman in Stamboul who wanted to fight her husband in those courts was taken under Refie's wing. Refie financed the lawyers, sometimes made speeches herself, and when the cases were lost she financed appeals. The Medschlissi got angry. It ruled that while pauper women litigants might properly be financed by others, no private individual has a right to encourage litigation. Refie applied militant methods against the chief judge, the Fetwa Emine. When the Fetwa Emine arrived at court he found seven veiled women barring the entry. Being a church dignitary as well as a judge, he could not push aside women; and he sadly went his way. Next day again the women were there, and this time his fate was worse, for Mme. Refie and the six other women unveiled their very pretty faces and clamored for justice.

The Fetwa Emine was obdurate. Refie and her friends next bearded the Min-

ister of Justice. Halil Bey, who is Minister of Justice, is also Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the seven champions went to the Foreign Office. Halil was talking war to the Austrian Ambassador, and to escape a scandal and outbreak he begged them to keep down their veils and promised to meet them next day. Next day he told Refie and her friends that he had in his pocket already a scheme to abolish the ecclesiastical courts and to put all questions of divorce, parentage and alimony under special civil courts. Since then a bill has been drawn up. Every one knows that Halil had not the bill ready; that he was frightened into it by feminist agitation; but Halil cannot withdraw, and the bill will be submitted to Parliament early next year.

This was the feminists' first success. Their second was won over the Education Minister, Schukri Pasha, who has been running education ever since the revolution. Schukri is no anti-feminist. Since 1914 he has sent fifty Turkish girls abroad to study European ways. But Schukri has no authority.

The authorities in his department are his German adjoint, Privy Councilor Schmidt, and the German Professor Tominsky, director of the German school at Pera. Schmidt and Tominsky are fierce anti-feminists with healthy hausfrau notions, and lately they began to stop or withdraw educational concessions to women. One concession was the use of public libraries. Halid Sia Bey, professor of Turkish at Stamboul University, organized a woman's reading room at the big library near the Bajasid Mosque. The women sat together unveiled. This was no great concession as women sit together unveiled in Stamboul's street cars, and three Pera cafes have rooms for women. But Turkey's chief anti-feminist, Fahreddin Effendi, was shocked. Fahreddin is an unmarried man of strict Moslem views who made himself famous during the first Young Turkish revolution by pulling down the veils of too hastily emancipated Turkesses. Fahreddin said he would raid the reading room and put the women out. Schukri, backed by his German councilors, closed the reading room.

Next day the women readers pulled

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



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An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Allez—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I ever learned their language."—"Harper's Magazine."



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# Victoria's Cuisiniere

## Indicts American Women as Stomach Wreckers

MRS. MARY A. WILSON, for five years chef for Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, declares that American women are positively the worst cooks in the world, writes Henry James Buxton of Philadelphia.

Right here our Victorian cook gets down to business and recites every count in her indictment. Here are some of them:

The large annual crop of dyspeptic husbands, unhappy marriages and divorces are due almost entirely to the "awful" cookery of American women.

The alarming prevalence of cancer in the United States is caused in a large measure by the daily output by American housewives of soggy biscuits, impossible bread, leaden cakes, "copper-plated flapjacks," "brass-enameled" muffins and other so-called foods.

Undertakers are multiplying and thriving upon the carnage wrought by careless Yankee cooks.

The frightful waste in our American kitchens is hurtling the country toward every kind of an ism which makes for social unrest and moral decadence.

The stomach-wreckers in our American "homes" are entirely responsible for the increasing crop of quick-lunch counters and delicatessen stores.

Surely, this is enough to arouse the fighting blood of American housewives, but there is plenty more to come, so reserve your wrath until the close of the case.

Let us take up the matter of doughnuts, known as "sinkers" in some of our less polite lunchrooms. Yes, what does our Victorian cook have to say about the great American doughnut?

Plenty. She brands them as terrible, awful,—positively not fit to eat. To consume one, she insists, is equivalent to mining the liver and torpedoing the digestive apparatus.

The drive of the great American doughnut into the stomach means a quick retreat of the digestive fluids into the last-line trenches, according to Mrs. Wilson. She concedes that American women with a good mathematical eye can make a fairly good hole in a doughnut, but when the hole is completed, she says that the average American cook seems to lose all interest in the welfare of the doughnut and the welfare of the persons who are fated to consume the said doughnut. She

concludes her denunciation of the doughnut by christening it a "stomach bomb."

In the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, there are not one hundred first-class bread makers in the United States.

"My heavens!" she said, with fire in her eyes, "if a European bride turned out such horrible bread as do some of the girls who enter matrimony in this country she would be sent packing home to her mother to take some cooking lessons."

Mrs. Wilson was born in New Orleans, is of French creole origin, and is descendant from a long line of distinguished cooks who deighted the palates of many notable men who had to do with the early history of this republic.

At the age of seventeen Mrs. Wilson entered the kitchen of the historical St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans and there learned the rudimentals of cookery under a capable chef. Tradition ran strong in the veins of this cook in embryo, so that at the age of twenty-one she sailed for Paris to complete her education under the tutelage of the world's greatest magicians in cookery. She entered the service of the great Simone, Europe's pastry wizard. There she was instructed in the art of making the "patisserie" which has made the name of Simone a byword in the palaces of kings and the castles of noblemen.

From Simone's the ambitious pupil from New Orleans graduated to the Cafe Royale, a favorite resort of the Prince of Wales, who was famed as an epicurean the world over. At the Cafe Royale Mrs. Wilson became expert in the preparation of meats and vegetables. The Prince of Wales learned of her cunning in cookery, and it was not long before she received a call to serve as chef in Buckingham Palace.

Right up to her death Queen Victoria bore the reputation of being the most economical housekeeper in Britain, and Mrs. Wilson testifies that her reputation was based on fact. Under the Queen Mrs. Wilson learned lessons of economy in the preparation of food products. After five years in the kitchen at Buckingham Palace, Mrs. Wilson became stewardess of the American House at Lake Como, Italy, one of the world's most beautiful honeymoon marts.

Later she served as chef in the villa of Count Leo Monnonsky, of Moscow, at Venice. After a year of service there

ambition to learn all of the mysteries of cookery led Mrs. Wilson to take a course in food chemistry at Heidelberg. At present she is conducting a French cooking school at 6333 Race street, Philadelphia, and is instructing daughters of the rich how to obtain a grip on the affections of future husbands via the palate. Every Friday she instructs a class of 300 poor mothers in cookery at the Children's Homeopathic Hospital.

"Ah, these American girls—poor things, they know no more about cookery than a brook minnow," says Mrs. Wilson.

"It is pitiable," she continued, "to see them dabble about a kitchen. They are so clumsy—so embarrassed when they approach a baking oven. They act as though they were approaching an infernal machine which was about to blow up. When they construct a cake, they go at it like a brickmason mixing mortar.

"Look over the records of the divorce courts, and you American women will readily see how the fog banks of dyspepsia have interrupted many a matrimonial cruise. Pick a hundred divorce cases and sift each one to the bottom and you will find in many an instance that the trouble started with a batch of underdone biscuits or some other miserable failure at food making.

"I tell you American women that soggy biscuits will drive the love out of the breast of the most smitten man. Love hasn't a chance in the world when placed in competition with a bad cook.

"Young woman, you may look your prettiest, smile your sweetest, and play the role of the soft, clinging bride until the cows come home, but if you keep on turning out miserable food, Cupid will take his cue in short order and sneak out through the cellar window.

"How in the world is a man going to keep on loving when he is being continually assaulted with food products that have the appearance of being manufactured in an iron foundry?

"No man can keep up the honeymoon role when his stomach feels like the mobilization field of an army.

"Remember that man of today is, in regard to his stomach, just as primitive as the cave man.

"The main ambition of the average



American girl is to get married. Her mother makes no effort to instruct her in the art of cookery, or in other household duties. The girl grows up with no knowledge of the things which are absolutely necessary for marital happiness. ness.

"The American girl does know how to apply face powder and enamel with fair efficiency, but that is about all.

"I hear a lot of talk in America about eugenic marriages. I think you Americans would be a lot more sensible if you talked and acted more concerning 'good cookery' marriages. It will be a happy day for this country when the simpering bride brings to the altar a baking certificate as well as a health certificate.

"Oh, you American wives, what wasters you are! It is waste, waste, waste all the year around with you. The big leak is in your kitchen, and you do not make the slightest effort to stop that leak. You throw away millions annually in your reckless extravagance.

"Bread is selling for six cents a loaf in America today, yet how many housewives are making their own bread? Pre-

cious few. And this in face of the fact that forty per cent of the daily amount of food we eat is bread. In how many homes is a pot of beans baked and a pan of scrapple made? Yet both of these foods are nutritious and can be made quickly and cheaply.

"There are more delicatessen stores and quick-lunch rooms in this country than in any other, and American housewives are entirely to blame for their prevalence. The delicatessen stores are monuments to the cooking ignorance and the kitchen laziness of the American woman. The quick-lunch rooms are signboards revealing the American housewife's neglect of her husband.

"In Europe does the housewife allow her husband to become the prey of a cheap restaurant? Not on your life; she puts up a nutritious lunch for him, so he can eat good food in the middle of the day.

"The percolated coffee and bad food which is served in lunch places have contributed largely to the spread of cancer, dyspepsia and other diseases among American men.

"Sixty per cent of the intestinal

troubles of the men of this country are due to the sad cookery of their wives. It is a record that should convince you American housewives that it is high time that you learned food values. It is your duty to roll up your sleeves and go to work in the kitchen.

"The foreign housekeeper is the most frugal and careful housewife in the world.

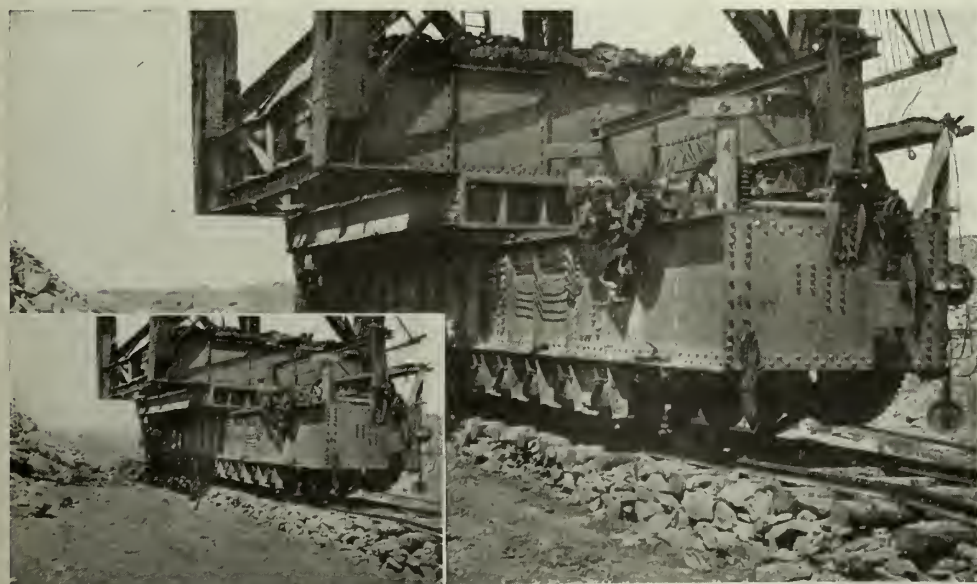
"European girls, fourteen and fifteen years old, can make fine bread, cheese and butter. And when it comes time for one to marry she frequently has her entire 'dot' from the sale of jams she has made.

"Daughters of royal households in Europe can cook as well as the daughters of the plain folk. Daughters of royal families enter kitchens of other families so that they may learn cookery under tutelage which will not offer any favoritism.

"Queen Victoria was the best and most economical housekeeper in England. When I say economical, I mean from the viewpoint of royalty. She could cook when she was a mere girl, and when she became Queen she made it

## A Little Camera for Big Photographs

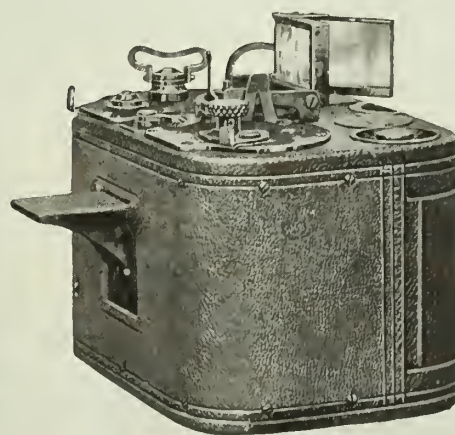
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her business to see that her daughters and granddaughters learned how to cook. Frequently I have given her granddaughters instruction in baking. They would come into the kitchen two or three days each week, wearing neat aprons, and they would display an eagerness to learn all of the details.

"The Queen was exceedingly proud of her kitchen. It was equipped with all the most modern facilities, and about one hundred servants were employed there.

"When state dinners were to be served the Queen always came into the kitchen to personally supervise the preparation of the foods. She generally wore a black taffeta morning dress when she came to the kitchen.

"The Queen's hands were the most beautiful I have ever seen on any woman; they were small and very white, and the fingers tapered elegantly.

"I used to be fascinated as I watched those beautiful hands mix the various

ingredients for cakes and puddings. I remember quite well my first day in the kitchen at Buckingham Palace, when the Queen taught me to make the royal sponge cake from a recipe which had been in the Queen's family for six centuries. In America today cakes of this caliber can be bought in our best catering places for \$1 apiece, but if you will follow the Queen's recipe you will be able to make the same cake for seventeen cents. Here is the recipe:

"One cupful of sugar, yolks of three eggs, cream together until light lemon color; four tablespoonfuls of water, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of flour. Beat well and add to sugar and eggs. Flavor and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Pour in a greased and floured pan, bake forty minutes in a moderate oven; the temperature she be 275 degrees Fahr.


"Like all Englishwoman, the Queen was very fond of her tea. She paid \$100 per pound for tea imported from a

special plantation in central China.

"The Queen knew every one of the employes of the kitchen by the first name. She knew where all of the supplies and utensils were kept, and she kept a careful record of the foodstuffs she had on hand. She was always quick to economize if it could be done without interfering with the nutrition of the food product.

"Don't you think that American women should be heartily ashamed of their wasteful methods, when the Queen of a great empire, with the riches of a Solomon at her command, practiced the greatest economy in her kitchen? I think so.

"I always enjoyed the Yuletide season in Buckingham Palace, for the Queen spent much time in the kitchen preparing plum puddings. She gave away many puddings as Christmas presents, and the recipients were glad to get them, for they were the most luscious English plum puddings in the world.



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## The Start of A Perfect Day



# Quaker Oats



## Feminism Invades Harems

Continued from page 23

up their veils and marched with shameless bare faces around the mosque at the moment the men worshipers were coming out. Stones were thrown. The feminists, followed by stone-throwers marched across Galata bridge and demonstrated. Schukri now discovered that revolting women were worse than revolting men, and he reopened the reading room. Minister of the Interior Talaat Bey put his policemen to keep order, and when anti-feminist Fahreddin made trouble he was sent home with a cracked skull.

Since this triumph, feminist meetings have been held all over Constantinople.



"They're Off"

Judge (trying to settle conjugal difficulties): Madam, have you anything to say?

Prisoner's Husband: Lord, Judge, now you have done it!—Life.

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## Just Headaches and Colds

Continued from page 22

tion at all times by cleanliness, plenty of fresh air, good and nourishing food and exercise. By living according to the rules of health the body is kept in a state of resistance to bacterial invasion, the mind is free and receptive, and if but a modicum of consideration were used in the care of the body there would be stronger, wiser and better men and women peopling this earth. The trouble is, we seek extraneous aid in much drugging and stimulation when nature revolts at these methods and with your simple co-operation in the way of keeping your body on the straight path she will do all that is necessary for your advancement, mentally and physically, for there is no physician like unto nature with God behind.

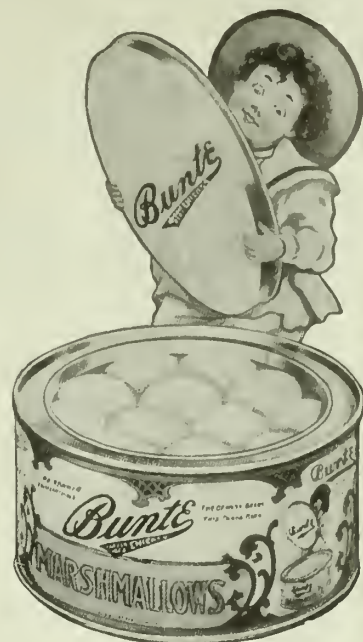


Doctor: Something wrong with the baby?

Mother: Yes, Doctor, he got hold of an old dictionary and chewed up several pages.

Doctor: Did you give him an emetic?

Mother: Yes, Doctor, but I can't get a word out of him.—Yonkers Statesman.



## Breaking the Silence

Carlyle called Dante "the voice of ten silent centuries." Miss Rankin will be the voice of forty.—Crane.



Instinct

How can you tell a man who has been to college?

Oh, when he opens a letter he always looks to see if there is a check in it.—Chaparral.

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# Fore!

## The Lure of the Links

By Casu Wood

**T**HAT golf is being taken much more seriously by women than was the case a few years ago is shown clearly by the ever-increasing number of women golfers, and by the marked all-round improvement in their play.

In California, with its wonderful natural opportunities of ground and climate, I have been surprised to find so few women playing golf. This, however, is changing, too. Within the last two years the number of players has doubled, and the standard of play has gone up in proportion. Enthusiasm is growing; it will produce efficiency. With her physique, her ample leisure and her adaptability, the American woman, especially the Western American woman, will make a splendid golfer.

But I wonder if the game will ever be a part of her, as it is with those women of England and Scotland who have played since their childhood. To get up from the breakfast table, shoulder one's golf kit, and go with father and the boys for a morning on the links, day after day and year after year, is a very different matter from playing a casual foursome occasionally at the country club.

And it makes a very different kind of golfer.

Mary Hadfield, who has come to California on her way to Hawaii, is one of the real true lovers of the ancient and honorable game. She comes from Faversham in Kent, and she is going to marry a chap in Honolulu. He is a golfer, too!

A day of play in her company leaves one full of her earnest interest, and keen to emulate her masterly handling of the game. She tells us that it is useless to deny the fact that the average woman must always be at a disadvantage in the game of golf when compared with the average man, by reason of her slighter physique, but Miss Hadfield is of the opinion that the difference of standard of the two sexes in America at the present time is wider than can be accounted for by this natural disadvantage. She believes that the American women's limited success is largely due to the fact that they have not yet mastered the art of handling the clubs properly. She finds this the weakest spot in their game, even among the very best players, and declares that when this has been conquered men players of the same handicap will find it

as much as they can do to concede a third instead of the half that is at present customary.

Duncan, too, says most emphatically, "The great aim in golf is to get the two hands to work together as one."

Mary Hadfield believes that the secret of learning to play a consistently good game and of acquiring a graceful action is to aim from the first at the correct style of play. There are some instances of golfers who have achieved success and even distinction without having form, but these cases are few and far between, and always affect me as does the ready linguist who speaks fluently several languages all with a vile accent.

Stick to your form and your form will stick to you!

If beginners in golf will take two or three lessons each week for two months, and from a good teacher, with practice immediately after each lesson, whilst the important points are uppermost in mind, they will find when they step out onto the course with a party of friends all good players, that they are much more of lesson-taking. They will be tempted to perfect the balance.

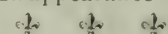
I should strongly urge beginners to avoid competition play during the period games of ball whilst taking lessons in golf. They all help to train the eye and to make a shot in bad style for the sake of scoring a point. Once possessed comfortable inside themselves and much better poised for the outside view, for having learned, and re-learned and learned again those many little points of form as that they come quite naturally with the play. The form acquired, bound to one with hoops of the steel of everlasting practice, the effective play follows.

Thus availing ourselves of form we can "go to it." I fear I repeat myself, but hark ye to Duncan, that wise one of the Highlands:

"Many players have worked out some measure of salvation without studying their handicaps to single figures after two or three years of play. Having reached a certain point, however, they are more than apt to find themselves slipping back into double figures without any apparent reason for their loss of skill. The moral is that everyone should learn may take a little longer to get down to single figures, when once this has been

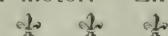
achieved the game will never be lost again."

Mary Hadfield is a strong, silent woman, and a very good-natured one. Although we played on a private course, and the invited party was small and select, we all crowded round to watch her tee off, and all day we followed her play with an interest more flattering than considerate. She did not seem to mind a bit. During tea she remarked that she had been told that Americans always did it—so we were only living up to our traditions, after all. There was no one in Miss Hadfield's class at all, and we sat the curious disappearance of the fruit.



### Cook's Tour

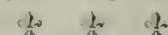
Butler: "Madam, the new cook has come and she wants to know where she will keep her motor."—Life.



### She Knew Him

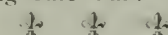
Hub: "One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going down-stairs three steps at a time."

Wife (who knows him): "Where was he, on the roof?"—Boston Transcript.



### Levinski's Little Joke

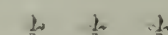
The reform warden always made it a point to give each new arrival a chance to do the work with which he was familiar, if the penitentiary dealt in his line. A tailor named Levinski arrived, and it was ordered that he be employed at that trade if there was an opening. There was not. He was asked if he was adept at anything else. "Yes," he replied with a smile, "I am a cracker-jack traveling salesman."—Argonaut.



### A Birthday Surprise

"Children, we are going to have a holiday on the 22nd because it is the birthday of a great person, one very dear to all American people, some one who did a great deed for our country when it was new, some one to whom the greatest honor possible was given and whom we shall always love. Can you tell whom I mean?"

Class, with one voice: "Teacher!"—Childhood.



### Not Gone Up

Patience: And don't you find everything higher now than formerly?"

Patrice: "Well, not everything. There's ideals."—N. Y. Times.



# Shall It Be Preserved?

## The Fight of the Factions Over the Normal School

**A**S this issue goes to press, the bitter factional fight that has, unfortunately, involved the proposal to preserve the California Building at the Exposition for use as a State Normal School, is unsettled.

Without considering the merits of the arguments pro and con, it must be said of the building, "that was a dream worth dreaming," and its destruction, taken by itself, can only be rated a tragedy.

On the same premise, EVERYWOMAN has faith to believe that the opponents to the adoption of the building by the State will, if it is finally chosen over their objections, soon forget their hostility. The location of such an institution is not a neighborhood affair.

Certainly, if there be anything in environment, the noble prospect of ocean and mountain scenery from the westward windows, the scholastic calm of the cloistered court, the aspiring mass of those mission towers will wield an influence upon the mind of teacher and pupil alike as strong as it will be unobtrusively constant.

To visitors from near and far the building, reconstructed in permanent form, will be an attraction of which any city could well boast, and stand as a perpetual reminder that, in the year of the Great War's outburst, California summoned the world to exalt Peace and its victories.



THE CLOISTERED COURT OF THE NOBLE CALIFORNIA BUILDING, P. P. I. E., WHERE TEACHERS MAY, INDEED, LEARN TO TEACH.



# A Painter of Sunshine at 75

## A Veteran of San Francisco's Art Colony Still Creating Canvases Warm With Life's Sweetness

**H**OW shall the critic discuss paintings created by one of the dearest old gentlemen in the world, standing at his easel protected by the respect due to five years more than the proverbial threescore and ten?

The temptation is almost irresistible to say: "How remarkable that one of his age should paint at all"—and let it go at that. Shall not the critic rest under suspicion who even attempts to judge of Carl Dahlgren's work on its merits?

Yet this friend of the pioneers, whose Bohemian forbears riotously feasted on the night of March twelfth, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, is today doing landscapes as sound in theory and execution as his hardy Danish physique.

Many of Dahlgren's well-known works have found places of honor in some of the best homes of the country. Today he is prolific as ever, his eye as keen, his hand as sure as a boy's.

On account of a certain tenderness of feeling, a special fondness for shooting his landscapes through with golden sunshine, and, perhaps, a little because of the incorrigibly sunny temperament of the man himself, Dahlgren has been dubbed "the Sunshine Painter." The title describes the artist and his work.

Although trained in the rigor of the technique of the old masters, our artist has been most amenable to modernistic tendencies. Even cubism finds him ready to admit that good will result from its honest effort to express what cubists think they see in nature.

Notably in "Morning in the Meadows," feebly reproduced in the photograph on this page, the treatment is pure impressionism. But impressionism whose impression is clear—not the vague cover for incapacity that now and then serves daubsters of greater enterprise than honesty.

No, the ideals and the execution of

this veteran of the palette are sound, first, as to construction. His foreground is solid; it will do to walk on. The streams and lakes are liquid—the air atmospheric.

The composition, while it yields a point to the balanced line and mass of the old school, is flexible, convincing.

And the net result, that vague, shadowy something that is the artist's intangible but certain goal—that "feeling" whose achievement of lack makes or mars the canvas at last, crowns picture after picture.

How amazing that a man of such advanced age should have been lately chosen to execute an important commission for that other wizard, Luther Burbank. One is prepared to learn that these two became fast friends. One of the choicest things done by the artist in

pigments is a tribute to the artist in Nature's own color effects—a dainty bit, done in Dahlgren's best mood, depicting Burbank's favorite haunt on San Rosa Creek, near his famous garden-laboratory.

Yet, for all the years of toil and trusting, the oldest California painter has been a poor merchandiser. He has painted for the love of his art, and his art has yielded to him the love of many—but small pelf. It is planned to give a testimonial exhibition which, it is hoped, will place this good man, as he should be, beyond reach of want. Why wait until Carl Dahlgren shall have joined the innumerable company of choice spirits who lived in the sunshine before paying tribute to the lesson he has so modestly wrought out for us in an unworldly three-quarters of a century?



**CARL DAHLGREN**  
Dean of California Artists  
and one of his "Sunny" Canvases  
"Morning in the Meadows"





Stand by Our President Now!

May, 1917

15c

# EVERYWOMAN

Official Journal of  
The National Council of Women, Membership, 7,000,000

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OF WOMEN

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CHILD WELFARE  
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CLUBS  
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Elizabeth Taft

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Mrs. Josia Evans Cowles



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Pro-Humanity

VOL. XI. No. 12

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1917

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EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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# National Council of Women

## Women Patriots Lining Up for Their Country Cause

A LETTER from our honored President of the National Council of Women, Mrs. Philip North Moore, from Washington, D. C., advises us that she has registered the women of the organizations according to their resources, "in order that their services to the Government in the time of need might be rendered in the most effective and expeditious manner."

In reply to us for our contribution to our country's call, Mrs. Moore says: "I am under great obligation for the offer of "Everywoman" and your services, in any way, to the Government."

And, again, she gives us strong encouragement by a reply to our request for suggestions, by saying: "I have no suggestion to offer for the future, because I have been perfectly satisfied with the way the magazine has been conducted."

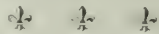
This is, indeed, most generous praise from our President, for our too poor accomplishments. But, we are both proud and happy to know that we are able to contribute something useful in so great a cause. And with the needs of the nation at hand we hope to be able to render some service worth the acceptance.

So, we feel that in every woman's heart, among the 7,000,000 members of the National Council of Women, there burns a desire to offer every particle of service to her country, of which she is capable, in these her days of supreme sacrifice, for the lives of the innocent and helpless Americans slain in wanton madness; as well as for the martyred fathers, mothers and little babies of the Old World.

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, Treasurer of the National Council, and also Mrs. Robert S. Chew are on the committee in charge of the Washington office, which is located at 706 Union Trust Building and which has been generously given to the Council by the Washington Branch of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation. This gift of offices and stenographer's service is thoroughly appreciated by all members of the Council; as, in this great undertaking, money is much needed; and "Everywoman" makes a most earnest request that all members and friends will quickly contribute whatever they feel they can afford to this gigantic undertaking. For, all the women who are doing the hard work in this organization, are giving

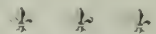
freely of their time, besides bearing their own expenses.

All mail and contributions should be sent to the Washington address, or to the home office, at 3125 Lafayette Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Mrs. Josia Evans Cowles, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has also offered the services of her great body of women for the needs of the Government. Mrs. Cowles has brought about the display of the flag at every meeting of women's clubs throughout the length and breadth of the United States, besides, traveling all over the continent in the fulfillment of her strenuous duties as President of the National

Federation of Woman's Clubs. In this work Mrs. Cowles receives most valuable and sympathetic support from Mrs. Harriet Holt Dey, editor of that broad, generous publication, "The General Federation Magazine."



Now that the patriotic women of the U. S. are willingly giving up to their country that which is more dear to them than life—and that is the men of their families—we feel that the day has arrived when America should grant full national suffrage to those women, that they might, without a shadow of doubt as to their rightful place in life, give out all of the best that is in them. To that end "Everywoman" would most earnestly petition our President and Congress to put all their influence back of this most just cause.

America, the great democratic country of the world should hasten to give their full freedom to women, when men and women alike are actually fighting to give that heaven-born right to the men and women of the Old World. If we want peace—a lasting peace—in this world, we can only gain it by giving men and women their rights. The madness of the world today is brought about by one set of alleged human beings taking away the rights of other human beings. So, let America, at least, be just, as well as generous—give the women the same chance in life as men, and give it now! in life as men, and give it now!



Mrs. Philip North Moore  
President National Council of Women

### ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

(Died January 17, 1917)

By M. Robbins Lampson

Dewey is dead! On old Manila Bay

The sun drops slowly, dips, and then is gone;

And loss and sadness dull the closing day.

But still his spirit proud is rolling on;  
His patriotism which once moved the waves

Echoes across the sea, along the shore;  
And loud as thunder from the mountain caves  
His name re-echoes back forevermore.

Aye, gone; and yet his spirit lives anew.

We hail with pride the victor of our wars,  
Who fought the hero's fight and lived it through,

And wore till age and death his battle scars!

His ship is now past tides, on calmer seas,

Yet guides our course through dim eternities.

### WHY HESITATE

By CARO

WE hold in trust for our Sires  
The rights to their honor and fame;  
Can we betray, then, our birthright?  
Can we be traitors to Name?

Hark! to the voice in the darkness,  
Are we prepared for the night?  
It is a crime to lie dreaming—  
Awake! Honor, Courage, and Might!

Shield of Old Glory, and Honor!  
By the blood of our fathers, retain  
The pulse of our Sires, resurrected;  
With courage and strength to remain

ONE in our union and purpose,  
With mind and heart of the free!  
Prepare! to protect from intrusion,  
"Our Nation", by land and o'er sea.

Can we gaze on Old Glory, unfurling,  
With our hearts athrob, in our pride?  
While our memory returns to the bravery  
Of our Sires, who so valiantly died.



# American Women Honored

## Called Into the State Council of Defense

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

**S**TRANGE new problems are confronting America every day. Problems which are calculated to bring out either the best or the worst in us; and we must live up to them according to our light. In handling the latest of these problems, three American women of national and international fame, all having been leaders in the movement which enfranchised the women of the West, and in other movements for the advancement of women, were appointed by Governor W. D. Stephens of California as members of the State Council of Defense, with a view to placing the State on a high plane of preparedness. These leaders are, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Regent University of California; Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, President American Federation of Women's Clubs, and Miss Ethel Moore, social worker and ardent in the suffrage cause.

The choice is a most fitting one, and one which will certainly result in good for the State and country at large. For each one of these women brings to the Preparedness Council—which may at any time become a Council of War—a broad experience in large affairs, a cultured mind, and the poise and judgment that go to make up the character necessary for leadership among women of today.

Mrs. Hearst has had, perhaps, the larger experience, as the many years she spent in the diplomatic society of Washington as the wife of Senator Hearst, together with extended travels in all countries, and her active participation in practically every enlightened movement for the good of women. Among the many, are the fine organizations of the Mothers' Club, the Young Woman's Christian Association and the National Woman's Party, of which Mrs. Hearst is now Vice-Chairman, all grew to successful and enormous proportions under her philanthropic care.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles also brings to her work a varied and large experience. As the President of the American Federation of Women's Clubs, with a membership of 8,000,000, her services to the Defense Council cannot be overestimated.

Miss Ethel Moore also, though a young woman, comes into the Council fully equipped to uphold her share in the new movement. It is only a few

years ago when she was the pride of the Pacific Coast young women who fought and won the vote for California. And, beyond that, Miss Moore will be able to bring a well-trained legal mind, as extra capital, to keep this intricate work from all entangling influences, for she is the daughter of Mr. A. A. Moore and the sister of Mr. Stanley Moore, the famous California lawyers.

A very little study of the work cut out for this Council will prove that these ladies will need every one of their faculties and accomplishments to enable them to meet the duties expected of them. But it is the expected duties which are sure to prove the more difficult tasks. Beside serving on the various committees with the men of the Council, a part of the duties of the three women will be to provide protection and assistance for the wives and children of the soldiers who will answer to their country's call, as well as to be ready to act on all relief boards and to advise in all delicate and difficult problems.

In a day Governor Stephens, by his choice of the personnel which goes to make up his Council of Defense, proclaims himself a wise man, who is sure to fill the bill—not a small matter, considering that Senator Johnson, a Favorite Son of the Golden State, so recently vacated the Governor's chair.

Though we have talked most of the women whom Governor Stephens appointed to act with the Council of Defense, does not mean that the men are forgotten—it is only we are so used to see on the defensive that we are not surprised. They are drawn from all classes of responsible citizens, and in the following paragraph, the Governor tells of the reasons for selecting his Council:

"In selecting the members of the State Council of Defense, I have made an effort to secure persons especially qualified to deal with the problems outlined in the act creating the Council. Scores of good names have been submitted. I feel sure that the men and women chosen will give California the very best possible service during the troublous times that threaten us."

The following are the sub-committees appointed by Governor Stephens:

**Executive Committee**—A. H. Naftzger, chairman; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, William Sproule, Austin B. Fletcher, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Edward A. Dickson, Chester H. Rowell, Alden Anderson, U. S. Webb.

**Public Defense and Security**—Colonel F. W. Coe, chairman; General J. J. Borree, Rear Admiral Thomas, U. S. Webb, David P. Barrows.

**Transportation** — William Sproule, chairman; John J. Byrne, G. A. Davidson, Austin B. Fletcher, John A. Britton.

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**Oil and Other Fuel Supply**—Edward L. Doheny, chairman; William Sproule, J. O. Davis, Alden Anderson, Frank P. Flint.

**Publications** — Edward A. Dickson, chairman; Chester H. Rowell, Ralph W. Bull, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, David P. Barrows.

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**Public Revenue and Finance**—John F. Neylan, chairman; Mortimer Fleishhacker, Edward A. Dickson, Alden Anderson, G. A. Davidson.

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**Scientific Research**—David P. Barrows, chairman; James A. B. Scherer, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Chester H. Rowell, Dr. George E. Ebright.

**Law**—U. S. Webb, chairman; Frank P. Flint.



# Duties of Citizenship in Present Crisis

By Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur  
(President Stanford University)

WE CAN now assume that the German menace is recognized by all Americans. Germany has had every chance to prove her case in this country and there is no need to listen further or to have patience with those who still make explanations that fail to explain or who try to divert attention from Germany by attacks upon Japan, England or other nations. One would be blind indeed who could not see where we stand after the neutrality and embargo note sent out by Mexico and the Zimmerman letter. We must recognize that Germany went at this war just the way a scientist takes up a research experiment—considered all of the factors, all of the probable reactions, and worked every possible element to get the result. We of the United States have been worked along with the rest. The danger is here and we cannot think it away.

Our problem now is, are we going to be able to get out of this great crisis without serious harm and without discredit?

The war is being fought for "democracy and the right of the majority" against "autocracy and the right of the minority" and above all it is to keep established the principle of the plighted

word of nations. We, too, have our words to stand by if we are not to be discredited. International action requires national honor and stability. Without it one cannot look ahead to a concert of powers to enforce justice and to maintain peace.

America as a whole lacks a policy—a world sense—a personality. We have enormous potential force, are proud and idealistic, but we love to dodge issues, to compromise, to avoid final decisions. Take as an example our floundering attitude on the preparation which all of us know we absolutely need to be reasonably safe and not to be taking a gambler's chance on all that we hold most precious.

Neutrality and peace are now being looked upon with suspicion, because the publicity in regard to them has been so often biased, or evidently bought and paid for. There is, though, no nobler group of men than those who, like David Starr Jordan, seek the greatest of ideals and who have struggled valiantly against the war madness of the world.

We are told to love peace, but we must also be told to **hate injustice**. The

man whose anger does not rise at injustice is beginning to degenerate and is approaching the mental state of the vassal.

We must demand that we as a nation make good our assertions. Do our best to vindicate our rights before it is too late to avoid being dishonored. We must not become isolated, but become a factor now for world peace in this great surging democratic whirlpool that is dragging down age-old autocracies. To play our part we must be ready to use force for defense and to enforce justice. We can all do something either in military or civil preparation. Each man and each woman can get himself or herself placed to be of real service. And we can also refuse to be misled from the main issues by inspired peace talk when there is no peace—by insidious German propaganda, or by attacks on the Allies.

It is our duty to be Americans and to help our neighbors to be and to extend a helping hand to all of those races who have come to us. Above all we should help the German-American to clear his mind of the cross currents of ideas and to come out for his adopted country and for the democracy that he loves.

## English Women to Get the Ballot --- On the Instalment Plan

Concessions to Be Made to Suffragists in Coming Legislation

POLITICAL reconstruction in England is an assured fact. The report of the Speaker's committee on electoral reform contains the material of two or three reform bills, and these recommendations will probably be embodied with little change in early legislation.

According to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, the result will be the simplification of Parliamentary representation.

The women's vote was perhaps the thorniest question the committee had to consider. In issuing his invitations to the conference, the Speaker endeavored to obtain an equal number of representatives of both sides. The fact that a majority has pronounced in favor of woman suffrage shows how opinion on this subject has been modified by the war. There was a natural hesitation to advise any scheme that would suddenly

accomplish the revolution of giving women a preponderance of voting power. There are in the United Kingdom about fourteen million women over twenty-one years of age, and twelve and a half millions of men, of whom eight millions are on the present Parliamentary register. The new scheme will raise the male electorate to between ten and eleven millions. If women were admitted on the same terms, the female electors would total up to twelve millions. It was therefore decided to accompany the introduction of woman suffrage by some limitations. It is suggested that no woman shall vote who is under thirty or thirty-five, and that there shall be a further restriction by making the qualification somewhat different from that which is to apply to men. Mere residence is not to qualify, but the Parliamentary qualification is to be the same as the municipal; that is to say, a woman who has reached the specified age is not to vote unless she is an "occupier" of premises either as

tenant in her own right or as the wife of the tenant. This latter proviso will exclude all lodgers. The number of women voters that will be admitted to the Parliamentary register under these conditions is variously estimated at from four to six millions.

The proposed limitations are obviously open to criticism. It is pointed out that women mature earlier than men, that the younger generation is better educated than the older women, that the scheme will exclude many widows whose husbands have fallen in the war and who are now lodgers instead of "occupiers," and that it will exclude, also, the great majority of unmarried women who have been taking on emergency work on munitions or otherwise—the very class of people whose national services have changed the opinion of so many politicians on the general question of woman suffrage. Some of the more ardent suffragists are disposed to refuse the concession now offered as a mockery.



# Pacific Board Defenses---Our Unpreparedness on Land and Water

By Alfred Farmar

**N**OW that President Wilson has declared the nation to be in a practical state of war and Governor Stephens has created a Council of Defense, it behooves us to look the matter of our present defenses against an alien enemy squarely in the face.



Major-General J. Franklin Bell, U.S.A., Commander of the Western Department, United States Army. (General Bell has been ordered to command the newly created Eastern Department.)

Our long line of practically unfortified coast, the rich loot of the cities which have grown and prospered on its shores, offer tempting morsels to any nation strong enough to take them and today to any one of the warring nations the acquirement of the Pacific Coast would be as easy a task as the proverbial one of taking candy from a baby.

Taking the Pacific Coast from North to South it is fortified at the following points: Puget Sound has Forts Worden, Casey, Ward, Flagler, Middle Point and Whitman. The defenses of the Columbia embrace Fort Stevens, Oregon, and Forts Columbia and Canby, Washington.

In San Francisco and across the bay in Marin county we have Forts Miley, Winfield Scott, Baker and Barry to defend our city. Los Angeles' defense is Fort McArthur, a new post just being manned. San Diego has Forts Rosecrans and Pio Pico and a barracks as defenses against off-shore approach. These are all the fortifications on the Pacific slope and while they are efficient to some extent, yet they have not been tried out and it is doubtful if they have sufficient ammunition for the high-calibered guns to last any length of time.

The condition of the mobile army on this coast is—that we have none. Until the outbreak of the Mexican trouble a brigade of infantry was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco and a regiment of cavalry at the Presidio of Monterey. There was also a brigade of infantry at Vancouver barracks, Wash., a regiment of infantry in Alaska and some few troops in San Diego.

Since April, 1914, all these troops have been on the Mexican border and there is no immediate possibility of their return, as to detach them from their present guard duty would be simply to invite Mexican invasion of our border towns.

So, summing up the defensive condition of the coast and particularly that of California, it resolves itself into this: We have a few fortifications, not new by any manner of means, armed with guns that also are not new by a long shot. They are manned most efficiently by officers and men, but the quota of both is hardly of the strength requisite to stand any protracted siege. Of a necessity these men would be needed and would have to stay at their posts in case of any foreign hostile demonstrations.

For mobile troops we would have to depend on the National Guard. Its state of preparedness is uncertain, and the very imminence of war does not seem to bring the youth of California to the colors.

Perhaps the roar of hostile guns will.

The Navy on the Pacific Coast, our first line of defense, is in as bad—possibly worse—condition.

Some few years ago Admiral Winslow informed a Congressional committee that one hostile battle-ship in a fair fight could sink every American ship of war in the Pacific fleet. The Pacific fleet is not one ship or one gun stronger than when this statement was made, but on the contrary has of necessity deteriorated, while it would face an enemy who has made great naval progress and acquired the most powerful modern guns with plenty of projectiles for them.

Our fleet would face any enemy undergunned and undermanned and humanly speaking there could be but one result—its practical annihilation.

After the loss of our fleet what remains to defend us? The forts only, but they can not do more than protect cities which they are near if they can even do

that. They cannot prevent an enemy from landing at any one of the suitable landing places on the long coast line and, as they are primarily for coast defense, are all vulnerable to rear attack.

Then—our fleet gone, our forts useless, no mobile troops to prevent hostile landing parties—what will happen to our prosperous and rich cities, our fertile valleys teeming with a happy contented population who are busily engaged in their own avocations in life regardless of the future.

On them will fall the burden of tribute, as mainly to their carelessness and indifference will be due our defenselessness. One cannot dance without paying the piper and his exactions are oftentimes drastic.

One might paraphrase Owen Meredith and instead of "What to Rome is most precious, the manhood of Rome," say "What to California is most precious—her womanhood," and it is the duty, the most sacred duty of the women of California to insist on preparedness to its fullest extent, for "A strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace."

The most precious jewels the mother of the Gracchi presented to her country



Major-General Hunter Liggett, U.S.A., Commander of the Philippine Department, United States Army. (General Liggett has been ordered to command the Western Department and is expected to take command about April 26th.)

were her twin sons. Now, California women, offer, too, your jewels to your country, not for war, but to prevent it and to make our country so strong in both armament and man that no foreign invasion will be possible.



# EVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### *Kaiser Makes War and the President Accepts!*

**A**T last, after two and a half years of the most supreme efforts that man ever gave to keep his country out of war and to bring peace to a blood-stained world, President Wilson and the whole United States have accepted Kaiser-made war.

And the President's acceptance is given to a waiting world in terms of thought and speech which will carry the weight of truth, honor, forbearance and patient suffering down through the ages. Great, indeed, has been the strain on both patience and judgment, for the American people, suffering under the intolerable falsehood constantly put forth to cover the cold-blooded murders of men, women and little babies, without cause, while in pursuit of their duties, had aroused their just anger; and, in their desire to put a stop to such unreasoning savagery, they did not give the President credit for the sacrifices of his own personal feelings for the sake of all humanity. While, on the other hand, he was entirely misunderstood by the enemies of mankind, whose only respect is tendered to the bully who rides rough-shod over them, either with or without provocation. They have no appreciation of any man in high station other than the tyrant with sword in hand.

If the Kaiser and his minions were only content to trample down his own subjects, or the unfortunate subjects of other monarchs, monstrous and all as it is, we would be powerless to interfere; but, as if a blood-madness had seized upon him, he has sent forth his machines of fearsomeness to slaughter neutrals, friends and enemies alike.

It would seem as if the very demon of desperation urged on the military mad of Germany, to its destruction, when committing the acts of treachery and slaughter against the people of this country, who had always been the friend of those who sought the protection of our laws and the privilege of an equal chance with the children born of this kindly land of America.

Not being satisfied with breaking every pledge to safeguard our citizens who were sailing the seas on legitimate missions, and to blow them up without warning, but they must poison us with their wretched spy system and incite the bandit hordes of our unfortunate neighbor, Mexico, to make war on us, in company with Japan. It looks, at the present moment, as if Japan were doing her own thinking, however.

Very justly and prophetically, President Wilson says, as he accepts the fearful responsibility of war—a world war—from the Imperial German government: "The World Must Be Safe for Democracy." And, as sure as the day dawns, that Democracy will come to free the German people. It will come as the only salvation of that nation—and as the only recompense to the world for the wholesale world slaughter. America will pay a fearful price for her generous contribution to the world; but never a moment since the ruthless sinking of the "Lusitania" and the slaughter of her innocent victims, could we see any hope for our escape. The

bully who will slay friends without cause, will keep on slaying—be that bully a country or an individual—until he is finally exterminated.



### *Russia Lighting the Way to Freedom*

**R**USSIA passing through, almost, a bloodless revolution; the Czar of all the Russians abdicating without a struggle, and with scarcely a protest; the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch accepting the regency without enthusiasm, and stepping out from its honors and obligations without a sigh, furnishes the most thought-provoking surprises which have been recorded in any age. It proves a few things for which the Russian people have had no credit in the past. It proves that neither the aristocrats nor the majority of the people were the fierce, cruel, vengeful tyrants who have been pictured to us in the newspapers and story-books. It proves that the evil spirit which cursed and dominated Russia was not the spirit of Russia, but the evil influence of a foreign government, which is always an evil spirit in any country; and, above all, it proves that—with or without education—the masses of the Russian people have the greatest assets on earth as security for future happiness, and that is: they have hearts and souls and brains to think and feel with. They have proven to a surprised world that they have all the qualities of which their enemies have tried—rather successfully—to rob them, though lying tongues and lying literature. Now, however, the world knows better. And we are rather happy to think that we never fully believed the libels. We had faith that the land which produced Tolstoi had great idealism scattered here and there among its people—an idealism which was sure to bear rich and abundant fruit some day.

In the future—next to France—Russia, we believe, will lead Europe in lighting the way to freedom. A country so long enslaved by the thoughts and dominating power of foreign influence, and the deadly spy system, which clouded the mind and poisoned all possibilities of faith or friendship between the ruler and his subjects, will become a great Democracy with the encouragement which she is sure to receive from the older Republics.

The people of Russia, as well as their leaders, have proven their greatness, and their absolute rights to self-government, as much by their temperate method of conducting a revolution as they did by their wonderful efficiency in overthrowing a government which was utterly incapable of understanding them.

The price the Russian people have paid through the brave and honorable part they have so persistently maintained during the fearful carnage which they have been passing through these two and a half years, handicapped as they were by a non-preparedness which was appalling, and surrounded by foreign treachery which was among the deadly poisons of freedom, proves conclusively that no people are more thoroughly deserving of the largest freedom than are the much-maligned Russian peoples. And it should be the



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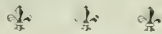
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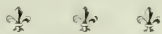
happy privilege of the United States, as the great Old Republic, which blazed the way to freedom, to offer every help and encouragement to the people of the New Republic, to whom we all wish Godspeed.



#### **Hopes and Fears for Future Peace**

**A**LL that which has passed within the wartime seemed plain from the beginning; and, now that the same monstrous forces have thrust war upon us, we must fight it out—every living soul of us—according to our best ability.

Though America takes this horrible burden upon her shoulders with smiling lips, the sacrifice for humanity's sake is sure to be appalling. And there can be no gain for us. The gain must go to the war-worn countries of Europe—but, most of all, shall it go to the civilian population of Germany. For it does not seem within the range of common intelligence that there are not enough men and women left in Germany to overthrow a government which brings the curse of the world down upon their fine country. Now that Russia has set the high lights of freedom ablaze, the sight of their enlightened burning may awaken the courage of the Germans to throw off the Prussian yoke before they fall back into the tragic wreck of civilization which their war lords have provided them with.



#### **"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"**

**I**N September of 1914 we published in "Everywoman" our first editorial on what we fully believed was the war of madmen. Reading that editorial today, we have no reason to change our mind; every word of it is verified in all which has come to pass and in the merciless slaughter of the peoples of the Old World. We claim no prophetic vision at all—just simply a little common sense. But, without doubt, that editorial of September, 1914, which we reprint in this issue, foreshadowed the conditions of today in war-torn Europe very clearly. In part, it reads as follows:

#### **The Curse of Too Much Power**

"Whom the Gods destroy they first make mad!"

**A**T ONE stage or another of the world's history the peoples have been sorely afflicted with some species of plague. At one time it was the black plague. At another time it was yellow plague. Again, it was the small-pox. Of late years, it has been the white plague, with here and there—among advanced thinkers—the suggestion of a more vivid plague. They were all bad enough. They were destructive, disgusting and distressing, bearing death and sorrow on their wings, yet they were but passing anguish compared to the overwhelming, colossal plague that has seized upon Europe today—and, that is: Hydrophobia.

One man has gone mad—generated and cultivated his particular plague from an incomprehensible egotism, blood-thirstiness and a sense of security. In blind fury he has inoculated his—usually sensible—subjects; and, the virus has taken and been scattered over Europe.

For he has made up his mind—or whatever fills that space—"that the Teutonic race must rule Europe." Poor Europe! ruled by hordes of unreasoning creatures who go forth in droves of hundreds of thousands to slay a handful of their neighbors who have done them no wrong. \* \* \*

And, when all the horrible weapons of war fail to exterminate the French and their allies, the Zeppelins are made use of to destroy innocent women and children, contrary to all rules of warfare, and the solemn pledges given at The Hague conference by this mad monster.

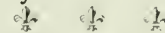
Though the greater part of Europe will suffer mental and physical torture for generations to come, it is the Germans who will in the end have to bear the curse of hatred, which will surround them, from every side, like the miasma from a jungle. That is, if there are any Germans left by the time the Russians and the Japs have reached the French and English.

Three months ago the Germans were admired and respected, together with all civilized peoples. Now, no one knows just how to figure them out. Are they, too, gone mad with thirst for blood and conquest, or are they victims of the hypnotic power of habit, and go out to kill at the dictates of a power-mad tyrant? \* \* \*

Most of the Germans of even a few years' residence in America do their own thinking. They make good friends and neighbors and are, for the most part, ashamed of the role their kinsmen are made to play in the making of criminal history in Europe. They realize that millions of young men of their own blood are slaughtering and being slaughtered, by other young men, who had had no cause of hatred against them, just to hold a mad monarch on a rickety throne. Do these fighters not know that they were sent forth to kill lest they grow so strong and so intelligent that they would shortly upset that throne? \* \* \*

However, there is one good thing that is sure to grow out of this hydrophobia of monarchs; when their "subjects" come to their senses—there will be no "monarchs." \* \* \*

But if the masses of men in Europe are blind to the motives of monarchs, what these afflicted countries need is another Charlotte Corday.



#### **Simple But Great Reforms The Offsprings of Wars**

We can look forward to many simple but great reforms as the legitimate offsprings of war—if we hasten to adopt them; and it's reasonably certain that we shall do so for our own good. And, once we learn fully what health and happiness they—like all good habits—bring to us, it's doubtful if we ever drop them from the list of our treasured friends.

First among these simple reforms, we would place the daylight saving plan, after which the others would follow in a most natural manner.

Make the hours of daylight the time for work and play, and the hours of darkness the hours for rest and sleep, and a whole lot of problems will be solved.

Every father should be happy in planting his particular plot in choice vegetables, and teaching the children to do likewise, and to take pride in their own little gardens, while mother got breakfast ready. This would lower the cost of living very greatly, for there are millions of gardens, backyards and strips of land buried in weeds and decaying matter, that now only serve to breed disease, the clearing and cultivation of which would not only bring money but good health. For those who are not fortunate to have a little garden, the same amount of time spent in any favorite exercise in the open air would prove beneficial, though not as profitable nor as beneficial as "making garden."

Any little boy or girl who never "made garden," never talked to the little flowers and the butterflies, and never baptized them with new names and a little sprinkling pot, doesn't really know what nature is, and has missed a whole lot out of life.



# Women---Before the Law

## Men Fearful of Granting Them Equality

By Hon. John S. Chambers  
(State Controller)

**T**HE effect of publicity is well reflected in the large number of bills introduced during the present session of the Legislature in reference to the property rights of women, more particularly the property rights of wives. During the past two years or so, much has been said, written and published on this subject, and undoubtedly the unusually large number of bills of this character now before the Legislature is due to the great amount of publicity that has prevailed.

I am familiar with twenty bills of this kind, know of a number of others along similar lines that I have not had an opportunity to study, and do not doubt that of the grand total of nearly three thousand bills before both Houses at the present time there are many more similar in purpose. Eventually, all of these bills will reach the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and the Assembly, and some of them, too, will be re-referred to the Committees on Revenue and Taxation, Ways and Means, and Finance. The bulk of them will fall to the ground, for one reason, because so many are alike in purpose and so the passage of one bill of such a group would suffice. Others will be fought for various reasons, largely, however, because they will be deemed too radical, too revolutionary.

I had a talk a few days ago with Mrs. H. R. Cable, representing before the Legislature the Legislative Council of the Federation of Women's Clubs. She has had introduced through Senator Luce, of San Diego, six bills. She is working very hard and watching patiently. Like a good general, she will not admit defeat for her group of bills or any of them, but she knows, as I do and as do others here familiar with the situation, that few of her measures, if any, will get favorable recommendations from the committees, to say nothing of final passage on the floor of the Houses, to be followed by the signature of the Governor.

It is the old story over again. As with other Legislatures, it is the fear that such legislation as the women are asking would unsettle, if not upset, long established business conditions and property rights; the belief that, even insofar as community property is concerned, while both husband and wife are alive, divided authority would prove unwise if not disastrous.

It is not so much that what the women ask is unjust, as I understand the situation, but that the world has been doing business along present lines from time immemorial, that procedure and usage are thoroughly established and such changes as the women favor, or at least many of them, if granted, would play havoc.

Personally, I believe that in the end the women will gain what they now



Hon. John S. Chambers

seek. It will be a slow growth for the reasons I have already suggested, but the world is progressing and developing continuously. The rights of women are being recognized more and more and while it may be that at this present session of the Legislature they will get few, if any, of the many things they ask, the time will come, in my judgment, when they will get most of them, even though some of them may be modified along lines of compromise.

It may be recalled that in advocating the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, I insisted all along that this particular provision should come before the Legislature free of any other request or provision. I had in mind all the time, as I have stated upon many occasions, the prejudice that exists upon the part

of many men against admitting women to better business and property rights and I have been more or less doubtful all along whether I could win even the simple and very just thing which I have been advocating. I think my position in this regard was not clearly understood at all times and I was put in the light of being against the program of the women. But I advocated from the beginning victory step by step, making sure of each thing gained, rather than to endeavor to win at one battle all the things asked.

I feel very certain now that we will secure the exemption of the wife's half of the community property and while I hope I am mistaken, I believe it will be about the only point gained by the women at this session of the Legislature. And I believe that when this victory comes, it will come through certain bills which I had introduced and which, while they re-enact the present inheritance tax law of the State, amend it particularly in the matter of the exemption of the wife's half of the community property. I think the Legislature will pass this particular bill of mine, rather than any of the others having the same point in view, because it is made a part of the general inheritance tax law of the State, where it properly belongs, and does not seek to amend probate or community property procedure in any way. I may add that Mrs. Cable, although one of her bills touches upon this particular thing, asked me if I would not also introduce a bill identical in purpose. I told her that I already was prepared to do so and that it would be made a part of the inheritance tax act of California.

It may be that certain other things the women now ask will be granted. We are doing what we can here to help the Legislative Council. But it is certain that many of their arguments will be denied, thus bearing out the point of view I had from the beginning, that it was better to win step by step than to risk all and lose all in one great fight.

The bills introduced by Senator Luce, at the request of the Legislative Council, are Senate Bills 355, 356, 357, 358, 359 and 360. I can not in an article of this kind touch at any great length upon so many bills of this character, so I will briefly explain these bills and a few others.

S. B. 355 seeks to amend Section 1401

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



of the Civil Code so as to provide that upon the death of the wife one half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband, without the payment of an inheritance tax, and the other half shall be subject to the testamentary disposition of the wife. In the absence of such testamentary disposition, her half of the community shall go to her lineal descendants and in the absence of both will and such descendants, then the whole of the community property shall go to the husband.

As we all know, under the law as it now stands, all of the community property passes into the possession of the husband without administration upon the death of the wife. This particular amendment would have a tendency to increase the inheritance tax revenue.

S. B. 358 is a companion bill to S. B. 355. It seeks to amend Section 1402 of the Civil Code by providing that upon the death of the husband, one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving wife without administration or the payment of an inheritance tax, and, further, that upon the absence of his testamentary disposition of his half or the absence of lineal descendants, all of the community property shall go to the surviving wife to the exclusion of collateral heirs.

S. B. 356 seeks to amend Section 7 of the inheritance tax law of the State as it stands today by exempting the wife's half of the community property from an inheritance tax.

S. B. 357 provides for amending Section 137 of the Civil Code relating to alimony during a suit for divorce and provides for the maintenance of the wife and children and the disposition of the community property and the homestead.

S. B. 359 affects Section 172 of the Civil Code and provides that both husband and wife shall have the management and control of the community property, whereas under the present law the husband has such management and control. The amended section also takes away from the husband the absolute power of testamentary disposition and it is the apparent intention of the section to leave it to other sections of the code to provide for such disposition of community property.

S. B. 360 would add a new section to the Civil Code, to be known as 164a, and provides that all property brought into the State of California, which has been acquired after marriage through the earnings of either husband or wife, or both, shall be considered community property and subject to the laws of this State affecting such property. This bill,

if it should become a law, under some circumstances would increase the inheritance tax collections and under others would cause a loss.

S. B. 143, by Senator Jones, which seeks to amend Section 164 of the Civil Code, is similar to S. B. 360 and provides that community property shall be taken to mean all real property situated in this State and personal property wherever situated acquired while the husband and wife were domiciled elsewhere.

S. B. 144, by Senator Jones, affects Section 172 of the Civil Code, the purpose being to confine this section to the community personal property, but it adds a new section, 172a, which provides that the husband shall have the management and control of the community real property, but that the wife must join with him in any conveyance thereof or lease thereof for a period of years of more than one year.

S. B. 330, by Senator Scott, relates to Section 1402 of the Civil Code and provides that upon the death of the husband the entire community property, without administration, shall belong to the surviving wife. This bill, therefore, if adopted, would relieve the widow of any probate duties or inheritance tax and, also, upon the death of the father, would cut off the children from any such inheritance, provided the mother survived.

S. B. 785, by Senator Purkitt, would add a new section to the Civil Code, to be known as Section 172½, and provides that the husband and wife may file an inventory of the community property and thereafter, on the death of either spouse, the whole of said property, together with rents and profits, shall vest in the survivor without administration.

A. B. No. 5, by Mr. Ashley, seeks to amend Section 1401 of the Civil Code by providing that upon the death of either husband or wife, and where the marriage is without surviving issue, all of the community property shall go to the surviving spouse without administration and without the payment of an inheritance tax. As the law now stands, the husband takes all of the community property on the death of the wife without administration and, of course, pays no inheritance tax. This amendment if adopted will put the wife upon an exactly equal footing with the husband, in this particular. The bill, also, would amend Section 1402 of the Civil Code by providing that where there is surviving issue, one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband or wife, as provided in Section 1401, and

the other half shall be created into an estate in favor of the surviving issue and that during the minority of the youngest surviving issue, should any be in the minority, the surviving husband or wife, as the case may be, shall act as a guardian of the estate thus created. I think this amendment, if adopted, would tend to increase the inheritance tax collections, because it provides that upon the death of the wife one-half of the community property shall go to her children, whereas as the law now stands all of it goes to the husband without administration and without the payment of an inheritance tax.

A. B. 21, by Mr. Hilton, relating to Section 1401 of the Civil Code, provides substantially that upon the death of the wife one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband and the other half shall be subject to her testamentary disposition and in the absence of such disposition shall go to her descendants or be subject to distribution as her separate property. The effect of this amendment if adopted would be to increase the inheritance tax revenue, as it would make one-half of the community property subject to tax upon the death of the wife, whereas under the present law it all goes to the husband without administration.

A. B. 72, by Mr. Bartlett, relates to Section 172 of the Civil Code, and would limit the husband's absolute power of disposition of the community property to the personality. It also adds a new section, to be known as 172a, which provides that the wife must join with the husband in any conveyance of realty or lease thereof for a period of more than one year.

A. B. 81, by Mr. Mouser, relates to Section 1402 of the Civil Code and provides that upon the death of the husband one-half of the community property shall belong to the wife without administration and, consequently, without any tax of any kind.

A. B. 6, by Mr. Bartlett, is similar in character, except that it also provides for the lowering of rates.

The following bills were introduced at my request:

S. B. 989, by Senator Kehoe, requiring that notice shall be served upon the Controller in the same manner as upon any heir or devisee, in probate matters; S. B. 990, by Senator Kehoe, relates to the pay of probate appraisers; S. B. 991, by Senator Kehoe, provides for appeals in inheritance tax suits.

S. B. 992, by Senator Kehoe, and A.

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# Feminism on the Stage?

## Managers Lacking in Sympathy and Understanding

**W**OMEN do not get a square deal from the theatrical managers, any more than from the other male manipulators of the world's destiny. Nothing is so "un-modern" as the Modern Stage! Although the profession pays women workers more justly than any other—an actress getting salaries in proportion to her talents equally with



Winnifred Harper Cooley

an actor,—managers still are mid-Victorian in their conception of feminine character. In vain do the mature, intelligent stage women try to interpret a part as a real woman would feel, or express herself. The stage director thunders his disapproval, insisting that she inject the coyness, shyness and general negative qualities that men generally fancy denote the ideal clinging female.

Ask any sensible, intellectual actress you know, and she will tell you that she is despair at trying to interpret women roles, after the antiquated ideals of the average male producer. The flat-chested, debutante-slouch, piping-voiced ingenue is the ideal womanly woman. Byron's contempt for the "bread-and-butter school miss" may be that of the audience, but no one can convince the managers that she is not the only desired feminine type.

True, there are and always have been, women of humor, wit, or strong character on the stage,—but these **never are the heroines!** They are the eccentric middle-aged persons, or the adventuresses. A "bad" woman may have vitality, variety, strength, intellect,—but never a good woman! The heroine must not display any qualities except charm and dependence on the hero. To him fall the roles of heroism, bravery, rescue, initiative and final glory. It is exasper-

By Winnifred Harper Cooley  
(Author of "The New Womanhood," Ex-National President, Associated Clubs Domestic Science, Etc.)

ating to note how the helpless heroine hampers and retards him when he is trying to save her. She does not faint and languish so frequently as in the past century, fainting having gone out of fashion, but she is continually in his way, and a burden, just the same.

If she has courage, in rare cases, and rises to heights of ability and skill, it is excusable in her, only because she is doing it for LOVE! As the lioness fights to shield her young, so woman may protect her children, or may thwart the enemy of her mate,—but such a thing as her performing heroic or able feats, for other causes than personal or domestic passion, is inconceivable.

A recent drama, "Just a Woman," shows a girl keeping a boarding-house for miners in a dirty Pittsburg suburb. With superhuman thrift, she saves up ten thousand dollars, and with incredible astuteness, invests all of it (after begging her husband's permission, although she has earned every cent!) in an invention, which makes a fortune. Her husband at once gets the stock away from her, asserting that it is unwomanly to dabble in business, although she has made the money twice; then deserts and insults her, dissipating and living with another woman. At last, to get rid of her, he accuses her of infidelity with a coachman, and she is dragged into a divorce court, and convicted! By chance, however, he is caught in his perjury and sent to prison for fifteen years. The wife awaits the return of this man without one redeeming quality and welcomes him joyfully into her charming summer home!

This perhaps illustrates better than any amount of technical discussion, the managerial view of ethics, and woman's place and functions. The author, to be sure, perpetrates the plot, yet he is more or less the tool of the producer, for he sees eliminated every playwright who makes an effort to introduce modern woman problems, or women who exhibit real character and force.

The few women dramatists who have succeeded on Broadway have refrained from anything Feministic, being seem-

ingly glad to conform to the masculine standard of success, with their eye on the box office receipts. An illustration that occurs to me is a light comedy of a few years ago, called **The Marriage Game**. It indeed made marriage a **game**, and harped on the hackneyed and not agreeable theme, for the self-respecting modern woman to contemplate, that of a wife's "holding" the affections of her spouse, by imitating the wiles of the demi-monde, in the matter of lingerie, encouraging him in vices, etc. The wives were old and "frumpy;" the woman of shady character, fascinating and adaptable. The Southern author is one of the few women whose plays have reaped success.

Never is there a drama of the modern business or professional woman (except, perhaps, some impecunious artist in a fancied Bohemia, who achieves matrimony in the last act, as a goal and finality), nor of the women who are active in the big affairs of philanthropy, education, child problems, or any broad interest. The long line of feminine stage characters are society girls, crooks, servants, parasitic married women who spend their husband's money and refuse to give him a comfortable home, frivolous ladies who will not give value received in the deeper emotions,—and women with a Scarlet Past!

As has been indicated, the last-named are the **real** characters; the roles that the great actresses play;—all others are sawdust dolls. We forget the names of the thousands of young creatures who serve merely as a walking advertisement for a fashionable modiste, or as a peg on which to hang the emotions of the men in the play; they may be blonde or brunette, short or tall,—they are not differentiated in any other way!

But the **Camilles**, the **Saphos**, the **Lady Macbeths**, so-called "bad" women, are permitted a wide range of human feeling, and so, grip the audience with bonds of steel, and remain forever in memory!

Even the soubrettes might be played as flesh-and-blood girls, if only the managers would wake up; but the young actresses of character literally are forced to mince and simper and act as no mother would tolerate her young daughter's doing, if she had any regard for sterling worth. Blondes, in particular,

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



# War Against War

## The New Battle Cry by the World of Women

By Doctor Leone Fordham

**T**HE ideal under which every soldier avowedly is fighting is the same, no matter which nation, which religion, which political system claims him. "A PEACE WHICH SHALL BE PERMANENT"—and as this means that the male half of humanity is throwing down the gauntlet to War itself, the other half—Woman—for the first time in the history of the race can put herself solidly in line with the edict of the cosmic forces whereby under the throes of "World Pains" a new dispensation is ushered in.

The startling, the monumental thing of this war is **not** that man is putting up the present civilization as stake in the game to win a supercivilization, but that woman has rushed into the conflict and sustains it with her prayers, her enthusiasm, her compassion, her willingness to part with life itself, or, what is more, her son, her husband, her brother—sustains it with the work of her hands, and, strange to say, untrained as those hands have been to the work they have taken up, the work is **well** done, be it in the munition factory, the field, or the various occupations which were left unmaned and which are now "womaned."

The astounding has happened, the miraculous has become commonplace. Woman's World and Man's World have, in Europe at least, become one. The bars between the sexes have been let down. When the world's stragedy engulfed us, it found woman and man shouldering the burden as a unit.

We, far away from the battle field, from the point of view of neutrals and pacifists, gazed with amazement at this phase of the war. We could not understand, but after all of all the films the present war thrust before our eyes this fusion of man and woman into a common war unit is the **great vision** which has appeared, the one great star of hope in a cosmic night where all seemed to be reduced to darkness and chaos.

And why should not woman have risen as a body to the assistance of men at the moment when they needed her more than at any epoch of the world's history, not as the other sex but as the other half of humanity, still free from war slavery, to save civilization from destroying itself, to assist the emancipation of the race from the last tyrant left—War itself?

All the world knew that one supreme

struggle was yet ahead of it, that the struggle, in order to be "world-saving," had to be "world-encompassing." We had scorned and ridiculed Caesar, but Caesar's shadow was everywhere. It lurked behind the good, it smiled sardonically at human progress, it toyed with every manifestation of positive power; in fact, we not only felt the Damocles sword above our head, but we actually saw it shaping itself, and gathering around it all the gigantic negative powers which when polarized spelt a reign of terror such as never was witnessed in the annals of time.

And what the world **feared** and what it **did prepare to meet** did come. It stole on us over night and it found both men and women prepared to meet a cosmic issue. We had met many an issue before, and successfully, as far as the total of humanity was concerned. In the big things the individual was never concerned. The individual always was predestined with its ashes to become the soil of an advanced type of a human crop. Strange, when from on high a dispensation comes asking for almost superhuman sacrifices, that it galvanizes into existence superhuman willingness to meet the demand and prove ourselves supermen. And terrible as this war is, infamous in its conception, demoniacal in its execution, over it broods something superlatively fine, elevating and well nigh divine. To lay down life at the altar of an ideal, though the ideal may be a mistaken one, is either the act of an insane man or a seer.

Let us hope a seer, allowed at the supreme moment of self-sacrifice to read on the pages of his subconscious self the living truth that death is but rebirth and dying, thus solving the riddle of the universe on the side of an **ALMIGHTY BENEVOLENCE** and not an **ALMIGHTY MALEVOLENCE**.

Whatever the cause is which has transformed every country now engaged in the present struggle into a wonderful monstrous war machine where both men and women are working in ideal unity of action, **he** at the border and **she** within, be that cause a universal fear, or a universal hope, one thing is certain, both are working out their Karma, while man in the war is now shouldering the sin of commission. Woman stands today at the

bar of human justice to answer the accusing question: "Why, Woman, **HAVE YOU WAITED UNTIL THIS LATE DAY TO MAKE WAR AGAINST WAR?**"

Let us ask what is the force behind evolution and which made man the fighting animal he is? Who urged him from the savage struggle with the wild beast to the tremendous contest with the forces bound within and beneath the earth? Who urged him on to make the raw materials into the finished product? Who made him the conqueror of this planet? Who made him advance step by step from the barbaric state to a civilization so pregnant with potentialities for good and evil as to leave open the question if he is a God or a Demon? I say **woman**, always with a hand outstretched to be filled, filled with the wherewithal for her and her offspring to live, to fill with essentials, to fill with luxuries, with things reasonable and things unreasonable.

One thing is certain; with the excep-



Dr. Leone Fordham

tion of the Sabine women, woman never made war against war, never combined in a United Peace Party to interfere with a United War Party. From the time man hunted animals in the woods to to-

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# The Ina Coolbrith Day

THERE is a new day added to all other days in sunny California, and from now on it shall be known as "The Ina Coolbrith Day." A most glorious day it was; and, most unique, born out of the innocent souls, and the blending of one hundred child voices, who sang Leoncavallo's "La Mattinata," to Miss Coolbrith, who was attracted to the drawing-room window of her home on Russian Hill, where, at all times, the scene is one of everchanging beauty as the eyes sweep the city, the glorious bay, and the far-off mountains. But, on this particular day it seemed divine, for there beneath her eyes were a hundred flower-laden little ones, waving to her and singing the exquisite song in well-trained voices, for they were the pupils of the Jean Parker school, and practically all of them from the Latin Quarter, where glorious voices and good hearts are the rules and not the exceptions. Next, the children chanted "In Blossoming Time" from Miss Coolbrith's own works and "Come Where the Lilies Bloom."

The scene was one which stamped itself for a lifetime on the memory of the few who witnessed it. There in the open window stood Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate of California, the white lace scarf blown back from her fine head, the whitening hair all sprinkled with the pink blossoms of fruit branches, which a friend thrust into her arms, as in bewilderment she looked down into the crowd of brilliant black eyes and expressive faces of the little song-birds, while the tears of joy trickled from her own lovely eyes of blue—eyes which never grow old and never grow cold, but light with vital youth at the sound of children's voices or the touch of a friend's hand.

This "daylight serenade" was a genuine surprise to Miss Coolbrith, who had not been in very good health for some months. A few of her friends—who were in the secret—were calling on her and were made happy by the touching reception.

It is very doubtful if Miss Coolbrith was ever more touched by the many well-deserved honors which have fallen to her lot, as she was by the children's "Daylight Serenade," and the naming of her birthday (March 10) as "The Ina

Coolbrith Day." We have seen her under stress of emotions when, during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, at the World's Congress of Authors and Journalists, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, with feeling akin to reverence, invested Miss Coolbrith with the poet's crown, saying:

"Upon thee, Ina Coolbrith, by common consent of all the guild of those who write—upon thee, sole living representative of the golden age of California letters, coadjutor and colleague of the great spirit of that age, thyself well worthy by natural and inherent rights, to hold place in their forward rank, upon thee I lay this poet's crown and name thee our California Poet-Laureate."



Ina Coolbrith

This delightful surprise was planned by Mrs. F. K. Stevenot and Mrs. I. W. Parson, with the willing permission of the school committee and the President of the Board of Education, Mr. George E. Gallagher.

At once the principal of the Jean Parker school, Mme. Celina Pechin, and one of the teachers, Miss Belle McBoyle, set to work to perfect the plans. The chorus was drilled and led by Mrs. Laura Pierson, their singing teacher, and Miss Estelle Carpenter, director of music in the schools.

At an informal reception which followed the "serenade" one of the guests, Caro Taylor, was inspired to compose the following verses which she dedicated to Miss Coolbrith.

*Sweet Singer:*

*Whose heart does feel  
The blessedness of love;  
Hear you the summons  
To the blossom bowers;  
Your throne's bedecked  
'Tis the time of flowers.*

*Sweet children's voices  
Their carols are singing,  
Garlands they bring you  
With happiness twined;*

*We crown you again,  
Midst flowers of springtime,  
Claiming you ours  
With a love undefined.*

*From blossoming bowers  
With blossoms in showers,  
We greet you, dear Laureate,  
And claim you All Ours.*

Seated by a blazing log fire, amid a houseful of flowers and fruit blossoms, with "Popcorn," the beautiful Persian cat, daintily sampling the odors of the flowers, and approving or disapproving of the guests, the poet told familiar stories of the great writers and poets, the friends of her girlhood days.

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## Alchemy

The crucible of our lives is placed in our own hands and if something is lacking it's up to us to find it. The gold of rivers, the steel of mountains, the song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the sun of heaven: poured together and fired with God's love they make a monument of man in His image.

—Donna Helene.

✱ ✱ ✱

## "LILIES"

By RUTH FLORENCE

I LOVE the saucy water-lily;  
From out the pond it's smiling  
Like a rosy country maid,  
With beauty so beguiling.

And the Calla, haughty lily,  
Majestic and so tall—  
Like the lady of the manor,  
Whose beauty reigns o'er all.

Dainty Lily-of-the-Valley,  
So fragile, yet so sweet—  
As a maiden fair and winsome,  
Youthful, lovely and petite.

But the rarest of all the lilies  
Is that of Eastertide;  
The emblem of love and purity,  
And of Christ, the Crucified.



# First Aid to Housekeepers

## Non-Resident Specialists on Part-Time Work

By Mary E. Shailer.

**A** MOVEMENT has been started and is slowly growing which may assist materially in the solution of the problem of help in the home. What every woman knows is that the former steady, dependable servant is a thing of the past. In her place we have an ephemeral creature liable to leave at a minute's notice, or a green girl whose manner of living in other countries has been entirely different from ours, and, oftenest of all, there is the incompetent and untrained servant who seeks home work because she has no training for anything else and can always find some one eager to hire her.

Yet, in spite of this condition of affairs, each year more and more women, who are responsible for the management of the household, find themselves taken out of the home on account of commercial, literary, philanthropic or club interests, so that most of the domestic duties have to be turned over to others. If there are other members of the family the housekeeper, or home-mother, hesitates to overburden them with necessary duties and cares, still there confronts her always the growing difficulty of finding dependable help to carry on the essential activities of the home. It is impossible for the woman to vacate the place she has made for herself in the world and return to the daily routine of the house duties, yet duties of this kind cannot be neglected. Hence no time spent in attempting to find relief for this difficulty can be amiss or wasted.

It would seem that the reasons why it is practically impossible to secure maids of breeding and responsibility, are all faults which revert to the household. The work of the average household has not been organized and systematized and put on a basis, either artistic or industrial, to attract the daughters of the home, and they have considered it drudgery, worthy only of the less intelligent. Those in prosperous families hasten to pursuits more to their liking in office or school-room, those with less prestige find a place in factory or shop to escape what seems monotonous and uninteresting. Ignorant of the science, or of the art, or the ethics of homemaking in its broader sense, the average girl fails to find in it a great field for artistic invention and executive ability. Seeing no money return for her efforts, the girl

sees no return for her labors in the home. With this attitude toward the practical home duties she turns away from the activities relating to buying food and household administration. The home tasks are shorn of dignity, and to her mind become distasteful drudgeries to be performed only as a last resort.

In addition to this attitude toward their own homes, girls who come to be of workable age, and might make acceptable helpers in the home, learn from those who have tried it that domestic service for others has its drawbacks. They are called by their first names and are liable to be asked to do anything. Hours are irregular, depending upon chance incident or the company of the family. They are expected to "live in," as it is expressed, and are on call for most of the hours out of the twenty-four. This gives them little opportunity to live their own lives apart from their employer. The stigma attached to "servant" seems to be insurmountable. There seems to go with the word the same feeling of property-rights which held in the olden days.

Some of these are the things that result in an almost barren market for general household help. It is only a change on the part of those who decide standards in the employment of help in the home which will change this. Many girls are fitted by taste for domestic duties, and as fast as the schools do their part, will be fitted by training for them, but the conditions surrounding work of this kind must be made more attractive else the factory and shop will continue to garner most of the young and fit.

Having concerned myself for many years with this problem, and as a very early pioneer in the movement for Home Economics, I have watched for some position and decisive step to be taken by housewives to re-organize the work in the home in a way to attract more intelligent girls,—but, I find "preachments" for such changes which were urged upon audiences twenty years ago are quite applicable today; meanwhile the problem has gone on, and evolution is bringing about, at last, at this day, partial relief.

We are being forced, by the absence of

the very girls we would hire, into new situations which demand organization and new systems and new operations. This is true in nearly all activities within and without the home. The advance in science so applied to the home, and the development of Home Economics, have given us much material to apply to efficient home work, to say nothing of the thousands of teachers trained and being trained to show the way to newer, more intelligent and less archaic methods.

We have our trained dietitians, household administrators, institutional managers, cooking teachers, trained nurses, trained persons for sewing, millinery, mending and other kinds of workers for the home; why is it we are not training cleaners, dusters, sweepers, polishers, waiters, window-cleaners, bed-makers, scrubbers, laundresses and the rest?

Should we not make a strenuous effort to encourage girls who have had an elementary school education to perfect herself in the line of housework which appeals to her, and offer her services to housewives on a visiting basis by the hour. She will then work at housework as a business which will result in a better understanding on both sides.

Families living in small houses, as apartments and hotels, find non-resident help their only resource. The plan devised is to bring together those who need help and those who must be wage-earners, with the agreement that the service is to be for a definite period of time, and the salary paid on an hourly basis. If desired, the hourly visitor may become a daily or weekly visitor, but the hours of work will be stated. If the housekeeper wishes some special service done, she will be given the young woman best fitted in that line. There will be those who can cook and serve a dinner, others who can darn or mend skillfully, and others who are most interested in the care of children. The employer who resorts to a registry established after this plan can be assured of the character and ability of her employee, and she would be likely to secure a woman of gentle manners. The opportunity of the home to exert an influence for wholesomeness and refinement upon these aids is an aspect of the question which should not be overlooked. Coaching and

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# Banishing Unemployment

By Mrs. Estelle Barfield  
Superintendent Women's and Girls' Division,  
U. S. Employment Service,  
Department of Labor  
San Francisco.

OUR Service was organized for relief of the unemployed and to stimulate State and municipal activities in this direction, at a period of great need, now, happily, past.

To help our Government in the formation and work of the United States Employment Service, especially the Women's Division, is a task appealing strongly to the women's clubs of the Nation. The Secretary of Labor, Hon. W. B. Wilson, and Commissioner General Caminetti, under whose immediate charge the work progresses, both offer this splendid opportunity of co-operation to all women.

The public employment idea is essentially a remedial measure, designed to cure a most fundamental ill in the body politic. A radical cure involves removal of the cause of disease, hence the most important objective of our work is to prevent the recurrence of unemployment.

An employment service that goes on endlessly completing the time cycles of individual employment is a useless extravagance. But a service that intelligently places its people in permanent positions is taking them out of the vortex of unemployment and fulfilling its proper function.

There should be a place for every man and woman that wants or needs work. But, by some lack of harmony in the social and industrial scheme, this is not the case. Why is not every man fitted for some place, and why is not there a place for every man? This is the problem of unemployment. Is our training wrong, is our education wrong?

Let us look into this matter, and get to the root of our educational system. The Smith-Hughes bill, which will supply funds for vocational and industrial training, will soon be in operation, and should give a wonderful scope to our women's clubs in furnishing individual and collective guidance to the ultimate application of this bill.

Unless the Employment Service eventually shows the cause of unemployment and suggests the remedy, it will be as ineffectual as the squirrel running his wheel.

The idea of eliminating the need of

the Employment Service is the great ideal I would hold up to the women of the Nation. Locate the causes of unemployment—change them and eradicate them one by one. Find the remedies and apply them. Do this individually and collectively. Do it by precept and by laws.

In the meantime, the Service will go about its task. Employment seems quite easy as we sit down at the desk and plan it out, but somewhat different when we try to place the inefficient and untrained and the old. In these days the proper places quickly absorb the efficient—especially in manual lines. The teachers, stenographers and saleswomen exceed the demand. Why? Because there is no gauge of such supply and demand. There is no clearing-house for labor—no Federal Reserve, until now.

While the teacher or stenographer might never have undertaken house or factory work, yet, had there been some intelligent guidance, her time and money might not have been wasted upon the education that fitted her for overcrowded avenues. Too often have we heard in the olden days—the teacher's encouragement to a lazy boy—"Study your lessons, so when you grow up you will know a lot and won't have to work." Now they must say, "Study your lessons and work." This will be our new Vocational and Industrial education.

People ask, "What can you do with the tramp?" We can't do anything with him in this generation, perhaps, but with help we can in the next. Find out what conditions have made him a tramp. Do you know? If not, it is some one's business to find out.

But again—the Employment Service is established as an equation between the Employer and the Employee. We have the seasonal employer losing his produce for lack of help, so we must rush this force of workers, borrow from another force, and dispatch them where most needed. The task seems large and hopeless, but it can be done.

Above all, the Employment Service requires wide advertising and understanding. This can and is being done by the Women's Clubs. In no way can I explain better than to outline the plan

in operation here in San Francisco, where the first Women's and Girls' Division was started and which does the largest business of any city except New York. An Advisory Board, composed of selected members from all of the City Clubs, was organized by Mrs. Jean Sinclair, who for twenty years has been studying the problems of unemployed women, here and in England, and who was elected President of the Board. Public monthly meetings are held, presenting some speaker of ability, who talks upon subjects relating to the Service. The Board members then introduce the matter into their clubs, beginning with the State President and State Chairman of employment, then to the District President and Chairman, and so on, until every club in the state is conversant with the aims and objects of the Employment Service. Each woman urges her banker, merchant, butcher and her baker to secure help from us, for we have no object in changing the employees from place to place, as the private employment agencies so often do for extra fees.

Aside from the half a million dollars charged annually by these private agencies, there is the exploitation of labor, sending men long distances to fill places absolutely impossible.

The U. S. Employment Service does not send girls under sixteen years of age to work; those past that age are helped to select their work and the character of the places verified before referring the girls to the employer, after which a careful record is kept of every case and its result.

Since we receive no fee from either party, we have no reward, except the success of the placement of the proper employee with the proper employer—that is the test of our efficiency.

Mrs. Sinclair and the Board members, by their influence and the publicity they have given the work, assured the success we are enjoying in San Francisco. It is only by the very intimate personal relation between the head of the office and the Board President that the best results are obtained in co-operation. Mrs. Sinclair's sympathy and knowledge have been the great factors in our success, with her optimism, always looking forward to wonderful results accruing from the interest and work of the ladies of the Advisory Board, and holding daily before us her motto, "Where there is no vision the people perish"



# MILK

## Its Food Value As An Aid to Economics

By Dr. Margaret Helene Pladwell

EVERYONE knows that milk is the perfect food. When we are born it is the first nourishment we receive and when the adult stomach endurance refuses every other article of diet, the body can assimilate milk and go on indefinitely fed upon that substance alone, because it contains fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts in due proportion; in fact all the chemical elements necessary for tissue building.

Naturally one always thinks of the food value of milk as containing its proper share of cream; nevertheless milk, just milk, deprived of the fatty constituent cream, commonly known as skim milk and usually thrown away or fed to pigs, used as a beverage or combined in other substances, is a very valuable food.

Skim milk contains protein (casein) sugar and mineral salts. Only the fat in the form of cream is eliminated and this can easily be supplied by the other elements of an ordinary mixed diet, such as meat, butter and other fat containing foods.

The food value then of fat in milk is comparatively insignificant, while the protein contained therein is of high percentage and infinite importance, being one of the most costly elements of food and usually lacking in degree in a cuisine where expense is a desideratum.

John Phillips Street, chemist of the Connecticut Agricultural Station, writes in the *Forecast* (New York), February:

"For those who have to figure cost closely skimmed milk offers a very valuable source of the most expensive element of the dietary. It is the cheapest available source of animal protein at the present time."

Of course the taste of cream is delicious and unquestionably whole milk is more palatable than skim milk and is in itself a complete food, but skim milk is not to be despised as an article of diet, and certainly in this era of cost in every direction its inexpensiveness is a thing that should be taken into consideration.

Whole milk as a food is cheaper than meat or eggs and contains all the nutritive elements of the latter, but the human adult craves strong meat and few persons in health care for a milk diet solely.

Therefore as a substitute for whole

milk used as an adjunct to other foods, the fats being supplied elsewhere, skim milk is invaluable and yet in some parts of the United States, New York for example, the sale of skim milk is prohibited by ordinance, though there is no existing reason for this now, if there ever was, since centrifugalizing for separating the cream leaves the residue of skimmed milk fresh and wholesome.

However, there appears to be a lively and a deeply riveted prejudice against the use of skim milk for the dietary and one rarely sees it on sale in dairies. Formerly, before the high cost of living became such a problem, this was quite in order, for then it was not necessary to consider the nourishing qualities of food products as separate and distinct items. It seems to me, however, that at the present time a very desirable adjunct to the general diet is not receiving its just due; and is consistently being wasted, hundreds and thousands of gallons of it, after the cream has been removed, a food that could otherwise be used for the health and well being of the people at large and a very desirable food at that.

Of course such milk should not masquerade as whole milk but should be bottled and sold as skim milk. This could be done to the advantage of dealer and consumer alike. I know of families that, owing to the advance in cost of other food commodities, have been forced to cut down their milk supply. An extra quart or so of skim milk at a minimum cost would be a most advantageous substitute in these cases.

Used for cooking purposes notably, skim milk can be substituted in almost every case for whole milk with the same result, since fat is the only ingredient lacking and this can be readily supplied from other sources and more economically. It is just as good as whole milk for soups, cakes, puddings and other dishes and enhances the food value of bread when used instead of water, increasing its weight and bulk and percentage of protein substance.

Some varieties of cheese are made from skim milk and are nourishing and well flavored. Altogether there is no place in the preparation of food where milk is called for that skim milk cannot

be substituted for whole milk, the necessary richness being attained by the addition of the fat element only.

Cream is delicate, delicious to taste, extremely palatable, but it possesses a relatively small part of the food value of milk. It is an erroneous idea apparently entertained by many intelligent persons that cream is the most valuable ingredient in milk. One might on the contrary almost say it is least valuable since its loss can so readily be supplemented from other sources, while the protein in milk proper is the chief value as a tissue builder, being the same substance contained in meat and the most valuable and necessary food element for the metabolism of the body, i. e., its sustenance and upbuilding.

Where meat and eggs cannot be afforded in sufficient quantities to sustain health and strength, skim milk could be used advantageously as an accessory to these articles in the ratio of three to one.

Milk in all forms is palatable and nutritive. Even when evaporated, condensed or dried, we are very familiar with the two former methods of preserving; the last is not so commonly known or used, and the sale is also prohibited in some states, though the art of drying has been so perfected that the milk contains all its enzymes and its nutritive properties are preserved after undergoing the drying process. Nor does the albumen coagulate, and this whether the milk be whole or skimmed before desiccation.

Government statistics make clear that meat will never again resume its former cheapness and that it will become more and more scarce as time goes on. No doubt some chemist genius will discover a synthetic substitute in bulk which will efficiently take its place, but in the meantime we have milk of whatever sort and plenty of it, so the future of the race is not yet doomed. We shall still have proteid food; that is, if the 30,000,000,000 pounds of skim milk now thrown away and otherwise wasted or fed to cattle shall be conserved for the greater human need, which is, after all, the paramount urge of the world. Let us therefore begin to utilize the heretofore disdained skim milk in our dietary plans and demonstrate its usefulness and worth as a food.



# In the Studios and Galleries

SO many and varied have been the March exhibitions that the art lover and student have had busy pleasant days. All the events of the month have been of the first importance, and often it has been hard to decide which treat to allow oneself for that particular day.

By Elizabeth Taft

eye," which brought to him the color and wonders of this great world of ours, meant more to him than any art academy. Consequently, brush in hand, he has wandered through nearly all the countries of the world, and that his Alma

are living their simple lives in their native country. The Arabs, you know, are not native to the Egyptian desert. They have simply adapted themselves to their environment." And the natives the artist brings most clearly to our view, by presenting them at their daily tasks, "the Navajo Blanket Weaver," "Hopi Potter," "A Hopi Planter," "Procession of Katchina Priests" and "The Hopi Woman." This brings us to the first Borg characteristic—the human figure against the sky line—always a powerful delineation, especially so for the desert work, expressing so forcibly the loneliness, simplicity and infinitude of the native existence. Especially is this true of the "Hopi Snake Priest," one of the most powerful pictures in the room and one, I am delighted to learn, which has been purchased by a San Franciscan. Of the landscapes, it is hard to find one's favorite, for each has the charm of wonderful color atmosphere. Study all the pictures, please, for each holds a wonderful message for you; note especially the skies, feel the infinitude, the peace, the silence. Many exclaim, "oh, how small they are," and again Mr. Borg is to be congratulated. He has handled big subjects in small space, handled them atmospherically and poetically; also he has painted pictures of a size suitable for any home and for a price suitable to any pocketbook.

With Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's work we are all familiar, for a visit to the Fine Arts is not complete without a moment's appreciation of her fountain in the center of the main gallery, while her fountain of the El Dorado, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition is one of the most delightful memories of every exposition visitor. Born in New York, she studied under J. E. Fraser and Andrew O'Connor and has used her talent, not only to advance herself in her chosen field, but to help fellow students who were less favored of fortune than she. Her present exhibition consists of twelve pieces, the most dominating of which is "Plaster Cast of the Titanic Memorial." The rhythmic uplift of this beautiful figure embodies a big idea, the up and down surge of the waves being most wonderfully rendered, especially when viewed from the side or the back. The bronze reproduction of Aztec fountain is also a unique piece. One would like to see this fountain "working," for the fine spray seems to have



## NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER



BY  
CARL  
OSCAR  
BORG

On February 27th the San Francisco Art Association, at a private view in the Palace of Fine Arts, inaugurated three special exhibitions—paintings of the "Land of the Hopi and the Navajo," by Carl Oscar Borg; sculptures by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney; and handicrafts by the National Society of Craftsmen of New York City. The eager guests of opening day hardly knew which room was the most fascinating, but, judging from the interested groups and the length of time spent in appreciation, the Carl Oscar Borg room won the heartiest approval. In the short time Mr. Borg has dwelt among us he has taught us to expect great things of him, but in his present exhibition he has far surpassed expectations. Born in Grinstad, Sweden, in 1879, he found that his love for the out-of-doors, his ability to recognize and appreciate even the simplest feelings and pleasures of his fellow men and, above all, his "seeing

Mater may be very proud of him is shown by his honors gained thus far—honorable mention at Vichy in 1913, silver medals at Versailles in 1914, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, in 1915, and San Diego, 1915, while 1916 brought him a gold medal from San Diego. Being familiar with Mr. Borg's canvasses of the "Egyptian Desert," one felt the utmost interest in the appeal the American desert would have for him and the fifty pictures in his present exhibition show clearly his contrasting impressions. Mr. Borg expressing this, says: "The Egyptian desert is sand, constantly drifting, shifting sand, with oases, often many miles apart, where grow the most exotic verdure. The American desert, on the contrary, is full of the daintiest, most colorful vegetation, especially after a rain, with a veritable riot of color in rocks, earth and sky. Here the Hopi and Navajo, like their ancestors for centuries before them,



been arranged to intensify the design and would add greatly to its beauty.

Unfortunately, space will not permit a complete review of the handicrafts' exhibition. Each case contains treasures in metal, linen, wood, leather and porcelain. Rumors have long been coming from New York of the wonderful hangings and interior decorations a coterie of artists led by Betram Hartman were making. Curiosity is satisfied at last, for the present exhibition contains "Batiks" by Martha Rither, who has executed hers in five colors and by Clara Tice, with whose clever modern drawings the magazines have familiarized us. These three examples give just an idea of what the adaptation of the Javanese methods by the modern workmen will mean in the field of art. It is to be hoped that Mr. Laurvik may be able to give us a more complete showing in the near future.

#### The Sculpture of Prince Paola Troubetzkoy

The height of the twentieth century art is reached in the exhibition of sculpture of Prince Paola Troubetzkoy at the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum. "Everywoman" gave you an advance peek at this great artist's work last month, by reproducing "The Torrey Children." If the simple direct charm of these two babies has not already led you to the exhibition, do not delay, for exhibitions, unhappily, have to end and failure to see Prince Troubetzkoy's work would indeed be a tragedy. His handling is delightfully original and the wide scope of his subjects shows his wonderful versatility. Horse lovers are found in the galleries excitedly comparing the thoroughbred lines of Miss Dodge's mount with those of Tolstoi's Russian pony. The bronco, Indian pony and the Bedouin horse, all are here perfect, vividly illustrating the Prince's assertion that "I merely copy what I find in nature." In the present collection is a bust of Segantini, the Italian artist. This really does everything but breathe. The fine sensitive face, especially striking, is modeled in the most modern of impressionistic technique. At one end of the room, the bust of Tolstoi dominates. The friendship of artist and writer has found expression here and one feels as if one had had a more intimate introduction to this great Russian than even his own books have given us.

One really fears that the dancers may frisk away some night they are so life-like and animated. Mrs. Vernon Castle is there in two charming statuettes and

those women who have long envied her her supple back will envy more than ever now. Pavlova charms as much in bronze as in life, in three poses. To render the tulle skirts of a ballet dancer in plaster sounds an impossibility to the layman, but apparently was no problem at all to the artist, and, best of all, he has preserved for us the true charm and spirit of our talented favorite. Possibly the seated figure is the better portrait, but the dancing figure gives the marvelous grace of line which is always a fascinating memory. Lady Constance Richardson is a most spritely and fascinating fairy, while Svirsky is so charmingly portrayed that we are impatient to have her come in person.

All the other statuettes and groups are the so-called "society portraits." The full length statuettes of Ogden Mills, Thomas Ryan and W. K. Vanderbilt flatly contradict the critic who said that "a man in creased trousers is an artistic impossibility." Of the women's portraits all are delightful, the simple directness of that of Miss Tyson winning special praise. A prettier compliment than the portrait of "My Wife" cannot be imagined. But you must see and study all of them, for to mention the best is to mention fifty subjects, as the exhibition consists of just that number of pieces. The children are most marvelous to me, for, heretofore, when rendered in clay, they have changed their native

exhibiting at the Hill Tollerton Print Rooms, where, during the past month, the long promised canvases by Harry V. Poor have been shown. Mr. Poor is a Californian only by adoption, being born in Chapman, Kansas, in 1887. In his student days, spent in London and Paris, he received the most modern of art instruction, hence his present exhibition has caused "much argument about it and about." A great deal has been written of the "seeing eye" of the artist. Mr. Poor's "seeing eye" is fortunately of a wide angle, consequently he transposes for us the vastness and ruggedness of our Coast Range. He deals, not in lines and surfaces, but in masses and solids. Miles and miles and then some more miles are in his canvases. The mountains have a rugged solidity never before achieved. "Mountain Orchard Country" is probably the strongest canvas of the twenty-five shown. The placing of the bronze in front of it is unfortunate, for the shadow of the trees in the sunny foreground is a material part of the composition. To a lover of California hills, this canvas is a treasure. While very typical of the Santa Clara valley, it is equally true of nearly every valley of the State. This, also, applies to

## A HOPI ORCHARD

BY  
CARL  
OSCAR  
BORG



simplicity for a strained posing. Here each child is a real personality and, best of all, they are often found with their beloved dog in faithful attendance. Finances permitting, how can anyone resist having their children modeled now that this wonderful opportunity offers? Do not miss it, San Franciscans, for wars end sometime and opportunity knocks only once.

#### The Harry V. Poor Exhibition

A modernist of the Cezanne School is

any of the landscapes. "Hills at Saratoga," "Evening" and "Los Gatos Hills" are especially characteristic. It is interesting to have the charcoal sketches of the Point Lobos canvases, for it gives a chance to study Mr. Poor's use of outline to build up his effects. "A Stretch of Coast—Late Evening" was the marine winning the most praise and deservedly so, for it is a canvas of extreme beauty.



# OSTEOPATHY

## Its Scientific Meaning and Value

*Oh, it is excellent*

*To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous*

*To use it like a giant.*

**O**STEOPATHY from osteon "bone" and pathos "suffering"—is a system of scientific manipulation, whereby the osteopath seeks to correct the relations of the diseased tissues to each other, and for the removal of obstruction—causing an interference with the circulations. It is also for the relaxation of contracted muscles, of shortened and thickened ligamentous and tendinous attachments—all without the use of drugs or medicines.

Osteopathy grants and gives credit to the infinite skill and knowledge of the well-trained surgeon, but not any surgical operation is free from the possibility of annoying results, for the surgeon may be forced to deal with effect rather than cause, whereas, the osteopathist makes the cause of an effect his primary aim.

It is not that osteopathy is all good, or a panacea for every ailment, but many of the so-called incurable diseases, under osteopathic treatment, are materially helped, if not entirely cured. We are not infallible. Osteopathy, like all other man-made discoveries, has its limitations, but each month and year we advance step by step to the surety of the success of our own branch of science.

By Dr. Harriet M. Gillespie

Fresh pure blood flowing through the life pipes of our body is the most active and potent destroyer of bacteria, and the control that the osteopath is able to exercise over the circulation and the organs of elimination, places him in a position to fight these micro-organisms. Many have confounded osteopathy with massage, the only similarity existing between the osteopath and the masseur is that both work with their hands to stimulate the congested conditions and to promote circulation of the various fluids of the body. In all other respects they are absolutely dissimilar.

The osteopathist wishes to emphasize the fact that special attention is focused upon anatomy, physiology and physical diagnosis, the distinctive feature being the **osteopathic** branch of physics, mechanics, technique and etiology, or cause of diseases.

From the osteopathic view point, the spine is really the switchboard of the nervous system. It demands and commands our first care and consideration. For this reason sensitive points along the spine indicate displacements of vertebrae caused by pressure upon blood vessels and nerves, resulting in nervous unbalance, and thereby the proper function-

ing of organs that should derive their blood or nerve supply from the obstructed channels.

Mobility of the spine is of the greatest importance, for in health there is motion in adjoining vertebrae. Lack of movement would cause nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. For instance, rheumatism, constipation, gastric and intestinal disturbances, liver complaints, kidney and bladder troubles, infantile paralysis, mental and nervous diseases, and so on, ad libitum.

The successful osteopathist never loses sight of the value of hygiene, hydropathy and dietetics, the Trinity of Fundamentals.

In closing, I wish to pay my respects to our beloved founder, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, of Kirksville, Mo., a graduate medico of the **School Regular** and a surgeon in the Army of the United States during the Civil War.

At present osteopathy claims eight colleges and a sanatorium for mental and nervous diseases at Macon, Mo., and about 5000 practitioners in all parts of the world.

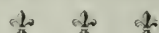
Our aim is progress, the uplift of humanity, and the greatest good to the greatest number.

## Garden Fete for Children's Hospital

**A**GARDEN fete to take the form of a fashion show is the latest invention devised for luring the shekels from pockets for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. This unique affair is to be held in the magnificent gardens of the Crocker home at Hillsborough in connection with a garden fete and here the paraders of fashion will promenade before spectators seated beneath gay colored canopies (provided they wish to pay \$10.00 in addition to the entrance fee of \$5.00), where tables for six will be pleased so that tea may be sipped as the show is unfolded. For those who do not secure tables a huge tent in brilliant colors will be erected, and here, after the costume show, tea will be served at attractive little tables, where one may bring one's friends. Admission will include seats for the show to all. There will be also a display of children's costumes by the small belles

and beaux of the smart set and throughout the affair a program of music chosen with special care will be given.

The members of the auxiliary board of the Children's Hospital who have charge of the fete are Mesdames Samuel Boardman, George T. Cameron, Charles Templeton Crocker, William H. Taylor Jr., Harry Sears Bates, Norris K. Davis, Henry Foster Dutton, Charles N. Felton, Henry Kiersted, Latham McMullin, Frederick W. McNear, Walter S. Martin, Harry Williams Poett, Laurence I. Scott, Augustus Taylor, Julian Thorne and Harry H. Scott and the Misses Emily Carolan and Marion Zeile.

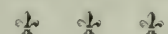


### Tit for Tat

The great specialist appraised his prospective patient with a glance.

"You must take a trip to a warmer climate for your health," he advised. "Ten dollars, consultation fee, please."

"You can take a trip to a still warmer climate for your money," came the answer as the man walked out.

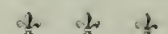


### Restraint of Trade

The Dentist—I'll have to charge you \$2.50 for pulling that tooth.

The Patient—I thought you charged 50 cents.

The Dentist—Yes; but you yelled so loud you scared four other patients out of the place.



### Help Yourself

Elsie came home from a neighbor's house munching a chocolate.

"Now, Elsie," her mother reproved her, "how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Gray for chocolates?"

"I didn't ask her," returned Elsie, calmly. "I don't have to. I know where she keeps them."



# Music and Musicians

THE San Francisco Symphony Orchestra gave a popular concert on March 25th of which we all can be proud—the conductor, Mr. Alfred Hertz, for his splendid leadership, the members of the orchestra for their superb ensemble playing, and the rest of us for having the privilege of possessing such an orchestra under such a leader who presents such enjoyable entertainments. The entire programme was devoted to the great Russian, Tschaikowsky. Seldom have I



Joseph George Jacobson

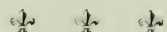
heard the "Pathetic" played with more vim and enthusiasm. The third movement of a riotous and diabolical energy and ending with the grand march drew forth a hearty and well-merited applause and the finale telling of an intense sorrow and despair, of gloom and death—"une lamentation large et souffrance inconnue"—gave unalloyed satisfaction through the unquestionable beauties scattered through it! Arthur Shattuck played the B minor Concerto and gave us a scholarly and dry reading of this showy and fragmentary and difficult work.

Tschaikowsky's music will always touch the audience, as he has something to say of interest to humanity. In his symphonic music he preferred writing without a literary basis, seeking rather the classic form. His extreme love for Mozart and the Italian school with which he came in contact since his earliest year bear a great influence on his compositions, so much so that he can hardly be classed as a typical Russian composer such as Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and others who were saturated with the Russian folk-songs, but he is the greatest Russian composer, and his works have not only stirred the deepest enthusiasm of his Slavonic compatriots, but have secured respectful hearings

By Joseph George Jacobson

throughout the world. Huncker says of Tschaikowsky: "The composer, artistically, is another descendant of Liszt and Berlioz with superadded Slavonic color. His symphonies are romantic suites resplendent with pomp and color of an imagination saturated with romanticism." Among his most popular works can be classed his orchestral suites. Here he has borrowed from his adored composer many themes with which he has created works of art. What grace and charm is there in the "Casse-Noisette" Suite Op. 71. His first piano-concerto was dedicated to Nicolas Rubinstein, who did not appreciate it and spoke very unfavorably of the composition. Von Bulow and Albert Friedenthal were the first to play it in Berlin when it met with great success. At the opening of Carnegie Hall in 1891 Tschaikowsky, at the invitation of Walter Damrosch, conducted, besides his third suite, this concerto, the solo part being played by Adele aus der Ohe,

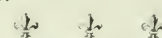
Not as deep a thinker as Brahms, whose music he much disliked, Tschaikowsky paints with more vivid and glowing colors and tells us more about his own personal self in his music than any other composer, Schumann perhaps excepted. If he does not possess the sense of formal beauty in which the great Viennese master excelled, he decorates his music more gorgeously, is unique in his rhythms and has more to say than any of the other Russian composers. He was unable to write when not inspired. How many pages did Rubinstein write of uninspired music! Tschaikowsky's piano compositions have the stamp of orchestral thoughts. His Op. 2 made him famous, a "Song Without Words," just like his compatriot Rubinstein became known as a composer through his Melody in F and Scharwenka through his Polish Dance. In the full powers of his creative faculties, Tschaikowsky was called away. What would his succeeding symphonies have been?



## The Chamber Music Society

The concert given by this organization on March 6th was a treat. The compositions rendered were of extreme interest. To make chamber-music a success artistically the players have to practice perfect unselfishness towards their co-operators; no matter how efficient artists they are individually, if they do not make a unit the realization of true ensemble

playing is impossible. I have never heard Mr. Persinger play more beautifully than on this particular occasion, especially in the Franck Quartet. I enjoyed the Brahms Concerto a few weeks ago, but would have wished he had substituted another concerto, the Saint-Saens, for example. In the Bach number Mr. Hecht proved to be a flutist of fine ability and expression and Mr. Ormay played the piano part artistically. When listening to the Franck Quartet I felt as if the curtain of life had been drawn aside and I was permitted to peep into the beyond and felt in closer touch with divinity. Franck was a dreamer wandering through life unconscious of all around him except his music, for which he seemed to live alone. A wealth of novel harmonies permeated his compositions; he is extremely fond of conflicting rhythms and syncopations, all is clear-cut and noble and shows a mastery of resource. His wonderful oratorio "Les Beatitudes" will insure him a place of honor in the temple of fame for all time to come.



Israel Seligman, the Russian pianist, who recently settled in this city, played on March 30th for the Sisterhood Emanu-El. Mr. Seligman rendered an interesting program, proving to be an artist of individual style. In the Chopin group he displayed, besides a clear and sure technique, fine feeling for musical expression. He possesses temperament, which distinguishes the artist from the pianist, and a natural spontaneity which gives charm to his playing. Several numbers by the modern Russian composers were admired greatly. We should welcome such a musician to our artists' colony.



Just received from Mrs. H. H. A. Beech, who is concertizing in the East and meeting with great success, three of her latest songs, "The Meadow Lark" and "Blossom Time," by Ina Coolbrith, California Poet Laureate; also "Night Song at Amalsi," by Sara Teasdale.

While Mrs. Beech was in California she heard the meadow lark singing in the trees and has taken great pains to reproduce the exact notes as sung by the birds.

Mrs. Beech has many times been asked to sing in concerto, with some of the leading orchestras of the East, and she has also sung under the direction of Carl Damrosch.



# The World's Women

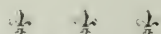
## And What They Are Doing Everywhere

### A JAPANESE REACTIONARY

**W**HILE the women of the world are agitating for suffrage, influencing legislation in the cause of temperance and working for or against pacifism, there has arrived in our midst from the land of the chrysanthemum and wisteria Miss Toshiko Sakamaki, daughter of a distinguished Japanese army officer, to influence the Japanese women to return to ancestor worship, in strange contrast to the interests of the progressive occidental women of the day.

Miss Sakamaki, whose father is Colonel Teiichiro Sakamaki, formerly instructor at the Military Academy in Tokio, holds the highest university degree conferred on a woman professor and is the first woman sent to the United States to preach the doctrine of Shin-To. She is the editor of a magazine called in Japanese "The Girls' Army," and she intends to start a magazine in the United States and devote three years to reviving in expatriated Japanese their waning interest in ancestor worship which, she asserts, will in no way conflict with the Christian or any other religion.

Miss Sakamaki, through editor Kiyosawa of the "New World" of San Francisco, said her purpose is to bring the comforts of Shin-Toism to the Japanese in America who have no shrine of their native faith here and who thus gradually forget its tenets, becoming too immersed in money making. Miss Sakamaki believes that a revival of veneration for their ancestors will make the Japanese less pleasure loving and more spiritual and she will preach Shin-Toism during her stay in this country.



### WOMEN IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION

By Marion Weston Cottle

(Reproduced from the Women Lawyers' Journal.)

**M**RS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, so long famous as a woman attorney, recently celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday. Mrs. Lockwood is still actively interested in law and politics, and is now assisting Robert Goldsmith in preparing a treatise on the peace movement for the League to Enforce Peace. Mrs. Lockwood is a prominent

Wilson supporter, having made an address in which she gave seven reasons why the women of the country should vote for the re-election of the President.

Miss Margaret Kolock Berry, who has a law office in Charlotte, North Carolina, is the first woman to appear before the State Supreme Court. Miss Berry also has the distinction of being the first woman in North Carolina to receive the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Her grandfather, Captain John Berry, designed and erected in 1848 the law school buildings of the University of North Carolina, at which Miss Berry received her legal training.

Miss Margaret Reed, formerly of Boulder, Colorado, has opened offices in the Continental Building, Denver, for the practice of law. Miss Reed is a very successful attorney.

Miss Clara Ruth Mozzer, assistant attorney general of Colorado, has prepared a bill which has been introduced in the legislature, providing a minimum wage scale for women, and proper conditions of labor for women and minors.

The wives of prominent business men have frequently assumed the management of firms on the death of their husbands, but the widow of Judge S. W. Charles of California is probably the first woman to take her husband's place on the bench. Mrs. Charles, who studied law at Leland Stanford University, was recently appointed a judge to succeed her husband. The Palo Alto township approved her appointment.

The only woman lawyer in New Mexico, who is licensed to practice before the Supreme Court, is Mrs. Katherine Burns Mabry. Mrs. Mabry is the wife of former State Senator T. J. Mabry of Albuquerque, N. M. She is the second woman to be admitted to the bar of New Mexico.

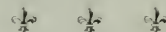
Mrs. Jean H. Norris, former president of the Woman Lawyers' Association, has been engaged to incorporate the Leslie Woman Suffrage Commission, which is to have charge of the legacy left by the late Mrs. Frank Leslie to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, for the benefit of the suffrage cause. Surrogate Cohalan of New York County, N. Y., recently ordered that \$500,000.00 of Mrs. Leslie's estate be turned over to Mrs. Catt.

Miss Marietta Deehan, who won first

honors at the Washington College of Law, in June, 1916, was recently admitted to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Another woman who had this honor is Miss Eileen Sweeney, winner of a second prize at the Washington College of Law.

Omaha has a new Municipal Court in which a woman lawyer appeared for the first time. Miss Stella B. Wilson represented a client in a rent case. She was commended by Judge Britt for the able manner in which she conducted her case. He rendered a decision in her favor.

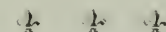


### A MEXICAN WOMAN CONGRESSMAN

**F**OR the first time in history, a woman has been elected to the lower House of Congress in Mexico.

She is Miss Hermila Galindo, of the fifth Federal district, and she won her election with the other twenty-three deputies and alternates from that district, with 460 candidates in the field.

It was Miss Galindo who introduced the suffrage measure into the constitutional convention held in Queretaro last December, and while action on the article was never taken, Miss Galindo pointed out that the constitution does not forbid a woman to be a candidate nor to vote.



### WOMAN PLANT DISEASE EXPERT

**M**ISS NELLIE A. BROWN is one of the few women experts in the laboratory of plant pathology in the United States Department of Agriculture. She is one of the highest paid women employes of the Government, and a recognized authority in her line.

In helping to stamp out plant tumors caused by bacteria, Miss Brown has assisted in saving millions of dollars yearly to the florists and truck gardeners of the country.

She has been a pioneer in this kind of work for women, but she feels that there are splendid opportunities for those who would follow in her steps.

"Women seem to me to be especially adapted to the isolation of disease germs from plants," she says, "because of their painstaking care and stick-to-it-iveness. They will not slight any obscure symptom in making their diagnosis, or leave the slightest thing undone in pursuing the cause."



## WOMEN NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS

**T**HERE are many important daily papers in the United States in which women have large financial interests. Close relationship exists between the "Herald" of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Mary E. Jenkins. She is president of the publishing company, owns a majority of the stock, gives active attention to every department of the business, and is an all-round newspaper woman.

Among other papers in which women are large stockholders are the Chicago Tribune, Providence Journal and Bulletin, Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, New York Tribune, St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Kansas City Star and Times, Oakland Tribune, Dallas News, Houston Post and Wilkes-Barre Record.

## TENNESSEE'S FEMINIST LEADER

**M**ISS MARGARET HAMILTON ERVIN, recently elected president of the Tennessee Equal Suffrage Association, to succeed Mrs. James M. McCormack of Memphis, is the only woman member of the Chattanooga Bar Association. She is a graduate of the Chattanooga College of Law, and has practiced three years in the Tennessee courts, having appeared two years ago before the State Supreme Court, when she presented the argument for an appealed damage suit, securing a decision in favor of her clients.

Miss Ervin has been connected with the woman suffrage movement for a number of years, having organized the Chattanooga Equal Suffrage Association and the Woman Suffrage Party of Chattanooga, as well as many smaller leagues in East Tennessee. She has served in various capacities on her State Board for several years, being chairman of legislation during the two-year term just closed.

## Getting Ready

King Ludwig of Bavaria was found dining in a cheap restaurant at Berlin recently. He may be farther-sighted than a good many other kings. He may be in training for the future.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Her Hard Experience

Maggie—Sure, miss, and it's a hard life I bane living.

Mrs. Smith—Didn't I tell you, Maggie, 'If you marry in haste, you repent at leisure?'

Maggie—Faith, and I've had no lazure!—Life.

## THE ONLY GIRL STOCK-BROKER

**I**T rested with a San Francisco girl to introduce an innovation into the great city of New York. Miss Lillian O'Neill has become the first woman broker in the United States, and has already established herself among the brokers of New York as a huge success in her line. She was born in San Francisco, educated in the San Francisco Public Schools, and had her business training in the offices of Ralston & Grayson, prominent stock brokers in San Francisco for many years. She has made a specialty of stocks, and before leaving this city was recognized as among the most capable in her particular business. Since leaving San Francisco one year ago, she has been taken



Lillian O'Neill

into partnership in the firm of Ralston & Company, and is doing business in New York City.

The innovation introduced by Miss O'Neill has aroused much enthusiasm among the women workers, and particularly the suffragists, who contend that women, given an equal chance, can prove their capabilities of filling any position that a man who uses his brains can occupy. The men who have had to meet with this new condition did not accept it with equanimity at first, but on finding that it has come to stay are now co-operating with Miss O'Neill, and find that she is to take no unfair advantage on account of her sex.

Unlike what might be expected in such a position, Miss O'Neill is exceptionally a "feminine woman," of small stature, pretty face, very gentle manner,—in fact, most magnetic, and bound to make a success in whatever line she undertakes. She has all the enthusiasm of the Western woman in business, and can show

her Eastern sisters business methods which make for success in all lines.

Miss O'Neill is a sister of Mrs. L. E. Aubury, a prominent club woman of California, who is very proud of her success, and who expects her to rise to the very top of the business, and to show 'em in New York why California is so proud of her products.

## CALIFORNIA'S WOMAN CORONER

**T**HE only woman Coroner in the world has her office in Plymouth, Cal., according to all accounts.

On the death of her husband, who was Coroner before her, Mrs. D. A. Potter was unanimously chosen by the Board of Supervisors to fill out his term. Mrs. Potter is also an undertaker, and upon her election went to San Francisco to perfect herself in the art of embalming.

"While I do not advise young girls to take up my profession, which is not very cheerful," she says, "I think every girl nowadays should have some profession, or some interest beyond dancing and clothes."

In her home county of Amador, Mrs. Potter has long been known as an active political worker, and has taken a keen interest in public affairs.

## AN ILLINOIS LEADER OF WOMEN

**M**RS. GRACE WILBUR TROUT, president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, is one of the most conspicuous figures in the political life of Illinois at present. Due largely to her efforts, the resolution calling for a Constitutional Convention has passed the Illinois Legislature.

Mrs. Trout, to whose efforts the success of the State policy is largely due, has been a central figure in suffrage for many years. First as president of the Chicago Political Equality League, and later as president for three successive terms of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, she played a large part in securing the passage of the suffrage bill in 1913 granting presidential and municipal suffrage to women.

In 1915 she retired from office for the purpose of taking up work upon the Chautauqua platform.

In the fall of 1916, however, the urgent need of the suffrage cause in Illinois recalled Mrs. Trout from her new field to serve a fourth term as president of the Illinois E. S. A. She was elected in October, 1916, and since that time the Suffrage Association under her leadership has achieved a great victory in the passage of the Constitutional Convention Resolution.



# The "Los Angeles Examiner"

## Vigorously Refutes Libel Against "Everywoman"

THE two following articles appeared in the "Los Angeles Examiner." The libelous charge appeared on the twenty-first of February, and the refutation on the twenty-eighth of March, or as soon as the facts came to the knowledge of the "Examiner," which promptly set about to find the truth and to place the slanderers where they belong.

The articles, in a small measure, explain themselves; but, only in a small measure. The facts, of which we have the full proofs, are too involved for any medium other than a court of justice. Suffice it to say, for over two years a conspiracy has been constantly put into operation by the hirelings of an enemy government, who later joined forces with a Mexican agent, with a view to use "Everywoman" for the purpose of manufacturing sentiment for our enemies, and to throw discredit upon our own citizens. They sought ownership, control or publicity; on being refused all, they planned the ruin of the Magazine.

The following attack, which they threatened long before, is only a trifle of what they have attempted. In fact, their spies wormed their way into this office in the guise of friends, employes and "business agents," only to falsify accounts, steal documents, and represent themselves as officers of the Magazine. Lately, a good part of their activities are used in traveling to parts unknown.

### "A VENOMOUS STATEMENT"

"Ads for Liquor In Official Organ Stir Clubwomen"

"Matter Calculated to Humiliate Every Member, Declares Mrs. Catherine Wheat"

"Whether the publication of liquor advertisements in 'Everywoman,' the official organ of the National Council of Women, shall be permitted, may become an issue at the annual convention of the Los Angeles district, California State Federation of Women's Clubs, which holds its session next month in Santa Monica.

The national club organ, which reaches presidents of the various organizations in Los Angeles this week, contains a large advertisement of this character, while it also advertises several hotels, mentioning that their specialty is the service of wines and other liquors. One of the copies reached Mrs. Catherine Wheat, president of the Reciprocity Club, which held its meeting yesterday, and she urged the women present to protest against such advertising.

"That a great, broad organization of women, standing for advance movements along many lines, should make money by such means, is a matter calculated to humiliate every member of the General Federation who stands for high principles," said Mrs. Wheat last night.

### "Los Angeles Examiner" Imposed Upon and Retracts False Statements

Vigorous denial of the recently published report that "Everywoman," the official organ of the National Council of Women, had carried liquor advertisements was made in Los Angeles yesterday by friends of this well known magazine.

That such a report was entirely erroneous and had its inception in a conspiracy to injure "Everywoman," is the statement of Jeanne E. Francoeur, editor of that journal, in a letter to friends here. Mrs. Francoeur's comprehensive setting forth of "Everywoman's" version of the whole matter is indorsed by leading clubwomen of California as being correct.

In a letter protesting against the publication in question, which was directed to one of the most distinguished club women of the West and by her sent to the "Examiner," Mrs. Francoeur says, in part:

"Without going into troublesome details, I may tell you that the magazine has been the object of a widespread conspiracy, looking to the control of the paper for ulterior purposes.

"The leader in the movement is a woman, a Mexican agent who came here for the purpose of denouncing all those not in favor of brigand rule in that unhappy country.

"She and a number of her friends attempted to coax me, buy me, and finally

threatened me with ruin if I refused her publicity; I refused. Our advisory board have taken the matter up with good effect.

"The prime agents in this conspiracy are shrewd and even desperate press agents, and are able to deceive an editor here and there. A glance at any and all numbers of "Everywoman" will prove conclusively that we never accepted liquor ads. from any source—much to the poverty of the treasury. But we, in company with all first-class journals, ran a wine ad, now and then. As the State neither morally nor legally has objected to this, nor has Christ done so, as far as the Bible tells us, we have no apology to offer these conspirators nor the kind of people they are able to influence."



### THE INNER SIGHT

By ALZIRE DUPRE

*Coral-flushed Dawn of April day  
Steps over the field flowers fresh with dew;  
The meadow lark sings her a round-de-lay,  
Or is it a hymn? And the linnet, too.*

*With colors that gladden the sober heart,  
Nature has finished her work of art;  
Scattered her daisies with lavish hand  
Over the grateful meadow land,  
Up on the hillside the poppy grows,  
And over the fences the briar rose,  
And down by the creek the forget-me-not.*

*On all this beauty only one blot—  
A blind man groping his way with his cane,  
Not seeing the hills, new-green after rain,  
Nor the diamonded webs in the cyprus hedge,  
Nor the ferns that lean at the water's edge.*

*"Ah, God! For eyes to look about  
On a world more desired because shut out!"  
And he breathed deep of the fragrant air  
And his pale lips moved in earnest prayer.  
Then his face lit up with a kind of awe—  
I wonder what it was he saw?"*

### Words of Appreciation From the Hon. John S. Chambers State Controller

University Farm,  
Davis, California, April 18, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Francoeur:

I saw the Hon. John S. Chambers Saturday. He said "Everywoman" was by far the best woman's magazine and Mrs. Francoeur by all odds the best editor of such a magazine in the United States, and he will gladly lend us any possible assistance in getting subscribers.

Very sincerely,

ROSALIE GOULDING.



# Clubs and Clublights

**T**HIS year's club season is drawing to a close with a whirl of prominent events. First in importance comes the Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which is not only of national but of international interest, since this body includes in its present membership four Canadian clubs, two English, one Chinese, one Indian, one Japanese, two Philippine, one Canal Zone, one South American, one Swedish, one Australian and five West Indian clubs. The Council is to be held this month from the 9th to the 13th in New Orleans and will be composed of the officers and directors of the General Federation, the chairmen of departments, the State Secretaries, presidents of State federations, presidents of clubs holding direct membership in the General Federation, honorary officers of the General Federation and local federations and committees. Attendance is also open to all others besides those constituting the voting body.

As hostesses and dispensers of true Southern hospitality, one notes such names as Mrs. J. D. Wilkinson, of Shreveport, President of the Louisiana Federation and chairman of the local board, and her excellent aides, Miss Agnes Morris, vice-chairman, and Mrs. John Shuttleworth, Director of the General Federation of Louisiana.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young will come from Chicago to speak on the educational needs of the country. Mrs. Edward G. Denniston of San Francisco is the California representative on the Federation board of directors.



Mrs. Edward G. Denniston

By Florence Heath

Among the subjects for discussion are the individual responsibility of the woman in the home with regard to the high cost of living, concerning which Miss Helen Louise Johnson, of New York, will speak. Simpler dressing for women and schoolgirls is to be the topic of Miss Pearl MacDonald, of Pennsylvania, vice-chairman of the Home Economics Department. Child welfare is a prominent subject for this department.

The conservation meetings have some interesting matters for discussion under the direction of Mrs. John Sherman, chairman. Among these are state and local forestry and shade-tree planting; home, school and vacant-lot gardening; national highways, and, in this connection, plans for raising money for the roadside planting of the Lincoln Highway. Bird protection and education is another vital topic.

Twenty-six committees of over three hundred women are in charge of the entertainment of the visitors, and the program will open with a musicale followed by a drive to beautiful Lake Pontchartrain and one of Louisiana's famous fish dinners. Mrs. Graham, president of the New Orleans City Federation, is scheduled as hostess at a luncheon of five hundred covers at the Country Club, and Mrs. H. B. Bartlett, the enthusiastic chairman of excursions, is to be responsible for a trip down the Mississippi and across Burwick Bay, including a plantation luncheon served by the Colonial Dames on the fields of the Chalmette battle-grounds. Expeditions to the old French quarter, including the famous old French market, and sight-seeing trips which take in the noted Cathedral of St. Louis and various historic buildings celebrated in literature, are in charge of Mrs. Christian Schwartz. Other festivities are a large evening reception and a pageant representing a Louisiana legend, by the alumnae of Sophie Newcomb, all of which reads almost like a fairy tale, too good to be true.



## California Federation of Women's Clubs

**F**OLLOWING the Council at New Orleans comes the call to the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the California Federation of Women's Clubs to be held at the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, May 1 to 5, inclusive, by invitation of the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena.

Formal announcement of this large gathering-to-be has been made by the State President, Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, and Secretaries, Mrs. A. E. Lucas and Mrs. Alfred McCullough.



Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight

The principal feature of this convention will be the election of the State President and other officers, and there is a promise of considerable rivalry on this score. From the southern part of the State comes the information that that district is divided and has two candidates in the field for state executive, these being Mrs. W. C. Mushet and Mrs. Herbert Cable, while from the San Joaquin district is named Mrs. S. L. Wiley, a popular Fresno resident, who, in turn, is opposed by an unexpected rival in Mrs. A. B. Armstrong. The nominating committee has for its chairman Mrs. Robert Burdette.

Child welfare and the allied arts are to come up for special attention at this convention.

In addition to the various suites of rooms to be placed at the disposal of the delegates at the Maryland, the Pasadena Shakespeare club house will be open every day to the guests. On the 2nd the delegates will be taken in automobiles to Brookside Park, where tea will be served, and on the 3rd there will be the regular banquet of the Down and Out Club. It is planned also to devote one day to sight-seeing if it is possible to spare the time from the arduous labors of the convention.



## Clubs and Clublights

### Mother's Club

**R**EPRESENTATIVES from the San Francisco Congress and the Second District of Mothers' Clubs entertained a distinguished visitor in the person of Mrs. Milton P. Higgins of Massachusetts, vice-president of the National Congress of Mothers, at the Ramona Hotel. The occasion was a reception directed by Mrs. Anita M. Tomlinson, president of the San Francisco Congress of Mothers, and Mrs. H. N. Rowell, State president of the Congress of Mothers, at the head of the receiving line, welcomed the members of the organizations from various parts of California.

Mrs. Higgins spoke on plans for better trained parenthood and the establishment of closer relations between teachers and parents for the purpose of intelligent co-operation in the education of the child, and laid particular stress on securing legislation that will insure the trial of young children in juvenile courts and the employment of special officers to rescue rather than confirm the child to evil ways. She reminded the mothers here of the power they have in the ballot as compared with the mothers of Massachusetts and spoke in favor of social center work and recreation for children.

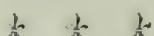


### San Francisco Federation of Women's Clubs

**T**HE most recent acquisition to the San Francisco City Federation of Women's Clubs, of which Mrs. D. J. MacMaster is president, is the Woman's Symphony Association, which, under direction of its new president, Mrs. George A. McGowan, is enthusiastically arranging for representatives to work in federation departments. Those appointed are as follows:

In the department of music, Mrs. A. A. McHugh; art, Mrs. Saul Wagner; literature, Mrs. J. D. Hynes; education, Mrs. R. H. Gallagher; civics, Mrs. George K. Rogers; ways and means, Mrs. A. A. Greenbaum; child welfare and social reform, Mrs. J. J. Matheson; publicity, Miss L. Byrd Mock; as delegates to the convention of the San Francisco district

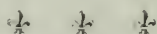
of the State Federation, Mrs. George A. McGowan, Mrs. Rose Hottinger Gallagher and Mrs. J. J. Matheson; as delegates to the convention of the State Federation, Mrs. George A. McGowan, Mrs. Josephine Marshall Fernald and Mrs. Frank Rowland Ritchie.



### Ladies' Guild of Piedmont

**I**N protest against the exorbitant and entirely unwarranted prices of foodstuffs, fifty women of the Ladies' Guild of Piedmont have voted unanimously to boycott potatoes for a month. A committee has been appointed to urge all club women of the east bay cities to join in the boycott. The committee, which comprises Mrs. A. M. Earl, Mrs. A. W. Foshay and Mrs. A. A. Andrews, together with Berkeley and Oakland committees of women, are asking the Board of Supervisors to set the county prisoners at work raising vegetables on vacant lots. It is proposed to transform the back yards of Piedmont residences into vegetable gardens within a few weeks.

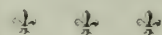
**I**N the midst of the excitement over the high cost of living and while thousands of women are studying the problem of securing reductions in the cost of foodstuffs, the Home Industry League of California makes announcement that it is about to open a campaign to promote the buy-at-home movement among the 30,000 club women of the State, who are to be approached through their club presidents. Addresses on the importance of patronizing home industries were made at a recent meeting of the League, when Mae B. Wilkin, Margaret Ogden, Josephine Martin, Margaret Morgan and Lillian Palmer took the platform in eloquent support of the movement.



### Laurel Hall Club

**J**OHNS S. CHAMBERS, State Controller, at a meeting of the Laurel Hall Club in San Francisco delivered an eloquent address on "The Federal Inheritance Tax and the Women of California," wherein he called the attention of club women to the necessity of becoming familiar with the laws, basing his argument on the number of bills before the legislature. He advised the women to concentrate their effort on a

few, rather than many measures. Mrs. Alexander Bean followed Mr. Chambers with a talk on water conservation.



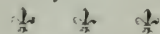
### Jefferson Home Economics Association

**H**AVING become reasonably familiar with proteins, carbohydrates and numerous other erstwhile unfamiliar wordings of food properties, the club woman is now confronted with vitamins as the latest necessity to life and growth in their relation to nutrition. Vitamine is a brand new word coined by a German investigator, Dr. Frank, who derived it from "vital" and "amide," the latter the name of a chemical group to which the vitamines belongs.

"Vitamines and Their Relation to Nutrition" was the subject of Dr. Alfred P. Brubaker of Jefferson Medical College, who spoke at the last regular monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Home Economics Association. "Vitamines," said the doctor, "are found principally in the outer coverings of grains and cereals as rice, cornmeal, wheat, etc. When the outer covering is removed or the grains are subjected to a high temperature during the process of manufacture, the vitamins are destroyed and those living exclusively on such food develop deficiency diseases such as polyneuritis, scurvy, beri-beri and rickets."

Whole grains and cereals, fresh fruits and vegetables, raw milk, peas, beans and egg yolk, says the doctor, are rich in vitamins. Infants suffering from deficiency diseases have been known to recover twenty-four hours after being given lemon juice—due to the life-giving vitamins lemons contain.

Dr. Brubaker is of the opinion that when more is known about these mysterious vitamins it may be deemed necessary to change present methods of cooking foods, as the high temperature at which we now prepare many of them completely destroys the vitamins.



A concert of unusual interest to San Francisco music lovers will be that given jointly by Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the soprano, and Georg Kruger, pianist, at the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel on Thursday evening, April 26. Both of these artists are well and favorably known throughout California and they have many admirers in the bay cities. Miss Heath and Mr. Kruger have prepared a varied and interesting program for the occasion and the pretty concert room of the St. Francis should be well crowded.



## Clubs and Clublights

### Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

THE activities of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association during the month of March have been unusually interesting and profitable, encouraging, as they have, high class creative work in the association. Three literary and musical programs were presented, composed largely of poems, sketches and musical compositions contributed by club members.

Monday, March 12th, was California Landmark Day. Miss Ethel Johnson sang "Meadow Larks," words by Ina Coolbrith, set to music by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, and H. B. Pasmore rendered "The Two Ships," by Bret Harte, music by Wallace A. Sabin. These two songs were presented for the first time to the public and created a most favorable impression. The lecturer for the day was Zoeth S. Eldredge, historian; his subject, "Historic Landmarks of California." Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, president California Federation Women's Clubs, was the guest of honor on this day.

An informal afternoon gathering was held at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday, March 19th, the promotion of friendly intercourse between the president and members, the incentive, and a pleasant hour was passed in converse over a dainty tea. Mrs. Ruth Everett Beck, author of a recent successful story, "The Little Buffalo Robe," was a guest of honor and related piquant experiences of military life in the Philippines. Mrs. Beck is the wife of Major Paul Ward Beck, the first army aviator in the U. S. service, who is now stationed in the Islands, where Mrs. Beck is very soon returning, to the regret of many friends. This bright little woman is soon to publish another book, a romance of the Philippines, which is anticipated with pleasure by those who have enjoyed her first story. Miss Marguerite Brenda, guest of Mrs. Arnold Borle, and recently returned from a New York musical success, surprised and pleased with her wonderful singing voice. Miss Brenda, very young, very girlish, amazed her hearers with a full rich volume of pure music that surely presages a famous career for the talented young woman. Miss Cecelia E. Donovan, daughter of the association's president, and a promising young musician, contributed a splendidly executed piano number—"Kamennoi Ostrow"—Rubenstein Op. 10. Mrs. Daniel Deasy sang a group of charming ballads and Mrs. Ina Bradstreet Weston

By Ina Bradstreet Weston

read an original sketch entitled "The Mysterious Dandy," also "A California Love Song," by Geraldine Meyrick, and "The Return," a poem by Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan.

Members' Day, March 26th, was devoted to poetry and song, written and composed chiefly by members of the organization. A large number of guests, attracted by the promised excellence of the program, filled the hall. Mrs. Clarence Connor sang a number of songs,



Miss Marguerite Brenda

written by George Sterling, set to music by Lawrence Zenda (Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, a member of the club), and two numbers, "In the Silence" and "To Thee," both words and music by Mrs. Travis. Charles Beloti contributed a group of songs, words by George Sterling, music by Lawrence Zenda. Mrs. Connor and Mr. Beloti interpret Mrs. Travis' beautifully unusual compositions most satisfactorily. Lawrence Zenda (Mrs. Travis) was presented to the audience by the president and received quite an ovation. Mrs. Sophie Durst, librarian of the club, gave recitations of her own poems. Miss Cecelia Donovan opened the program with a piano number.

The president announced that hereafter all meetings of the organization would open with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and close with "America." A literary contest is now occupying the attention of the aspiring writers in the club and substantial rewards are promised for the best contributions of drama, poetry and story.

### Child Welfare

IN the midst of war alarms,—excitement, anxiety, fear and preparation for impending disaster, all over this broad land,—the plans for Child Welfare go steadily on.

Our big-hearted, broad-minded workers in this field figure that no matter what ill betides this fair country its "Little Citizens" must be protected, made strong and well in body, mind and soul,—if they or their country are to weather the threatening storms. It has been said and has been true, that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives," but both halves are fast finding out the truth about the matter. One side is investigating the woeful conditions existing for the "other half" and they in turn are looking and praying for the uplift and help they have learned is trying to reach them.

The most hopeful of all reforms is the preventive. It is easier by far to prevent an evil condition than to correct one after it exists. That principle underlies Child Welfare work, and Baby Week, celebrated so generally once a year, is a convincing argument in its favor, to those who give it any thought. This is the second year that Baby Welfare Week has been held in San Francisco and it created wider interest and was more generally encouraged and attended than last year.

The Exposition Auditorium was a busy scene during this week and we might truthfully add—a noisy one, as the small people added their full share in this line.

The Baby Registration Clinic was held at one end of the big hall screened off from the rest of the room, and was crowded every day with eager mothers (the fond fathers mostly stood forlornly around in the halls until the ordeal was safely over) and with hundreds of protesting, struggling, squirming little atoms, fighting lustily for their forcefully removed raiment. But the mothers secured the desired information and perhaps each unhappy little one will shed fewer tears in the future because of the trying ordeal to which he so strenuously objected.

The pitiful wails and tempory squalls filled the hall with pandemonium, but the crowd stayed on nevertheless to inspect the interesting booths and to listen to the profitable lectures given on various subjects, and no earnest visitor, whether responsible or not for little lives, could go away without having gained

(Continued from page twenty-eight)



# Everywoman's Bookshelf

## THE CALIFORNIACS

By Inez Hayes Irwin

**R**ARELY has the mirror in which we see ourselves as others see us been held up as cleverly as Inez Hayes Irwin has tilted it for Californians in "The Californiacs." She has come straight out, amused, teased, poked fun, praised, condemned, seen. There is humor and frankness; perception and spontaneity; there is the truth, flattering and unflattering, told so that it immerses one in seas of laughter, and then the final naive admission from Mrs. Irwin—the admission that leaves you quite breathless though you may have anticipated it as she avers—that the author is a Californiac herself!

The Californiac she defines as a person "unable to talk about anything but California, except when he interrupts himself to knock every other place on the face of the earth. He looks with pity on anybody born outside of California, and he believes that no one who has ever seen California willingly lives elsewhere. He himself often lives elsewhere but he never admits it is from choice. He refers to California always as 'God's country,' and if you permit him to start his God's country line of talk, it is all up with intelligent conversation for the rest of the day." She considers the prize Californiacism the statement of a woman Californiac in Europe who said, "I saw nothing in all Italy to compare with the Italian quarter of San Francisco."

"Yes," she says, "California is quite as beautiful as her poets insist and her painters prove. It turns everybody who goes there into a poet, at least temporarily." Of San Francisco she is frankly enamored. "I hope you will cross that bay first at night," she writes, "for there is no more romantic hour in which to enter San Francisco; the bay spreading out back of you a-plash with all kinds of illuminated water crafts and the city lifting up before you ablaze with thousands of pin-point lights, for San Francisco's site is a hilly one and the city lies like a jeweled mantle thrown carelessly over many peaks.—Perhaps after all the most breath-taking quality about San Francisco is those unexpected glimpses that you are always getting of beautiful hill-heights and beautiful valley-depths. Sunset skies like aerial banners flare gold and crimson on the tops of these hills. City lights, like nests of diamonds, glitter and glisten in the

depths of those valleys. Then the fogs! I have stood at my windows at night and watched the ragged armies of the air drift in from the bay and take possession of the whole city. Such fogs! Not distilled pea-soup like the London fogs; moist air-gauzes, rather pearl-touched and glimmering; so thick sometimes that it is as though the world had veiled herself in mourning, so thin often that the stars shine through with a delicate muffled luster. By day, even in the full golden sunshine of California, the view from the hills shows a scene touched here and there with fog."

"All this picturesqueness, beauty and charm form the raw materials of the most entertaining city life in the country. For whatever San Francisco is, or is not, it is never dull. Life there is in perpetual ferment. It is as though the city kettle had been set on the stove to boil half a century ago and had never been taken off. The steam is pouring out of the nose. The cover is dancing up and down. The very kettle is rocking and jumping. But by some miracle the destructive explosion never happens."

"The Californiacs" first appeared as an essay in "Sunset, the Pacific Monthly," and has been done into a very attractive book by A. M. Robertson of San Francisco.



## VICTORY CROWNED

By Page Fellowes

A compilation of the thoughts of all races and times on life, death and immortality has been made by Page Fellowes. It bears the title "Victory Crowned" and the imprint of Paul Elder, publisher. Page Fellowes is known as the author of "A Key to Happiness" and Horatio W. Dresser has written the introduction to this opportune compilation. Mr. Dresser calls attention to the timeliness of Mr. Fellowes' compilation, noting the great revival of interest in the future life that our age is witnessing and the rapidly increasing number of new books on the subject.

Mr. Fellowes has made a fine selection from poet, teacher, philosopher, ecclesiastic and man of action. Socrates, Thomas a Kempis, Browning, Seneca, and such moderns as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillian Whiting and Daniel Frohman are quoted.

## A TRIO OF NEW BOOKS

### "Scientific Singing"

By E. Standard Thomas

"Scientific Singing" by E. Standard Thomas of Berkeley, Cal., is not the dry, technical treatise that its name might seem to denote—a book for the few. Rather it is a delightful essay or series of essays for everybody—to show that you and I and everyone else can and should sing. It is written with breadth and clarity, warmth and enthusiasm. It reveals Mr. Thomas as an artist of exquisite perception, an idealist, and a man with a big philosophic grasp upon life. He recognizes form and the science of tone production, but emphasizes spirit, emotion, intelligence, common sense.

"Technic," he says, "is only a means to an end, and as such it should be attuned to mental attitude. Technic becomes artistic and valuable in so far as it is governed by intelligence. For art is the fusion of technic and spontaneity, and spontaneity is mental elasticity—rebound." Again, "the reason for studying technic in any field of activity is to allow intelligence to emerge and find an unobstructed pathway. For we must depend upon technical equipment to permit the budding and finally the blossoming of our mental and spiritual conceptions."

"The effect of visualization upon the interpreter, whether of literature or song, is to bring sunshine to the countenance, to give warmth and feeling which is the underglow of spontaneity. Color is the halo of this underglow. Words reflect the color tone visualized. Tone without color is uninteresting and dead." "Singing minus intelligence is little more than noise."

Among the qualities that make a singer Mr. Thomas places appreciation of song, an earnest desire to sing, courage, application, vivid imagination, the power of visualization, emotion, spontaneity, intonation, rhythm, a deep understanding of life. "You can sing" is his direct and enthusiastic conclusion.

The book is beautifully produced by Paul Elder of San Francisco, is dedicated to the memory of Frank King Clark and appreciative credit is given to Sibyl Marston for help in the arrangement and setting. It is a volume that will attract a wide circle of readers by its sheer beauty of thought and make-up, as well as its sound common sense.



# Feminism on the Stage?

(Continued from page ten)

must be insipid to the point of idiocy, in ingenue roles, and the blonde ingenue actresses that I know are driven to desperation,—or stenography, to retain their self-respect!

A faint ray of light is penetrating the managerial darkness, however, and here and there, one ventures to produce a play in which an occasional woman shows modern tendencies. Women like Mrs. Fiske have presented Ibsen, and the public approval has forced a reluctant acknowledgment from producers, that the people did seem to take to strong-minded women!

Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote "A Lady of Quality" and Julia Arthur played it, in which the heroine murders her seducer, drags his corpse under a sofa, never is found out, and, in time, weds an austere English lord, presents him with five heirs and lives happy ever afterwards! Far be it from Feminists to hold up a murderess as an ideal to emulate,—but considering the many wronged and reviled and Scarlet Lettered and persecuted females of drama, it affords a slight sense of satisfaction to see that this spirited lady of quality did her deed and "got away with it!"

"The Fight" showed a woman mayor struggling against the political corruption of a town, where the pillars of society derived their incomes from White Slavery. She did not triumph wholly, for virtue and reform cannot often oust vice, clothed with authority; but she did put up a good fight, and saved the girl she had set out to rescue.

Nazimova in "War Brides" portrayed a tremendous feminine character, a peasant woman who would sooner die, with her child unborn, than bear it as new cannon fodder for a war-drunk world of men's making. It was the pen of a woman that conceived this big emotional

piece, and also wrote the titanic peace drama, "The Moloch."

In every case, where a play does have a heroine with strong personality, the public clamors for it. "Buntz Pulls the Strings" pictured a regular little ter-magant, but was a huge success. "Captain Kidd, Jr.," shows a young heroine who manages everybody and a book business,—and metropolitan audiences adore it. At present "Shirley Kaye" shows Elsie Ferguson as a society girl, who jumps into the breach and wipes out the best business men on 'change, to save her helpless, unbusinesslike father. Yet she is quite delicious and ultra-feminine.

In "Cheating Cheaters," one of this season's biggest money-makers, Marjorie Rambeau makes the heroine an apparent ringleader of all the slickest criminals, but in reality the head of a famous detective bureau!

Ethel Barrymore pleased mightily as the drummer, "Mrs. McChesney."

All of these are glaring exceptions to the usual drama, portraying, as they do, girls of vital intelligence, initiative and sterling ability,—strong-minded

women, Feminists. Yet every one is a real success, patronized by the great crowds, and making money. So why should the managers fight persistently for their mid-Victorian dolls and clinging heroines, languishing for the cavemen, when the theatre-going world is eagerly waiting for dramas of real life, with real, red-blooded, thinking, feeling, acting women?

✱ ✱ ✱

## Not Loud But Deep

The Constable (to townsman who has been knocked down by motorist)—You didn't see the number, but you could swear to the man?

The Townsman—I did, but I don't think he heard me.

✱ ✱ ✱

## A Sense of Propriety

"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?"

"No, Suh," answered Erastus Pinkley.

"But if a gemmen what's runnin' foh office was to give me two dollahs, common gratitude would make me vote foh him."

Marine View



In the Midst of the Shops

F. L. Erikson, Manager

Telephone Sutter 2290

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340-346 STOCKTON STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO

With Bath, \$1.50 Per Day Up

A Limited Number of Rooms with Bath, \$1.00 Up

Catering to People of Refinement  
A la Carte or American Plan

## Four Routes East!

**SUNSET ROUTE:** Along the Mission Trail, and through the Dixie-land of song and story. To New Orleans via Los Angeles, El Paso, Houston, and San Antonio. Southern Pacific Atlantic Steamship Line, sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays, New Orleans to New York.

**OGDEN ROUTE:** Across the Sierras and over the Great Salt Lake Cut-off. To Chicago via Ogden and Omaha; also to St. Louis via Ogden, Denver and Kansas City.

**SHASTA ROUTE:** Skirting majestic Mount Shasta and crossing the Siskiyou. To Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

**EL PASO ROUTE:** The "Golden State Route" through the Southwest. To Chicago and St. Louis via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, and Kansas City.

Oil Burning Locomotives  
No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke  
Unexcelled Dining Car Service

FOR FARES AND TRAIN SERVICE ASK ANY AGENT

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Write for folder on the Apache Trail of Arizona



not so conspicuously seen as the other four.

All friends of suffrage, particularly those who have had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Gardener, were overjoyed to see her in her place beside Mrs. Catt and Dr. Shaw at the recent mass meeting held at Poli's Theatre, as she had been confined to her house for weeks as the result of overwork.

Mrs. Gardener was for many years a close personal friend of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and Mrs. Catt, and it is not too much to say that on the Official Board of the N. A. W. S. A. no one woman's opinion is of greater value, as to ways and means, than is Mrs. Gardener's, owing to her inner knowledge of conditions in the capital of the nation, and at the Capitol as well, and to her personal acquaintance with many of the greatest solons on the hill, knowledge which is of inestimable advantage to the Congressional lobby. Some women think; Mrs. Gardener knows.

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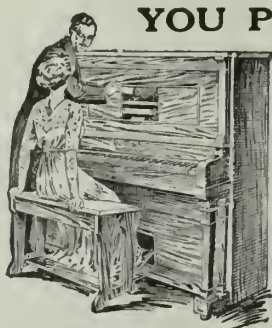
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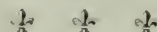
Six-year-old Phyllis was a lively youngster who brought a note from mamma to her grandmother one day.

"Will you come over this afternoon, dear?" asked grandma.

The little one stopped to think a moment, then answered:

"Well, don't you 'spect me and don't you unspect me; I may turn up and I may not."

And away she flew.



### Fascination of the Unknown

"My dear, I had the most thrilling moment of my life last night at a restaurant. The electric lights went out unexpectedly and he kissed me—a long delicious kiss."

"Who did?"

"Who? I don't know who! That is why it was so thrilling."



### The Universal Language

"They say money talks."

"It does; but it never says more than two words to me, and they are 'good bye.'"—Judge.



### Progress

He (proudly)—My ancestors came oval in the Mayflower.

She—Well, it was certainly lucky for you that they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now.

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## War Against War

(Continued from page eleven)

day when he hunts men prey in the air, she **tolerated** man's fighting propensities, from the white fox skin around her shoulder, the diamond on her finger, to the paradise feather on her hat, she was always willing and eager to take what men fought for, be it in competitive struggle of peace or war, and only rebelled against the fight when her lord came home without the booty. It was thus in the time of the savage as it is today.

This system has always been accepted as best to serve the law of evolution. Give man full credit, he never rebelled to be the giver. He always filled the empty hand outstretched to him. He no doubt grew strong and powerful under the growing demands made on him, and to judge **him** by his achievements as a fighter, the social code to make paternity support maternity for the sake of the offspring worked **well**. Aside from promoting his own individual growth, physical and mental, aside from making him master of his own destiny, it made him also master of another world outside his own—woman's world—and so absolute has been his economic mastery of it that at all times he could control and muster out to the historic battle fields at least half the human crop of a generation of mothers.

Let us ask if the system of Paternity supporting Maternity worked well in the case of man, did it work equally well with Woman? Did woman's legalized and enforced parasite existence, her subjection to economic dependency for the sake of offspring increase **HER** strength, **HER** vitality, **HER** resourcefulness? I say no! no!! Did it make **HER** mistress of **HER** destiny? Far from it. Not only did it fail to give her absolute control of her own sphere, but left her helpless even to protect the offspring for which the very same sphere had been created and sustained, a chance winner and a chance loser in the economic struggle of peace, and a sure loser in the game of war. She, the humanizing factor of life, was forever bereft through her status of willing economic slavery to continue the dehumanizing game to increase population ahead of the food supply and then suffer silently that through the war the man supply, of which she is the supplier, shall be again cut down to the food supply which, according to statistics, is always short.

For ages it has been expedient to keep woman in what has been called by man "Her World." It was for the sake of ex-

pediency that the right to vote and to have a voice in the shaping of the laws which concerned her as vitally as they concerned the man, had been denied to her. In the first time in the history of the race men found it expedient to call on women to become a partner in this biggest of all wars, and the speediness with which the woman in Europe responded to the call to fill man's places in the field, in the munition factories, the workshops, the trades and the thousand and one occupations which before had been held by men, proved not so much her patriotism or her sanction of the war business, but it demonstrated the long pent up and for ages resisted cosmic urge of women all over the world to demand for themselves the same self-expression, the same liberty of action, the same opportunities to carve out their future according to their own inclinations, their own talents, choosing, if they desired, a home to be its keeper, to select

wifhood, motherhood by free choice and not by necessity.

This war has brought about the least expected, the participation of Woman in the gigantic business of destruction. That her call was on the side of war is to be regretted, but as this war is by world-wide agreement **THE WAR AGAINST WAR**, who cannot but look at the participation of woman in man's superstruggle as a natural preventative against the future danger of war waged by Amazons. Having been fed for ages by second hand methods on the glory of militarism it is well that in this last world tragedy Woman shall witness its hell born cruelty, its bottomless destructiveness and its development in the Frankenstein monster which devours its maker and as such last lost its *raison d'être*.

The monumental fact is that **WOMAN'S SUPREME OPPORTUNITY HAS COME** and the question is **WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT?**

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### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of "Everywoman," published once a month at San Francisco, for April 1, 1917.

Before me, W. W. Healey, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jeanne E. Francoeur, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor and Treasurer of the Everywoman Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Everywoman Company, San Francisco, California.

Editor—Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, California.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—Charles Harwood, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Everywoman Company. Mrs. John F. Merrill, Menlo Park, California. Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, California. Mrs. A. W. Scott, Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, California. Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, 5025 Buchanan Street, San Francisco, California. Mrs. John Rothschild, Menlo Park, California. Mrs. Wm. Kent, Kentfield, San Francisco, California. Mrs. Abbie Krehs, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California. Mrs. Julia Churchill, Yreka, California. Timothy Healey, Wells Fargo National Bank, San Francisco, California. S. M. Richardson, San Francisco, California. F. I. Francoeur, "Bulletin" Office, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

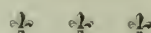
JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR,  
San Francisco.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1917.

(Seal)

W. W. HEALEY.

(My commission expires 28th August, 1917.)



### A Natural Inquiry

Timothy O'Brien, while passing down Main street one morning, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. He was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition but was soon revived sufficiently to send for a lawyer. Some days later he received a call from his lawyer who informed him that he had settled the case, whereupon he peeled off seven crisp, new one-hundred dollar bills.

"How much did you get?" questioned Tim, feebly.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," replied the lawyer, complacently.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars an' you give me seven hundred?" screamed Tim. "Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"



### Unintentional

Mother—Now, Johnny, don't you let me catch you in the pantry again!

Johnny—W-well, I didn't m-mean to let you c-catch me this time.



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